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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1899, TO APRIL, 1900

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THE

WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY
OF
TRUE NARRATIVE:

ADVENTURE
TRAVEL
CUSTOMS
AND
SPORT

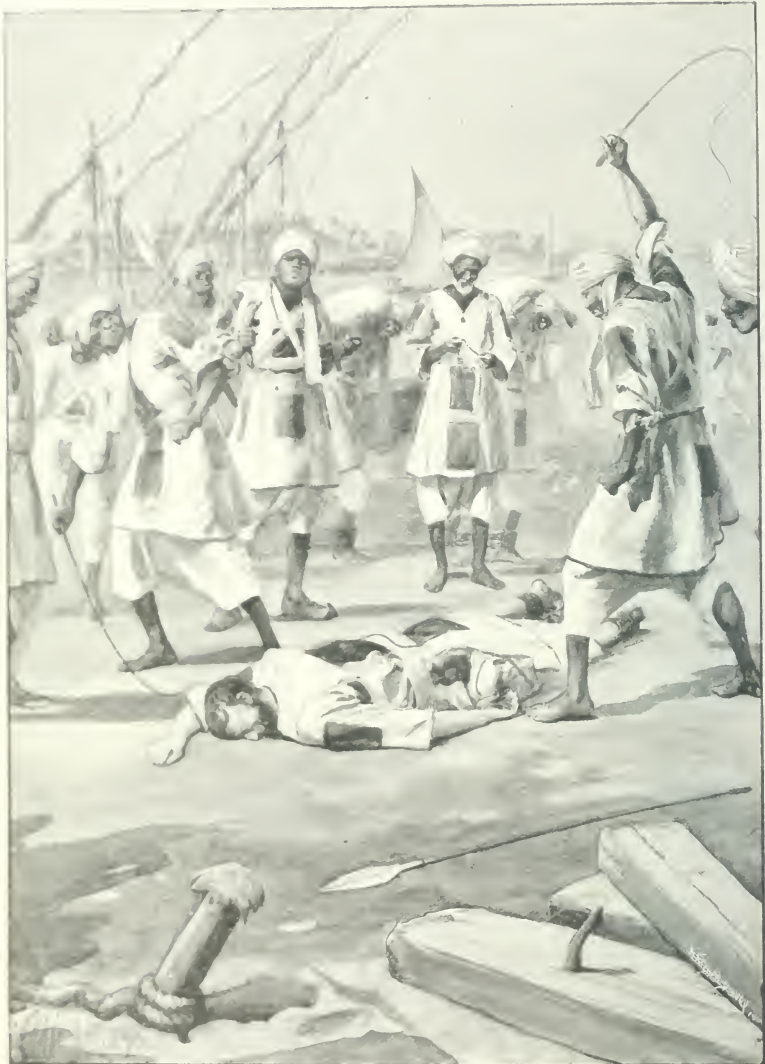
“TRUTH IS
STRANGER
THAN
FICTION”

VOL. IV.
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MR. WENTWORTH'S FIRST FLOGGING IN THE SAIER PRISON.—“WHILST ONLY PARTLY
CONFESSING I WAS TURNED OVER AND CONDEMNED TO RECEIVE 500 LASHES.”

(SEE PAGE 10.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 19.

*In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman.**

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

V.



ASSEENA had been told that the best remedy for my fever was a description of vegetable marrow soaked in salt water; the water was to be drunk and the marrow eaten as the patient recovered. Now the purgative properties of this medicine might suit Soudani constitutions, and it evidently suited mine at the time, but I warn any of my readers, should they be so unfortunate as to contract this fever, against attempting the remedy. When the decoction has acted sufficiently, the mouth is crammed with butter, which, to the throat, at this stage of the "cure," feels like boiling oil, and the wretched patient experiences all the sensations of internal scalding. The next operation is briskly to rub the whole body, and then anoint it with butter or oil—butter for preference.

Kill or Cure. The patient has nothing to say about his treatment—he is helpless. Every bit of strength and will has left him,

and when he has been rolled up in old camel-cloths and "sweated," weakness hardly expresses the condition he has arrived at. It was on the thirteenth day of my attack that I reached the final stage of my treatment, and then I fell asleep. I awoke some hours later with a clear head and all my faculties about me, though I was then but a living skeleton. The Khalifa, hearing of my condition, thought it a favourable opportunity for me to

receive a few more lessons in Mahdieh, and my period of convalescence was much prolonged owing to the worry and annoyance these teachers of Mahdieh caused me. Kadi Hanafi, one of Slatin's old kadis, then imprisoned with me, owing to his open avowal that the justice and the sentences given by the Mehkemehs (religious courts) were against the teachings of the Koran, told me it was a mistake on my part so openly to defy the Khalifa, and that it would be more "politique" to submit as had Slatin, who had now his house, wives, slaves, horses, donkeys, and cultivated land outside the city. But in my then condition, a little procession, which my dead body would be the reason for, was much more to my liking.

And I did not really care in what shape death came, provided that it did come, and that quickly. Hanafi used up all his arguments in trying to persuade me to become a good Muslim. Dilating on the power

Not Caring for Death.



"THE KHALIFA THOUGHT IT A FAVOURABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR ME TO RECEIVE A FEW MORE LESSONS IN MAHDIEH."

...the Khalifa and my own forgetful, he promised me, saying that within about 1879 I should see him again. The Khalifa would certainly come to me, with them, and I submitted and became a good Muslim. To the last argument I could make, I did say I would be converted, the Khalifa would do his best if it, would make me possible to convert me publicly, and I would be ready to be immediately converted, to prevent my slipping back into Christianity. I had honestly believed that the Khalifa would still let me live after embracing the Mohammedan faith, in the hope of my keeping the Mähdi. But, nevertheless, this reasoning failed to convert me, and the Khalifa, fearing of the result, and not believing that I had done all he might have done with his arguments, sent him later, for this and other reasons, as a convict to Jebel Rajaf, near Lado, his convict station of the Soudan.

By the time I had gained sufficient strength to attempt flight the men engaged had lost heart, and there was nothing to be done. Nur ed Din was dead,

and, as they only saw me into the forest for the money they were to receive, and the dollars were not then forthcoming, they decided not to run any risk. They therefore did not touch the same, and wandered to their various homes.

It is many thousands of miles back I remember now that I did not take Nur ed Din's advice, and escape at the time, leaving him behind. At the same time, there was no reason to be given that he would have his head, as his being so fit and able, he being left behind would prevent suspicion from being directed towards him.

During my twelve years' captivity, this, my very first chance of escape—risky and desperate though it was—was the only one which had in it a real element of success; for my conductor in saving me was to save himself also.

But to return to my prison life. As is customary in all Oriental prisons, the prisoners in the Saier had either to purchase their own food, or their friends and relatives had to send it into the prison for them; failing money, friends, and relatives, the prisoners simply starved to death. I have already said that the best and greater part of the food sent to the prison gates was appropriated by the gaolers—that is to say, after Idris es Saier had first seen to the wants of his "starving children" and numerous household. Idris, even during the worst period of the famine, did not lose flesh; he was always the same tall, stout, flat-nosed black that he was when I first saw him on May 10th, 1887, and when I last saw him in September, 1898.

Nor was Idris quite so bad as he had been painted; he would often—for

example, when the Nebbi Khidhr tale had had the desired effect in the way of repentance; or when he was in a good humour after a bout of marrisa drinking—go out of his way to do his prisoners small kindnesses, such as the removal of extra chains, and the giving of permission to sleep in the open. The Nebbi Khidhr institution, however, left him very much at the mercy of the Khalifa's immediate attendants, and his periods of good humour were, in consequence, of very short duration. Some day, if I return to the Soudan, or Idris pays a visit to



THE PRISONER OF THE SAIER PRISON, WHO WAS PAINTED BY AN ARTIST AS A PART OF MR. NEUFELD'S NARRATIVE.

civilization, I may learn from him whom I have to thank for a few of the unnecessary hardships inflicted upon me.

It might be asked why we, knowing that the guards would purloin the greater part of the food sent in, did not arrange for a larger quantity to be sent. There are two explanations for this, and the first is the least of the two: the guards knew very well what was the minimum amount of food required to keep us alive, and just that quantity and no more would be allowed to pass the portals of the Saier.

**A Reason
for
Extortion.**

The second reason was, because the sight of more or better food being brought to a prisoner proved one of two things: either the prisoner himself

had received some money, or his friends had; and the following day the time-worn Nebbi Khiddr tale, properly translated, meant pain and chains until more dollars were forthcoming. And, under such circumstances, the unlucky offender against Saier politics would be called upon by the other mulcted prisoners to make good the money they had been robbed of; for the Idris was most impartial in the matter of chains, and, certain of always getting the proper victim in the end, he invariably loaded a dozen or so of the prisoners with extra chains, and then ordered all into the Umm Hagar. An attenuated and burned chicken, or pigeon, cost a few dollars in repentance, and also the wearing of extra chains besides the horrors of the Umm Hagar, or hellish Black Hole, for nights; for it was advisable to keep Idris waiting some days for an evidence of repentance, so that he should believe, and the Khalifa's attendants believe also, that some little difficulty had been experienced in collecting the few dollars you had to pay.

Our usual food was "Asseeda," the Soudan dourra (sorghum), roughly pounded when moist, and mixed into a thick paste. It felt and tasted to

the palate like sawdust. It was not a very nourishing dish, but was a heavy one, and it stayed the pangs and gnawings of hunger. A flavour might have been imparted by allowing a quantity to stand for a day or two until fermentation had set in. Occasionally—but only occasionally—a sauce made from the pounded seed of the Baamia hybiscus, and called "Mulakh," could be obtained, and this, with the fermented asseeda, was considered a veritable banquet. Friends in the town sent us—when they could either afford or obtain it—a little wheaten bread, a bit of cheese or butter, or a few pinches of coffee.

Among the many captives in Omdurman who did so much for me Father Ohrwalder stands out prominently; also the old Greek lady, Cattarina—who was a ministering angel alike to Saier prisoners and captives in the town; Mr. Tramba and his wife Victoria; Nahoum Abbajjee; and Youssef Jebaalee. Surely the recording angel has placed to the right side of his account the little deceptions practised by Father Ohrwalder to gain access to the prison, when the few piastres of backsheesh he could afford were not sufficient to satisfy the rapacity of the guards, and this in order to bring me some little dainty, when, God knows, he was bringing me the lion's share of what he was in absolute need of himself. At one time he would present himself at the gates as being *Iyyan Khaalas* (sick unto death), and, of course, he wished to

see me once again before his dissolution. At another time it would be that he had heard *I* was dying—and then, of course, he wished to see *me*. The changes would also be rung by his coming in on the pretext of wishing to see some other prisoner.

With bowed head and bent back, Father Ohrwalder's exaggerating the weak state he was in, then undoubtedly in, he would crawl towards me, dragging one foot after the other, and, on reaching me, he would sit



THE GREEK LADY CATTARINA—"A MINISTERING ANGEL ALIKE TO SAIER PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES IN THE TOWN."
From a Photo. specially taken for this narrative.

**Neufeld's
Ordinary
Prison Food.**

**Father
Ohrwalder's
Ruses.**



THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE OCCURS IN THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF FATHER OHRWALDER ("TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE MAHDI'S CAMP." LONDON: SAMPSON LOW AND CO., LTD.):—

down on the ground and sway his body to and fro, a wide pantomime which allowed of his surreptitiously passing to his dainties he had brought in the old leather bag slung from his left shoulder. Time after time the poor man was turned away from the gates; but his persistence wearied his keepers, and every one or two months carried my food three years in prison. And the scraps of news he brought from the outside world gave me something to think about and turn to in my brain until his next visit.

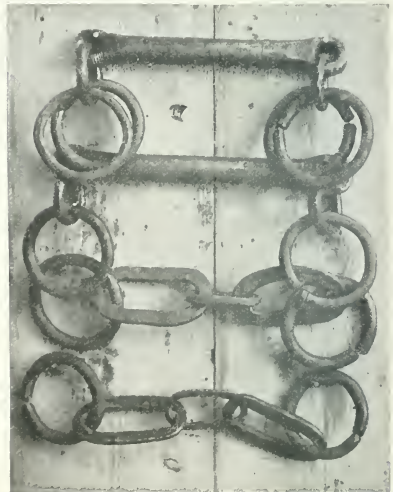
There was still when allowed to sleep in the camp, or at night-time, instead of sleeping in all the horrors of a night in the common cell, the cool night air would send me off into a sound sleep, from which I would start up out of some

confused dream of old days; and, looking up to the sky, I would wonder to myself, half awake and half asleep, which was the dream and which the reality—the old loved scenes or the awful prison of Es Saier at Omdurman—the dread capital of the Soudanese despot. I would for some moments be afraid to look round at the men chained on each side of me. When at length I mustered up enough courage to do so, and felt the weight of my irons and the heavy chain across my legs which bound our gang of fifty or sixty together, I would speculate on how long it would be before the slender thread would snap which held me between reason and insanity.

That my reason did not give way during my first period of imprisonment I have to thank Father Ohrwalder and the friends already mentioned.* Each one of them risked his or her (comparative) freedom, if not his life, to help me.

*The following passage occurs in the personal narrative of Father Ohrwalder ("Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp." London: Sampson Low and Co., Ltd.):—

"The depth of misery to which poor Neufeld was reduced may be readily understood when it is known that he spent a whole year in the stone hut, and it was not until he had completed two years in prison that, through the intermediary of a friend, he was allowed to build a little cell for himself in one of the corners of the yard, where he could sleep away from the other prisoners. This little building was about 12ft. square, and very low, and here poor Neufeld used to sit all day long. His jibbeh was very dirty, and swarming with insects, which allowed him little rest at night, and in despair he used to get one of his companions to rub him with wet sand, which made his skin less irritable; some sympathizing Arabs told him to soak crushed cloves in water, and then rub his body with the paste. This Neufeld found a capital remedy, though it made his skin smart a great deal at first. Neufeld's kindness soon won over his guards, and often they allowed him to remain undisturbed in his little hut for the night instead of dragging him off to the stone hut."



HERE WE SEE MR. NEUFELD'S CHAINS. THEY WERE PHOTOGRAPHED SOON AFTER LORD KITCHENER HAD RELEASED HIM.

Even during the worst nights in the Umm Hagar, when hell itself might be defied to match such a scene—when Madness and Death stalk hand-in-hand amidst the struggling mass; and when jammed in tight with a number of the more fanatical prisoners, I fought and struggled, bit and kicked, as did they for bare life, the thought of having friends in adversity, suffering almost as much as I did, kept that slender thread from snapping. But the mental strain caused me most violent headaches and periods

for food, as they were able to take longer strides. Had it been under other circumstances, the scenes enacted might have provided endless amusement for the onlookers, for they had in them all the elements but one of a sack-race and the old country sports. Seeing thirty or forty living skeletons shuffling and leaping as far as the weight of their chains and their strength would allow, you knew when one fell it was the result of weakness caused by starvation which had brought him down. And there he would lie where he fell, given over to despair.



PRISONERS FIGHTING FOR FOOD—"THIRTY OR FORTY LIVING SKELETONS SHUFFLING AND LEAPING AS FAR AS THEIR CHAINS AND STRENGTH WOULD ALLOW."

of forgetfulness or loss of memory, which even now recur at times. It was during the famine that the Christian—the more than Christian—charity of my friends was put to the severest tests and yet never faltered—God bless them. Food was at enormous prices, but, nevertheless, day after day, Cattarina brought her scrap of dourra or wheaten bread. Every day, too, Youssef Jebaalee sent his loaves of bread, unmindful of how much the guards stole, provided that I got even a few mouthfuls. All the food sent for the prisoners did not, of course, reach them. And what little passed the gates of the Saier was fought for in a maniacal manner by the starving and desperate prisoners. Those having longer chains or bars connecting their anklets stood the best chance in the crazy fight

Those who did reach any messenger with food, far from resenting the stripes given by the guards with the kourbash, would almost appear glad of the open wounds the frightful hide lashes caused, so that they might caress the wounds with their hands and lick the blood from their fingers. This picture is not *over-* but *under-*drawn, and I have been advised to leave out minute details and other scenes as unnecessarily harrowing. We heard that cannibalism was being practised in the town, but none took place in the prison. Inside the Saier, once the despair engendered by starvation and cruelty took hold of a prisoner, he would lie down and wait for death. Food the dying man would never refuse when offered; but if water without food were offered, it would

Treated
as Wild
Beasts.

as refused. Every day, for months, the bodies of negroes and Europeans who had died of starvation, would be thrown into the Nile, and probably thousands more have died in the same. The population of the prison was always kept on a level to the constant daily arrivals of natives arrested and confined there for trying to steal food in the marketplace, and it was such as those who were mainly responsible for the terrible fates of food to the prison. It may be well imagined how the most civilized being would be driven to madness and desperation, even as the result of his trying to steal a bit of food—enough for himself, maybe for a dying child, or a comrade—to a living death in prison. And when the unhappy wretch is taken to the work to have his chains fitted on, the body of the last victim to starvation is perhaps dragged in to have the shackles knocked off before being fitted on to the new-comer. This happened me twice, not scores, but hundreds of times in the prison of Es Saier during that terrible famine.

After my servant, Hassecna, had been knocked down a number of times and the food she was bringing me destroyed by the starving prisoners, we hit upon a successful expedient. Buying a glass of gin, Hassecna had this hung from her waist under her dress, and left dangling between her knees. The food for me was placed in this, but Hassecna always carried, as a blind or deaf, a little food in her hands. This would, of course, be pointed upon, when Hassecna, who had a healthy pair of lungs—as Wad Nassara discovered at his first interview with her—would raise the echoes with her screams, and thus gain for herself a clear path to me, when a favorable opportunity would be seized to drop the goods upon the ground beside me.

It does not be thought from the foregoing that the prisoners had by feeling for each other and for those who fell in the matter of food that they were themselves. There was more chance taken by these wild fanatics—almost always natives of Africa—than in more civilized society. Mahomed Wad Said, so long as his little property held out, actually sold portions of it day after day and resorted to the prison, for his poorer fellow-prisoners, a large number of women and sick, night and morning; and this was only in very prisoners a meal each day.

Others lived with their less fortunate friends, and gave them the food they received; and I have seen it stated that my charity to other prisoners created a very good impression, but then, how could

I, the only white man and Christian in the prison—and, for the matter of that, the only avowed Christian in the Soudan—not strive to show just a little more self-denial, charity, and kindness of heart than those "fanatics" showed me?

When the many escapes from the Saier zereba became a matter of common gossip—too common to be any longer concealed—Abdullahi ordered a wall to be built in place of the thorn zereba; and later, to obviate the necessity of the prisoners going to the Nile banks for drinking water and ablutions, he commanded that a well was to be sunk to provide infiltration water for the purposes mentioned. Until these works were ordered to be made, the prisoners were mainly employed in building mud-brick houses for the gaolers; and, when these were finished, we had to attend to certain of the household duties—the tending of children, sheep, and goats, and the carrying of water from the Nile. Of all the tasks set the prisoners, the household duties were the most pleasant, or, at all events, the least distasteful.

Most of the gaolers were able to keep up a large establishment on the proceeds of their backsheesh and ill-gotten gains; but with a multiplicity of wives or concubines a very natural result followed—household bickering and squabbles, in which one wife or concubine was bound to come off worst. This gave the wide-awake prisoner engaged upon household duties his chance. He would soon detect which concubine was being "put upon," or whom the women-folk were most jealous of, and in a few days' time, as a result of his attentions in carrying her pots and pans, bringing her water as many times in the day as she wished, he would be bemoaning in her sympathetic ears the hard fate of both of them, and trying to persuade her that what she was enduring was far worse than his imprisonment and chains. The old truism that "pity is akin to love" obtains equally as well under the dusky hide of a Soudanese damsel as it does under the white skin of her European sister; and very soon the pair would be maturing plans for an escape and elopement. The main difficulty was the removal of the man's chains and a rapid flight to some distant village, but the Soudanese ladies are not a whit behind in the traditional woman's resourcefulness in the face of apparent impossibilities. Failing to arrange for a regular flight, the woman would secure some place of hiding in Omdurman itself. She would undertake all the arrangements, and I never knew of a failure in their plans.

"The Result of Backsheesh."

Charity Among the Prisoners.

Others lived with their less fortunate friends, and gave them the food they received; and I have seen it stated that my charity to other prisoners created a very good impression, but then, how could

Reporting
Progress
to the
Khalifa.

Each month a list of the prisoners in the Saier, and an account of their progress in the matter of "education," would be submitted to Abdullahi, with recommendations for the release of certain prisoners; and each month, coincident with the preparation of this list, some prisoner would be missing from his usual place that night and next morning—and for ever afterwards.

I was too important a prisoner for my escape to be at all possible by such happy means as those above described. My only hope lay in trusty natives and swift camels which would outstrip my pursuers. I often envied my fellow-prisoners who exchanged the bonds of slavery for those of matrimony, for numbers of them came to see me after their "release"; but I shudder to think what might have happened had I been released by the Khalifa's orders, for, following the old adage that a drowning man clutches at a straw, I must have promised marriage to dozens of Soudanese beauties (?) in the event of their doing anything towards wheedling their masters or the Khalifa into releasing me. Thus it is quite certain that, on my release, I should have met at the prison-gates a clamouring crowd of ladies all claiming me as husband. But I should explain how it was that I came into direct contact with the harems of the gaolers. Having studied physiology and medicine at Königsberg and Leipzig, I was often called upon by the natives in Upper Egypt, before the place was so well known to the travelling public as it is now, and in the absence of doctors, to attend to them in cases of sickness or accident. My practice, being gratuitous, was naturally a large one, and I soon became the "Hakeem Pasha," or principal medical officer.

My reputation in this capacity, if it did not precede me, at least accompanied me to Omdurman when I was captured; so that I was in constant requisition at the gaolers' harems, paying "professional" visits, ranging from cases in which the Khalifa was soon to be presented with another subject, right down to the most trivial and sometimes wholly imaginary complaints.

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Mr. Neufeld
as a Quack
Doctor.

So long as the women kept ailing, my life was rendered endurable, for I was able to sit down and chat with them for hours, whilst supposed to be waiting to see the result of concoctions made from, to me, unknown herbs and roots, whose properties I was utterly ignorant of. Fortunately, the results were always satisfactory. The only medicine or chemical I came across of any value in the stores of the Beit el Mal was permanganate of potash; and I soon discovered that a Soudan constitution necessitated the application of this in crystals and not in liquid form. The effects, as may be imagined, were rapid, and, though my medical readers might be inclined to doubt the statement, the results were eminently satisfactory both to patients and myself.

Occasionally I would be sent for to attend someone in the women's prison, which was situated a short distance from the Saier controlled by Idris. The women's prison consisted of the common cell and a light zarefa, through which the curious might gaze on the women as they lay stretched on the ground during the day in the sun, undergoing their first period of imprisonment. The majority of the women prisoners were slaves locked up on some pretence or other to prevent their escaping. It might be that their master was arranging for some trading trip which would occupy him for weeks and, maybe, months; and the simplest way of preventing his property from running away during his absence was to trump up some charge against her, and have her locked up, knowing that her release could not be obtained until he himself returned and requested it. Furthermore, as in the meantime she would have to be fed at his expense, and



SHOWING THE REMAINS OF MR. NEUFELD'S MUD HUT WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE SAIER PRISON.

From a Photo, specially taken for this narrative.

square, in the prison inclosure, and had received permission from Idris es Saier to sleep in this at night instead of in the Umm Hagar. The young gaoler aforesaid—and other gaolers as well—accepted backsheesh from prisoners to allow them to sleep in the open; and Idris, finding the contributions to his “starving children” falling off, suspected the reason, and lay in wait. Upon a night when a larger number than usual had been allowed to sleep outside the Umm Hagar, he suddenly made his appearance in the prison inclosure. There was nothing for our guardians to do but to pretend that the prisoners had been insubordinate, and refused to enter the Umm Hagar. So they laid about us with their whips.

The maximum number of stripes ever ordered was a thousand, and this number was often actually given; but in every case the stripes were given *over the clothing*. The rules of flogging were generally as follows: the first two hundred were given on the back below the region of the lumbar vertebrae; the third and fourth hundred on the shoulders; and the fifth hundred on the breast. When the maximum number of one thousand lashes was ordered they were always given on the same parts as the first two hundred; and this punishment was resorted to for the purposes of extorting confessions. After eighty or one hundred blows the jibbeh was cut into shreds, and soon became saturated with the blood of the victim; and while the effect of the individual blows may not have been as great as those from the

**Always
the Last.**

The unloading of boats was the hardest work we were set to, and we were kept up to the mark by the lashings from. We might only be paid one or two pence for the luxury of staying in the common, for this labour was the most lucrative task our gaolers could set us to. We had no other work or pay many times the ordinary value of our labour. It was in connection with the unloading of boats—and this was why I was slowly recovering from my attack of typhoid fever after the death of Ahmed Nuri on the strand I received my first flogging. A young gaoler had passed me for money, and having failed to give him, he ordered me to look at the unloading of the boats. The only way to get through a real refusal was to sit upon the ground which I did, and on this the gaoler commenced to drag me towards the gateway of the Saier. I immediately got upon my knees however, and knocked the gaoler off his feet. Finding himself up he ran to Idris es Saier, told his story, and Idris, approaching me, ordered me to get up—for I had again sat down—and went on the unloading of the boats. I refused, and accused the gaoler of trying to extort money from me. Upon this Idris struck me a tremendous blow with his *safarog*—an instrument almost the exact counterpart of the Australian boomerang, and used by the Soudanese tribes for precisely similar purposes. The blow he gave me smashed the *safarog* and wounded me, and then whilst only partly conscious I was turned over and condemned to receive three and the 1/2 500 lashes.

**The First
Flogging.**

Only sixty or seventy, I was told, were inflicted, the remainder not being given, as Idris, seeing that I was somewhat bewildered, believed I was dead, and in consequence received a terrible fright. I was turned to my place in the cell, while Idris set about clearing himself with the other prisoners, and engaging that it was all the work of the *mufti* gaoler. Idris well knew what it meant to have had I been flogged to death, and believing that I would not recover, he, when I did recover, evidently made up his mind to pay out the gaoler who was responsible for his fright in the first place, and for also his own servility to the other prisoners at the moment when he thought they was good grounds for the scare. His appearance some some little time later on, when he came to invent another excuse for flogging me. I had bought from one of the gaolers a small hand hut, a few feet

**Another
Assault.**

I had paid the regulation backsheesh to Idris, made straight for my hut, dragged me out, and flogged me to the door of the common cell, a distance, maybe, of 40yds. or 50yds. My thick jibbeh, however, prevented the blows from telling with much effect so far as regards abrasions of the skin. Nevertheless, their weight told on my diminished strength, and I again fell ill. The circumstance came to the ears of the Khalifa through Idris, or the “Nebbi Khidhr,” and I had the huge satisfaction of seeing my tormentor dismissed from his lucrative post and receiving two hundred lashes. He was then sent as a prisoner in chains to work at the very same boats he had had me flogged for refusing to assist in the unloading of. This, at the present moment, is the only bit of real justice I can remember having been meted out during my twelve years’ captivity.

I have in a former chapter given a slight description of the flogging as I saw it practised when first captured by the Dervishes; but the flogging in the Saier was a very different matter. The maximum number of stripes ever ordered was a thousand, and this number was often actually given; but in every case the stripes were given *over the clothing*. The rules of flogging were generally as follows: the first two hundred were given on the back below the region of the lumbar vertebrae; the third and fourth hundred on the shoulders; and the fifth hundred on the breast. When the maximum number of one thousand lashes was ordered they were always given on the same parts as the first two hundred; and this punishment was resorted to for the purposes of extorting confessions. After eighty or one hundred blows the jibbeh was cut into shreds, and soon became saturated with the blood of the victim; and while the effect of the individual blows may not have been as great as those from the

cat-of-nine-tails, the number given made up in quantity for what might have been lacking in "quality," as is evidenced by the large numbers who died under the castigation, or as a result of it later.

On one occasion an old black soldier of the Egyptian army, named Mohammad Ajjami, who was employed as a runner (a foot-galloper —if I may invent the expression—of the Khalifa on field days), was sent to me while in the prison to be cured of the effects of a flogging. He had by some means incurred the displeasure of Sheik ed Din, the son of the Khalifa, and by him had been sentenced to receive a public flogging, after which he was to be sent to the Saier to be "educated." He was carried into the prison to me after his flogging. The fleshy part of his back was cut into ribbons, and the hip-bones exposed. For six or eight weeks I was constantly employed bathing this man's wounds with a dilute solution of carbolic acid; the carbolic crystals being sent to me by Sheik ed Din himself for the purpose—for his father, the Khalifa, jealous of his authority, had censured his son, telling him, as he constantly told others, that "*In Ushaiee shareeknee fee mulkee, anna ikktahoo.*" This expression was always used by the Khalifa in any discussion, holding up his forefinger as he spoke. Ajjami did recover, and often came to see me in prison to express his gratitude. Sheik ed Din himself was so pleased at the man's recovery that he begged his father to release me, so that I might practise the healing art among his Ansar (Faithful), and teach it to others. The Khalifa was obdurate, however, and refused persistently, his reasons for refusing to release me being better left to be told later by some of my fellow-captives.

A Third Scourging.

My third flogging was received under the following circumstances. Having received from Idris es Saier permission to remain in my mud hovel, and not have to spend the nights in the Umm Hagar, and feeling secure in my comparative freedom and security from exactions from the other gaolers, as I had "backsheeshed"

Idris well, I firmly refused to be bled any further. My particular guardian, not daring, after what had occurred to my former keeper, to order me into the Umm Hagar, went a step further, and refused to allow me to leave my mud hut at all for any purpose, whatever. I insisted upon being allowed to go to the place of ablution—about 100yds. distant—and, being refused, set off, receiving at every step a slashing blow from the kourbash. Being heavily chained I was quite helpless, and therefore could not reach my tormentor, who was able to skip away from my



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE UMM HAGAR, OR "STONE JUG," IN WHICH THE NIGHT HORRORS OCCURRED AS DESCRIBED BY MR. NEUFELD.

From a Photo. specially taken for this narrative.

reach, which was limited to the length of the bars connecting my feet. These bars were 15 in. in length. It was on this occasion, and night-time too, that Idris es Saier paid another surprise visit to the prison inclosure to see what number of "unauthorized" prisoners were sleeping outside the Umm Hagar; then, furious at the number he discovered, he ordered all he found outside to be flogged without exception. I and fifteen to twenty others received a hundred and fifty lashes each—at least, I received this number; the others repented by crying out after twenty or thirty blows. I alternately clenched my teeth and bit my lips to prevent a sound of pain escaping, as I was asked, "Will you not cry out? Are your head and heart still like black iron?" And the more they reminded me of the courage I was exhibiting, the more reason I had for not giving way or breaking down.

Mental Agony.

But the mental ordeal was far, far more terrible than the corporal punishment. There was I, a European—a Prussian—a man who had fought with the British troops in what turned



"THEY (THEY) WHIPPED ME, I WAS QUITE HELPLESS, AND THEREFORE COULD NOT REACH MY TORMENTOR."

out to be the "too late" expedition for the rescue of Gordon, now in the clutches of the tyrant and his myrmidons, from whom we had hoped to rescue Gordon. Yes, a white man, and a Christian—and the only professing Christian—chained and helpless, being flogged by a black, who was in reality as much a captive and a slave as I, and yet he was my superior and master. It is impossible for anyone who has undergone a similar experience to appreciate the mental agonies I endured. I may have been self-willed and strong-headed; I may, if you wish, have acted like a fool in my constant defiance of the Khalifa and the tenets of the Mahdi. But now, looking back on those terrible times, I feel convinced that, had poor Gordon lived, my actions would at least have met with his approbation, for the outward ceremony of observance of the Mohammedan law was carried out on me under force after the escape of Rossignoli. Death, in whatever form it came, would have been a welcome visitor to me; but while doing all in my power to exasperate my captors to kill me, a strange something—perhaps hope, courage; a clinging to life; pride in my race; personal vanity in

defying them to the end—call it what you will—restrained me from taking my own life; though Heaven knows that, if ever man had a good excuse for doing so, I had.

My conduct so impressed the Khalifa that he told Wad Nejoumi, who asked for my release so that I might accompany him to Dongola to "open up trade" (and Abdullahi later on told many others the same thing): "Nofal I will not release; but I will not kill him." Invariably, in speaking of me to others—as I was still "unconverted"—the Khalifa omitted the name "Abdullah" which I had been given, and spoke of me as "Nofal"—the Arabic pronunciation of Neufeld.

While a man, having already the regulation quota of four legal wives, might crowd his harem with as many female slaves and concubines as he could support or keep in order, a woman was restricted to the one husband or master. All breakings of our seventh commandment were, if proved,

followed by flogging in the case of unmarried women and slaves, and the stoning to death of married women; but, in the latter case, *the sentence could not be pronounced nor the punishment inflicted unless the woman confessed.* But few stonings to death took place, however, and these were in the early days of Mahdiel, when religious fanaticism held sway. The flogging has already been described. When a stoning to death was to take place, a hole was dug in the ground, and the woman buried to her neck in it. The crowd stood facing the victim, about fifteen to twenty yards distant, and on a given signal the stoning commenced. It is, however, only right to say that the Soudanese themselves hated and feared taking part in such a ghastly and devilish orgie of brutality. None of the stones thrown had, singly, the force or weight to cause unconsciousness or death; and the horrid and fearful spectacle was presented of what appeared to be a trunkless head—a pitiful, bleeding thing—slightly jerking backwards and forwards and from side to side to avoid the stones being hurled at it.

A Ghastly Ordeal.

This ordeal continued for an hour or more. Sometimes a relative or friend, under pretence of losing

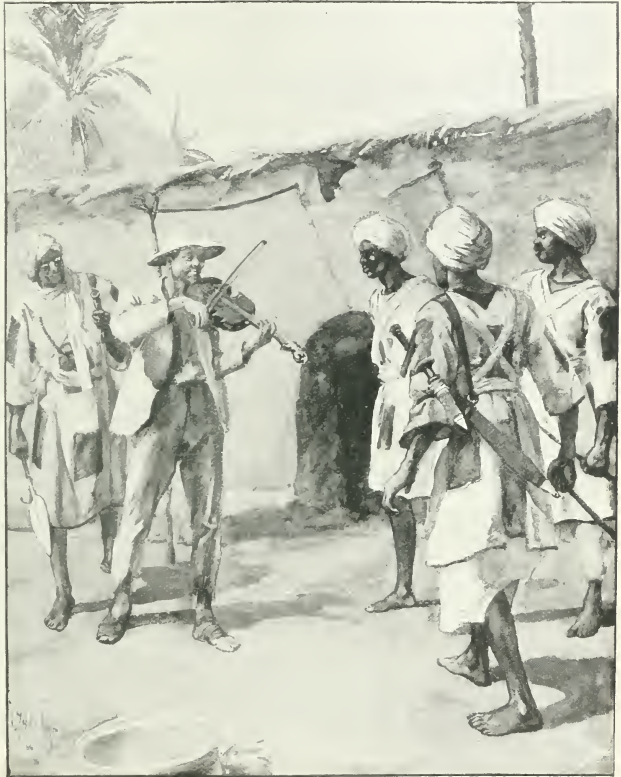
his temper in upbraiding or cursing the woman, would smash in her head with one of the small axes usually carried by the Soudanese, thus putting her at once out of her torture and misery. Shortly before sunset the relatives and friends would come out to take away the body and give it decent burial, for the soul had fled purified, with the woman's blood, to the next world.

In January the Khalifa, in a fit of good-humour, sent word to me to ask if I would undertake the manufacture of gunpowder if he released me. I unfortunately replied that I did not understand the making of it, and this aroused his suspicions, which did not abate one jot when, shortly afterwards, a Bohemian baker, who had strayed from Halfa, was taken prisoner, and sent on to Omdurman as a captured spy. This man, whom I knew only by the name of Joseppi—though he had a string of other names, which I have forgotten—was a Bohemian by birth and a baker by trade. He was not of strong intellect, poor fellow, and what intellect he had had apparently been impaired by a kind of "music madness." From the rambling statements he made to me during his year's imprisonment I gathered that he had tramped Europe as a wandering musician, finally landing in Egypt, where he tramped from the Mediterranean to the frontier. It is quite evident that instead of coppers he received drinks in exchange for his strains, and this further added to his mental troubles—though the drunkenness he has been charged with was, in my opinion, more the result of circumstances and misfortune than a natural craving for ardent liquors. On leaving Wadi Halfa he had expected to find, as he had found in Europe and the part of Egypt he had

tramped through, villages or towns within the day's tramp. He had not the slightest idea of what the desert was until he found himself in it. Surely a very remarkable case.

**A
Wandering
Lunatic.**

After some days of wandering, however, during which he ate pieces of his worn-out boots in lieu of other food,



"AFTER SHOWING THEM THAT HE WANTED FOOD, HE COMMENCED TO 'SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST' WITH THE STRAINS OF HIS VIOLIN."

he struck the Nile, and, wandering along, quite ignorant of the direction he was taking, the unfortunate man suddenly came upon a party of Dervishes, whom he tried to communicate with. Then after showing them by means of gesticulations that he wanted bread or food, he commenced to "soothe the savage breast" with the strains of his violin. They took him prisoner, however, and destroyed his instrument. Then they sent him on to Omdur-

him to Egypt. On arrival there, he was ushered into the presence of the Khalifa, who was unimpressed as to whether he had a madman or an expert in deal with. For my dials being brought me down to me, he threw them about, and then lay down to sleep, greatly to the surprise of the Soudanese desert. He was sent to prison and left by chains; but in the process of having his chains and bars fitted, he fainted away.

Joseph was in my charge about one year, and while being as harmless as a dove he caused me endless trouble. During the day he would remain perfectly quiet, but at night-time he would sit up upon singing or humming; and at his times had neither beginning nor end, and were composed of notes snatched from here and there we soon tired of it. Indeed, Joseph received a light flogging on one occasion for not "shutting his mouth" when requested to do so. I remonstrated with him after he had been flogged, and told him that he should not remonstrate with him after other prisoners had asked him to keep quiet. He ruminated over this, and then thinking, maybe, at the moment, that I was taking the part of the others against him, he went off to Idris, the head gaoler, and told him confidentially that *I was a great one well-known General in Europe*, and a few other things.

Joseph had an enormous appetite, and was always hungry. He caused me a serious deal of trouble during the worst days of the famine, when food was so scarce; for, after sharing my scanty meal, he would wander off and pester every group of starving prisoners for a scrap of food. Eventually, we had to provide three bowls for him, and just when our food came in, we handed him his bowls, and thus were allowed a few moments' peace. We had finished our meal before he had finished his food, so that our group at least was free from his importunities. Four days he came to grief through eating pieces of camel-skin, which the gaolers used to sell to the poorer prisoners during the famine. Fearing he would die in the prison, I went word to the "Christian" quarter, advising that the Khalifa should be prayed to release Joseph. This was done, and he found congenial employment for a time in the bakery of Yousef Saman. Soon afterwards, however, he borrowed a few dollars here and there for the purpose of buying grain at El Fay.

He then started off dressed in a new ON to Market. jacket, and carrying his dollars and a well-stocked basket of provisions for his two days' journey. At the very moment when Wad Adlan was pleading with the Khalifa to release me from prison, so that I

could assist him in the work of the Beit el Mal, a deputation of the captives arrived at the door of the house to tell the Khalifa that Joseppi must have escaped, as he should have been back in Omdurman some days ago. Turning to Wad Adlan, the Khalifa said, harshly: "*El boomi mahhgaad—Abdullah Nofal ogud? Khallee osshur*" ("The fool did not stop when he had the chance to escape. Will Neufeld? Let him wait a bit"). It was a bitter, bitter disappointment. This was the second time the poor fellow had cost me my liberty. There is no doubt that the unfortunate man was murdered for the sake of his food or money, for his remains were afterwards found on the road between Khartoum and El Fun.

A favourable opportunity here presents itself for referring to that little-written-about and, therefore, little-known and strange character in Mahdieh—Ibrahim Wad Adlan, the Amin Beit el Mal, or Keeper of the Treasury. Maybe to no one else did he confide as he confided in me while we were fellow-prisoners, and possibly he confided in me only because he knew that I was an avowed enemy of Mahdieh—that I was at the time defying the Khalifa to do his worst against me, and that my interests lay elsewhere than in the Soudan. There was perhaps also a lurking suspicion that I had after all been sent up as a Government emissary, and that the letter of General Stephenson was purposely couched in the language it was, so that, if it fell into the hands of the Khalifa, he would be led to believe that I had started upon a trading expedition pure and simple. The friendship formed during the two or three months Adlan and I spent together as fellow-prisoners was destined to end in the not least interesting of my experiences; but it also ended in a tragedy.

Wad Adlan, prior to the Mahdist The Story of Wad Adlan. revolt, had been one of the principal and richest merchants in Kordofan.

His business connections had taken him a number of times to Cairo and other parts of Egypt. For intelligence, and as a man of the world, he was far and away superior to all the "great" people who from time to time became my fellow-prisoners.

Had there been one more Adlan in the Soudan (and many had the opportunity of being such), the rule of Abdullahi would have ended with the insurrection of Khalifa Shereef. Adlan was the one man in the Soudan who had the courage of his opinions, and expressed them to Abdullahi.

As Director of the Beit el Mal, Wad Adlan's first care was to keep the treasury and granaries full to repletion. During the famine, of course, this was an impossibility, but some grain and

money had to be procured from somewhere. The poor, and those who had come by their little stores honestly, Adlan never made a call upon; indeed, he was the protector of the poor and the Muslimanieh—as the captive Christians were called. It was Adlan's policy to create enemies of Abdullahi, so that was another reason for his protecting the poor, who were already bitter enemies of their savage ruler. On reporting to Abdullahi the depleted condition of the treasury and granaries—and Abdullahi was

that he was carrying out Abdullahi's orders, and all knew that a disobedience of these, or any attempt to evade them, meant summary execution.

Occasionally some "strong" man would enter a mild protest to the Khalifa himself, who would feign ignorance of having given any general orders to Adlan. Adlan would then be summoned, but, questioned as to his actions in the presence of the complainant, he dare not reply that he had but obeyed the general orders

A "Strong"
Man's
Protest.



"THE DOORS OF THE BEIT EL MAL AND ADLAN'S HOUSE WERE BESIEGED NIGHT AND DAY BY THOUSANDS OF STARVING WRETCHES."

aware that the doors of the Beit el Mal and Adlan's house were besieged night and day by thousands of starving wretches—Adlan would be given a verbal order to search for grain and bring it anyhow into the Beit el Mal. This order he would put into immediate execution against Abdullahi's particular friends and adherents; for the whole of their stores were the proceeds of robbery and the plundering and murdering of weaker tribes and people. To all remonstrances Adlan would reply

given him. He would be obliged in such cases to answer in such a way that the "strong" man would believe that he had acted upon his own initiative. Then, after the audience, the "strong" man would follow Adlan to the Beit el Mal, and demand the return of his grain and dollars. But Adlan, it would be found, had distributed all on the Khalifa's orders—which the registers proved, as nothing might leave the Beit el Mal without Abdullahi's sanction. It was an amusing game—thoroughly Oriental.

(To be continued.)

"Luging" in the Swiss Riviera.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MARY C. FAIR.

This lady tells us all about a glorious and exhilarating pastime, relating her own personal adventures and those of her friends, and illustrating her points by means of a set of snap-shot photographs taken by herself.



The new-comer to Montreux—Montreux the delightful—is puzzled after the arrival of snow on finding that eight out of every ten people he meets carry little light sledges on

their backs. These are known as "luges," and on them the most fascinating sport of tobogganing down the mountain roads and slopes is carried on.

Our party soon made up its mind that luging was necessary to its happiness, and so we all trooped off to the ironmonger's shop which bore the legend of "Luges à vendre et à louer." We found that a new luge of the Château d'Oex type cost eight francs, while second hand ones were a franc less. These Château d'Oex luges are light to carry, and more suitable for ladies. Also, they will travel in snow where the more expensive "Hummer" luge with jourdainnes almost refuses to move. Where the track is dry, however, the "Hummer" goes faster, and it has also the important merit of being more substantial if "jumps" are contemplated.

Luging was carried out, we found, at Clux, which could be reached by funicular and sleigh; at Les Avants, to which a diligence took its slow and solemn course; and at the Col de Sant Loup, to which we should have to walk. We finally decided on the latter, as those of

us who had lugged before said the track was much better for the purpose we had in view.

Accordingly next morning we started gaily forth, each bearing a luge on his or her back, to which was tied a packet of provisions: and after a while the owner's outer coat was added thereto, for the clear bright sun makes walking up a steep path very warm work. The road goes up the mountain side in long, easy curves, which we rather rashly forsook, as they seemed to go so far to get so short a way. The woodman's track we went up was frozen hard, and therefore extremely slippery. We, therefore, found it distinctly preferable to tow our luges behind us instead of carrying them on what seemed an endless journey upwards.

But at last our reward came, for we reached the top of the hump-backed hill known as the Col de Sant Loup, from which we had a glorious view away to the Juras in one direction, whilst in the other gleamed the blue lake, beyond which the Dent du Midi reared its stately

peaks. The atmosphere was so still that the creaking rustle of the ravens' wings as they flew to and from their rocky haunts was distinctly audible. And, although there was a stinging frost, it was quite possible to sit on one's



MARY C. FAIR KNOWS A GOOD DEAL ABOUT "LUGING."
Photo by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.



"WE FOUND IT PREFERABLE TO TOW OUR LUGES BEHIND US."
From a Photo. by the Authoress.

luge, basking in the sun, getting freckled and burnt, whilst devouring the sandwiches which went but a little way towards appeasing the pangs of hunger. Indeed, two of our party found this spot so attractive that they could not tear themselves away from it, and so they spent the greater part of the day until the sun went down, seated up there, engaged in earnest conversation and admiring the view. However, the rest of us, more energetic, but with sinking hearts, prepared to embark on our mad career down the mule-track which leads down the Col to Chambay.

Now, there are several ways of guiding a luge, and everyone declares his way to be the best.



"MY COUSIN JANE LED, BUT HER CAREER WAS SHORT."
From a Photo. by the Authoress.

should the luge charge into one of the many obstructions, a broken neck is no unlikely result.

We explained all this to the novices—told them to shout "Gare!" at every corner, and also when they saw danger ahead. Then the descent began. My cousin Jane led, but her career was short and inglorious, for she went off at a tremendous speed in a whirl of powdery snow which flew up like the spray over a yacht's bows as she tears through the water in a stiff breeze with as much canvas as she can carry. Suddenly round a corner hove a pedestrian, coming along the track as usual right in the very middle. We held our breath, and wondered what would happen. Jane shouted "Gare! GARE!! GARE!!!" as, like an express with a mineral train in front, she made frantic efforts to avoid him, with the surprising result that she went, luge



SOME OF THE PARTY TOOK THE SPORT EASILY.
From a Photo. by the Authoress.



A SWISS GIRL COMING ALONG THE
FRENCH SWISS ROAD, RIGHT IN THE VERY
MIDDLE.

From a Photo. by the Authoress.

and all right over the edge of the
road on to the slope, where the snow
was deep and soft. How she did it
we could never tell, but she alighted
on her feet, holding her luge in her
hand with the air of a successful
conjuror producing a guinea-pig from



MORE OBSTACLES—A LAVEN TIMBER SLEIGH RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.

From a Photo. by the Authoress.

by no means easy to get round even when the
luge is alone.

The luge, by the way, should keep as close
as possible to the *inside* of the curve, otherwise
the luge will skid and upset, and its occupant
be hurled against the wall or rocky side of the
cutting. Or, again, the luge may spin round
and attempt to continue its journey backwards.
It is also desirable to slow up on reaching a
corner, for, as a rule, you cannot see what is
round it. Our "bob" had a narrow escape
through neglecting this precaution, for as we
whirled round we perceived right in front of
us a timber sleigh, towing long logs behind,
which waggled backwards and forwards over the
whole road. The thing seemed specially devised
for the destruction of luges "on the luge."
Then, indeed, it was all hands 'bout ship, and
we only just pulled up in time, for the front
man's knees were up to his chin, his toes actually



THEY TOOK THE "BOB" FOR THREE.
From a Photo. by the Authoress.

touching the logs, whilst the other two of us grovelled in the snow into which the sudden stoppage had turned us.

Our next adventure was caused by some heavy wood luges which were being loaded by their owners at a peculiarly awkward turn in the road. This turn we christened "The Grave," on account of the numerous spills which occurred there. Its dangers were caused by a large ditchy rut, which formed a difficult jump. Should the luger fail to negotiate this properly disaster was certain; and on each side of the road stood great timber-stacks, into one or other of which the unfortunate luger was sure to crash. Add to this two large wood luges, partly laden, in the very middle of the road, and our feelings may be imagined as we bumped roughly over the jump and hurtled against the left-hand log-stack, a heap of bruised human beings and overturned luges.

On one occasion luge races were held. They were really most exciting; and, indeed, from what I have already told you, you will readily understand this. The competitors were started at intervals of two minutes after each other and timed, the luger who got over the course in the shortest time being, of course, the winner.

The snow is the great highway of the Swiss peasant in winter, and it is a wonderful sight to see a hayrick apparently taking a trip down the mountain side on its own account; for the luge and the luger who sits in front and guides and controls it are quite invisible until one is quite close. Neatly cut logs too, for firewood, etc., are brought down from the fir

woods on the inevitable luge, with the cheerful little Swiss mountaineer in his picturesque costume of blouse, baggy trousers, and gaiters, seated in front, in some mysterious way keeping his rather unmanageable load from running away, and charging headlong down the hill to its and his own destruction.

It is no wonder that the Swiss are expert luges, for they seem to begin to practise almost before they can walk. It is no uncommon sight to meet a small child lugging down with an extremely small baby tightly clasped in a spare arm. Directly the children are out

of school they immediately fly off to luge, sometimes down the roads, sometimes down the mountain slopes.

The great thing in choosing a luge is to see that the runners are exactly parallel, and that the wood is sound, well-seasoned, and free from knots and cracks. The luger's boots should be strong and waterproof, with climbing nails in soles and heels; the outer edge of the latter being protected by a rim of nails.

Very few who have once tried lugging forsake it. It combines the joys of cross-country riding and sailing in a stiff breeze—that is, if a good pace be maintained. What a thrill of triumph as a bad corner is safely negotiated! Then full steam ahead along the straight slope, with the driving, blinding spray of crisp snow, that flies up, stinging the luger's face, and powdering him with white from head to foot. On he goes, whistling through the keen air until the next corner is reached, and there is a temporary slowing down; and so on till the bottom is reached, or the snow ends.



"SOME HEAVY WOOD LUGES WERE BEING LOADED AT AN AWKWARD TURN OF THE ROAD." *[By the Authorress.]*



THIS SMALL-BOY LUGER HAS ONLY JUST BEEN LET OUT OF SCHOOL. *From a Photo. by the Authorress.*

What I Found in the Mine.

BY OLIVER ROBERTS, M.E., OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The author is a mining expert well known all over the Pacific Slope, and also known to many English capitalists who have had occasion to employ him in California and Nevada. Although he has lived among the mines for more than thirty years, undergoing many thrilling adventures, Mr. Roberts regards the ordeal herein described as the most fearful of his life.



AS I JANUARY I received a note which read as follows:—

George Oliver Roberts,
1803, Broadway, San
Francisco, California.

DEAR SIR.—Will you please call at 10
Chestnut Street Hotel, room 937, on business of importance?
Sincerely M—— and W——.

I called at the above-named place at the hour appointed, and met two English gentlemen, to whom I introduced myself. After we had exchanged greetings, Mr. M—— asked me if I would go for them to Inyo County, California, to examine the Governor and Napoleon mines, and report as to their value, location, and feasibility as properties upon which to expend capital. I said that I would. Thereupon I set a price upon my services, which was promptly accepted. Without delay, I packed up a camping and mining outfit, and was off, by way of Mojave and through Mojave desert.

The mines mentioned are situated on the east side of the Piute range of mountains, facing the famous and terrible Death Valley—a country well known to me from years of residence and travel in that portion of the State. I was to meet two men with horses and a wagon at Mojave. They were to accompany me on the trip, and to assist me in every way possible to explore and investigate the mines.

We bought a 300-ft. rope, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter, and secured grub and a large camping outfit, all of which we put into the wagon, with a ten and twenty-five gallon water-barrel; the country before us being almost entirely without springs, creeks, or even rains, and good water therefore almost wholly lacking. We struck

out from Mojave, and by the first night made Indian Wells.

The next day brought us to Shepherd's Station, in Shepherd's Cañon. On the day that followed we had a long, hot ride across Panamint Valley and into Wild Rose Cañon. That night we arrived at the old cool camp where I had been so many years before. At this place we left the wagon, packed both horses, and started on foot to finish the trip—a distance of twelve miles, over towards Death Valley. When

night came again we were at the mines, where we camped until morning. All up to this time had been comparatively easy sailing—fatiguing, certainly, under the blistering sun, but yet not attended by any particular discomforts to one accustomed to the mountains and barren country.

After breakfast that morning I took a look around the locality and surrounding mountains. The men showed me a tunnel which had caved in. It had formerly tapped the shaft of the mine which I was to investigate. The cave had filled it in completely, from floor to roof; we therefore climbed the hill, at the top of which was the shaft. Here we found an old windlass

of ancient and primitive construction. It had two sticks thrust through holes in each end, the extremities sticking out like four spokes in a wheel. This sort of windlass is much more difficult to control than the type on which a crank is employed. This mechanism we put together, erected over the open mouth of the shaft, and then braced it strongly in position. Finally the rope was made secure and wound on, after which we fastened to the end a cow-hide tub, stout and large, and, of course, portable.



THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF MR. OLIVER ROBERTS, WHO RELATES HEREIN THE MOST TERRIFYING ADVENTURE IN HIS CAREER AS A MINING EXPERT.

From a Photo, by Schneider and Simas.

While the preparations for my descent into the shaft were being completed, I could hear mysterious noises proceeding from the dark hole. Pebbles and small pieces from the ledge fell in and rattled down, finally to strike on the bottom. I could not imagine a reason why these things should fall in, and asked one of the men what he thought the noises were, or what they indicated. He said he thought they were made by wood rats or kangaroo rats, which were numerous about the place. The other man said that undoubtedly lizards were the cause. Their explanations, however, failed to give me entire satisfaction; I thought of other far more objectionable things which might be inhabiting the old, deserted works.

It was exceedingly hot down there in that

it failed to give sufficient friction on the wood—so down, down, down I went into the apparently bottomless pit.

Finally, my descent was not so swift; then the speed began perceptibly to slacken. Soon I stopped altogether, suspended in the shaft. I could just see above me a speck of light. It did not appear larger than my hand. I shouted up for the men to lower more slowly. At the first sound of my voice, however, an enormous flock of bats started suddenly up the shaft—so thick about me that my candle was instantly extinguished. Then came a fight. The situation was well calculated to appal the stoutest.

I shouted again and again for the men to hoist, for I was being overwhelmed and choked by the vast swarm of creatures. But instead,



"WE PACKED BOTH HORSES AND STARTED ON FOOT TO FINISH THE TRIP."

desert country. I had started to go down the mine in a silk *negligé* shirt and stout overalls, but on second thought I put on a heavy brown duck coat, lined with blanket wool. The overalls were made of the same material. I then put on a pair of heavy buckskin gloves, took my pick, got into the raw-hide tub, and told the men to lower away.

Well, they lowered with a vengeance. Instead of letting me down slowly, controlling the windlass by holding to the spokes on each end of the rickety old affair, they employed a brake, which they had rigged up for the purpose. It consisted of a rope wound about the roller. This, however, was not strong enough, or else it was too stiff to bind or tighten. At any rate,

down and down I went. The men evidently could not hear my cries. I held tightly to the rope with one hand and tried to get a match to light the candle, but the bats flew against my face and hands, striking their sharp little claws into my flesh. I was completely covered by the evil-smelling and nauseating creatures. There were thousands of them, which I tried to fight off from me. But now came the worst.

I was shot down until I was entirely through the bat "line" or "belt," and was still descending. Kneeling down in the cow-skin tub, or bucket, I got out a match and relighted the candle. Instantly a dozen or more rattlesnakes set up their fearful and unmistakable sound of warning. I say a dozen, but there must have

hundreds of these deadly reptiles in that one spot. Years before there had been good running down, and therefore, the shaft was lowered up at this lower portion where the rock was loose. Now, on each of the shelf-like cross-timbers I saw one or more of the snakes. They had crawled up, I suppose, trying to get any air it is a well-known fact to all miners andappers of the Far West that rattlesnakes climb even the trees, whether necessity for such a course exists or not.

Now, as I went down among this rattling, ghostly mass, a big fellow struck, from his position on a timber and fastened his fangs in my sleeve. Creeping with horror in every nerve, I caught him quickly by the back of the head, tore him off, and dropped him down the pit. I heard him strike the bottom, and knew I was not far above it, by the promptness with which the sound came back. Two or three other rattlers had struck in a similar manner, but had fallen short of their mark and gone down. One struck me, or rather my coat, at the small of my back, but the coat was loose, so that the snake failed to penetrate to the skin, and he finally fell off and down to the bottom of the hole.

By this time the sound of rattling had increased a hundred-fold; the falling snakes having aroused countless numbers of their fellows at the bottom of the shaft. The bucket now stopped abruptly. I was suspended there 300ft. below the surface and about 15ft. only from the snake-infested bottom of the mine. Such rattling no one ever heard before; and the

stench of the snakes was stifling. Only those who have ever smelt rattlesnakes in a horrid, close, writhing mass can realize what this dreadful odour is. I was sick and faint with it, and the prospect of being lowered helplessly into the very midst of this den of snakes was something awful. I fairly shivered with terror at the mere thought.

I shook the rope in desperation; I shouted and kept shouting, and shaking more and more frantically. I felt as though I were frozen, so cold and horrified had my whole body become.

It seemed as if nothing could save me from shooting down that last paltry 15ft. to a death from which it would be absolutely impossible to escape.

But at last the bucket began to ascend — slowly — slowly. Oh, it was maddening! I felt as if it would reverse and go down at any moment lower than ever. I crouched in its cowhide depths and struggled with all my power of will to endeavour to make the men hoist faster. The slowness with which the thing went up was enough to make a man go crazy. The ordeal I had already undergone before was now repeated. I was continually being struck at by the snakes left on the timbers. I was hit time after time — so much so, indeed, that my duck coat was wet in many places with the poison of these



ONE MONSTER ABOUT 3½ FT. LONG FINALLY GOT INTO THE BUCKET."

horrid reptiles. The thing would have been horrible enough, God knows, had it happened above ground in the light of day. But down in that awful pit — !

One monster, about 3½ft. long, finally got into the bucket with me. He must have

reached out too far, when striking, and fallen in. I quickly stamped my foot upon him and ground it down and held it there; I put my whole weight upon it, and got him just behind the head, where he could not move to strike. His body writhed about my ankles; his skin slipped on his body, beneath my weight. It was a sickening sensation to feel that awful slippery form under my heel; the chill and the crawling of my nerves never departed for a second. But the bucket still moved upward, slowly, slowly.

I now arrived in the belt of the bats again,

Now, at last, I could see daylight and could make myself heard. I shouted to the men to hoist quickly. The two miners did their very best, and soon had me up at the top, or within a few feet of it. They now discovered, and I also saw, four large rattlesnakes hanging to the bottom edge of the leather tub. These had struck at me, and had got their fangs caught in the raw hide in such a manner that they could not get away.

With the butt-end of my pick I smashed the head of the fellow I had under my foot, and then I was hoisted to the level of the top, where



"IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM THEIR FLAPPING WINGS AND BLIND HURTLING AGAINST MY COLD FACE."

and such a mess I don't think any man ever got into before. The erratic winged creatures beat about me—it seemed with added fury. They struck me repeatedly in the face, and once more put out the candle. It was hideous, I tell you. Their mouse-like squeaks and the dying rattle of the snake beneath my heel nearly froze me to death. I could not fight such a cloud of foes—it was all I could do to protect myself a little from their flapping wings and blind hurtling against my cold face.

I crawled out of my cow-hide bucket on to the dump. The sun was blistering hot, but I shivered from head to foot, and was so nauseated that I vomited for an hour. For a long time I lay upon the earth in the hot glare of the sun trying to get warm. My flesh was as cold as ice and my face (they told me) as white as a piece of marble.

The men killed three of the rattlers which were hanging to the bottom of the bucket, and I guess the other fellow killed himself, for he

make loose and fell down the shaft again, which was more than the 300ft. deep which we had calculated. I now learned that the only reason why I had not been lowered entirely down to the bottom, among the deadly and disgusting mass of snakes inhabiting the place, was that the rope had been all paid out, and therefore suspended not more than 10ft. or 15ft. from the floor of the place: a distance which I was well able to judge from the many sounds of falling matter—animate and inanimate—I heard while in that dreadful position. Had the rope been 10ft. longer, what would have become of me I do not know, for the two men on top would have continued to let me down, and I should have been landed in the thick of a living mass of venomous and enraged serpents, at the number of which I can only guess.

After I had got over my fright and had begun to regain my self-control, and my blood had again begun to flow through my veins, I asked the men why they did not hoist when I shouted up. They answered that they had not heard a sound, and that furthermore it was all they had been able to do to stand at the edge of the shaft when the bats came out. The cloud of the creatures, they told me, was so thick as it poured from the mouth of the hole that it was like so much smoke. Then the sun had made the bats blind, so that they flew against the men, and battered them as they had done me, and all but made them blind themselves for a time. My assistants, indeed, had been unable to see anything but bats, and could hardly control the windlass, assailed as they were by the winged myriads. They did not dare, at the time, to pull me up again through the mass, but thought it would be best to let me drop below the belt where the creatures lived. They did not, of course, know of the other still more fearful danger.

My adventure put an end to all exploration

of that particular mine—by me, at any rate. The rope was pulled off the windlass; the outfit was packed, and my coat thrown away on account of its being covered with the poison of the snakes. The venom looks very much like albumen, but is very thin and watery.

The explanation of the presence of the snakes in the mine is that about twenty-five years ago an Italian and Frenchman worked the claim, sinking the shaft which I descended, until hoisting out the rock and ore became too difficult, when they went down the mountain side and drove in the tunnel which tapped the shaft at the bottom. The tunnel was completed as planned, but the miners found that the ore was too poor, or "low-grade," to warrant their pursuing the work further. At that time milling facilities were almost wholly lacking, so that rich ore was the only sort worth taking from the earth. The prospectors therefore abandoned the mine, which thereupon became the den of snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and sundry other denizens of the rock and brush with which the country swarms. After many years the tunnel caved in, imprisoning the snakes and anything else which had made the pit their home. Doubtless creatures less tenacious than are the rattlers perished, but the snakes fed on the young bats that fell into the shaft, and there the serpents have been breeding and flourishing ever since.

I weigh 250lb. (17st. 12lb.), and had I lost my nerve and fallen to the bottom of the pit those snakes would have had enough to eat and keep them alive for two years.

The trip down the shaft did *not* turn my hair grey, but if anything like that ever happens again, I believe it will become as white as snow.

I returned to San Francisco and reported to my English friends that I had made the trip and found—the biggest rattlesnake mine in the country!

The Juggernath Festival in Bengal.

BY THE REV. T. R. EDWARDS, OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The festival is not what it was in the days when frenzied devotees hurled themselves beneath the wheels of the car, but still it remains an extraordinary instance of Pagan fanaticism and fervour. This well-known missionary tells us all about the festival, and illustrates his description with photos. of a striking character.



HE great car of Juggernaut, or Juggernath! The very name suggests the reading-books we used at school, which told us of the sanguinary horrors of the festival and the hideous trail of blood left by the murderous wheels. All this, of course, is past and gone, thanks to the beneficent rule of the British in India—a rule which, one is bound to say, is fatal to what the worldling is apt to call “the picturesque.”

Even to-day, however, one of the most characteristic sights to be witnessed in India is that furnished by the worship of the god Juggernath. To begin with, there is the imposing temple, surrounded with an atmosphere of age-long mystery and superstition. Next comes the lofty and ponderous car, gaudily painted with Hindu mythological scenes. Let me here afford you a near view of one

of the cars of Juggernaut—an excellent idea of its size is gained by comparing it with the figure of the native on the right. You will observe that the construction of the car is extremely rude, and round it runs what looks like a crazy balcony. The wheels are more or less sunk in the sand, and on the right we see the great cables used for hauling on the festival day. In contemplating this extraordinary temple on wheels, however, it must be borne in mind that the one shown in our photo. is “in

its stable,” so to speak; its appearance on the great day itself being far more gay and animated. But this will be evident in the other photos.

Besides the temple and the car there are the images, grim and hideous, which are worshipped by adoring thousands. And, above all, there are the vast crowds which the eye tries in vain to estimate. You may readily imagine, then,

that a pageant made up of these elements forms a unique and magnificent spectacle. So you cannot do better than accompany me to Serampore and behold it for yourself.

Serampore, you must know, is about twelve miles above Calcutta, on the right bank of the River Hooghly; and the place is famous because it was here that the first Protestant mission station in India was planted. But Serampore is also famous for its Juggernath worship. There are two chief festivals claiming our attention—

the *Snan-jatra*, or bathing ceremony, and the *Roth-jatra*, or car expedition.

The next photo. reproduced gives us a splendid view of the scene presented on the first of these occasions. In the background the temple of Juggernath raises its lofty head, standing in its own walled inclosure. Behind is a forest of palms and mangoes; while the foreground is made up of a veritable sea of human beings, relieved only by a few booths and a sprinkling of carriages.



THE WHEELS OF THIS CAR CRUSHED THE LIFE OUT OF HUNDREDS OF DEVOTEES IN THE OLD DAYS. (Bourne & Shepherd.)



"SERAMPORER, SER. JUGGERNATH, BELIEVED RELIEVED ONLY BY A FEW BOOTHS AND CARRIAGES."
From a Photo by the Rev. T. R. Edwards.

As the sun is blazing down with all its Indian fervor, those natives possessing umbrellas have prudently put them up. Every person present is on the tip toe of excitement and expectation, waiting for the ceremony to commence. All eyes are turned towards the platform of brick and masonry at the rear, where the great function is taking place that has attracted all these multitudes. The fact is, Juggernath is receiving his annual public bath.

During the greater part of the year the god resides in considerable state in the temple, but on this occasion he is carried forth, carefully wrapped up in a thick cloth. His brother Boloram and his sister Shubhodra dwell with him in the temple, and now accompany him on his journey forth. Juggernath himself is exceedingly heavy, and it requires several men to carry him. They pull and strain to get him up to the top of the platform, and then the covering is removed and a gorgeous umbrella held over his head. This done, the god is ready for his bath.

And in impressive silence, the officiating priests take water from the holy Ganges and pour it over the idol's head in full view of the assembled thousands. Every eye is strained to catch first glimpses of the god, and witness the ceremony generally. Every phase of the ritual is hailed with raptures of "*Hurri-bol—hurri-bol*" ("Sing to the name of God"). After the water has been poured over Juggernath, and his body carefully wiped with a cloth, this particular ceremony is at an end. The orthodox Hindus

represented by performing bears, jugglers, snake-charmers, etc.

But let us, too, approach the platform for a closer view of the images. As a matter of fact, they are merely three misshapen logs of wood. Juggernath himself is neither lovely nor artistic. He is painted black. Two white circles do duty for eyes, and two more broad stripes are intended to represent respectively the nose and mouth. None of the figures have either arms or legs. It seems rather curious to call such a grotesque idol "Lord of the World," but that is what "Juggernath" means. When he appears in public in his car, however, the obliging priests provide him with temporary silver arms; but these are merely "properties" for stage use, so to speak.

As soon as the enormous concourse have finished worshipping the idols, they are covered up again and carried back to the temple, there to await the great ceremony of the Car Journey. This is undoubtedly the chief event of the year, and most accurately is it portrayed for us in the next photograph reproduced. Really, a study of this picture is almost as good as a trip to Serampore at festival time. Observe the vast throng in the photo., and remember that this can only show a very small section of the assembly. All along the route taken by the car the road-sides are packed with countless devotees and spectators. Walls, banks, and house-tops are all crowded to their utmost capacity, and almost beyond it. From a worldly point of view it is a grand sight, but also one

believe that by coming to Serampore and witnessing the bathing ceremony they acquire unbounded merit and more or less certain salvation. The more enthusiastic devotees now press forward to the platform, where they make their obeisances to the god, while the majority of the people (human nature being the same all over the world) turn away to enjoy the fast and furious fun of the fair, as represented by show-booths, jug-

which gives intense pain to the missionary, who realizes at a glance the tremendous hold which idol-worship still retains upon India's millions.

Let us watch the ascent of the gods to their positions on the great car. They are presently brought out of the temple as before, all covered up and tightly corded round. Musicians (!)

result in surreptitious loss of life beneath the wheels of the great car, as in the olden days, when the natives positively vied with one another in casting themselves beneath the wheels, and the car left a hideous track of mangled corpses behind it. Moreover, the magistrate has to see that the hauling ropes are sufficiently



READY FOR THE SIGNAL TO PULL THE GREAT CAR—"FROM A WORLDLY POINT OF VIEW IT IS A GRAND SIGHT."
From a Photo. by the Rev. T. R. Edwards.

with large gongs and drums accompany the idols, and make a terrific uproar, the crowd hailing their approach with repeated roars of "Hurri-bol." Arrived at the car, the gods are hauled up in the most unceremonious manner to the topmost chamber of the lofty vehicle. During this trying operation they look like nothing so much as bales of goods swung aloft, instead of august divinities for whom, in the days gone by, thousands of fanatics literally laid down their lives.

When the idols have been duly set in their "high places" their coverings are withdrawn and their temporary arms fastened on; then they are ready to be pulled. This operation, however, cannot take place until the British magistrate—who is present with a large body of police—signifies his assent. But, you will ask, what are the magistrate and his police doing here? Well, it is his duty to see that excess of fanaticism on the part of the spectators does not

strong; and behind him stands an officer carrying a gun, the firing of which is understood by all to mean that the pulling must instantly cease. These officials may be observed on the right of the photo. I have been describing. Should the car threaten to go in a wrong direction, or any accident occur by which life is endangered, off goes the gun, and the car at once comes to a standstill. Thus it is that no victims are nowadays claimed by Juggernath. I myself have witnessed the great procession for many years, but have never seen or heard of a single fatality.

On one occasion, however, the famous idol all but claimed a sacrifice—and that a far more important victim than a mere Hindu. It was, indeed, no less a personage than the magistrate himself! There had been a great deal of rain, and the ground was slippery from the trampling of countless feet. Just as the signal was given to pull the car, the magistrate slipped and fell

light in front of the huge erection. The gun was instantly fired, but it was too late: the car was already in motion, and with such "way" on that it was not brought to a standstill until it had passed completely over the unfortunate official's prostrate form! A thrill of horror passed through the multitude, and there was a rush to peer beneath the wheels. Everyone, of course, expected to see the British *Raj* rushed to death: but, wonderful to relate, he crawled out between the wheels without even a bruise. He had fallen in such a way that the great enormous wheels only just grazed his side. But had he been injured it would no doubt have injured British prestige in a curious way. Without doubt the natives would have pointed to the incident as an indisputable proof of Juggernath's irresistible power. "See," they would have said, "even the highest official of the Government is helpless before our god!"

As a proof of this, I may mention that, another year, the number of Hindus at the festival was so small, and the car so heavy, that Juggernath simply could not be drawn. The great car stuck in the mud, and no efforts could move it. "There you are," declared the admiring populace, "when Juggernath makes up his mind that he will not move, it is impossible to make him budge." You see, their own lack of power actually brought fresh honour to their god. The sequel, however, put a different complexion on things—but this the devotees care-

fully overlooked. When all else failed, an *English jack-screw* soon compelled Juggernath to change his mind!

Let us now get as near as we can to the car to watch the actual pulling. The god is quite ready for his annual trip, and his priests and attendants have clambered on to the car, as may be seen in the photograph. The huge ropes are then made fast to the front, while hundreds of men rush forward to "haul on," considering themselves highly privileged if they get a place.

At length a weird gong sounds, and a venerable Brahmin standing on the front of the car gives the signal. The ropes tighten, the car creaks and groans and quivers and shakes. Then, amid rolling thunders of applause, it lumbers on its way, much as we see it in the accompanying photo. This, by the way, gives a really magnificent idea of the actual pulling of the Juggernath car. Here, again, on the right, we see the magistrate and his officials watching over the lives of the people. All along the chosen route the people hail the car by waving their hands and shouting their loudest. It is indeed an extraordinary spectacle, and one well worth going all the way to India to see.

When the car has arrived at its destination the idols are taken down and carried into the temple of another god. Here they stay until the priests are ready for the return journey to their own temple; and this is conducted with the same great ceremony.



"THE ROPES TIGHTEN, THE CAR GROANS AND SHAKES, AND THEN LUMBERS ON ITS WAY."

From a Photo. by Bourne & Shepherd.



THIS IS A GOD-SHOP AT THE JUGGERNATH FAIR—"PICK THEM OUT WHERE YOU LIKE. PRICES FROM 4D. TO 1S."

From a Photo. by the Rev. T. R. Edwards.

During the ten or twelve days occupied by this festival a great fair or *mela* is held; and it is not too much to say that miles of temporary shops are erected, whilst primitive merry-go-rounds and queer side-shows provide amusements for all tastes. Let us pass along the line of shops and see anything there may be of interest. Why, what have we here? The very first booth we inspect is a god-shop! This sounds fantastic and extraordinary, but here we are at an emporium, where gods are sold to fanatical devotees at prices ranging from 4d. to 1s.—"prices to suit all pockets"—in fact, our booth contains rows upon rows of outlandish images for sale. You see, every Hindu householder has his own domestic god, and he has here quite a large number to choose from. The images, you will observe, are quaint rather than beautiful. By the way, it is estimated that the number of divinities worshipped in India is something like 330 millions!

We next come to the most curious sight in the whole *mela*. This is the "living goddess," represented in our last photograph. Judging from the plate of voluntary offerings on her left hand she finds the *role* a very paying one. The woman is, in fact, got up to represent accurately the far-famed and mighty goddess Doorga. She has ten arms (eight of them "properties"), and by her side are placed her sons, Ganesh and Kartik. The latter is on his mother's left, and rides a peacock; whilst the former is provided with an elephant's head. Doorga's face, neck, and arms are painted a brilliant yellow. If the truth must be told, this heavenly *tableau vivant* business is but the ingenious device of an Indian beggar or female fakir for extracting alms from

the numerous spectators at the Juggernath festival.

But, you will ask, has she anything to give in return for the offerings? Why, yes, of course. She pours forth all kinds of blessings upon the heads of her benefactors, who fondly imagine that good wishes of this kind are as efficacious as if they proceeded from the real goddess herself. And, of course, they are.



A LIVING GODDESS—WHO IS ALSO A BEGGAR—THE WOMAN IS GOT UP TO REPRESENT THE MIGHTY TEN-ARMED DOORGA, WITH HER SONS GANESH AND KARTIK.

From a Photo. by the Rev. T. R. Edwards.

The Terrible Adventure of Emil Habl.

By L. H. EISENMANN, OF VIENNA.

Irrespective of country, we must all yield our tribute of unqualified admiration to the young Viennese compositor, Emil Habl, whose all but incredible feat of endurance and pluck was recently the sensation of the Austrian capital. That a man with a leg fractured so badly that the bone fragments protruded through the skin should set it himself, and then descend the precipitous mountain in three days and three nights, is surely the greatest climbing feat on record.



If the mountain-giants of the Austrian Alps, two in particular may be considered the favourites of Vienna tourists—namely, the Schneeberg and the Rax. The popularity of these two peaks is quite natural. Firstly, they are, so to say, at the very gates of Vienna; for in little more than an hour one reaches Payerbach on the Southern Railway, the point of departure for the ascent of both mountains. Then the panorama from the top of each is surprisingly grand. The flora is very rich; and last, but not least, there are several different ascents from which to choose. Among these are regular promenades, well laid out and rising in serpentine paths so gradually as to enable even ladies to ascend with ease. There are, however, other routes leading up the face of these precipitous rocks which can only be climbed by experienced mountaineers who are free from giddiness.

Since the cog-wheel railway up the Schneeberg was opened, and for the first time the shrill whistle of an engine was heard just below the summit, that peak has gained many new friends, who in patent leather boots, umbrella in one hand and a novel in the other, lounge about the summit, which they never reached by their own exertions. But also it has lost many an old friend, who was wont, knapsack on back and alpenstock in hand, to toilfully to gain the wind-wooded top. The railway has driven him away

altogether; and the consequence is that the Rax is now more visited by regular mountaineers than ever. There are dozens of different routes up to the plateau forming its summit, and they afford magnificent and extensive views.

The tracks leading from the Hoellenthal up the steep, rocky walls on the north side of the mountain afford particularly grand views of the rocks, and are the favourite paths of venturesome tourists. But the route from Payerbach—the tourists' station *par excellence*—is both



REICHENAU, THE FASHIONABLE VIENNESE RESORT. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE MAJESTIC RAX, ON WHICH THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED. [R. Lechner, Vienna.]

charming and interesting. The wanderer first passes through a beautiful valley, with the majestic Rax in the background, and soon reaches the fashionable summer resort of Reichenau. Then he enters the narrow, picturesque Hoellenthal, through which rushes the River Schwarzau. The entire district indeed is one of the most beautiful in all Lower Austria. In places, precipitous rocks of over 2,000ft. so shut in the valley as to leave only bare room for the river and the road.



"THE NARROW, PICTURESQUE HOELLENTHAL, THROUGH WHICH RUSHES THE RIVER 'SCHWARZAU.'
From a Photo. by R. Lechner, Vienna.

Not long after the tourist comes to the little village of Kaiserbrunn, where the valley is a little broader; it receives its name of Kaiserbrunn (Emperor's Spring) from that plentiful Alpine spring which, with some other sources, supplies Vienna with its "Hochquellenwasser," a water of such excellent purity as no other city can boast of. It was discovered by the Emperor Charles VI. when out hunting in the year 1732.

At Kaiserbrunn the valley divides into two narrower ones, the right one, called the Krummbachgraben, leading to the Schneeberg; whilst the one on the left—the Wolfsthal—takes the direction of the Rax. As Kaiserbrunn lies at the parting of the ways,

number of more or less serious accidents have taken place there within the last few years. On account of the dangers and difficulties of this route, there is a rule that it should be attempted only by *several tourists together*; so that they may help one another in case of need.



"AT KAISERBRUNN THE VALLEY DIVIDES INTO TWO NARROWER ONES." (IT WAS FOR
THIS PLACE THAT THE INJURED MAN MADE.) [R. Lechner, Vienna.

naturally it is the headquarters of many tourists who contemplate excursions up one or both of these beautiful mountains.

All the routes from the Hoellenthal lead up steep rocks, and are, without exception, extremely difficult—suitable, in fact, only for experienced climbers. But particularly difficult is the path from Kaiserbrunn through the Wolfsthal; so that quite a considerable

The observance of this wise rule almost cost a young man his life this summer. He fell and broke his leg, and he owes his rescue only to his own almost superhuman energy, which, indeed, borders on the incredible. Despite injuries which made it impossible for him to stand, he yet succeeded in conveying himself from the scene of his accident into the valley in the neighbourhood of human dwellings. Three dreadful days and three awful nights lasted that memorable descent—a descent which can easily be made in two hours by anyone able to walk. It may almost certainly be said that the case is without a parallel in the annals of Alpine accidents.

The unfortunate young man is Emil Hahl, aged nineteen, a compositor in the office of a Vienna newspaper, the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Hahl is an experienced mountaineer, and intended spending his week's holiday in the mountains. I went to see him in the hospital in Vienna, where (at the moment of writing) he is lying, and, in the opinion of the doctors, he will not be able to leave the institution for another six or eight weeks. He is a sympathetic young fellow, very intelligent, and he told me of his Rax tour in the following words:—

"On Sunday, June 11th, I left Vienna by the first train in the morning, furnished with a complete mountaineer's kit; and the same day I made the ascent of the Hobe Wand, which, with its picturesquely-

shaped rocks, is seen to the west of Wiener Neustadt.



THIS IS POOR EMIL HAHL HIMSELF, WHOSE DEED OF ENDURANCE WAS RECENTLY THE SENSATION OF ALL VIENNA.
From a Photo.

through the Krummbachthal. I reached the Hotel Kaiserbrunn in the evening, and spent the night there. On Tuesday, June 13th,



VIEW IN THE WOLFSTHAL—THE ROUTE TO THE RAX WHICH EMIL HAHL TOOK AFTER LEAVING KAISERBRUNN.
From a Photo. by A. Holder, Vienna.

"I intended to do a different mountain in the Semmering region each day, making only the most interesting ascents—that is to say, of course, the most difficult. Not only am I passionately fond of mountaineering (since my boyhood I have spent every holiday in the mountains), but I am also an ardent botanist and collector of simples. Just at this season, then, I hoped to bring home from my excursion a large assortment of rare plants wherewith to enrich my herbarium. On the Monday I ascended the Schneeberg in lovely weather, and descended

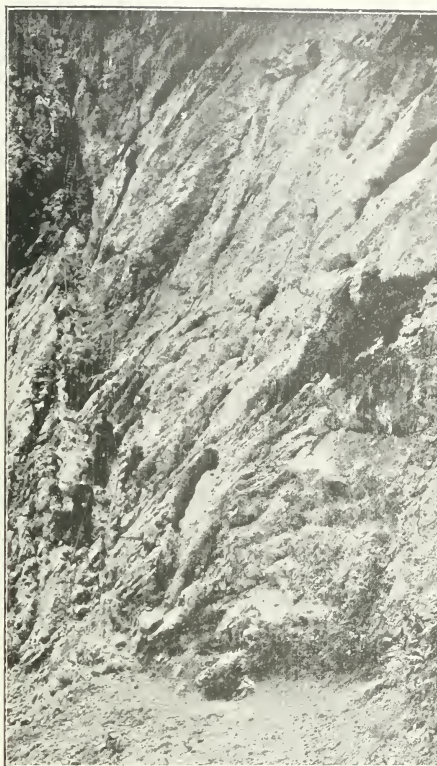
through the Krummbachthal. I reached the Hotel Kaiserbrunn in the evening, and spent the night there. On Tuesday, June 13th, I got up very early, strapped my knapsack on my back, took my botanizing tin and my bergstock, and started off alone, intending to ascend the Rax by way of the Wolfsthal. I must admit that when I happened to mention my project at the hotel I was earnestly warned against undertaking such a difficult ascent alone; but I would not give up the plan I had formed. I had no fear, for had I not already climbed this very mountain dozens of times in the company of friends, and had I not accomplished the route through the Wolfsthal itself twice without much difficulty? I had, in fact, always been successful on my many excursions.

"Accordingly at 6 a.m. I left Kaiserbrunn in excellent spirits. At first I had no difficulty whatever; there was a capially-kept path, which is often made use of by summer visitors from Kaiserbrunn. After half an hour I found the ascent becoming steeper, and then soon the real mountain track began. It is indicated by means of stripes of green paint on trees and rocks; but in places the rain has, unfortunately, washed away the colour, so that the right path may be easily overlooked. The scenery is most interesting. The shapes of the rocks are extremely bizarre, among them being many curiously-formed towers and wild battlements, such as elsewhere are only to be found in the Dolomites. I made rapid progress, and hoped to reach the summit before noon.

"But, all at once, the track became very difficult, so that it cost me the greatest trouble to advance at all. I climbed on and on as best I could, after a while finding it a little better, and I was soon congratulating myself on having got over the worst.

"But all too soon fresh difficulties appeared, which were far worse than the former ones. On the two previous occasions when I had gone that way I had met with no such terrific obstacles as these. Had I strayed from the right path? I wondered. I looked for the green stripes, but could not see any. Still I climbed on. Suddenly, however, I found myself confronted by two gigantic and almost perpendicular rocks, which I had never seen before, and which so completely barred the way that the only thing was to ascend one or other of them. Then I was altogether convinced that I had missed the path, and gone astray. The best thing, of course, would have been to return to the marked path; but, unfortunately, I did not do so. The way of the true mountaineer is to delight in difficulties. On one of the two precipitous rocks I presently perceived, at a considerable distance apart, iron clamps such as the hunters in the high Alps insert to hang ladders on. Accordingly, I argued, there evidently must be a so-called hunter's path leading up the face of that rock, from which the ladders had been taken away to prevent tourists from going that way. Feeling utterly disinclined to go back, I boldly resolved to scale the sheer face of the precipice despite the absence of ladders. I was partly induced to come to this resolution by the assumption that at the top of the rock there must be a path which I could use. Before I had ascended many feet, however, I lost my footing and slipped back a bit, but without hurting myself.

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THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VERY PRECIPICE FROM WHICH YOUNG HABL FELL.

From a Photo. by A. Hölder, Vienna.

I then made a second attempt, and really got up some 30ft. to 40ft., when to my dismay and disgust I found all further progress absolutely impossible. I at once decided to make the best of matters—to submit to the inevitable and return.

"But scarcely had I got down two steps when a stone under my foot slipped out, causing me to stumble heavily. My heart leaped with instinctive terror. I lost my balance, and despite my efforts to steady myself with my alpenstock, I went crashing helplessly right down the rock, and there remained in a state of unconsciousness. That must have been towards half-past seven in the morning.

"How long I remained unconscious it is impossible for me to say, for on coming to again I did not at once look at my watch; I think, however, that it must have been a long time. The

first thing I noticed was a terrible pain in my neck, the top head, and left side; I was also bleeding profusely from several wounds. At the same time, considering the fearful fall I had had, I felt thankful I had not been killed outright. On trying to get up I discovered to my utter amazement I had broken my right shin-bone. It was quite impossible to rise. The break was about six inches below the knee, and at the first glance I knew it to be a very bad fracture. It was what the doctors call an 'open' fracture—*that is, the bone projected through the skin.*

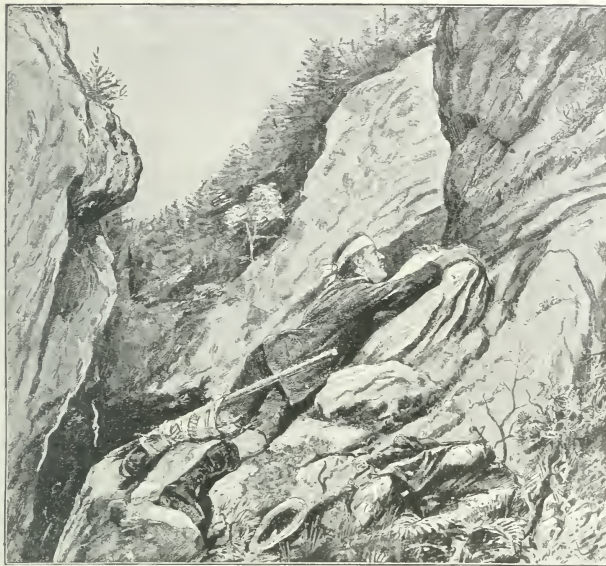
"With all my might I shouted for help, but the only answer I got was the echo of my own voice, which sounded like somebody mocking me. In such a lonely spot, I reflected dismally, who should hear me? Tourists seldom go through the Wolfshäl; yet perchance some hunter might be passing that way and would assist me in my more than dreadful need. So I called out again and again, until at length I became terribly hoarse. I did not, however, desist, till I could no longer utter a sound. Some far away in the valley the barking of a dog reached my ear, but no human voice. I plainly saw that the only help I should get was self-help, and that my situation was an absolutely hopeless one, and desperate at that. Deep melancholy overcame me. I should be lost, I thought, if I could not succeed in getting down the mountain. But of all the many adventures and accidents of mountaineers that I had read of, I could not remember a case in which a man with a broken leg had accomplished the descent of a mountain! And yet I was absolutely convinced that this seemingly impossible feat alone could save me from a lingering death. Even leaving out of account the other not inconsiderable injuries, how was such a thing within a human creature's capacity of endurance? The slightest movement increased the agony, until it became altogether unbearable. Again and again I uttered loud cries for help, but none came: no man answered. Meanwhile the sky had clouded over, and it began to rain in torrents, which made the probability of anybody's coming that way still more remote than before. Unless I wanted miserably to die a long-drawn-out, hideous death from hunger and thirst, I knew I must save myself. I decided not to lose another moment in fruitless brooding, and waiting, and shouting, but to act at once.

"I gathered that first of all I must set my broken leg and bandage it in some rough fashion. In spite of the agony it caused me, I rolled over and over the ground in different directions like a ball of wool—a few yards here and a few yards there—until I had collected

a sufficient quantity of fallen branches, bits of fir and moss; this strange collecting process took me some hours. The next thing was to tear off the sleeves of my shirt and such other parts of my underwear as I could spare. On my mountain excursions I always took with me a box containing iodoform gauze and cambric; and now these things were more than welcome. Then by my side I laid some string I fortunately had in my pocket, as well as my hat-line and my scarf, with which to fasten the bandage.

"At last, then, I was ready to begin the operation. But, good heavens, what agony! My deadliest enemy I would not wish such excruciating pains as I suffered when setting the poor splintered bone—which, be it remembered, was not broken straight across. The dreadful splinters, indeed, dug deep into my flesh. Not regarding the pain (although nearly fainting therewith) I exerted my whole force, and at last succeeded in getting the bone into what, as far as I could judge, was its right position. Then I wound the iodoform gauze round it, and over that I put the cambric, the bits of underclothing, and a layer of moss. Next in the queer operation came my alpenstock and some boughs in place of splints; and finally I tied the whole together with the string, my hat-line, and neck-tie. Of course, it did not all go so straightforwardly as I have described. More than once the improvised splints slipped, because I could not hold everything with one hand. But at last I did succeed in making as good a job of the setting as circumstances permitted. Without the leg being set, I should never have got down the mountain at all, of this I am fully convinced. Of course, even then I could not use my injured leg, but at least I could move more freely and with less pain.

"Meanwhile the evening had come on, but it being still partly light, I resolved to begin at once the perilous and frightfully painful descent. I did not hesitate to do this, because I wanted to be quite sure that in my disabled condition I *should* be able to get down the rocks, the ascent of which with perfectly sound limbs had caused me such extraordinary difficulty. I found to my great joy that I did make progress—although with extreme slowness. Just as it grew quite dark I reached a place where it was absolutely necessary for me to descend a very steep and sheer declivity some 15ft. high. For a long time I considered how best to accomplish it. In the smooth face of the rock I sought long and carefully for resting-places for my sound leg and my hands; and having found these, and also proved every hold, I gently let myself down. When I had nearly reached the bottom, I put my left foot in a wrong place, and an incautious



"IN THE FACE OF THE ROCK I SOUGHT RESTING-PLACES FOR MY SOUND LEG AND MY HANDS."
From a Sketch specially made in Vienna.

movement of my right leg shifted the bandage, so that I was again obliged to arrange it. I succeeded in this only just before it became totally dark. Of the exquisite agony I then suffered I would rather not speak. Doctors may realize it, and perhaps also people who have suffered a broken limb.

"When I had recovered somewhat I thought it time to take a trifle to eat and a little wine, for I had forgotten all about my refreshments since my early start, owing, of course, to the excitement and pain. Now, however, a dull, gnawing in my stomach most distinctly indicated Nature's need. So I felt for the provisions I had brought with me, but, alas!—another misfortune—they were gone. Evidently they had slipped out of my knapsack when I took out the bandages—that is, on the spot where I lay at the foot of the rock after my dreadful fall. That spot—despite my long hours of agony and exertion—could not have been more than about two or three hundred *paces* from where I then was. Yet I saw most plainly that it would be madness to try and get back there, so I contented myself with eating the strawberry leaves I found at my side, hoping they would at least diminish the now painful cravings of hunger.

"The rain now became heavier, and soon wetted me to the skin. But I sat quite still,

being convinced that to proceed in the dark would be suicidal folly. I could not sleep because of the cold, hunger, pain, excitement, and the hardness of my bed. I caught the rain in my hat and wetted my parched lips with it. Never before had I drunk rain water, but now I found it like nectar.

"Slowly that fearful night dragged on, and at length it began to dawn in the east. One more hour, and it was light enough for me to continue my torturing descent. I slipped and slid along, writhing with pain such as it is difficult even to conceive. My broken leg had always to lie on the other one, for when I touched the ground with it I screamed with the agony. As the rocks were very sharp, and I had to clutch them tightly to prevent myself from fall-

ing, my fingers ere long were so badly cut and bleeding that I had to bind them up with bits of my shirt. Every moment I was forced to rest, and very often a feeling of utter despair overcame me, and I felt inclined to give up the awful task and perish quietly where I was. But then the remembrance of my beloved parents at home lent me fresh strength. I ate some more strawberry leaves, as well as the very few wild strawberries I came across, some ribwort, and sorrel. I was terribly thirsty, but could find hardly any water, as the rain had ceased in the morning. The tiny quantity preserved in a hole in the rock, or the hollow of a tree, barely sufficed to moisten my lips. At last the second night came on, and it was even more hopeless, more painful, and more sleepless than the first. The distance I had traversed by this time was very small, but then the ground had been very difficult, and I might reasonably hope that it would be less so the next day.

"On Thursday morning I felt so tired and feeble that I was hardly able to advance a yard; and again I was strongly tempted to lie down and await the end. The sharp rocks had cut me so I could no longer slide along in a sitting posture, but was forced to lie flat on my back and push myself along. The result was that

very soon my bark was frightfully lacerated. Naturally my clothes had long been in mere rags. As on the two previous days I ate quantities of hay, and so to a certain extent satisfied my hunger, but my thirst was most dreadful, for as the weather was dry I could not quench it. All I could do was to lick up the dewdrops from the grass and leaves morning and evening.

On Thursday afternoon I came to two small streams, which I at once used to improve the bandage on my leg, and then my progress was a little easier. The stones I had to pass over, however, tore my clothes still more and cut my flesh.

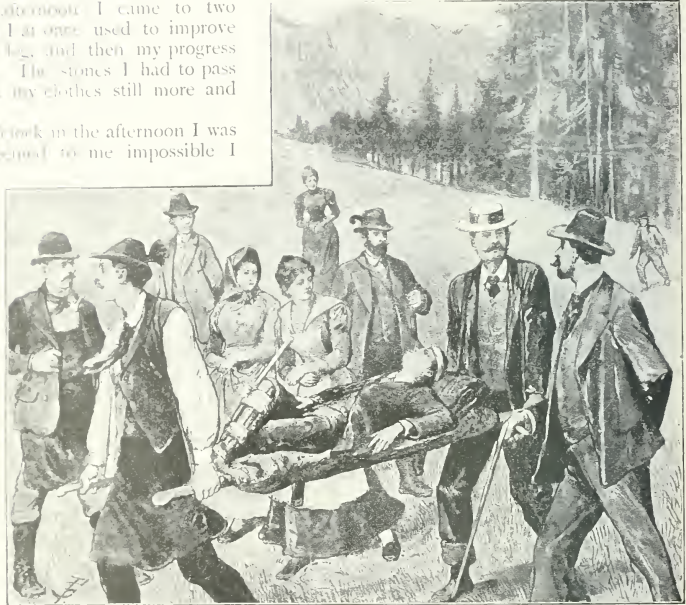
Towards four o'clock in the afternoon I was so tired that it seemed to me impossible I should ever reach my goal, and in awful agony that I could not stroke off even a mile.

For two hours I did not move. Then I heard human voices, and instantly forgetting my extremity, I sat up. Collecting all my force, I cried for help, then anxiously listened, but received no answer. However, hope had revived, and I moved on till it grew quite dark. The descent was no longer so steep,

and I reckoned that the chief difficulties must be already overcome, and that I was not more than twenty-five to thirty minutes from Kaiserbrunn. Of course I mean not farther for one who could walk, and *not* for me in my deplorable plight.

On Thursday night I at last got some sleep, which greatly refreshed me. In the morning my leg again pained me so frightfully that I had to renew the bandage, for which purpose I used the last fragments of my shirt. Having got new strength from my sleep, I advanced more quickly, but still suffered wofully from thirst. On coming to a hut, I crawled in and found a few drops of water and a bit of salt. The water I greedily drank, and I ate a morsel of salt, both of which refreshed me a little. At last I saw some houses, but once

again grew faint. I called feebly for help, and was beyond measure delighted to receive an answer. It was a servant girl from the Hotel Kaiserbrunn who heard me; and as it was then just about half-past nine in the morning, exactly three days and three nights had elapsed since I had left that same place. Help was soon at hand, and carefully and gently they carried me



"HERE I WAS SOON AT HAND, AND CAREFULLY AND GENTLY THEY CARRIED ME TO THE HOTEL, KAISERBRUNN."
From a sketch specially made in Vienna.

to the hotel, where every kindness was shown me. Despite my pain, I felt proud when the doctor said that the bandaging had been done most skillfully, and he could hardly believe that I myself had accomplished it alone in those circumstances. In the evening I was transported to the hospital here in Vienna, and the doctors assure me that in some six weeks I shall be restored again.

"Anyhow, I do not think that my accident, terrible as it is, has cured me of my love of mountaineering. But certainly the remembrance of those three terrible days and nights will deter me from again undertaking difficult climbs by myself. But as my parents would never know a minute's peace were I in the mountains again—perhaps, after all, I had better give up mountaineering altogether."

What a Breton "Pardon" is Like.

BY KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER.

A striking example of the old-world picturesqueness, simplicity, and piety prevailing in Brittany, the land of mediæval religious festivals and queer customs. Illustrated by a series of snap-shot photographs by M. Charles Géniaux, 32, Rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris.



IN Brittany religion is the rein by which the people are led. The best way of realizing this is, perhaps, to attend one of the Breton *Pardons*, or festivals of the patron saints of the villages. We shall then merely feel as though Time had stepped back two or three centuries and landed us again in the Middle Ages. The *Pardon* of St. Jean-du-Doigt is one of the most popular in all Brittany, and attracts "sound" pilgrims from afar, as well as the halt, the maimed, and the suffering from the neighbouring hamlets.

If we follow the worthy farmer and his wife who are just setting out from Plougasnou to the village of St. Jean, we shall be sure not to miss any point of interest.

The village owes its name to the holy relic contained in its sanctuary—the forefinger with which St. John the Baptist pointed out Christ as the Lamb of God. This is how the relic found its way to Brittany—so 'tis said. When the Emperor Julian commanded the relics of the saint to be burned, a miraculous rain fell and put out the fire; and the finger in question was treasured carefully by Philip, Patriarch of Jerusalem. Some centuries afterwards a young Norman maid, Thecla, obtained possession of the finger, and carried it back to her home in Normandy, where a chapel was built for its reception.

In the sixteenth century a young Breton archer of Plougasnou, in the service of some Norman nobleman, fired by the accounts of the miracles performed by the Holy Finger, was inconsolable because he could not carry it back to Brittany with him. On his return journey, however, the young peasant felt strangely elated, and wonderful things came to

pass on the way. The trees bowed low before him, and the bushes murmured a welcome as he passed. As he walked through a village in Normandy the bells began to ring on their own account, whereupon he was thrown into prison on suspicion of being a sorcerer.

In the morning when he awoke he found himself lying, not on the dank floor of his dungeon, but on the grass by a fountain just on the outskirts of his native village.

He entered the Chapel of St. Meriadec to return thanks for his delivery, and immediately the bells began to peal. The candles on the altar also were lit by an invisible hand, and those who had accompanied him, on hearing his strange tale, saw the finger of the saint emerge from the archer's arm and place itself on the altar. In a short time the miracles and pilgrimages had become so numerous that a new church, that of St. Jean, was built beside the chapel; it was finished in 1513.

Ever since then the festival has been kept, and every 23rd of June has seen a huge crowd of pilgrims on their way to St. Jean. Now you know why they go, and also why we found ourselves one bright morning on the outskirts of St. Jean. Suddenly our olfactory nerves became agreeably tickled, and a vision of new cakes, light, crisp, and golden brown, was conjured up before our

eyes. Immediately we felt conscious of pangs of hunger—the result of our long walk through the scented lanes and of the whiffs of brine-laden air which blew straight off the sea. Without suspecting it, we had come upon the very village we sought nestling in a wooded hollow, and the tall, slender spire of the church appeared through the trees like a finger—the finger of the saint, pointing to Heaven.



THE OLD BRETON FARMER AND HIS "GOOD WIFE" SET OUT FOR THE "PARDON" AT ST. JEAN.

From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.



MAKING THE "FLAMBE" CAKES
NEARBY THE "BIBLIOPHILE"
HOTEL, LANTIER.
*From a Photo. by M. Charles
Géniaux.*

We took a sharp turn to the right, and there under the lee of a half-ruined cottage we espied an impromptu kitchen on a little plot of grass. The cook, a fresh looking woman, in a snow-white cap and spotless, pale blue cotton blouse, knelt on the ground surrounded by her paraphernalia. Over a wood fire stood the flat pan in which the delicate cakes were frying. With a

dexterous movement of the wide sort of spatula she held like a magic wand, the woman made the cake perform its perilous somersault without breaking or falling into the ashes, which would probably have been its fate under a less experienced hand.

Through the curling light blue smoke we could distinguish an old woman and her pretty daughter enjoying a little snack before vespers. Taking a plate from the chest, covered invitingly with a clean white cloth, we too squatted down in the shade of the cart to enjoy the cakes.



ON THE LEFT IS SEEN "THE MIRACULOUS
FOUNTAIN," THE SCENE OF SO MANY
MARVELLOUS CURES.

From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.

We were not alone, however, for the little fellow who stands wistfully watching the proceedings required little pressing to induce him to join us.

How long we might have lingered in that peaceful spot I don't know, had not the warning bell called us to vespers. Through the old sculptured and carved gateway we passed with the crowd of white-capped worshippers into the peaceful churchyard, where our eyes at once turned to the left to seek the miraculous fountain—the scene of so many marvellous cures. Entering into a friendly



"THROUGH THE OLD GATEWAY HE WISHED WITH THE CROWD OF WHITE-CAPPED
WORSHIPPERS."
From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.



BRETON WOMEN BATHING
SPRINKLED EYES IN THE WATER
OF THE MIRACULOUS
FOUNTAIN.
*From a Photo, by M. Charles
Géniaux.*

chat with the old farmer and his wife, we learnt at last why the waters were more especially potent in healing any malady of the eyes and in curing blindness generally.

In the reign of our Henry VII. some British troops landing at Prmel, the next little harbour, invaded St. Jean, and carried off the precious relic. As soon as they touched English soil, messengers were sent post-haste to announce to the clergy the treasure they had brought with them. A sudden exultation filled the breasts of these good men at the news, and with hymns and chants a great procession, swelling its ranks with noblemen and distinguished persons of all degrees, went on its triumphant way to the palace to present the relic to the King.

The reliquary was opened with due ceremony and becoming solemnity, but, to the horror and dismay of all the high dignitaries, the Holy Finger was no longer there: it had fled

back to its own Breton sanctuary at St. Jean. What is more, the sacrilegious robbers were immediately struck blind; and in order to recover their sight they were forced to make a pilgrimage to St. Jean to implore the forgiveness of the saint. Thus runs the legend told by the Bretons.

We found the fountain no longer solitary. Two women, having laid down their umbrellas on the side of the trough, were bathing their eyes in the healing waters; while a third was holding a little portable barrel, with a handle to it, under the spout, in order to fill bowls, mugs, and cups, which were later to be sold to the pilgrims in the procession. We were so absorbed in this novel scene that we heard, as in a dream and without heeding, a sing-song murmur behind us. An unceremonious dig, however, recalled us abruptly from the land of dreams, and we turned round sharply to see a grim, sour-faced cripple holding out his tin mug.

"Now, then, give something, do!" he cried, imperatively; and being afraid of the evil eye — for

when you are in Brittany you must do as the Bretons do, and also try to feel as they do, if you would understand them—we dropped a little silver coin into his tin mug.

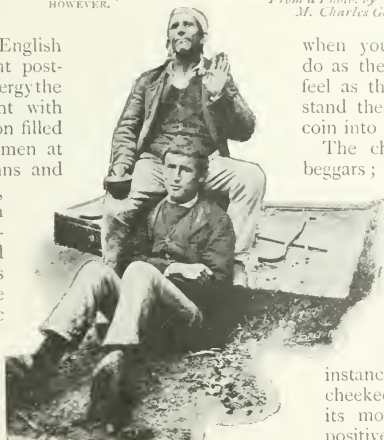
The churchyard was quite full of beggars; they sat on the gravestones, and on the steps of the porch. They hobbled across the grass, exhibiting repulsive deformities in order to excite the pity and charity of the visitors. All were not hideous in their misery, however—the family here shown, for

instance. The little, toddling, rosy-cheeked creature standing between its mother and grandmother was positively happy—radiantly happy. It had no cares for the morrow; it only knew that for the first time in its life it possessed a pocket into



"ALL THE BEGGARS
WERE NOT HIDEOUS
IN THEIR MISERY,
HOWEVER."

*From a Photo, by
M. Charles Géniaux.*



"THE BLIND MEN OF ST. JEAN, FATHER AND
SON—TWO OF THE BEST-KNOWN FIGURES
AT THE 'PARDON'."

From a Photo, by M. Charles Géniaux.



"THE PILGRIMS DRESSED ALL IN WHITE, WITH LACE CAPS AND LONG WHITE VEILS."
From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.

which it had tucked its hand, clutching the untold riches so recently laid in its fat little palm by a passer-by.

One group was even beautiful in its noble repose. It was the blind men of St. Jean, father and son, two of the best-known figures at the *Pardon*. They always affect the same spot and attitude; in fact, one might from a distance take them for a group of statuary. The father, who sat on a high stone, with his sightless eyes upturned to Heaven, had a noble face; on a lower plane sat the son between his father's knees.

Inside the church the scene was a very animated one.

The crowd was pressing towards a low screen dividing the faithful from the priests, who presented to each kneeling devotee in turn the holy relic to kiss. The metallic ring of coins dropping into a wooden receptacle drew our attention to the feature of the screen; the top rail, which was hollow, was pierced all along with little slots



"IMMEDIATELY AFTER, THE CROWD HURRIED OUT TO WHERE THE PROCESSIONS WERE TO PASS."
From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.

for the reception of the offerings of the pilgrims and the faithful generally. To the left of the nave was the basin of holy water, ever running, into which the Holy Finger had been dipped. There the pilgrims bathed their faces, or let the life-giving water run on any part of their body that chanced to be suffering.

Just then a fanfare and the roll of drums were heard; it was the procession from Plougasnou coming to join that of St. Jean, and we hurried out to see it arrive. First came the beadle in flaming scarlet, his cheeks puffed out with importance as with his staff he cleared

the way for the bearer of the cross. A bevy of young girls dressed all in white, with lace caps, long white veils, and pale blue sashes, surrounded the silver statue of the Virgin, which was borne on a stand on the shoulders of some eight or ten maidens.

The statue was half-concealed under a canopy of ribbons and flowers. White, blue, silver, and gold banners, gorgeously embroidered and painted, waved around it; and on its passage the men bared their heads and the women bowed low. Pilgrims and penitents dressed in black followed. More beating of drums, and

this time it was the mayor and corporation, together with the National Guard of St. Jean, which came forth to meet the procession from Plougasnou and conduct it to the church.

Vespers over, the crowd of worshippers, hurrying out across the churchyard and through the gateway, overflowed into the street beyond, and took up a



"THE PROCESSION WAS NOW LEAVING THE CHURCH HEADED BY THE BANNER OF ST. JEAN."
From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.

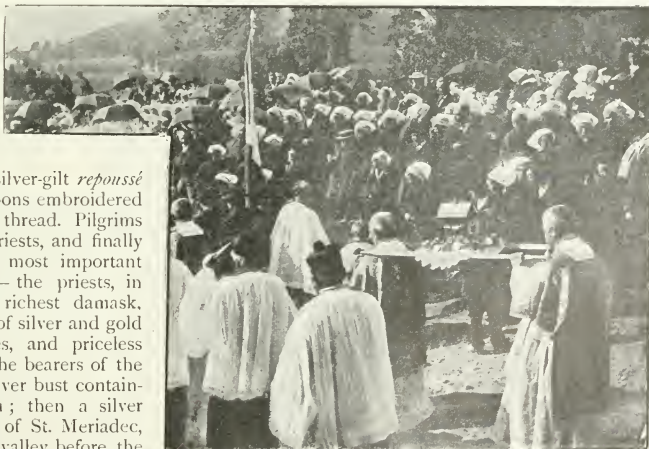
position on the road along which the massed processions were to pass. They were not one whit too soon, though, for the great procession was now leaving the church, headed by the banner of St. Jean, ornamented with a graphic painting of the Baptism in the Jordan. Next came the cross hung with little silver bells, which tinkled musically as the procession passed. Round it were grouped the heavy banners lined with ermine, as well as the oriflammes, and the silver statue of the Virgin, with its accompanying white-robed maidens. A band of little boys guarding the statue of the Infant Christ came next, followed by the large cross of silver-gilt *repoussé* work, with hanging ribbons embroidered with rich silks and gold thread. Pilgrims closed in behind the priests, and finally came the grandest and most important part of the pageant — the priests, in gorgeous vestments of richest damask, stiff with embroideries of silver and gold thread, precious stones, and priceless old lace. They were the bearers of the relics. First came a silver bust containing a relic of St. Jean; then a silver urn containing a bone of St. Meriadec, the patron saint of the valley before the miracle of the arrival of the Holy Finger; and finally came that most precious of

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all relics, the Finger itself, in its crystal casket incrustated with gold. This brought up the rear, and has been recorded by the camera. Pilgrims innumerable, and all the *miraculous* (as the Bretons call those cured during the year by kissing the relic or bathing in the waters) who had come to return thanks, walked barefoot after the relics. Some of the men were in their shirt-sleeves, candle in hand. There were also numbers of children of all ages among the *miraculous*; the tiniest in their mothers' arms, with caps of cloth of gold trimmed with bright

ribbons. Other children were in the costume assigned by painters to the infant St. John, holding a cross in one hand and leading a white lamb by a blue ribbon with the other.

The procession wound its way up the hill to the fountain, near which, centuries ago, the young Breton was supposed to have found himself when he awoke after his translation during sleep from the Norman prison. Here a kind of pyre or bonfire had been erected, of



"FINALLY CAME THAT MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL RELICS—THE FINGER ITSELF, IN ITS CRYSTAL CASKET INCRUSTATED WITH GOLD."
From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.



"THE LAST BURNING OF THE CROSS."—A KIND OF BONFIRE HAD BEEN ERECTED SURMOUNTED BY A CROSS.
From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.

prickly gorse and broom, surmounted by a cross of flowers, as seen in the photograph at the back to the left. Woe to the man of St. Jean who failed to bring his little fagot to make up the bonfire: he would be certain to burn his hand badly during the year. A cable fixed to the stake was outlined against the blue sky; and, following the superior line with our eyes, in a woman with the hundreds of spectators, we found that it led to one of the turrets of the church.

Now, what was the meaning of this? An atmosphere of profound mystery and suppressed excitement pervaded the spot. Some withered looking old women—were it not too unkind, one might dub them witches—hovered within the precincts of the fountain. As we reached the top of the hill, a kind of box was running swiftly along the cable from the church tower, and as it reached the pile of wood there was a discharge of musketry and a beating of drums. Suddenly, with a hiss and a fizz, a red flame shot up, licking the cross of flowers greedily; then other flames, following the lead, leapt up high above it, dancing fantastically to the music of the crackling, hissing blaze. Although

the pastime is indulged in freely in other villages, this is the only dance allowed at this *Pardon* out of respect to the saint—with whose martyrdom, it must be remembered, the dancing Herodias was but too intimately connected.

A bright-looking woman said: "Isn't it wonderful to see that box set light to St. Jean's fire? They call it fireworks now, but it wasn't always like that. My old grannie used to tell us, as we sat spinning during the long winter evenings, that when she was young the fire was not lighted till dusk, and then a dazzling angel, with a crown of fire and stars in his hands, flew down from

the church tower to set light to the wood, and then flew back again, disappearing in the darkness."

Some hymns were sung, and then the procession returned to the church; the pilgrims and the crowd, having paid due regard to all the religious observances of the festival, now proceeded to enjoy themselves with a light heart. But first, every man, woman, and child secured a little charred ember to put under the bed, to keep off thunderbolts and similar misfortunes during the year.

The *Pardon* is a great day for betrothals; and young lovers wandered about the hills in double couples, as etiquette requires at St. Jean. Entering



"THE PILGRIMS NOW PROCEEDED TO ENJOY THEMSELVES."
From a Photo. by M. Charles Géniaux.

a wayside inn, they ask for a private room or arbour, where they sit for hours sipping black currant syrup (*cassis*) or coffee, while the courtship proceeds by regular and well-defined steps, of which the offer of the sweet drink is the first.

Our Wreck in the Dead Sea.

BY THE REV. W. HASTINGS KELK, B.A.

(LATE ENGLISH CHAPLAIN IN THE LEBANON, HAIFA, AND JERUSALEM).

Mr. Kelk relates in graphic style an adventure that befell him and a party of American gentlemen in a rotten boat on the dreary Dead Sea. The narrative is illustrated by snap-shots taken by the author himself under very trying circumstances.



SUPPOSE there is hardly any part of the world where Nature has exhibited more eccentricity and fantastic conception than in the construction of that strip of Syria called the Ghor, culminating in the "abomination of desolation," the Dead Sea. I remember, when a small child, being told that this great salt lake obtained its lugubrious name from the fact that not only could no fish live in its waters, but that any bird attempting to fly over its surface fell down dead, suffocated, no doubt, by the noxious fumes that rose from the steaming cauldron. That, of course, was an exaggeration, but not very great.

All along the dreary shores of the Dead Sea, except for an occasional oasis, there is an absence of life of any description; and, of course, no fish could live in its intensely briny waters more than a few minutes. The timber, too, brought down by the Jordan is in keeping with the appalling surroundings, for it is quickly stripped of its bark and cast up on the beach, white and gaunt, and looking for all the world like the bleaching bones of a lost army.

But yet the Dead Sea is not without a charm of its own. See it, if you can, from the Mount



THE REV. W. HASTINGS KELK IS WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE HOLY LAND.
From a Photo. by H. Graham Glen, Leeds.

of Olives, or the Frank Mountain—a stretch of living blue between the yellow hills, as if the cloudless sky had lost its way and settled on the earth to rest; or, nearer still, from En-Gedi, where the hill slopes sheer from the water's edge. The whole sea lies at your feet, still reflecting on its bosom the dazzling sky, but here and there of darker hue, where gusts of wind break its surface and withal its calm. And most curious are the paths of light that zig-zag to the deep shade of the Moab hills, or are lost in the shallows at the southern end.

I, like most tourists in Syria, had made the orthodox three days' trip—had floated on its buoyant waters, and had washed off the salt afterwards in the River Jordan. But I longed to explore the weird sea thoroughly; and not that I expected to make any great geographical discoveries, but more from a spirit of adventure than anything else.

At last the opportunity came, and our party, composed of three Americans and myself, with an Arab servant, found ourselves encamped on the banks of the Jordan. We had sent word beforehand to the Father Superior of the Convent of Mar Juhanna (which belongs to the Orthodox Greek Church) that we should



"ALL ALONG THE DREARY SHORES THERE IS AN ABSENCE OF LIFE OF ANY DESCRIPTION."
From a Photo. by (the Author.)



THIS IS THE CITADEL OF NAZ JERIKHA, WHOSE FATHER SUPERIOR SUPPLIED THE BOAT.
From a Photo. by the Author.

repair his boat. This he had promised to have ready for us. When we called on him on our way down, however, he tried to persuade us that we should be much safer in his steamer, but a trial trip up the river convinced us that our original plan was better. This "Vabour" or steamer of the Father's was the delight of his life. He had spent, according to his own account, vast sums of money on it, and hoped to repay himself with interest by taking tourists for short trips up the river at the rate of £5 a head! So widespread has become what may be termed the "Cook" instinct.

These trips promised to be very short, for the boat made hardly any headway against the stream, and, indeed, in the full current actually lost ground. At such moments we realized the dignity of a "captain's" position, and envied the fluncky and fractious of the Italian. Once, when we all happened to be in the bows at the same time, we heard a peculiar whirring noise. The "capitano" shouted at us to come to the stern. We then discovered that our weight in the bows had raised the stern so much that

the screw was wasting its energy in the air. It was, indeed, a wonderful steamer.

But, unfortunately for us, the boat we had hired—a sea-tub from Jaffa—did not quite come up to the expectations we had been led to form of her. The Father Superior assured us, nevertheless, she had been put into thorough repair. But our arrival on the scene must have been a day or two too soon, for we found the convent carpenter knocking out the rotten planks with an axe. Before very long that boat presented the appearance of a five-barred gate. Then the carpenter retired for lunch and a siesta, and we had to hold a council of war. Our Arab's suggestion, that the carpenter's energy might be stimulated by a promise of ten francs if the boat were ready for use early next morning, not only showed a knowledge of Eastern character, but also acted like a charm.

The approach to the Jordan from Jericho greatly increases the appreciation of its beauty. After a hot ride through a dreary waste, where nothing meets the eye but a succession of low



VERY LOW. THAT BOAT PRESENTED THE APPEARANCE OF A FIVE-BARRED GATE.
From a Photo. by the Author.

sand-hills, torn into fantastic shapes by wind and rain, or, perhaps, the restless action of a bygone sea, it is peculiarly pleasant suddenly to come upon running water and luxuriant foliage.

During the time the boat was being patched up we employed ourselves in various ways. Some of the party tried their hands at fishing, but with indifferent success. Others crossed the river in a punt, in the hope of getting a shot at a pig on the eastern bank. There were signs of boar in plenty, and other game; but the dense undergrowth kept them out of sight. Where the country was more open, however, a few partridges and sand-grouse were put up, as well as an early quail. On our way back, as it was dusk, we startled a couple of francolin, but they were lost in the brushwood. Fortunately, we had no difficulty in getting firewood, and the enthusiasm of some of the convent servants was such, that our camp fire must have startled the Bedawin for miles around.

The next morning our friend the carpenter declared the boat fit for use. We were a little dubious though when we found the water flowing in as fast as a boy could bale it out. However, we decided to start, hoping the new wood would swell and so stop the leak. We had to stow most of our stuff on the seats and in the bows, to keep it dry; and this naturally made the boat top-heavy and difficult to manage.

Until near the point where it debouches into the Dead Sea, the Jordan flows between high banks, and especially on the eastern side the bank is precipitous and overhanging. Just before the sea is reached, however, the river widens out into lagoons. Here, among the reeds, water-fowl in immense quantities find a home. So close are these reeds together that all attempts to force our boat through them proved useless, but with a duck punt fair sport might easily be obtained.

So far our course had been an easy one. Being occupied principally with baling out the boat and keeping her in the middle of the stream, we had been content to drift along, admiring the scenery and taking occasional shots at a passing duck or swan. And drifting down the Jordan, even at its southern end, means making fair progress, for the river falls 61cft. in its last sixty-five miles, and about 3,000ft. in all from its source 137 miles away. The rapidity of its flow is, however, somewhat lessened by its tortuous course. Though the distance between its source and the Dead Sea is only 137 miles in a straight line, in reality it is three times as far.

When we shot into the Dead Sea, startling a number of pelicans by the suddenness of our appearance, we found a change of tactics necessary. Such was the force of the stream that we were carried well out to sea before we

realized that we had exchanged fresh water for salt. Out came the flattened poles that served for oars; and after a great expenditure of labour we again approached the northern shore of the sea. Having in mind accounts of adventurous explorers kept for days tossing about the sea by adverse winds, and suffering agonies of thirst and heat, we had determined not to wander too far from land.

An hour or so of pulling began to tell on us. The heat was now intense, as was to be expected at such a depth below sea-level; and the extreme buoyancy of the extraordinarily briny water made rowing all the more difficult. After a time we found towing an easier mode of progress, one



"JUST BEFORE THE DEAD SEA IS REACHED THE JORDAN WIDENS OUT INTO LAGOONS."

From a Photo. by the Author.

man remaining in the boat to steer. But by the time the Pilgrims' bathing-shed was reached it was evident that, with our present boat, all hopes of exploring the sea must be given up. The wretched thing was leaking as badly as ever, and was too heavy for rowing. Whilst further down the coast towing we know would be impracticable. Here we were, then, stranded, miles away from any human habitation. The boat we might have deserted, but not our luggage. Just as we were bemoaning our sad fate we heard a raucous voice:

"Dis way, ladies! Here de Dead Sea, sar! Here de Bilgrim bath. Water ver booful.

Drink tittle, now. Ver salt—eh? Ha! ha! ha!" etc., etc., all in the true dragoon style. Then the owner of the voice drew his revolver, shut his eyes, and fired two or three shots into the sea. His party was much impressed. How could it be otherwise?

We, on our part, hailed his appearance with joy. He took charge of a letter from us to the Superior of Mar Jobanna, asking for the steamer to be sent after us at once. We should be found anywhere between the shed and Ras el Feshkah. The tourists proceeded in the direction of the Jordan, and we once more took up the towing line. Our object was now to find fresh water.

Not a drop had we seen since we left the Jordan, and the little we had brought with us was all but expended. How eagerly we searched each pool we passed, and even ventured to taste some in the little wadis we crossed—only, however, to find more concentrated bitter-

ness. We knew there was water at Ain Feshkah, but the sun was fast setting, and Ras el Feshkah appeared to be as far off as ever. After a time, our Arab espied camels browsing far inland, and by dint of walking about a mile and shouting over the remainder of the distance, he put himself in communication with a camel-herd. Presently he came back with the consoling information that the sea had encroached so much of late years that he doubted whether we should be able to find the spring at all. However, we toiled on, and eventually found a dirty pool—brackish, but not quite so salt as the Dead Sea.

As far as we could judge by the map, we were now some miles beyond Ain Feshkah. It was almost dark, so we had no option but to camp for the night. A host of mosquitoes and gnats quickly drove us from the vicinity of the pool, but higher up we found a fair camping-ground, sheltered from the wind by a dense thicket.

A fire was soon made, water brought from the pool, and the provisions spread on the ground. The general cry was for tea. After a long day spent under an Eastern sun, when the heat has penetrated to the very bones, and apparently dried every particle of moisture out of the system: when the lips are cracked

and the throat feels like a lime-kiln, then is experienced a thirst such as seldom, if ever, comes to a man in England. To satisfy it there is nothing equal to tea. But, alas! we were doomed to a hideous disappointment. First one of us took a sip, and then silently put down his cup; then



"HERE WE WERE, THEN, STRANDED, MILES AWAY FROM ANY HUMAN HABITATION." [the Author.]



"NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN, WHERE WE KNEW WATER EXISTED—NOTICE THE TREES ON THE BANKS OF THE WATER AND MARKING THE ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA." [the Author.]



THIS IS OUR ARAB SERVANT, WHO SHOULD DO EVERYTHING BUT SERVE US PROPERLY. [the Author.]
From a Photo. by

another tried it, and looked reproachfully round on the rest. Lastly the Arab ejaculated, "Kabreet" (sulphur), and spat the stuff out violently. That was the greatest disappointment we had had. The failure of the boat was nothing to it.

Later on, we found water not quite so sulphurous, but yet far too painfully reminiscent of Harrogate to be pleasing to healthy men.

We had some difficulty in getting a fire to burn. There was no lack of timber on the sea-shore, but it was too permeated with salt to be of much use as fuel. We found a shrub growing not far off with little green prickles that served for leaves, and its wood was so rotten that it proved quite easy to break a whole bush up into firewood even without the use of an axe. But this gave out much more smoke than flame, and left an evil-smelling ash behind. Truly we were having a grand object-lesson in the "abomination of desolation."

Next morning we were up betimes, on the look-out for the steamer. We rigged up an oar as a flag-staff, and raised a good smoke-signal from the fire, such as would have done credit to a camp of Australian blacks. During the night we had heard heavy breakers beating on the shore, but now the sea was as calm as a duck-pond. I managed to bag a brace of partridges for breakfast, but they proved to be as dry and salt as is everything near the Dead Sea. About ten o'clock our Arab, who had been filling the water-skin at a new spring he had discovered, came with the news that the steamer was in sight. We all rushed to the flag-staff, and could

just make out a tiny column of smoke in the direction of the Jordan. In a short time a mast appeared on the horizon. We calculated that it could not reach Ain Feshkah until well on into the afternoon, so it would not be worth while moving our camp that day; but we hoped to be able to get on to En-Gedi the next day. The steamer came steadily on, hugging the shore all the time. When almost within hailing distance it disappeared behind a headland. We all thought it was taking a very long time to round the point, when, to our horror, we saw it gaily steaming back again towards the Jordan. We fired guns and revolvers; we piled more wood on the fire; we waved the flag furiously; but with no effect. The men on board, evidently despairing of ever finding us, had turned tail.

What was now to be done? It was impossible to go on any farther with that boat, and it was equally impossible to get back to the convent in her. The wisest plan appeared to be to tow her to the northern shore again, in the hopes of coming across a party of tourists. We had one water-skin with us, sufficient for twenty-four hours, and if we were not rescued in that time, we should, of course, be obliged to abandon all our belongings and make for the nearest habitation. Our Arab refused point-blank to take a message for us, either to the convent or to the hotel at Jericho. He said he could not walk so far, and even if he could, with so many tribes of evil reputation on the plain, it would not be safe.

So we began again to bale out the boat. She was lying well up on the beach, so it did not take us long to empty her. It was much harder work



IT WAS FROM THIS CAMP THAT WE BEHELD THE MYSTERIOUS STEAMER AND DECIDED TO "GO TO JERICHO." [the Author.]
From a Photo. by

launching her, but at last we accomplished that too. But when we came down from the tent with the first instalment of luggage, we found her already nearly half full of water. Yes, we thought of "them that go down to the sea in ships," and a lot of other strictly Biblical associations. You see, they were now brought home to us in a peculiarly forcible manner. So the baling began again. But it was no use. In a few minutes we found the water was gaining, and in a quarter of an hour only the rowlocks of the villainous craft remained above the surface. We waited for them to disappear, but the extreme saltness of the water kept the boat floating flush with the surface of the sea. It was an interesting illustration of the buoyancy of the Dead Sea, but it failed to elicit any exclamations of admiration from us—rather the reverse.

What we said now was, "Go to Jericho": it was the only thing to be done, really. Our only hope, in fact, lay in being able to find our way

to Jericho across the plain. One of the party volunteered to stay with the native to look after the tent. We did not start until 3 p.m., thus avoiding the heat of the day. We knew that the range of hills terminating in Ras el Feshkah runs very nearly north and south, and that gave us a good idea of the direction of Jericho. About sunset we struck a deep ravine, which we concluded must be the valley that

descended from Neby Mousa. Dropping into this ravine, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a Bedawin encampment. It was too late to avoid it, for already the dogs were barking, and naked children running out to see what was the matter. Though inwardly cursing ourselves for our carelessness, we put on a bold face, and asked the first man we met the way to Jericho. He wanted to know from whence

we had come. We pointed vaguely in the direction of the Dead Sea. What had we been doing there? Oh, walking round the Bahr-el-Lât, but we intended to sleep that night in Jericho. He ejaculated, "Ma-sha-allah," and then showed us the way out of the ravine. We breathed more freely when we had put a mile between ourselves and the Bedawin, for in that plain they bear anything but an enviable reputation.

What a weary walk that was! We were hot, tired, dusty, and, above all things, thirsty. Perhaps also "crusty." We were not certain that we were going in the right direction even now. We never knew when a bush might disgorge a number of yelling, thievish Arabs. Just as we were debating whether it would not be better to wait until daylight, we heard the sound of running water. In a moment we were lying prone, lapping up the delicious fluid, in a way that recalled the story of Gideon and his men. Then we recognised one of the

Jericho irrigation canals. That and the water gave us sufficient energy to break through several zerebas of thorns that surround Jericho, and then came the hotel!

The next day we set out on donkeys for the steamer, and eventually found it at the mouth of the Jordan. The "capitano" said he had gone down the coast as far as he dare, and as he had not found us, he concluded we were all drowned.

It was just what he would conclude. We were soon under way, and by night-fall at our old camping-ground. But further exploration of the sea was impossible. The short run from the Jordan to Ras el Feshkah had nearly exhausted the fuel, and there was none to be obtained nearer than En-Gedi. The following morning we returned reluctantly to the north shore, towing our water-logged boat behind us.



RAS EL FESHKAH, THE TERMINATION OF THE RANGE OF HILLS WHOSE TREND GUIDED US ACROSS THE PLAIN TO JERICHO.
From a Photo. by the Author.

Among the Hairy Ainus of Yezo.

BY ARCHIBALD GOWAN CAMPBELL.

A traveller relates his experiences in Yezo, the North Island of Japan and the home of the Ainus—a mysterious and interesting people. Mr. Campbell's photographs (which are strictly copyright) will, we are sure, be pronounced both impressive and picturesque.



YEZO, the northern island of Japan, lies away from the ordinary routes of travel, and contains the remnants of one of the oldest and most interesting races left on the earth. My visit to the land of the Ainus was made during the summer of '98, for the double purpose of studying the aborigines and salmon-fishing in the rivers. The photographs accompanying this article are my own "snap-shots."

Two or three accounts of the Ainus have been published in this country, but the writers have usually sacrificed all pretence to accuracy in catering for the public craving for picturesque "local colour." I believe the only man possessing a really intimate knowledge of the customs, character, and language of the aborigines of Yezo to be the Rev. John Batchelor, a gentleman who has lived for years in their huts and has devoted a great part of his life to their spiritual and material advancement. His labours have included the establishment of a church and school at the large Ainu village of Piratori and of an hospital close to his own residence at Sapporo. He has also written a valuable and most interesting work on the Ainus of Japan, and has translated the New Testament into their language.

The total Ainu population in Yezo has been diminishing for a great many years. Mr. Batchelor tells me that it is now about stationary in the district under his own immediate super-

vision, but that the decrease continues in the central and northern parts. Being an utterly unprogressive race and a hindrance in the way of the go-ahead Japanese settlers, their rights are not much respected by the Imperial Government. Their present numbers in Yezo probably do not exceed 17,000, which is actually less than the yearly immigration of Japs into that island; and this estimate of population no doubt includes many who are not of pure Ainu blood.

There are a few scattered settlements along the greater part of the sea-board of Yezo, but the coast Ainus associate so much with Japanese fishermen that they cannot be regarded as typical. The villages on the upper branches of the Saru, Tokachi, and adjacent rivers, however, are more inaccessible, and their inhabitants consequently more representative. The route to the latter district lies in the first instance over an immense plain, covered in summer with lovely wild flowers.

The first photo. reproduced on the top of the next page shows our caravan entering one of the desolate little fishing villages among the

sand-hills separating this plain from the rollers of the Pacific Ocean. The figure leading on the right of the picture is Major C.—in whose company I did part of my travels in Yezo. Next to him is an Ainu groom; then come our two Japanese servants, with another Ainu bringing up the rear. According to the invariable custom in Yezo and many other parts



THE AUTHOR, MR. A. G. CAMPBELL, WHO WENT A-WHEELING
From a] AMONG THE HAIRY AINUS. [Photo.



CARAVAN ENTERING ONE OF THE DESOLATE LITTLE AINU FISHING VILLAGES.
From a Copyright Photo, by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

of the East, the foals are here seen accompanying their mothers. The sand-hills in the background are carpeted with dwarf rose-bushes which, towards the end of June, burst into a perfect blaze of crimson flowers. These roses have an extremely sweet scent, but, unfortunately, it is overpowered by the terrible odour of decaying fish, which makes a journey along this coast not altogether a pleasant experience.

On my first trip to the Ainu country I rode a bicycle, the luggage following on horseback; but the tyres broke down on the return journey, and the machine had to be loaded on to one of the ponies. The animal bolted before that operation was half completed, however, and disappeared in a thick fog, with the "bike" dangling over his tail and my most cherished belongings flying in all directions. However, he was eventually hunted down, and most of the things recovered in a more or less battered condition.

The next photograph represents the second stage of the journey

through forests of oak, with the ragged undergrowth for which Yezo is remarkable, and of which more anon. The foremost figure is the Ainu woman who acted as our guide, and she is sitting cross-legged on a pile of luggage which the unhappy pony has to carry in addition to the rider. In the background to the right of this is my Japanese servant. Never having been on

a horse before, he was in chronic difficulties with his steed, and on more than one occasion got lost in the forest by lagging behind; so the Major, who stands about 6ft. 2in. in his stockings and has a most stentorian voice, used to go to the rear of the cavalcade and periodically shout at him, an expedient which only made him roll off on to his head in sheer terror. We next thought of tying him on as part of the



THE AUTHOR'S CARAVAN PLUNGING THROUGH THE FORESTS OF YEZO.
From a Copyright Photo, by Mr. A. G. Campbell.



ARRIVAL IN THE VILLAGE OF PIRATORI—NOTICE THE BABY AND THE BICYCLE.
From a Copyright Photo. by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

luggage, but by dint of careful management and frequent stoppages we hoisted him back on the pony after a fall, we succeeded in getting to the end of our journey without resorting to such drastic measures.

My third photograph shows the arrival of the caravan at the large Ainu village of Piratori. Penri, the old chief, is on the extreme left, and in the centre is my bicycle, held by a stalwart Ainu and his little son, who looks as though he thought he had accomplished a feat in merely touching the weird thing. The building on the right is the inn which has recently been established here. It is in Japanese style, but is kept by an Ainu, and the traveller is waited on by Ainu servant girls. Europeans travelling in the interior of Japan must not depend on the food of the country, which consists mainly of rice and raw fish; and even these are often not to be had in the remoter districts. So we lived chiefly on the tinned pro-

visions we carried with us. There are a good many Japanese in Piratori, which accounts for the fact that the clothes of some of the Ainus in this photograph are made in semi-Japanese style.

We next have to consider a group of Ainu women, one of whom is grinding millet, while another is nursing a baby. The young woman



GROUP OF AINU WOMEN—THEY FEATHER HUSBANDS ON THEIR FACES.
From a Copyright Photo. by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

standing up in the centre much appreciated the joke of being photographed, and was greatly delighted by the subsequent presentation of a copy of her portrait. The women are all tattooed round the mouth with the dark blue pattern resembling a moustache, which will be noticed in the photographs. Their fore-arms and the backs of their hands are similarly treated, the process being commenced in extreme youth by a slight incision on the upper lip, which is gradually extended in subsequent years; the whole operation being completed by the time they have reached the age of eighteen.

My favourite "henchman," Pikanchari, is seen in a dug-out canoe in the accompanying photograph, which also conveys an excellent idea of the beauty of the river scenery in this region. Here we see one of the boats used by the Ainus for net-fishing in the rivers; and they are remarkably skilful in poling them up the swiftest streams. It was from this "dug-out" that I did a good deal of my own fishing—and I had more than one ducking when trying to throw a fly from such an unstable platform. Netting and spearing salmon in the rivers,

and a little cultivation in the immediate vicinity of their villages, form the only resources now left to the Ainus. These interesting people used formerly to hunt deer and bear in the forests, but when the advantages of civilization dawned upon Japanese officialdom a few years ago, it proceeded—in its anxiety to prove itself thoroughly up-to-date—to establish large deer-canning factories in Yezo, and to organize wholesale massacres of the game, with the result that in a very short time scarcely an animal was left. After having thus successfully disposed of

the "goose that laid the golden eggs," the Government is now attempting to bring it back to life by the enactment of stringent game-laws operating for a period of years; but in most districts the plan has not yielded encouraging results—there being no deer left to breed from. At the present time most of the young men from the mountain villages go down to the coast in the summer to take service with the Japanese fishermen.

The Ainus have practically no manufactures or industries. They occasionally make a primitive cloth from the bark of a tree, and do a little rough carving; but this is chiefly for home use, and a considerable part even of their own clothing and utensils is now of Japanese origin. Physically they are infinitely superior to their conquerors, the men being often splendid specimens—big-chested and muscular, with black beards which attain their full length at a comparatively early age and give them a most imposing appearance, together with an air of wisdom which is usually quite unmerited.

I have heard it suggested that the Ainus represent the residue of "the lost ten



"IT WAS FROM THIS DUG-OUT THAT I DID MY OWN FISHING."
From a Copyright Photo, by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

tribes of Israel"; and certainly many of them approach very nearly to our ideal of the patriarchs of the Old Testament. But I don't know that the above supposition rests on any evidence more convincing than that no satisfactory explanation has been offered as to their origin, and that in neither language, customs, nor appearance do they approximate to any known race. The very fact that the Ainus have a distinct bias for veracity, and will frequently tell the truth to their own disadvantage, seems to divide them in no uncertain way from all the Asiatic nations;



"EAST AND WEST MEET!"—OLD AINU WOMAN EXAMINING THE AUTHOR'S MACHINE.
From a Copyright Photo, by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

but it will also, I am afraid, almost invalidate their claim to be considered as the lost remnant of the "chosen people."

The Ainu voice is both characteristic and peculiar. It is remarkably soft, low, and musical in ordinary conversation, with a rising inflection at the end of each sentence. The main feature of the men's salutation consists in rubbing the palms of the hands together and then stroking the beard; and that of the women, in covering the mouth with one hand and looking down. Both sexes seem entirely devoid of that insatiable curiosity which characterizes the Japanese. Even in villages where a European has never previously been seen, the inhabitants will return immediately, after a quiet but affable greeting of the visitor, to their ordinary avocations.

A typical example of the difference between the two races is afforded by their respective attitudes towards a bicycle. An Ainu will merely stroke the bright metal parts with an expression of mild and contemplative interest;

while a Jap, after climbing all round it, and trying to get inside the works, will invariably start ringing the bell and rotating the pedals. The accompanying photo. shows a quaint old Ainu woman examining my sturdy little front-driving safety. At least, she was doing so a second or two before I photographed her.

The seventh snap-shot shows a halt for lunch on the banks of the river. Pikanchari is boiling the kettle over a wood fire, while steaks of salmon are grilling on a row of sticks close by. In the foreground, on the right, are some of the fish I caught that morning. These are the small Japanese salmon, or

"masu," which are almost indistinguishable from the European species, but do not usually exceed 10lb. in weight.

The climate of Yezo is peculiar, the winters being long and severe, and the country under snow for fully half the year. July and August,



A HALT FOR LUNCH—GRILLING SALMON STEAKS ON THE RIVER BANK.
From a Copyright Photo, by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

however, are often intensely hot, and, owing to the humidity of the air, the climate is then more trying than would be expected from the temperature. During this period swarms of black flies, mosquitoes, and gad-flies make life almost unbearable in certain districts—especially when added to the perennial infliction of the more domestic pests which have to be endured by anyone living among the Ainus.

One remote mountain village which I visited twice was remarkable for the extraordinary size and ferocity of its fleas. These insects attain respectable dimensions in all the Ainu settlements, but here they were almost like rabbits! After leaving the Ainu country it was some time before I could thoroughly clear my luggage of these awful visitors: and I was always able to recognise a specimen hailing from that particular village. Owing to persistent intermarriage the Ainu inhabitants of each settlement come to resemble one another closely, and to be readily distinguishable from those of some other district perhaps not more than ten or twenty miles distant: and it is possible that a similar cause may operate among the insect population! At

least, I offer that as a suggestion to any inquiring naturalist who cares to go deeply into a subject which at the time had a peculiar interest for me.

The northern island is separated from the rest of Japan by a narrow but exceedingly deep channel, forming a natural division known as the "Blakiston Line"; the fauna and flora to the south partaking essentially of an Asiatic character, while to the north they are of a markedly European or North American type.

The forests of Yezo are remarkable for the enormous weeds which spring up during the short summer. There are docks and burdocks, ragweeds, and similar plants, very like what we see in Europe, but all attaining a perfectly gigantic size. This is no doubt due to the great heat and moisture acting on a flora of Western origin in a volcanic soil, the resulting growth being probably unequalled in any country in the world. I was compelled to leave the country before many of the plants had attained their full height; but the photo. here reproduced will convey an accurate idea of their remarkable character. It represents a group of Ainus from a mountain village,



THESE ARE GIGANTIC WEEDS OF ONLY A FEW WEEKS' GROWTH, "PLUCKED" BY THE AUTHOR IN AINU FORESTS.
From a Copyright Photo, by Mr. A. G. Campbell.



GIRL AND BABY BOY SHELTERING UNDER AN ENORMOUS DOCK-LEAF.
From a Copyright Photo. by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

holding a few typical weeds of various species which I have just "plucked" in the forest close by. Truly, they appear to be trees of a

respectable size instead of luxuriant weeds of *only a few weeks' growth!* Again, in the next snapshot a girl (about fourteen years old) and a baby boy are squatting under the shade of a monstrous dock-leaf. Many of the Ainus are distinctly handsome, but I think these were about the ugliest creatures I ever saw.

The next photo. is a view of the mountain village I have already spoken of as possessing a surprising "brand" of fleas. The house on the right is a typical Ainu dwelling, while the one in the distance with a dark roof belongs to the chief, and formed the head-quarters of Major C— and myself on



From a Copyright Photo. by

TYPICAL MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IN AINULAND—VERMIN ABOUNDED HERE.

[Mr. A. G. Campbell.]

appearance, they are often made to figure as "Ainu habitations" in travellers' story-books.

I am sorry to have to cast doubts on one of the most cherished fables relating to the people—namely, that their skins are invariably and completely covered with a thick hairy coat like a bear! Exceptional instances, no doubt, exist which lend some colour to the legend, only I have never seen one myself in the least like the pictures in the story-books: nor have I ever met anyone who has. On the other hand, there are plenty of Ainus, of undoubtedly pure descent, who are no more hairy than ordinary Europeans. They have very fine brown eyes and generally well-formed noses, their whole appearance suggesting Southern Europe rather than Asia. Their mouths are large, with somewhat heavy, loose underlips: but their teeth are good, and their smiles most attractive.

The children, by the way, are jolly little beggars, and singularly European in their ways. A most curious point about the people generally is that their intelligence, limited though it may be, seems to be of the same kind as our own, and *not* of an Asiatic order. For instance, an Ainu readily understands European signs, while a Jap invariably gets them upside down, and, other things being equal, it is far easier to make a novel request intelligible to an Ainu than to a Japanese. The latter will jump at once at your meaning, *but he will always jump wrong*. This, however, is partly owing to the fact that he considers himself so much cleverer than you are, that he will have made up his mind as to the purport of your babbling long before you have got to the point: and no power on earth will drive the first assumption out of his head.

The Ainu religion is the same in all districts,

and consists in a vague worship of spirits, which are propitiated by offerings of white wands, called "Inao," curiously whittled in one or more places into mere bunches of narrow shavings. Generous libations of an intoxicating spirit called "sake" are, unfortunately, essential to the performance of their native religious rites; and the consequent deeply-rooted drinking habits of the men have formed one of the chief difficulties in dealing with them. During a time of festival the proportion of drunkards to that existing in one of our own great cities on a Saturday night!

Every religious celebration, in fact, partakes of the nature of a series of drunken orgies. The "Bear Feast" is the most important of these, but as I have never assisted at one myself, I will not attempt to describe it. The bears which are being brought up for the purpose may frequently be seen in the Ainu villages. They are caught young, and kept for several years before



BEARS BEING SACRIFICED AMONG THESE PEOPLE—HERE WE SEE A GIRL FEEDING A PET BEAR-CUB.
From a Copyright Photo, by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

being sacrificed. A young bear-cub will be noticed in the foreground of the photo. given above, which represents a group I encountered on the road to one of the mountain villages. One of the girls is trying to get the little beast

to feed, while their dog is seriously considering whether discretion is not, after all, the better part of valour.

A breed of big, long-haired, yellow dogs was a feature of the Ainu villages some fifteen years ago, but a mysterious epidemic broke out among them, and now there is not a single specimen remaining. The dog in the photograph is one of the parti-coloured mongrels which are so common all over Japan. The short bow which the man (on the right) is carrying in his hand is intended for poisoned arrows. The use of the latter is now forbidden by the Japanese Government, but I don't think the prohibition is much respected in the remoter districts. I was once assured by an Ainu sportsman, in one of the more "civilized" villages, that a gun was a most unsafe weapon with which to pursue a dangerous animal like a bear, as "it was absolutely necessary to place your bullet in a vital spot, whereas a creature wounded in any part of the body by a poisoned arrow would be sure to die in a few minutes." There really seems to be something in his contention, and I am seriously thinking of taking to a bow and arrow myself when I next go out after dangerous game! The poison, by the way, is manufactured from the root of a kind of aconite made into a paste, a big lump of which is

applied to a hollow in the side of the bamboo arrow-head.

My last photograph is a portrait of Penri, the patriarchal chief of the large village of Piratori. A general view of this place appears at the top of the third page of this article. In the background of Penri's picture you may observe the construction of those peculiar thatched huts, built on piles and used as store-houses, which I mentioned when describing the mountain village. Needless to say, the old chief's memory easily goes back to the day when Western civilization was as remote as Mars from the Ainu people.

The Ainus, it may be mentioned, are fearfully and wonderfully dirty, the men seldom taking off their clothes, and *the women never!* A story is told of an Ainu servant girl whose employers insisted on her having a bath. She was a long time in re-appearing, and, on their going to see how things were progressing, the girl was discovered immersed up to the chin *with all her clothes on!* But in spite of their dirt and apathy there is something very attractive about the soft speech and gentle ways of these aborigines; and the few Europeans who have lived among them have ever after retained a kindly feeling for a race which is rapidly passing away, and which in a few generations will have vanished from the face of the earth.



OLD PENRI, CHIEF OF PIRATORI VILLAGE—HE AND HIS PEOPLE ARE GRADUALLY BEING INFLUENCED BY JAPANESE PROGRESS.

From a Copyright Photo. by Mr. A. G. Campbell.

Father Long and His "Sacred Nugget."

By JOHN MARSHALL OF KALGOORLIE, W.A. (LATE HON. SECRETARY OF THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGERS' ASSOCIATION).

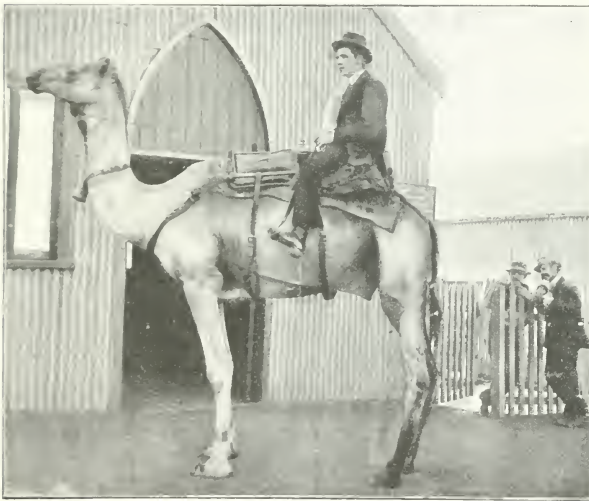
The alleged find of the "Sacred Nugget" sent a thrill of excitement through Western Australia; stirred up the people in the other Australian Colonies, and induced hundreds of miners—some of them from South African goldfields—to come to a Colony where, it was alleged, gold had been found by the hundredweight.

N EWS of the finding of an exceptionally rich slug of gold, weighing nearly 100lb., by some prospectors near Kanowna, has just been received from Father Long, of Kanowna. The reverend gentleman, however, is unable at present to divulge the names of the finders, or the locality where it was obtained, owing to his being pledged to secrecy." Such

most searching investigations on the part of the police and Mines Departments, no definite information respecting it could be obtained.

Just about the time the nugget was supposed to have been found, mining matters were getting very quiet at Kanowna. Several of the latest "rushes" had turned out "duffers," and the healthy spirit of enterprise which had prevailed was beginning to grow feeble. But the news of

the great "slug" put fresh life and energy into the people, especially in the immediate neighbourhood of Kanowna, and prospecting was vigorously carried on for miles around the town. As the weeks passed by, public excitement, instead of abating, actually increased; and hundreds arrived by every boat from the Eastern Colonies, drawn, of course, by the reported find of the monster nugget. At last the excitement rose to such a feverish pitch that the authorities were fearful of a disturbance taking place, and Father Long was pressed to disclose where the alleged nugget had been found. After a time he publicly stated that on Thursday, the 11th of August, at two o'clock, he would reveal the locality where

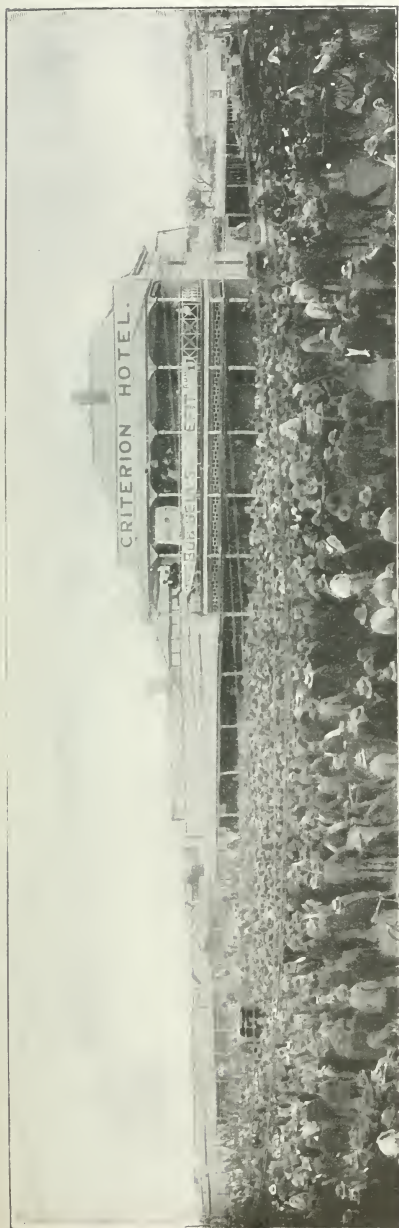


IS AN EMINENT LORD OF BURSARIA, WHOM WE SEE HERE MOUNTED ON A CAMEL.
From a Photo. by W. Roy Millar, Kalgoorlie.

was the startling statement which appeared in the goldfields' newspapers one morning about the middle of July, 1898. This news threw the thousands of diggers into a state of intense excitement, which it is difficult for those who have not lived on a goldfield to realize. The locality in which the alleged nugget was found was kept a profound secret; and despite the

the mysterious nugget had been found.

That was enough. From a very early hour on the morning of that eventful day vast crowds of excited men gathered in the vicinity of the hotel where the explanation was to be given, eagerly discussing whether the whole affair would turn out a hoax or not. Many of them had not forgotten the "McCann Rush" and its



[Photo.

THE VAST CROWD WAITING FOR FATHER LONG TO APPEAR ON THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL AND REVEAL THE LOCALITY OF THE FIND.

From a.]

outcome—the many thousands of pounds it had cost, the many men who had been ruined by it, and the all but disastrous results from the mob's vengeance.* The men reasoned thus: All efforts to "draw" the reverend gentleman respecting either the locality where the nugget was found or the names of the finders, or the alleged finders, had so far been futile. And yet no reasonable excuse for all this secrecy could be given, unless the finders had been guilty of larceny or murder, or both. The sceptical—and there were many such—were of the opinion that no nugget had ever been found, but that the whole affair was either the result of a practical joke, a deliberate hoax, or the offspring of an over-heated imagination, to which authority had been given on account of the position and sacred calling of the gentleman who reported it. There were a great many present who thought there was likely to be a big row; and, really, after my former experiences, this appeared to be the most likely ending to the whole extraordinary matter. By one o'clock there were over 4,000 persons in the street—at least 1,000 of whom were provided with means of locomotion to proceed instantly to the locality where the alleged slug had been found. There were buggies galore, from the stylish turn-out with dashing horses right down to the sorry "crock" with only three sound legs. On the edge of the crowd there were large numbers of vehicles with parties of men having the necessary appliances to "peg out." All, in short, were as ready as possible for the mad rush which, it was expected, would take place. Never had such an array of bicycles been seen on the field before. At ten minutes to two another large contingent, numbering at least 2,000 persons, arrived from Kalgoorlie. Extraordinary precautions had been taken by the police to prevent any but representatives of the Press and a very few others from getting into the balcony. However, I managed to get there as a reporter. As I looked down upon that great sea of earnest faces, comprising some of the oldest and most resolute men on the face of the earth, and saw written there eager expectancy and intense excitement, I trembled inwardly. This vast crowd, calm and self-contained and orderly as it then appeared, needed, I felt sure, but a mere spark to rouse it into devilish fury. I knew that if the men were persuaded that they were being fooled by a madcap orator they would tear him limb from limb.

Punctually, however, as the clock struck two

* Mr. Marshall tells the whole story of this extraordinary hoax in last month's issue. The narrative is copiously illustrated with photographs.—Ed.

Father Long stepped into the balcony of the hotel. He approached the railing, and the crowd, which had been densely packed before, was now squeezed together into the smallest possible space. A considerable amount of cheering greeted Father Long's appearance, and he stood waiting till order was restored, pale, agitated, and trembling, his rather mobile and expressive features showing the excitement under which he laboured. He began by addressing the crowd as "Men of Kanowna and adjoining fields," and he remarked that "he was placed in a most unenviable and disadvantageous position." Continuing, he spoke for a time

they had spread. The speaker next apologized for not having properly estimated the height which the gold fever had reached, and, inferentially, the dramatic effect his statement must have on the people.

"And now," he proceeded, "I will tell you where *I think* the gold has been found, and the truth about the great nugget as it at present exists. I cannot tell you the names of the men who found it, because I have not their permission. The nugget, however, is in existence at present unsullied and almost untouched. It is not in this town, but is, *perhaps*, in one of the other towns, and may be brought back to



FATHER LONG SPEAKING. A FURTHER FROM THE DIGGERS—"UP WENT UNNUMBERED THOUSANDS OF HANDS."

[Photo.

in a rather inconsistent vein, the matter also being irrelevant to the important subject in hand. He then asked all the people to promise that after he made his statement no further questions would be asked of him respecting the "Golden Sickle Nugget," or "Sacred Slug," as it had been termed. Further, he asked all who would promise this to hold up their hands. Of course, up went unnumbered thousands of hands—those, in fact, of every man present. This scratch vote having been taken the reverend gentleman proceeded to blame the newspapers for the grossly exaggerated reports

Kanowna." Then slowly, impressively, and deliberately he said: "THE NUGGET HAS BEEN FOUND A QUARTER OF A MILE ON THIS SIDE OF THE NEAREST LAKE ON THE KURNALPI ROAD." Scarcely had the last words left the speaker's mouth than a great roar was heard. The vast mass of men, who had been densely packed together as a living wall, suddenly broke, scattered, and then fled as if a thousand demons had been let loose on them and they were fleeing from impending destruction—all, however, shaping their course towards the common goal. This was the end

of Larkin Street, round the corner of which the Kurnalpi road lay. I had seen many exciting incidents on other Australian and American goldfields, but, surely, never since the yellow devil, Gold, became the medium of exchange did such a mad, headlong rush take place on the strength of such a vague, indefinite, and unsatisfactory statement as that made by Father Long to the multitude on that occasion. To the more thoughtful it seemed an insult to the intelligence—such an impotent and incredible story.

Meanwhile the race to the spot indicated was of the wildest, most dare-devil, and break-neck character. All raced as if their very lives depended upon their pegging out a claim near to the magic spot indicated by Father Long. To those who watched the maddened crowd from the balcony it seemed as if the pace must inevitably result in some person being killed, or, at least, maimed. So many different persons on bicycles were breaking down on the road—their wheels being ridden over by buggies, and sometimes the riders themselves jumped upon by persons on horseback—that it seemed a thousand chances to one that fatalities would ensue. Many injuries were received owing to the breakdown of bicycles, the colliding of traps, and the spilling of horsemen; but, happily, no

very serious accident took place. It must be remembered, however, that nearly everyone in the rush was a picked man—the very cream of the diggers—men, that is, whose nerves and skill had been tried on many a rough journey.

After the crowd had stampeded, Father Long essayed to finish his statement, which had been interrupted in such a dramatic fashion, and quiet having been restored, he finished speaking in a distinct and impressive tone of voice by saying, "The slug was found not far from the road, at a depth of five or six feet, and its weight was between 95lb. and 100lb." He then retired from the front of the balcony, amidst the thunderous plaudits of the assembled diggers, many of whom, in the face of what looked a definite statement regarding the locality where the alleged nugget was found, appeared to be perfectly satisfied. A cordial vote of thanks was proposed to the reverend gentleman for his statement, and then carried—amidst some ominous mutterings, however, from a numerically small, but by no means unimportant, section of the diggers.

Meanwhile the excited crowd was racing helter-skelter towards the spot indicated by Father Long, a distance of about six miles from Kanowna. They were the motliest crew on the



THE CROWD BREAKING ON CATCHING FATHER LONG'S FIRST SENTENCE—"THE MOTLIEST CREW ON THE MADDEST 'RUSH' EVER SEEN—EVEN IN AUSTRALIA." [Photo.]

maddest "rush" that was ever seen, even in Australia. The first to reach the spot was one of the alluvial diggers, mounted on a magnificent horse. He started to "peg out" a mining claim the instant he dismounted. Hundreds of others were soon on the ground, and the work of pegging out was carried on with tremendous energy. The mode of taking possession of a mining "claim" is (according to the strict formula) by "fixing in the ground firmly at each corner or angle thereof (or as nearly as practicable thereto) a post not less than 4in. in diameter, projecting above the surface not less than 3ft. and set in the angles of an 'L.' trench, the arms of which shall not be less than 3ft. in length and 6in. deep; and the trench shall be cut in the direction of the boundary lines."

It will be easily seen that a considerable amount of work was entailed in performing this strictly defined operation. However, in little over an hour after the driving of the first peg several hundred mining claims had been formally taken possession of; and what had previously been a deserted waste of sand was now transformed into a perfect forest of pegs and a network of trenches.

Immediately after this took place the race back to town began, each man excitedly trying to outpace his fellows. But the road was more suitable for the horsemen, and they were the first to return, their poor beasts lathered with sweat, with flanks bleeding and presenting a "tattered out" appearance generally. More than one valuable horse died from the fearful strain, having been literally ridden to death in the fierce race. For hours after the return of the first party hapless bicyclists could be seen straggling back into the township with broken pedals, smashed forks, twisted handle-bars, and punctured tyres. Also drivers leading their helpless horses, with the drivers' mates pushing on the vehicles behind. For a few days work was carried on with feverish activity, but from the first the knowing ones had seen that the chances of obtaining alluvial gold from the neighbourhood of the alleged find were not particularly rosy.

But when a week had passed away without the smallest degree of success the diggers, to

use their own expressive phraseology, "slung it," and a few days after not a single digger could be seen at work. It was many weeks, however, before the excitement calmed down, and in the meantime a very bitter feeling arose against the originators of the rush. It was freely rumoured that threats of personal violence had been offered to those who were considered responsible.

One incident may be given as indicating the feeling then prevailing. The Rev. Mr. Jenkins, a Wesleyan minister stationed in the Kalgoorlie circuit, who was rather young and not unlike Father Long, was sitting in a railway carriage at Kanowna, waiting to go to Kalgoorlie, when a big, burly Irishman leapt into the compartment, and seizing the minister by the throat, rudely demanded if he were Father Long. Mr. Jenkins, after some considerable difficulty, satisfied the rather impulsive digger that he was the Wesleyan minister, and then, in the strongest possible terms, the irate miner indicated that it was just as well it was so. Father Long continued for some months to reside in Kanowna, but no further information respecting the alleged "Sacred Nugget" was ever tendered by him. It is still a moot point as to how this extraordinary report was first spread. Some asserted it was a "put-up job" by the Kanowna publicans to bring grist to their mills. Others, again, were of the opinion that a practical joke had been played on Mr. Long; whilst a much larger number believed, and still believe, that the story was the offspring of a too exuberant imagination—told, however, with no evil intent, and in total ignorance of the tremendous influence it would exercise on the popular imagination of the hardy, daring diggers of Western Australia.

But, whatever be the explanation, the criminal folly of rousing the hopes and exciting the minds of the diggers by startling tales of bogus gold finds was at least brought home to all interested with a dramatic force they are never likely to forget.

(We learn from Mr. Marshall that soon after this extraordinary incident Father Long died in hospital of typhoid fever, at the early age of twenty-seven.)

How a "Portage" is Worked.

BY EDWARD J. STILLMAN.

A practical definition by means of personal narrative and photographs of a familiar term in the vocabulary of the Canadian pioneer.



OFTEN in reading newspapers, more particularly in the case of news from British North America, one meets with the word "portage." The term has been explained over and over again, but still people have not a clear idea as to what a portage is. There are even places called by the name, such as Rat Portage, in Canada. The description and set of three photographs which are reproduced in this little article will do more to explain this interesting operation than whole pages of the newspapers.

Mr. Randle F. Holme, of 51, Great Marlborough Street, W., visited Brazil in 1885 on a pleasure trip, accompanied by his brother. They went far into the little known interior of the

5th, 1887. After waiting six days in St. John's, they caught the second mail of the year running up the Labrador coast, which happened to be a small coasting steamer named the *Flover*. "This vessel," he says, "landed us at Battle Harbour, in the south-east corner of Labrador, on July 24th. Here we changed into the mail steamer, the *Lady Glover*, and reached Rigolet, in Hamilton Inlet, on July 27th. Next, we started to sail up the inlet in a small schooner belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. A sail of two days brought us to the post at North-West River, at the head of the inlet.

"This post we found in charge of Mr. Walter West: and a number of families, mostly half-



THE FALLS, WHERE THE "PORTAGE" WAS MADE.
From a Photo. by Mr. Randle F. Holme.

province of San Paulo, and this expedition led Mr. Randle Holme to turn his attention to serious exploration when the next opportunity presented itself. Consideration revealed the fact that the nearest point of the American continent to Great Britain, namely Labrador, was, curiously enough, probably the least known, and he decided to investigate the interior of that country.

Accordingly Mr. Randle Holme sailed with a friend for Newfoundland from England on July

breed Eskimos, engaged in salmon fishing, seal hunting, and trapping, lived scattered about the head of the bay.

"We afterwards obtained the services and the boat of John Montague, a settler at North-West River, who had emigrated from Orkney thirteen years previously. John was a fine, strong man of twenty-eight years of age, and well acquainted with the country." After a general inspection of the country round the bay, Mr. Randle Holme

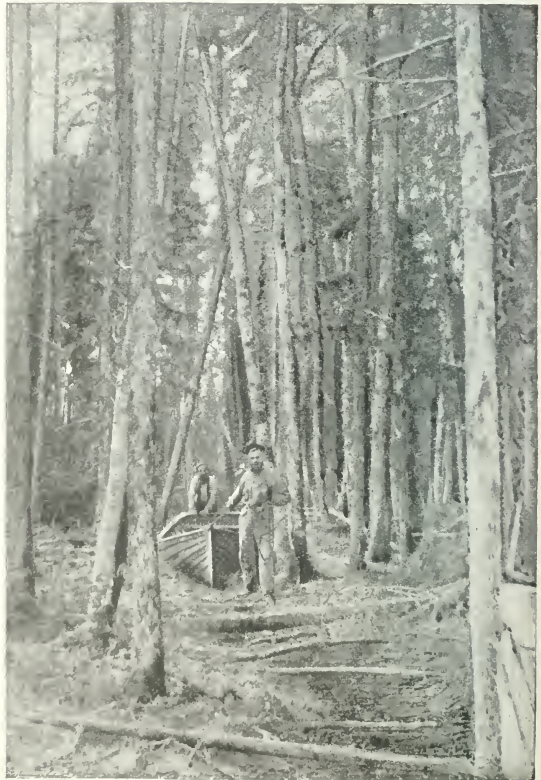
decided to ascend the Grand River, and this he did, accompanied by two men, his friend, meanwhile, returning to England. He says: "Being anxious to make an extended exploration of the Grand River, which is by far the largest of the rivers which flow into the bay, I engaged Montague, and also obtained the services of a man named Flett, another Orkney emigrant. On August 24th we left Goose Bay River, and started up the Grand River itself. We met three families of Indians near the river's mouth, but saw no other human beings until we reached the same place on our way back a month later. The ascent was made in an ordinary fisherman's dinghy. The river current was extremely swift, so that the boat had to be towed from the bank nearly all the way up the river, with the exception of a few places where it was found possible to row or sail. The night of August 24th was spent in an empty log hut at High Point, on the south side of the Grand River. Next day, at noon, we reached the first falls, which I spent a few hours in photographing."

The first photo. we reproduce shows this spot in Mr. Randle Holme's journey. Obviously it is impossible for a boat to live in such water as this. The great falls at this place consist of two steps, the double fall being 70ft. The roar of the water was almost deafening, and even in our reproduction a cloud of spray and spume may be seen rising from the seething waters. Now, here is the spot where it is necessary to make a portage. A portage consists in hauling the boat out of the river and then along the shore, past the falls or rapids, until it can be launched again in smooth water.

"The whole of August 26th," continues Mr. Randle Holme, "was occupied in portaging the boat and our stores to the head of the falls. The preceding night we had arrived on the right bank of the stream, opposite the big hill you see. Early next morning we crossed to the left side, where the Indian portage path was. This path was nothing more or less than a narrow track through the forest. Moreover,

the ascent over the hill was very steep. Altogether, I may tell you that the portage path consisted, first, of a steep ascent of 210ft., up which the boat had to be hauled by means of block and tackle. Next came about half a mile of level track through the woods; and lastly, a steep descent of 140ft. Our boat was dragged out of the water and then hoisted up the bank. The block and tackle were attached to trees, and we kept on constantly shifting our gear higher and higher up the path."

The second photo. shows us the portage actually taking place. Here we see Montague and Flett dragging the boat through the forest over the hill, and so down to the river again to the smooth water. You can judge for yourselves of the difficulty of this business, since, even after the boat had been relaunched past



DRAGGING THE BOAT ("THE PORTAGE") THROUGH THE WOODS.
From a Photo. by Mr. Randle F. Holme.

the falls, there still remained all the stores for the entire party to be transported little by little by the explorer himself and his men.

"A canoe," says Mr. Randle Holme, "would, of course, have been more suitable for work of this kind; but as my crew consisted of white men, who were less accustomed to canoes, I had been compelled to take a boat. There were advantages, however, because we were frequently able to sail. Moreover, a boat is not so dependent upon the weather as a canoe on a large river like this."

The portage of the boat and the transport of the stores was a hard day's work for the three men. Mr. Randle Holme had hoped to reach the Grand Falls of Labrador, mentioned with awe by the Indians and settlers on the coast. It turned out, however, that the distance of the falls from the coast was much greater than had been supposed; and, as the country traversed afforded very little sport, the provisions of the party ran short, and they were compelled to

turn back before reaching the grand falls. Since Mr. Randle Holme's journey, more attention has been turned to this country, and these falls have since been reached and Mr. Randle Holme's estimate of their magnitude confirmed, it being estimated that the volume of water passing down them averages about 50,000 cubic feet per second, this vast body of water falling about 300ft. in one clear leap at the main fall. There are numerous smaller leaps, and altogether the river falls 760ft. in twelve miles.

The third photograph reproduced shows Mr. Randle Holme's two men having "a little blow" before launching their boat on the other side of the hill past the falls. It was, as one may imagine, a trying business to drag the boat through the timber-encumbered path in the woods. However, as seen in this third photo., all they have now to do is merely to shove their boat down into the smooth water and then push on up stream.



AFTER THE "PORTAGE": LAUNCHING AGAIN IN CLEAR WATER.
From a Photo. by Mr. Randle F. Holme.

Short Stories.

1.—*Buried Alive in an Avalanche.*

BY MRS. EMMA BREWER.

How this lady and her girl friend the latter suddenly recalled from the Tyrol to the bedside of a dying mother—journeyed from Innsbruck towards Constance; and how the mail-coach in which they travelled was overwhelmed and buried by an avalanche of snow, caused by the hot sun.



MRS. E. BREWER, THE WELL-KNOWN WRITER ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS AND STATISTICS.

From a Photo. by Lock & Whitfield, Regent Street.

BEFORE the Vor-Arlberg Railway was thought of, we—myself and a girl friend, that is—found ourselves in the early part of May, 1880, in Innsbruck, on our way south; and as we were leaving the hotel for a stroll through the interesting old city, a telegram was put into my hand sufficiently startling: "*Come home at once without a moment's delay; Mrs. C. is dying.*" Now, Mrs. C. was the mother of my companion, who was an only child.

We went to the landlord for advice as to getting on to Constance: he looked grave, and said it would be difficult to obtain a carriage and horses just at this particular time. The risk would be so great, not only for the horses but also for travellers, as snow had fallen heavily during the

winter months and was piled mountains high. Added to this, the warmth of the sun had lately been so intense that it was gradually undermining the snow, and great anxiety was felt in the scattered villages lest avalanches should prove more disastrous than usual. But we explained to our host the urgency of the case, and he kindly went with us to various places in the town trying to obtain for us the means of travelling; but it was in vain. No vehicle would be leaving Innsbruck for Bludenz or Constance for several days, except the mail-coach, which was bound to make an effort, however great the difficulty, and our landlord went on to say that he was quite sure the guard would not care to increase his responsibility by undertaking the charge of a couple of women. But it was our only chance, and we spared neither persuasion nor money to secure the inside of the cumbersome old vehicle



THIS IS THE YOUNG LADY WHOSE SUDDEN RECALL LED TO THE ADVENTURE.

From a Photo. by Aixa Bassano.



HERE WE HAVE A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL TOWN OF INNSBRUCK, WHERE THE LADIES WERE WHEN THE
From a Photo. by TELEGRAM CAME. *[Würthel & Sohn, Salzburg.]*

known as the Royal Mail. It would not start until eight o'clock in the evening, and it was now only mid-day. Naturally the hours intervening seemed to us, in our impatience, like weeks.

Long before the time for starting we found ourselves at the "post," ready to take our seats the moment the horses were put to; and without knowing that our powers of observation were active, we both noticed the simplicity of the arrangements for connecting the horses with the coach. The traces were simply pieces of rope attached to the collar; while the other ends were supplied with rings, which went over an iron hook on either side of the carriage. At last, with much cracking of the whip and much excitement, we began our night journey, and found ourselves in the morning at Landeck, where good hot coffee and little loaves of new bread were ready for us. After breakfast and a wash we felt quite elated that no misadventure had marked the first stage of the journey. In the Ess-Saal we found two Sisters of Mercy and a school inspector, all desirous of becoming passengers by the mail. I did not see the ladies again, but the inspector took his seat beside the driver and we retained ours unmolested.

What struck us as remarkable was that three bodies of men with pickaxes and coils of rope now appeared as our body-guard. One lot preceded us; one kept near us; and the third followed some distance behind. Still, our night's journey having been free from mishap, we were in comparatively good spirits; and any fears we might have had had disappeared altogether. It was a curious outlook as the day advanced: the sky was a perfect blue, the sun very hot and brilliant, whilst everything else that the eye rested on was of a dazzling—even painful—whiteness.

As the coach moved slowly and carefully along the snow-covered way we noticed that we were on a very narrow road—such as one frequently sees in Norway and Switzerland—cut as it were on the outer edge of a rock or mountain, the latter frowning high above us on one side, whilst on the other was a sheer fall of some hundred feet down to the valley below, which was dotted about with little villages. The slope, however, although deep and sheer, had trees growing here and there in clumps, which made it appear less dangerous.

After an hour or two of cautious driving the coach stopped, and the guard came to the door

saying, in German, "Ladies, I do not wish to frighten you, but we are just now in a good deal of danger, which you will increase very considerably unless you exercise great self-control. No matter what happens, you must keep your seats, and I beg of you to make

crash; and in a moment we were buried in a vast mass of snow. One of the immense piles from the mountain above had crashed down upon us, carrying everything with it. At the same moment we felt a violent jerk of the coach, and heard a kind of sound which



From a Photo. by "WE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MORNING AT LANDECK."

[Alois Beer.]

no quick movement to the right or left, for a sudden jerk would send us all into the valley, as the road is very narrow and without fence of any kind. Again, on no account must you open a window, even if you feel suffocating, until I give you permission. You will have to put up with my company for a short time: I will make myself as little obtrusive as possible, but I must be here to see that every precaution is taken, both for your own safety as well as that of a very valuable post-bag which we are carrying. God helping us, we may be in time to avoid the danger; but our men, who know the district well, are terribly anxious, as the snow is showing strong signs of collapse."

He took his place opposite, and we knew by the expression of intense anxiety on his face that he had not exaggerated the situation. Although we were in deadly fear we did not show it, but sat, to all appearance, quite calm, neither of us speaking a word nor moving a limb, and waiting with every nerve strained for we knew not what. We had not long to wait for the expected catastrophe. Suddenly a low, booming sound, like that of a cannon on a battle-field or a tremendous peal of thunder, broke on our ears, swelling into a deafening

expressed terror; but, happily, our vehicle did not turn over, as it seemed likely to do for a minute or so. There we sat—for how long I know not—scarcely able to breathe, the snow pressing heavily against the windows, and utterly blocking out light and air, so that breathing was a painful effort. And now came a curious sensation. It was an utter suspension of thought, and of every mental and

physical faculty. I had a husband and child at home whom I dearly loved, yet I did not even think of them! I had important work unfinished; yet no thought of it intruded! I felt that only a few minutes probably stood between me and death, yet no fear of it troubled me. It was as though already the thinking, suffering part of me was dead, and nothing more could affect me. I simply thought of nothing and nobody. I have heard that when suddenly brought face to face with death, the whole of one's past life comes back in a single picture, showing opportunities lost, and placing before the mind's eye such a record of what might have been as to be perfectly maddening. But it was not so with me; I might never have lived at all for anything I experienced to the contrary; and oddly enough, though I believe thoroughly in the efficacy of prayer, I never offered up the smallest petition—not even a fervent "God help us!"

True, in a sort of unconscious way I became aware that the guard was sobbing out a prayer for his wife and children; but it had not the slightest effect on me.

We might have been buried days and nights

for all I knew, for I kept no count of time. In reality, I believe it was but a couple of hours between the fall of the avalanche and the first moment of hope, which came in the form of men striking with pickaxes. The sound seemed to come from a long distance—almost, as it were, from another world.

The guard, roused by the noise, said, earnestly, "Ach Gott! I thank Thee." And then, speaking to us, he said, "Ladies, help is near!"

Gradually the sound of the digging and the voices of the men grew nearer, till at length one window was open—the one overlooking the valley; and the life-giving air stole softly in upon us. Even now, however, we were told not to move; and that we had any inclination to do so, for we were in a dazed, half-conscious condition. When at length we used our eyes, it was to note that the valley did not seem so deep, and that the villages with their church spires had disappeared; and the meaning of it was not far to seek.

We were both good German scholars, and knew several of the dialects, so that we were able to learn a good deal of what had happened by listening to the men's talk. The school inspector in his terror had lost all self-control, and forgetful of the warnings given him, threw himself off the seat and leaped into space, thereby endangering the safety of all. He mercifully fell into one of the clumps of trees some distance down the slope, and so escaped without very much damage to himself, except shock to the system and bruises.

The poor horses, however, fared infinitely worse. The weight of the snow lifted the rings from the hooks on the carriage, and at the same time carried the poor brutes down with it into the valley—never again to do a day's work. We remembered the simplicity of their harness.

The difficulties still before us were very serious. We could neither go backward nor forward, and

there was danger of more avalanches falling. The next posting village was still far ahead, and there was no chance of our advancing a step until the brave body of men could cut a way through or make a clearance, and even then time would be required to bring back horses.

The men, however, lost no time, and set cheerfully to work. We heard the sound of their tools and talk till gradually it was lost in the ever-increasing distance between us.

As we lay back in the old coach alone (for the guard had gone outside the moment he thought us safe) I think we must have slept a little; anyhow, it was hours before we heard the sounds of the horses, and began to move slowly and cautiously on our way once more. Great was the excitement when at last, towards the end of the day, we arrived at the little posting village. And then it was as though they were receiving us from the grave. I shall never forget the kindness of those villagers. They had good hot soup and coffee and boiled beef on the table, and seemed as though they could not do enough for us—the dear, kind Tyroleans! They had heard from the workmen and the guard that we had been quiet and calm during the hours of danger, and their answer was, "Ach! yes; but they are English!"

I need not say how gladly we offered fees to our late bodyguard, and the guard of the mail, for their services in securing our safety.

When we started on our next stage, which was to Bludenz, many of the people brought us



VIEW OF BLUDENZ, WHERE THE LADIES WERE BESIEGED BY CURIOUS INQUIRERS.
From a Photo. by Alois Beer.

bunches of wild flowers, and wished us "God speed." The school inspector, who was bound for Constance, where he had to inspect schools on a certain date, took his place again by the side of the driver, and was sent on his way with many definite signs of disapprobation at what the villagers thought his want of courage. Poor man, I pitied him.

As we approached Bludenz we found that the rapidity with which the sun had melted the snow had deluged the country round, and how we should get on towards England was a mystery. We heard that never in the memory of man had Lake Constance been so disturbed and furious. Extraordinary masses of water poured into it with violence and volume such as threatened destruction to the country round.

The history of our avalanche with all its particulars soon became known in the place—to our great regret, for we could not get peace anywhere. At length we sought a hill behind the homely hotel as being the only dry and safe place for a walk; but even here we were followed and asked ever so many questions, such, for example, as:—

"What did you think of when you felt you would have to die?"

"Nothing."

"Didn't you say 'Our Father'?"

"No."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"No."

But at length I turned and faced the people—I could bear the strain no longer—and said:—

"I know you all mean to be very kind, and we are very grateful to you; but you would help us very much more if you would let us take a walk quite alone, for we are still half-dazed and very tired, and want a little quiet to think everything over."

And with the utmost good temper they wished us "Good-bye" and "God's blessing," and turned back to their homes, leaving us free to breathe, and think, and be thankful. We left by the earliest train to Constance, which we reached safely, and on to Basle and Calais without pause. Then home to London just in time for mother and daughter to take leave of each other.

II.—*The Strangest Revenge in the World.*

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR CORNABY,

Editor of the "Hwui Pao," at Hanyang, China; author of "A String of Chinese Peach-Stones."

This gentleman, himself a great authority upon the Chinese, sends us an extraordinary account of "revenge by proxy," or rather by dummy, together with a quaint photograph of the figure used by the woman whose chickens were stolen.

It is not often that a writer is forced to use a Gaelic expression in his narrative for the want of a corresponding term current in any more familiar tongue, but such is the case in the present instance. The practice referred to under the name of "*Cuirp Creadh*" is that of making an effigy of some hated personage, and then maltreating that effigy in the hope that the original will suffer in like manner. Traces of this custom might be found in every land beneath the sun, but in China the custom itself has lasted into modern days. Yet it has not fallen to the lot of every resident, nor indeed every old resident, to watch the whole process, and to gain a photograph of the effigy itself. Perhaps this is the first time that such an extraordinary snap-shot has been secured.

It will be remembered that the Philistines who had ventured to take possession of the Ark sought relief from their plagues by making golden images of the tumours which distressed them. And in later days, the native doctors among the North American Indians have been known to fashion a representation of their patient's disease, carry it to the woods, and there bury it.

Again, in ancient Greece, those who cherished animosity towards another seem generally to have contented themselves by taking a tablet of lead, scratching terrific curses upon it with a pin-point, and then exposing the result in the temple of the infernal deities.

Among Continental sailors, the practice of making a dummy to represent Judas Iscariot, and then hanging it on the yard-arm, is a frequent method of celebrating Good Friday; and in Mexico figures of Judas, clothed in modern coat and trousers, with a tall hat on his head, and fireworks in place of internal organs, are sold in the streets, to be exploded on the Saturday of Passion Week.* And who among our readers has not helped to make an effigy of Guy Fawkes, or chant the ditty,

A jolly good fire to roast him—

quite unconscious of the fact that they were taking part in an interesting survival of ancient practices of the *Cuirp Creadh* order?

In the Highlands of Scotland, indeed, we

* A photograph showing the whole of this was reproduced in the "Odds and Ends" section of our July number.

find the practice in more than mere "survival" a decade or two back. A writer in the *Lancet* (23rd June, 1872) says that "nearly half-a-dozen instances have been met with in this district in which women have fashioned clay images representing the person to whom they desired ill, and have then subjected the work of their hands to slow destruction. Sometimes an old sword-blade was thrust into the side of the image, which was then placed in running water. In most cases the image had been stuck over with pins. And in one case the victim complained during his illness, which was fatal, that he had pains as if all the pins in Dingwall were stuck into him."

I am able here to reproduce a photo. of one of these identical clay "revenge by proxy" figures from the Scottish Highlands, and I think all will agree that this, taken in conjunction with the Chinese dummy mentioned and illustrated later on, forms a striking instance of the universality of certain quaint customs.

But let us come to very recent events, and describe the circumstances under which the photograph on the next page was secured. Just over our garden wall there is a yard common to a number of small Chinese houses. The inhabitants are as friendly as they can well be with the foreigner, but not altogether so among themselves. It is rare for a week to pass without a great deal of elocution of an exceedingly violent nature, directed against other occupants of the little row of houses, or against persons unknown. For garments and chickens seem to be always disappearing.

These elocutionary performances often last a whole day, and give an interesting, if sad, illustration of the facility with which Oriental folks—who may be of an uneducated order—lapse into rhythmic utterances, and also into that impassioned metrical declamation which is at the root of all ancient poetry. In fact, it would do all higher critics of ancient Hebrew odes a world of good to reside for a few years in the interior of China, where they would find in every Chinese woman a possible poetess, and in many a poetess in action—though the poems would be those of wailing despair, as at a death

in the house, or of vociferous hatred, when a neighbour has done an injury.

One night, then, the now familiar strains began. Another chicken had disappeared. The declamation lasted far on into the night, and commenced before dawn next morning. On looking from the upper veranda, a straw effigy was seen to have been fixed upon some palings. The head was of cotton-wool, and round the body was a piece of white paper which had been stained with blood. Beside the effigy, in solitary anguish, only relieved by the presence of a meditative youngster and three chickens, leaned the vocalist herself, with her head tied up in a black rag, which is the Chinese equivalent to our nautical "inverted flag"—a signal of distress.

In one hand the woman grasped a kitchen chopper, and in the other the corrugated board for counting out "cash," which, however, also serves the purpose, when reversed, of a chopping board for greens and the like. Now, this board was half-chopped away, for her extemporized poem was being punctuated with vicious blows from the chopper.

Her poem does not readily lend itself to translation, but this is the style of its milder strains:—

Chicken-stealing rascal ;
 Chicken-stealing robber ;
 You have stolen one ;
 You have stolen many.
 Know, then, that they are incredible ;
 Know, too, that they are poisonous !
 There is judgment for the sinner ;
 There are curses for the thief.
 You will be devoured as you devour ;
 Your wife will be plagued in her time of need ;
 Your offspring will be monsters ;
 Demon dogs will bring forth demon dogs ;
 They will die untimely deaths ;
 They will die at the headsman's hands.

Thus had she continued, with a wonderful variety of verbiage, for perhaps three hours in all, apparently lifted out of herself by hands not angelic. All at once she stopped, and seeing a neighbour emerge, said, quite cheerfully: "I have incense and candles in the house. I'll do it." And she turned and went to get the materials to do the deed.

From behind a half-closed venetian shutter



"REVENGE BY PROXY" IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. HERE IS A PHOTO. OF ONE OF THE VERY CLAY IMAGES MENTIONED BY MR. CORNARY; PINS ARE STUCK IN IT, AND IT IS THEN PLACED IN RUNNING WATER.

every detail could be minutely noted. The woman produced a small bundle of straw, three sticks of incense, and a smouldering spill of paper. The straw was done up into a little sheaf, divided in the middle, and thrust fork-wise on to the top board of a rough fence.

Next the incense-sticks were stuck into the straw, and lit from the paper spill. Then producing a needle, she supported the straw dummy with one hand, and dug the needle in with the other in several places, saying, as she did so: "As I stuck this in here, and here, and here, may the thief be pierced in like manner. As I am doing to you (addressing the dummy), may it be done to him or her." Then, quite coaxingly: "You'll have it done, won't you? And if you do it, I'll burn quite a lot of incense, and will worship you as a god. D'y'e hear?" And then she went in.

A strange mental muddle this, surely! The dummy represented her enemy the thief, and she accordingly stuck pins into it and maltreated it; and then she tried to coax it, as though it did *not* represent her enemy. She promised if things went well to worship it as a deity who had power over her enemy! Will some metaphysician and psychologist kindly elucidate the matter, and unravel the tangle?

Being unable to do so myself, I thought the next best thing would be to secure a photograph of this rarely-seen curio, the dummy itself. Everything was in readiness, a native attendant was called, and we sallied out round the bit of

street into the yard. In reply to the inevitable questions, I told the neighbours that here was a Western as well as a Chinese antiquity, and, if no one objected, I should like to get a rapid picture of it. There was no opposition whatever. Everyone tried to help.



THIS IS THE REMARKABLE PHOTO WHICH THE AUTHOR TOOK IN HANYANG—THE DUMMY IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE PERSON WHO STOLE THE CHICKENS.

The photo, taken, the woman emerged, looking poorly enough after her night of wakefulness and excitement.

"I'm sorry your chicken has gone," I said. "So many have disappeared lately, have they not? I do not happen to have the price of a chicken on my person, but this hundred cash (threepence) will buy an egg or two, at any rate."

The woman took it, and was profuse in her thanks.

Then on returning, the following dialogue was heard from the veranda:—

"He's spoilt your charm."

"Not so; he's done a good deed."

"I'm not so sure."

"Yes, he has, I say. And the

matter ought to be taken as settled now."

"To be sure," chimed in another old dame, "these images do frightful harm. And only a chicken lost. Would you kill a whole family for the sake of a chicken?"

"And he gave you a hundred cash!" urged a fourth dame.

"Settled! Settled! Take the thing down," cried the neighbours in chorus.

It was done; and the half-wild dogs seized and worried the quaint effigy until but a few loose straws strewed the common rubbish heap.

III.—*Chased by a Mad Buffalo.*

BY MRS. E. M. STEWART.

A lady's thrilling adventure on the high road near Darjeeling.

DURING my twenty-five years' sojourn in India I have had many exciting adventures, but the one I am about to relate is, I am sure, one of the most thrilling and dangerous of them all.

I was on my way from Darjeeling, that delightful hill station in the mighty Himalaya Mountains, where I had been staying with a married sister, to my home in Kasauli, another hill station not far from Simla.

Captain and Mrs. B---- (whose names I must withhold for reasons sufficiently obvious when my story has been read) were acting as my chaperons. Captain B---- and myself were riding on small hill ponies, and preceding us a few yards was Mrs. B---- in a dhoolie carried by eight natives. We were jogging along at a slow pace, admiring the magnificent scenery around us and reveling in the beautiful warm sunshine and bracing air which one only obtains in the Himalayas.

We had left Darjeeling about three miles behind us, and the road was winding round the hills with the mountain sides rising up like a cliff on our right-hand side, and the khud or precipice falling on our left almost vertically to the ravine below.

Suddenly, as we rounded a bend in the road, we saw about one hundred yards ahead of us, and rapidly advancing towards us, a magnificent black buffalo of enormous size. We at once saw, by his wild and savage appearance, and by the ropes hanging from a collar round his throat, that we had to deal with a dangerous customer. The coolies, taking in the situation at a glance, dropped the dhoolie in the middle of the road, and jumped the low wall bordering it. Then, taking up a position of safety down the khud, they prepared to follow the course of events from their point of vantage.

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Captain B----, leaving me to look after myself, jumped off his pony, sprang into his wife's dhoolie, and drew the curtains, now and then peeping out to watch the course of events and to give me advice; his pony, with a snort of terror, turned and bolted back to Darjeeling.

My own pony stood trembling with fear, and I remained sitting on its back equally frightened and powerless to help myself. I heard the shouts of the natives beseeching me to jump off the pony and join them down the khud, but it is not an easy thing for a lady to dismount unaided with any rapidity, and I saw that the bull would be upon me before I could have time to escape from it if I attempted to dismount.

The buffalo now noticed myself and my pony, and dashing past the dhoolie with its terror-stricken occupants, which it evidently did not notice, it charged straight at me with a fearful bellow. I can see it now—its head lowered, the long horns directed straight at my pony's flanks, its bloodshot, glaring eyeballs, its distended nostrils, its heaving flanks and powerful limbs and body, and its tail erect and stiff, as it comes thundering towards me. I now realized, as the buffalo came within a few feet of me, that

unless I at once stirred myself I must inevitably be killed. So, with a superhuman effort, I did my best to be cool, and frantically thrashing my pony with my whip I wheeled him round to one side, and the buffalo flashed past so close that I could have touched him with my whip. Then, foiled in his attempt, and now worked up into an insane pitch of fury, the brute wheeled round to make a second charge upon me, but by this time I had collected my scattered senses, and, riding up to the wall, slid off the saddle into the arms of the natives down the khud. The



WHEN IT HAPPENED, MRS. STEWART WAS ON HER WAY FROM DARJEELING TO KASAUJI.

From a Photo. by E. Debenham & Co., Weymouth.

buffalo by this time was again almost within touch of the pony, who thereupon, relieved of my weight, at once bolted down the road back to Darjeeling with the buffalo in close pursuit, and the last of them I saw as they rounded a

The following day my natives brought back my saddle and bridle, which they had found on the pony, who was lying gored to death in the middle of the road about a mile and a half from Darjeeling. The buffalo was recaptured shortly



"FRANTICALLY THRASHING MY PONY, I WHEELED HIM ROUND AND THE BUFFALO FLASHED PAST."

bend in the road was the pony galloping for its life and the enormous buffalo close at its heels. After waiting a short time to see if our late enemy returned we climbed back to the road again, and the gallant captain also crawled from his place of refuge.

We now had a deliberation as to what was to be done, and finally decided to continue our journey to the nearest Dāk bungalow, which was only a short distance farther on. Here we rested for a whole day, as we were feeling very much unnerved, and, besides, the ponies with our saddles and bridles had to be found. We now learned that the buffalo was mad, and was held sacred by the Bhotans, who had kept it chained up for years in one of their temples, from which he had broken loose on the morning of his encounter with me.

afterwards by the Bhotans, who tied it up again in their temple, but when I told my brother-in-law, who was Station Staff Officer at Darjeeling, of my narrow escape, he brought the matter to the notice of the authorities, who considered that it was highly unsafe for the public to be subject, at any moment, to the risk of losing their lives by this ferocious creature. The buffalo was, therefore, ordered to be shot. A small party of soldiers was dispatched from Darjeeling for that purpose, and in spite of the protestations of the Bhotans the animal was killed. Thus ended an adventure which was fraught with so much peril to myself. My saddle, which had been ripped open and cut in many places by the buffalo's horns, was repaired and preserved by me as a memento of the adventure, and used on many another memorable occasion.

One Thousand Miles on Mule-Back.

BY MABEL PENNIMAN, M.A.

II.

This lady, who is the wife of a well-known South American official, here concludes the narrative of her extraordinary journey through some of the wildest and most remote parts of Bolivia and Argentina. Illustrated with rare photographs of places and people.



N account of the rugged nature and the isolated position of Bolivia, the Republic is as yet without the most civilized means of transportation facilities. The freight is carried by mules, donkeys, and llamas. Mules and donkeys are imported from the Argentine Republic. A strong mule must carry from 400lb. to 500lb. during a journey of from eight to ten days. Donkeys carry from 200lb. to 250lb. The animals are loaded in the early morning, and must travel at a good pace until sundown without any food, only stopping once, perhaps, for a drink in crossing a stream. When relieved of their loads, they are often compelled to forage for themselves in a country where the night air is bleak, and the grass scanty and poor. At the end of a journey (generally a week) the poor animals are a mass of sores, and are then turned loose to rest, while others take their place until they in turn are unfit for work.

But the quaint llama is the freight-carrier, for less important articles, over the wide, inhospitable plains of the Andes. It is most graceful in appearance, but very timid, and will carry 80lb. for several days without food. If, however, the load consists of but a few pounds more (the old story of the "last straw"), the animal absolutely refuses to rise. In colour some are snowy white, others seal brown, black, or spotted. By the Bolivian law one woman must accompany the Indian with each drove of fifty llamas. The photograph represents a drove of llamas coming to La Paz, bringing in brown bags llama manure, which is used for fuel.

Our ten days' stay in Cochabamba was made so pleasant by the few foreigners living there that we entirely forgot all the discomforts we had endured

on the journey. We left the city for Sucre, the capital of Bolivia, in charge of one of the best-recommended *arrieros*, or guides. We made the journey entirely on mule-back, with the exception of the first fifty miles—which we did on the top of a Concord stage-coach through the valley of Cliza, which is the granary of Bolivia. We were seven days making the journey of 250 miles, but were constantly ascending or descending steep mountain passes. Sometimes we would be an hour climbing up a mountain, and as long going down the other side. The narrow trails, full of loose stones, made the journey more dangerous for me on a side-saddle, so for safety, and comfort also, I used a gentleman's saddle provided with a horn. I wore "bloomers," and a short black skirt which in no way interfered with my riding astride. I rode in this position in the open country, but when nearing a town I always used the horn of the saddle. My mule had become so accustomed to my riding astride, that on passing the last hamlet before reaching Sucre she



LLAMAS ARE THE BEASTS OF BURDEN IN THE ANDES—HERE WE SEE A DROVE OF THEM COMING INTO LA PAZ. [Photo.]

absolutely refused to move when I changed position, notwithstanding a vigorous use of the spurs. In a moment I had a group of curious folks around me, but they offered no molestation, nor did they make any rude remarks. On this route there were few post-houses, and we were compelled to accept the genial hospitality of many a Bolivian host.

We arrived in Sucre simultaneously with the transmission of the Government from President Mariano Baptiste to Señor Don Severo Fernandez Alonso, which was accomplished in the most orderly and quiet manner, notwithstanding reports of revolutions which were published in European papers. To the wearied traveller, the first view of Sucre, the capital of the Republic, is charming in the extreme, although there are no chimneys and no signs to indicate in the distance that the city contains nearly 25,000 inhabitants. It was founded in 1538 by Gonzales Pizarro under the name of La Plata, and the location was chosen on account of the salubrity of the climate, it being a sanitarium for the over-taxed workers of the "silvery" Potosi.

Our photograph shows the principal plaza or square, "25 de Mayo," at the moment when the annual procession of the patron saint of Sucre, Guadalupe, is emerging from the Cathedral. The building adjoining is the old Government Palace, now torn down to make room for a more stately building still in process of construction. More recently the plaza has been transformed into a most beautiful garden, studded with rare trees, palms, shrubs, and flowers.

The photograph of Nuestra Señora de



NUESTRA SEÑORA DE GUADALUPE—MANY LEGACIES OF BIG AMOUNTS ARE LEFT TO THIS BEJEWELLED IMAGE.

From a Photo.

Guadalupe was taken from the original figure in the Cathedral. It is scarcely necessary to state

that the image is much venerated by the inhabitants of Sucre. It is a great honour, and entails the expenditure of quite a sum of money, to be one of the twelve bearers who carry the image in the procession. Many legacies, representing large sums, are annually left to this precious image. It is stated, on excellent authority, that the dress and ornaments contain diamonds,



THE GREAT PLAZA, OR SQUARE, OF THE BOLIVIAN CAPITAL—RELIGIOUS PROCESSION COMING OUT OF THE CATHEDRAL. [Photo.]



PLAZUELA DE SAN AGUSTIN, SUCRE.—THE ANNUAL MULE AND DONKEY FAIR IS BEING HELD.
From a Photo.

pearls, rubies, and emeralds whose priceless value is in great contrast to the almost impoverished condition of the country.

The next photograph of Sucre represents the Plazuela de San Augustin, where the annual mule and donkey fair is being held. The white edifice on the side of the mountain is the famous Convent of La Recoleta, where many revolutions have been fought, and within whose walls many a leader has found refuge from the fury of an enraged mob. Sucre is noted throughout the Republic for the many families of culture who live there. Some of them have travelled extensively, and very many have lived for several years in Europe to

educate their children. The houses are very large, having four and five courts, and they are filled with magnificent furniture and works of art from Paris.

The photograph of the cemetery shows the curious way in which the dead are disposed of in the country. The cemeteries are owned by the Church, and to it is left the manner of interment of the people. The bodies of the better classes are deposited in niches made of mud. For the Cholo and his family, however (artisans and working people), and also for the Indian, a grave after the usual manner is provided, but for only seven years, after which time the remains are exhumed or put with others into a common grave. The coffins of the better classes are generally

zinc-lined, and provided in many cases with a thick piece of glass in the corner just above the face. The niches are filled with flowers and lighted candles at each anniversary of the death of the departed, or All Saints' Day and any religious holiday. Public functionaries, war

veterans, or other noted persons are honoured with a pompous funeral, as well as music, and often long and tiresome orations.

Severo Fernandez Alonso, the Constitutional President of the Bolivian Republic, who resided in Sucre, was born August 15th, 1848. His Excellency is of medium height, rather slender, and his personal appearance is youthful, whilst his address is very pleasing.



"THE BODIES OF THE BETTER CLASSES ARE DEPOSITED IN NICHES MADE OF MUD."
From a Photo.



SEVERO JOSE ALONSO, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF BOLIVIA—
A BARRISTER AT LAW IN HIS COUNTRY.
From a Photo. by F. Palmiro.

Since the year 1880, in which President Alonso began his political life, his career has been one of uninterrupted triumph. In three different Governments he has been intrusted with the responsible portfolio of Assistant Secretary of State. He has been Congressman, Senator, Minister of War, and Vice-President; to-day he is Supreme Chief.

After a residence of many months in Sucre we started for London *via* Potosi, Tupiza, Jujuy, and Buenos Ayres. Our road when first leaving the capital city led through a beautiful valley, where some of the wealthy Bolivians have really stately mansions. In the afternoon of the first day we crossed the Cachamayo River, a considerable tributary of the Pilcomayo, whose waters empty into the Paraguay near Ascuncion. Our caravan consisted of six freight mules

(one carrying two pet parrots) and three saddle mules.

Our guide, a veteran in the business, first crossed the stream alone to ascertain the depth of the water. The current was so strong, however, and the opposite bank so steep, that it was a hard pull for his mule to reach the top in safety. He returned immediately, and with the assistance of the peon (Indian servant), who walked the whole distance, the freight mules were driven into the roaring waters, whilst the guide followed with the peon on the back of a mule. My place was next, and my husband brought up the rear. The river was more than 100yds. wide and carried more than 3ft. of water, as was shown by the legs of the mules.

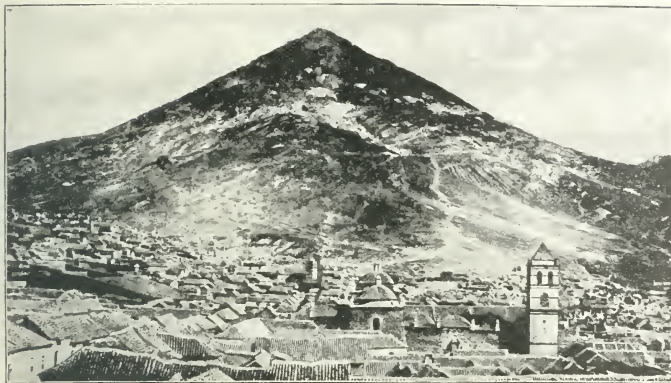
The water was almost thick with mud, but evidently the bed was composed of boulders of all shapes and sizes, making it extremely hazardous to ford. The sensation produced by the noise and swiftness of the water it is impossible to describe. At one time, when my eyes followed the current, I felt as though the earth were moving away from under me, but this we soon learned to remedy by looking upstream. Slowly but surely the mules kept their pace, and nearer and nearer drew the opposite shore, when suddenly the last freight mule carrying the heaviest load (350lb.) stumbled and nearly fell. A yell from the guide, however, brought her to her feet again, and soon we were all safely ashore. That same afternoon we passed the Pilcomayo, a most powerful river, having many branches in one bed, seven of which we crossed in less than an hour. When we reached the first post-house, at nine o'clock at night, we had a good forty miles to our credit for the day. I was very hungry, but so tired that I sought our comfortable bed at once.

A ride of two days more, constantly up and up, but with no rivers to cross, brought us to Potosi, 14,378ft. above sea-level. The city of



"THE CARAVAN CONSISTED OF SIX FREIGHT MULES AND THREE SADDLE MULES."

From a Photo.



From a) " ENORMOUS TREASURES OF SILVER WERE DISCOVERED IN THE HILL OF POTOSI. [Photo.

Potosi was founded in 1545 by Don Juan de Villarroll and Don Diego Centano, because of the enormous treasures of silver discovered in a most extraordinary manner by an Indian named Guanaco. This Indian, pressed into the service of the Spaniards, had charge of a troop of llamas loaded with provisions. The road led him over the hill of Potosi, where the city is now situated, and necessity compelled him to camp over-night 15,000ft. above sea-level.

In the morning he noticed a lump of unmistakable greyish metal on the spot where his camp fire had been burning throughout the piercing cold night. He confided his secret to one of his countrymen, who, under the influence of drink, gave it away to Don Juan de Villarroll, a Spanish captain. Guanaco was ordered, under pain of the severest punishment, to divulge the sacred spot, but he stubbornly refused; and it was only after months of inhuman torture, by which his body was nearly torn in pieces, that he would point out the place to Villarroll,

who had carried him there more dead than alive. A tradition, faithfully preserved by Guanaco's people, says that at the moment when he had pointed out the spot his spirit fled amidst fearsome sounds like the roar of thunder and the discharge of heavy artillery. The climate of Potosi is bleak and raw in the extreme. Pneumonia is the only

disease known, but it is nearly always fatal.

Our first stopping-place after Potosi was Puna, where we put up in a so-called hotel, kept by an Italian. Our room had to be cleaned out after our arrival, the proprietor apologizing for the filth, and saying he had only been in the place *a year and a half*, and had not yet had time to get it cleaned! From Potosi to Tupiza is nearly 300 miles, which we made in six days; it was rather a monotonous journey, as each day was much like the preceding one. When we arrived in the last-named place our mules had entirely given out, and we were compelled to look for a new guide, whom we were fortunate enough to find.



From a)

THE WHITE CAP OF THE VOLCANO CHOROLQUE (ARGENTINE FRONTIER).

[Photo.

With a fresh set of mules we started on Palm Sunday morning for Jujuy, about 300 miles away, and crossed the Argentine frontier at La Quiaca, where—thanks to the Argentine Minister resident in Sucre—we were dispatched through the Custom House without having to unload. The country had the same dreary aspect as before, only relieved by the white cap of the volcano Chorolque, which we could see nearly a hundred miles to our right. We kept getting higher and higher each day until we reached Ojo de Agua, where we crossed the last spur of the Andes.

The next photograph represents part of the dreary sixty-five-mile journey which we travelled between Tupiza and Humaguaca. When we looked from a high mountain upon the country

The next day we met an Indian who had killed a condor measuring 12ft. between the tips of its wings.

Every step of the way now our road descended until we reached Jujuy, 3,450ft. above sea-level, where we said farewell to our mules and took the train to Buenos Ayres, which we reached in three days. From there we had an uneventful voyage to Hamburg, and in a few days crossed to England.

It may be interesting to know that in our travel of more than 1,000 miles through Bolivia we received nothing but the very kindest attention and consideration from all with whom we came in contact. We travelled by day and by night through a country entirely unknown to the outer world. We met many people whose



"PART OF THE DREARY SIXTY-FIVE MILE JOURNEY—NOT A DROP OF WATER, NO BLADE OF GRASS, AND NO LIVING THING."
From a Photo.

before us, in which we were told not a drop of water, no blade of grass, and no living thing—not even a fly—was to be encountered, a feeling of desolation crept over us that may better be imagined than described.

In order to reach the next post-house in good time, we started by candle-light, and suffered intensely from the cold, as the sun did not get over the mountains to us until nearly nine. We travelled in the dry river-bed, and in the afternoon a fearful wind filled the air with sand, compelling us to cover our faces with shawls and trust to the mules to keep in the right track.

language we could not understand; and were compelled to sleep in some of the most peculiar and remote places. We were without arms or any other means of protection, and I can only repeat that we were never molested by man or beast. We felt safer regarding our chattels and bodies than in many more civilized portions of the globe. Moreover, no serious illness befell us, nor were we ever troubled by mosquitoes or any other pest, save on one occasion when the *vinchucas* were about; and a candle burning all night will drive even these away.

Adrift in the Arctic Sea.

By CAPTAIN T. F. GELLATLY.

The terrible narrative of what befell the crew of the whaler "Chieftain," of Dundee. How the boats missed the ship; the awful days and nights of blind wanderings hither and thither in the icy ocean; and the final rescue and explanations.



On the 7th of March, 1884, I sailed in command of the whaler *Chieftain*, from Dundee, with a crew of twenty-six hands. A stowaway turned up later, making twenty-seven. The *Chieftain* was a "plum-pudding" whaler. That means, that we were to capture all the fish and animals yielding profitable blubber or skins that we could. And my orders were to bring back a full ship at all costs. We reached the ice in ten days, sent the crow's-nest aloft, and hung the boats in the davits all ready for sealing. No time is wasted on board a whaler.

Following the edge of the ice to the north, we saw several of the steam whalers cruising about like ourselves, endeavouring to find the young seals. The *Chieftain* was a barquentine, and we depended entirely on her sails. Only three or four of the best steamers were able to penetrate the ice far enough to get among the young seals. The more unfortunate of the other ships, after getting so far in, got stuck fast in the pack for longer or shorter periods. The *Chieftain* also got fast in the ice on two or three occasions, but luckily not for long; and when I saw it was useless trying to get to the young seals, I contented myself with cruising about the edge of the pack and among the drift-

ing floes, picking up a few bladder-nosed and yearling seals whenever possible.

About the end of April we rigged out the boats for whaling and cruised south-west along the pack ice to Jan Mayen Island; thence we went southwards into open water in search of bottle-nosed whales. The weather early in May was very stormy, and few fish were seen. We only succeeded in harpooning three bottle-nosed whales in about as many weeks, and one of these we lost through the harpoon withdrawing. Early in June the weather became more settled, and soon grew as fine as we could wish.

On Monday afternoon, at about four o'clock, a school of bottle-nosed whales were seen cleaving the smooth surface of the water with their glossy backs, and churning the sea into foam in the

distance as they came swimming in the direction of the ship. In less than two minutes our four boats were in the water, myself in the bow of one of them, and pulling in the direction of the whales. When within rooyds. of the

fish we ceased rowing; and as soon as we were within range, I "fastened" with the gun harpoon a fine white-headed old bull. The third mate immediately afterwards fastened another.

As it takes two boats to manage a whale, the second mate came to my assistance; the



THIS IS CAPTAIN GELLATLY, WHO RELATES THIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

From a Photo. by Vandyke, Liverpool.



THE BARQUENTINE "CHIEFTAIN," TO WHICH ALL THE SUFFERERS BELONGED.

From a Photo.



"A SCHOOL OF BOTTLE-NOSSED WHALES WERE SEEN, CHURNING THE SEA INTO FOAM AS THEY CAME."

fourth harpooner going to the assistance of the third mate. When my fish appeared on the surface he made off to the south-east, and some time elapsed before the second mate got near enough to fasten a second harpoon. The weather in the meantime became foggy, and a light breeze rippled the sea. Our ship was soon lost to view, the great fish we had struck running us to windward away from her.

The second mate made several ineffectual attempts to get alongside the whale, which was steadily increasing our distance from the ship. Seeing the futility of his efforts, I told the second mate to slack away astern. My harpoon was in a better position—well forward in the fish: and after a lot of struggling and hard work with the lance, we had the satisfaction of seeing the huge bottle-nose turn over on his back quite dead.

By this time we had not seen the ship for hours, but had, by the boat's compass, noted the

bearing north-east. This did not agree with my bearings—unless, indeed, the vessel was sailing about in the fog, which was against all whaling rules. As a fact, the standing rule is that, when all the boats cannot be seen, the ship is to be kept absolutely stationary—if possible. The boats' crews can then keep the bearing of the ship, and run no risk of going astray.



"MY FISH MADE OFF TO THE SOUTH-EAST."

direction taken by our whale. We now concluded that the *Chieftain* bore north-west. Therefore, fastening our tow-line to the tail of our prize, we started off in that direction. After pulling for a considerable time we came upon the other boats, both fast to their whale, which they alleged was so wild that they could not get near to kill it. The third mate said he had seen the ship with her sails all set about an hour previously,

Sending the second mate with his boat to assist in killing the other whale, I continued towing my fish to the north-east, and eventually found the *Chieftain*, which had nearly passed to windward of us, sailing in the fog. When I got the monster alongside and went on board I pointed out to the fishing master, whom I had left in charge, the grave danger of losing the boats, through his shifting the ship in that way; and I gave strict orders that in future she was to be kept hove to under as little canvas as possible until all the boats were plainly visible.

It was about three o'clock on Tuesday morning when I reached the ship. After a change of clothing and a good meal, I became anxious about the other boats' crews. I feared they might still believe the ship bore north-east, and so pull in that direction. We had a boiler and steam winch on board for flensing whales and hoisting boats, and there was a steam whistle attached to the boiler.

Leaving orders to blow the whistle at frequent intervals, and fire a gun occasionally, I manned my own boat; and then taking some food for the absent boats' crews, I went in search of them, taking my watch with me to enable me more accurately to judge my distance. After about two hours' pulling I found the three boats still attached to the whale, which seemed actually to be as lively and wild as ever! These creatures often display extraordinary vitality. When the men had refreshed themselves with the food I brought them, I told them to give the whale plenty of line so as to fatigue him more, whilst I attacked him at close quarters. For about four hours I kept struggling with the gigantic fish; and it was only after firing another three gun-harpoons into him, and repeated lancing, that I at last succeeded in reaching his vitals—so furious were his struggles.

It was nearly noon on Tuesday when I killed that whale. When fastening the tow-line to his enormous tail the fog lifted and we saw the ship, bearing north by east, and distant about six miles. The clearance of the atmosphere was only temporary, however. In a quarter of an hour the fog again enveloped us as densely as before. However, we had now got the bearing of the ship, and thankfully pulled in her direction. The wind was light and right astern of the boats.

After pulling for four hours I considered we must be somewhere near our vessel. Leaving two boats fast to the dead whale, I sent the second mate off to the east to pull, as nearly as he could guess, one mile, whilst I, with my boat, proceeded the same distance westward, to try and see or hear something of our floating home and head-quarters. We also arranged to fire

harpoon guns and blow fog-horns at intervals as signals. Neither of us was successful, however, and, returning to the other boats, we again towed the whale another stage in a different direction and repeated all our manœuvres as before, but again without success.

All the men were now much exhausted. The wind had increased to a strong breeze, and a nasty sea had risen. The air was dark, with a raw, damp, penetrating fog, which seemed to increase the bitterness of the cold. While lying on their oars to listen, several of the men declared they heard the steam-whistle to leeward. I also believed I heard it, so I sent the second mate off to see if he could verify the sound.

As the "second" did not return, and thinking the ship might be drifting as fast as we towed, I tied my handkerchief flag-wise to a lance-handle, stuck the lance in the whale, and then fastening an empty water-beaker to the tow-line, we cast off, and pulled in the direction whence we seemed to hear the sound of the ship's whistle. But, alas! In vain we pulled about backwards and forwards, following imaginary sounds, until at length we fancied despairingly that we heard whistles in every direction. Nor did we again see the second mate's boat—though we repeatedly heard the sound of the fog-horn, and, answering it, followed up the sound.

The wind now increased to a gale, and the sea was breaking furiously. I rigged a deep-sea anchor and, with the other two boats fast astern, we rode to the gale and fiercely-lashing sea. Our position was critical in the extreme. It took the men all their time to bale the water out of the boats; and all our provisions and water were exhausted. We were continually drenched with driving spray, and the cold was intense.

Tuesday night, Wednesday, and Wednesday night were spent in the most utter wretchedness. Ah! how easy it is to write down the mere names of those dreadful days. None but God and the sufferers themselves, however, know what interminable hours of anguish they contained. Though we kept a sharp and eager look-out, nothing was seen but the driving scud and the foam-flecked, raging sea. The gale moderated a little on Thursday morning, and we took to the oars, pulling north-west to the ice (distant about thirty miles), and reaching the edge just as the gale again broke forth with renewed violence. Wretchedness—utter, despairing; deathly wretchedness was the predominant feeling amongst us.

This fresh burst of wind, however, cleared the atmosphere, and though at first we refused to

believe our eyes, we suddenly beheld a vessel under close-reefed canvas, about two miles to windward. Oh, joy! We would now be saved, we thought. Rushing to the summit of a high hummock of ice, we unfurled our flags and

superhuman effort, I kept myself afloat till my men seized me and assisted me back into the boat. The very marrow in my bones seemed frozen. I immediately waved the other boats back, and again sought shelter under the lee of the high hummock of ice. Stripping off my clothes, I wrung them out as quickly as I could, my teeth rattling and whirring the while like an electric bell. After getting them on again, I walked about on the ice, beating my body with my arms to keep up the circulation.

During Thursday night the wind shifted to north-east; the cold was intense, and it was all one or two of my men and I could do to keep the others from going to sleep, which meant the utter extinction of vitality. Some of the poor fellows only wished to be allowed to lie down and die, so paralyzing was the cold.

Early on Friday morning I called the men together, and told them that to remain inert any longer meant death—probably to all of us. The wind was fair; south-west was the course to Iceland, and, at least, we stood a chance of either falling in with a whaler or reaching the land. But how far was it to Iceland? I was asked;

and I replied, evasively, that it was ninety miles or more—knowing full well that it was at least two hundred. My line cover was a piece of canvas 4ft. long, 4ft. wide at one end, and 2ft. at the other. This I fastened to the ramrod of my harpoon gun, and with two boat-hooks lashed together for a mast, I rigged it as a sail. The other boats were similarly rigged, and after taking in a supply of frozen snow and ice we started on our despairing voyage. The boats were constantly in danger of being stove in by the floating pieces of sharp ice that strewed the sea for some distance from the pack.

When nearly clear of this danger, the improvised little sail of the boat ahead of me was suddenly lowered; and when I came up with her, the harpooner told me that the boat-steerer had just been lost overboard. The poor fellow



"SEEKING TO THE SUMMIT OF A HIGH HUMMOCK OF ICE, WE UNFURLED OUR FLAGS AND STOOD WATCHING."

stood watching for an answering signal from the ship. Alas!—vain hopes. They did not see us, and almost immediately a dense dark pall of fog enveloped sea and ice. That glimpse of salvation merely mocked us; and the sensations of men under such circumstances are not to be described. We were powerless to pull in such a sea, and my heart bled when I saw the looks of dismay and despair on the faces of the poor fellows around me. The gale raged furiously once more, and our boats were in constant jeopardy of being smashed by the grinding ice.

After making a pitiful repast of frozen snow, I endeavoured to pull to windward to a safer position. No sooner had I left shelter, however, than a heavy sea struck the broad blade of my steering oar, and I was precipitated backwards into the seething, icy waters. With an almost

had been "kicked" by the steering oar into the sea, just as I had been previously, and no one in the boat had seen the sad occurrence, so dazed were they all. The harpooner was in despair. I endeavoured to tow his boat, but soon had to let go, as both boats were in danger of swamping. I encouraged him, however, to set his sail and steer the boat himself, and we again proceeded on our way.

Bad enough would our plight have been had the sea been comparatively smooth. But now it was blowing a furious gale from the north-east, and the sea was lashed into white, driving spray, and huge, seething, foam-tipped billows. My whole attention was occupied in steering the boat right before the wind and sea. In the afternoon we had so out-distanced the other boats that we lost sight of them. All Friday, Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night we kept on, every breaking sea threatening to engulf us. I think each man had abandoned hope, though possibly he would not have cared to have said so aloud.

On Sunday morning we saw a small vessel lying hove-to. She was a little on one side of our track, but we dared not change our course; and finally, in spite of all our efforts to attract attention, we crossed her stern about a mile distant without being seen. In a cramped position I had been steering the boat ever since we left the ice; and I now thought my last hour was at hand. I had almost continually kept my men changing places in the boat, and baling her out so as to keep their blood in circulation. And all that time I know they thought me the most cruel devil afloat. I wonder they obeyed orders at all.

The gale still raged with unabated fury, and the great seas broke with long, leaping, tumbling, roaring, towering violence. I was nearly giving way to despair, when our dazed, apathetic, weary eyes were greeted with the sight of a snow-capped mountain right ahead. Our hopes

were renewed. I felt almost as strong as ever, and steered, if possible, straighter than before.

It was seven o'clock on Sunday evening when we reached the west side of Langanaes, on the rocky coast of Iceland. A man and two boys on the rocks directed us to a tiny cove, where we beached the boat; and we were then with great difficulty and danger rescued from the heavy breakers by the Icelfander and his two sons. Not a man among us could walk. Our rescuers carried us to their house on their backs, where they vied with each other in showering kindnesses upon us. By the aid of a pencil and an old Danish almanac I was enabled, in a rough way, to give the peasants an account of our past exposure and sufferings. And, indeed, we were in a sad condition—our hands, and feet especially, were black, and swollen almost to bursting. I think I may say I was the worst. Getting two tubs of ice brought into the house, we placed our hands and feet in them for upwards of an hour to try and relieve the



"GETTING TWO TUBS OF ICE, WE PLACED OUR HANDS AND FEET IN THEM TO RELIEVE THE AGONIZING PAINS."

agonizing pains of slowly returning circulation. The wife and daughter of our host gave us some gruel made with milk, and they put us in their own beds, which were built like ships' bunks, and consisted of a feather bed to lie on and another one as a covering.

The house, I remember, was built of wood and boasted three rooms—a dwelling-room, a cow's byre, and a store-room. Outside the building the angles were filled in with earth, which was covered with turf, the roof also being similarly covered. The whole dwelling presented the appearance of a grass-grown mound, which, with the chimney smoking in the centre, suggested a miniature active volcano. For three days we received the greatest attention from this kind family. During this time, although my sufferings were intense, I was constantly thinking of the remainder of my men, and wondering what could have been their fate.

On Wednesday afternoon a Norwegian fishing smack came in and anchored for shelter a short distance from the shore. Our Icelandic host and my sailmaker, who had somewhat recovered, put off to her and told the captain our story. He immediately came on shore and offered to convey myself and my men to Siedysford, a port in the east of Iceland. I gladly accepted the captain's offer, and bidding good-bye to the kind Icelanders we were taken on board the smack, which was soon got under way. Both captain and crew were exceedingly kind to us: and after a five days' passage they saw us safely lodged in a sort of inn at Siedysford, when they again proceeded to sea to follow their occupation of cod-fishing. There was no British Consul at Siedysford, and we were under the care of the Sycilnsod, or local governor, who personally saw that we were well cared for. Here we were attended to by

a doctor, who dressed our feet with oil and lint. Arrived at length at Granthon by way of the Farøe Islands, the agent of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society sent us on to Dundee, where news of our arrival had preceded us. For a long time I was unable to walk properly, and many months elapsed before my feet were quite well again. News of the remainder of the crew came to hand very disjointedly. I will relate the accounts given me by the survivors themselves when they returned to Dundee. Soon after I parted from the other two boats, one of the third mate's crew, James McIntosh, changed into the fourth harpooner's boat to assist him in steering. The boats then separated, and were lost to view of each other.

The third mate's boat reached Iceland the day after my arrival there, and some forty miles farther west on the coast. The men were in a most pitiful condition when they landed. One poor fellow succumbed to his sufferings just as the kind Icelanders put him to bed. Fortunately there was a doctor at hand, and the other three men's feet were only saved by the partial amputation of their frost-bitten heels and toes. As soon as they had sufficiently recovered, and a home-bound steamer was available, they also were sent home.

When James McIntosh got on board the third boat, he took the steering oar and kept the boat before the wind and sea, making a south-west course. They were getting along as well as could be expected, when, on the second day, one man picked up the compass and tried to drink out of it. The poor, crazed fellow, finding no water in it, threw the compass into the sea before anyone could stop him, and then lay down in the bottom of the boat; he expired soon afterwards. While wind and sea kept in the same direction, the loss of the compass did not so much matter; but when



THIS IS FINE JAMES MCINTOSH, ONE OF THE THIRD MATE'S CREW AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY.

Photo. by F. N. Gillies, Broughly Ferry.

the wind moderated and changed, McIntosh did not know in what direction to steer, and so the boat was allowed to drift. Soon after they committed the body of their dead shipmate to the deep another man died. His body also was consigned to the sea. And then the three survivors sat looking at each other, wondering whose turn it would be next.

Another day and night passed without relief, and yet another of their number was added to the list of dead. After putting the third body overboard, James McIntosh and the harpooner were the only survivors. These two unfortunate men took up crouching positions one at each end of the boat, and watched each other's every motion with half-demented terror.

Time passed thus in fear and despair until Tuesday, when the poor harpooner died in rigid agony in the bottom of the boat, and McIntosh was left in ghastly loneliness. Horrible thoughts passed through the famishing man's mind as he sat for a time looking at his dead and disfigured shipmate. There was nothing in sight from the boat but cold sea and bitter sky. His better nature asserting itself, however, McIntosh crawled forward and with a strenuous effort heaved the body of his last shipmate into the dark, deep sea. The wretched man presently got into such a dazed condition that he scarcely knew how the hours passed. In a gleam of consciousness he raised himself above the gunwale,

and seeing a small ship some distance off, he waved his cap and feebly shouted, "Help! Help!"

The vessel was an Icelandic shark-fisher. The crew took McIntosh and his boat on board and then sailed to Aykeraera, a port in the north of Iceland. Here he was attended to by the surgeon of a Danish man-of-war. Mortification had so far set in that the poor fellow's legs had to be amputated a little below the knees. The operation was very successful, however, and about two months later McIntosh was brought home.

The second mate, it appeared, after vainly trying to find the ship, hove the boat to, and drifted about until Saturday, when he and his men were picked up by a Norwegian whaler, and later on transferred to their own vessel, the *Chieftain*. The officer left in charge of the latter, by the way, saw the boats when the fog lifted, and proceeded to make all sail on the ship, not noticing that while doing so the boats were again lost to view. After the sails were set he went up into the crow's-nest and remained for some time looking out, thinking and hoping that the fog would again clear. Meanwhile the breeze was moderate and the ship slipping quietly through the water. After sailing for some time on the starboard tack, the mate reduced sail, and hove the ship to, not realizing that he had materially changed the bearing of the boats. Thus it was that, when we pulled close to where the ship was when we caught that glimpse of her, she was then some three miles east of our position.

During the gales that followed the *Chieftain* was kept reaching about in search of us. The mate saw several whalers. The master of one of them stated he had the second mate's crew and boat on board. Another Norwegian whaler had found our abandoned whale, and the captain returned the fishing gear. When all hopes died out of finding the missing boats and men, the mate bore up for home, and the *Chieftain* eventually reached Dundee with only six tons of oil—a truly disastrous voyage.

Most of the crew had little or nothing to take when discharged. Yet, notwithstanding the calamitous voyage, most of the men wished to sail with me again, and publicly thanked me in the Dundee shipping office for what little I had been able to do for them. Those who had been of service to us in our distress were recompensed and suitably rewarded by the Board of Trade.



MCINTOSH HEAVED THE BODY OF HIS LAST SHIPMATE INTO THE DARK, DEEP SEA.

Open-Air Festival Plays in Switzerland.

By J. OSCAR GYSI, OF BERNE.

A short article, illustrated with extremely striking photographs, showing how the brave little Swiss nation loves to celebrate the memory of those victories which won for it its independence.



As a nation the Swiss appear to have a peculiar genius for organizing open-air historical pageants and festival plays.

The Suabian War began on the 6th of February, 1499. On the one side were the German Emperor Maximilian I. and the Suabian league of knights and towns, and on the other the different sections of the Swiss Confederation, with its allies. In this war victory rested almost entirely with the Swiss, although they had to defend a long frontier.

On the 20th of February, 1499, the Swiss defeated their enemies at Hard, near Lake Constance: on the 2nd of March at Bruderholz, in Canton Solkure; and on the 22nd of May on the Calven, not very far from Meran, in the Tyrol. The brunt of this battle was sustained by the men of Grisons, and they have, therefore, a very good right to celebrate the 400th anniversary of this glorious victory.

When they returned to their homes, after the usual three days' stay on the battlefield, their young men acted the battle over again in the Quadrant belonging to the Episcopal Palace at Coire; and the great spectacular display which took place in the early part of last summer was the re-acting of those warlike scenes on that very spot. The scene depicted in the accompanying photo. shows a great grassy slope crowned by the dark pine forests of the Mittenberg, and of the Piz Okel. From this spot the eye commands on the one side the view towards the Grisons-Oberland, and on the other the historic fortifications of Luziensteig, and the mountains of the Prattigau, which form the frontier line towards Austria.

The vast stage (such a one as has never been seen before) represents the land of the Grisons, with its rocks, ruined castles, and dark forests. Only the background is painted stage scenery, and behind it Nature completes the picture, and the peak of Calanda rises far above it. Over the huge central stage will pass the armies, with their mounted knights and squires and men-at-arms; also the procession of the Lands-gemeinde (the people assembled as a Parliament): the strings of pack-mules and many travelling merchants with their attendant minstrels and mule-drivers.

The chorus of 800 voices contains 300 children, who have practised the ancient tunes for months past. The costumes of all the actors in this great national play accord strictly with those worn in the fifteenth century, and

these give reality to the scenes acted before us. The natives of Grisons come on foot from remote mountain valleys, and many have two days to walk to get to Coire. Others living in foreign lands hasten home to be present at the national celebrations.

The town of Coire, with its 10,000 inhabitants, has put on holiday attire. Every house, big and little, in every street or narrow lane is most tastefully decorated from top to bottom with green wreaths, entwined amid brightly-coloured cloths. Each dwelling seems to be prettier than its neighbour, and yet they all look as if their owners had excellent taste in colour and arrangement. Triumphal arches there are at every crossing, and splendid green wreaths hang from side to side. All the inscriptions breathe the trulent spirit of those mediæval days when the battle on the Calven was fought.

On the 27th May last the final rehearsal took place at Coire, to which the school children of the whole Canton were invited. Every seat and every inch of standing room was occupied. One school came from far-off Poschiavo, and had to cross two high mountain chains on the way. It took them two whole days to reach Coire. On the 28th May we were roused at 6 a.m. by a musical "réveille." At 8.30 a.m. special services were held for the Protestants (who are the majority here) at St. Martin's Church; and for the Catholics at the Hofkirche, the church in the Bishop's Court. Then came a procession through the town headed by a German regimental band—the famous "Constanzer Regiments Musik." In the "festhütte," a timber and rainproof canvas erection, a public banquet was held, at which over 2,500 people attended. During this the regimental band played, at intervals, most lovely music; and after a speech by some local dignitary, with an almost inaudible voice, the President of Switzerland, who together with the Home Secretary and the Minister of Justice had come to Coire to be present on this important day, arose, and made a patriotic, yet statesman-like, speech.

At 2.30 p.m. the great national play commenced in the open air, and was given four times (each performance lasted four hours), before a vast concourse of spectators, numbering over 40,000 people, of whom nearly 5,000 were seated—the rest standing behind, and on the road overlooking the stage. Many, however, not included in this estimate, looked on from points of vantage in the pine forest above.

Unfortunately the weather was far from perfect. A slight drizzle came on at intervals, and a steady shower towards the end; yet for three full hours this great audience remained spell-bound by the splendid spectacle. No umbrellas were allowed to be opened. From scenes of peace, with the welcome offered by a large concourse of peasants to a caravan of pack-horses coming from Italy with their sturdy attendants, the play proceeded to alarms of war, and then to scenes of camp life and of real battle.

The deliberations of a conference between the Bishop of Coire and the delegates from different valleys ends in turmoil on the arrival of messengers bringing bad tidings of excesses committed by the Austrian soldiery. The arrival of a body of friends from Uri is the next scene; and when these leave to help the Swiss Confederates farther north against a body of German enemies in the valley of the Rhine near Ragatz, a troop of distressed country-folk, with women and children from the south, arrives with tales of woe about burnt villages and desecrated homesteads. The fighting men are summoned from every valley, and, on meeting, engage in

martial games until Benedict Fontana, their leader, calls upon them to take the oath to fight for victory and not desist till death.

The battle on the Calven affords opportunity for splendid scenic effects—first with a camp of Austrian soldiers, with its carousings and brawls, and then the alarm caused by news that the men of Grisons had fallen on the army which thought itself so secure in strong fortifications on the Calven. The fight comes nearer, and the Austrians on the stage are driven back, their cavalry galloping off in furious flight in front of the stage on the greensward. This scene was most effective. Then follow the wailings of the wounded, and later on the rejoicings over the victory, troubled by the presence of newly-made widows, and by the bringing in of sorely-stricken men.

The last act is of an allegorical character, beginning with a very fine scene of gnomes, who rejoice over the help they have given the men of Grisons in the battle; going on with scenes connected with the Napoleonic wars as they affected the Grisons, and ending with rejoicings over Grisons' happy union with the Helvetian

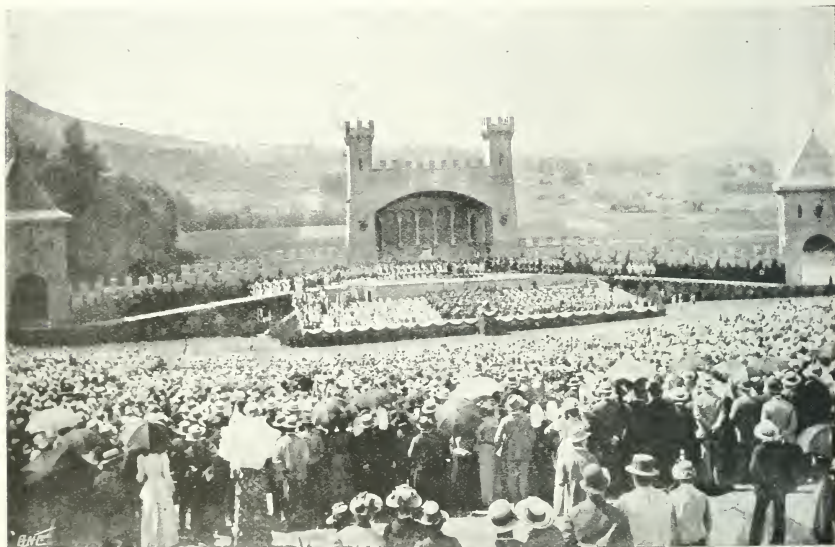


THE GREAT PATRIOTIC FESTIVAL PLAY AT COIRE. SOMETIMES OVER 1,000 ACTORS ON THE STAGE AT ONE TIME. (MEN OF GRISONS TAKING THE OATH TO CONQUER OR DIE.) [Carl Lang, Coire.]

Republic. In these last scenes there were sometimes over 1,000 actors on the stage, and on the rocks and mountains connected with it. The gay and brilliant costumes; the men in armour; the strange weapons—including crossbows, halberds, long-poled battle-axes, spiked clubs, broad-swords, and spears—veritably carried the spectators back many hundreds of years. The scenery was a work of art, and quite in keeping with the surrounding snow-capped mountains, which looked down upon the audience. Too much praise cannot be given to the 1,400 men and women, boys and girls, who for several

to do honour to their confederate and chief city.

In the background of the photograph, surrounded by natural scenery of extreme beauty, lies the open-air stage built in imitation of a mediæval keep, with small watch-towers on each side; while reaching right to the foreground is the vast amphitheatre whose crowded seats are arranged in four rows of twelve blocks each, with standing room at the back for the late comers. Between the stage and the auditorium is the orchestra, accommodating over a hundred instrumentalists besides the chorus. The chief events



THE TRIP TO BERNE FROM ALL PARTS TO SEE THIS GREAT OPEN-AIR PLAY IN BERNE. AN AUDIENCE OF TEN THOUSAND.
From a Photo, by Professor Dr. Badertscher.

months worked together to produce this great national play.

If Coire can produce so magnificent a festival play, what can the Swiss capital do? You shall see. A photograph of the great Berne festival play of 1891 is next reproduced; it was taken by Professor Dr. Badertscher, of Berne. This photograph shows an audience of over 10,000 persons witnessing a grand spectacular drama at Berne, in 1891, on the occasion of the celebration of the 700th anniversary of the foundation of the city. Patriotic visitors assembled from all parts of Switzerland

in the history of the ancient and picturesque city are recorded in the scenes of the drama, duly interspersed with incidental music and song. This particular scene represents the sad day in 1798 when, after a brave resistance, the valiant band of Confederates were obliged to accept France's ultimatum, and with it a new Constitution. The Swiss always do these open-air pageants well, but this one was conceived on a specially gigantic scale, and was so generally remarkable, that foreign tourists from all parts of Switzerland flocked into the quaint capital of "Europe's Playground."

Lost in Vesuvius.

BY DR. Z. E. BIRASKY, OF ESSEC, SCLAVONIA.

Wherein is related how Professor Blondel, disregarding the warnings of the guides, persisted in going round the crater and walking on some partly cooled lava. The unfortunate savant fell through the thin crust and was destroyed in the fiery sea. One photo. shows the guides actually pointing out the terrible danger to the Professor.



Y dear friend Professor Blondel and I found ourselves one wet night in a café at Zurich: it was in April, 1897. Our conversation soon turned upon the adventures each of us had had. Professor Blondel was a meteorologist, and in pursuit of his researches he had travelled a great deal. It was some years since last we met, and now my friend related to me how he had visited Central Africa, India, and other regions in pursuit of his professional studies.

In the course of the evening the Professor said he was compelled, for the purpose of making some meteorological examinations, to ascend Mount Vesuvius, and as it was incumbent upon him to do this in the approaching season, he would have to be in Naples at the beginning of May. He remarked how pleased he would be if I would accompany him on this expedition, saying how much it would add to his enjoyment to have a companion. I returned no definite reply. However, M. Blondel, whom I was continually seeing after that evening, kept pressing me for my decision on the suggested journey, and having obtained a fortnight's leave, I went to the Professor on the 25th of April and told him I was ready to accompany him.

Accordingly, two days after this interview, we took the train and crossed the beautiful mountains of Switzerland into Italy, and, breaking our journey for a



THE AUTHOR, DR. Z. E. BIRASKY, WHO WAS WITH PROFESSOR BLONDEL WHEN HE WAS DESTROYED. [Photo. From a]



THIS IS THE UNFORTUNATE SAVANT, PROFESSOR BLONDEL, WHO MET A FEARFUL DEATH IN VESUVIUS. [Photo. From a]

rest at Genoa, we arrived at the gay city of Naples four days after leaving Zurich. This was my first visit to the beautiful city. We engaged apartments at the Pension Suisse, just near the Bay, from whence we could see the famous volcano and also the smoke from its crater, as from the funnel of a steamer in the distance.

After a few days' sight-seeing we decided to proceed with our ascent of Vesuvius; so one morning Professor Blondel went to see one of his friends, and on his return told me that at one o'clock in the afternoon we would leave by boat from the quay near our hotel. Accordingly, we started, having left word that we should, in all probability, return to dinner, but in any case we desired our host to have something ready for us, as on our return we should be very tired and hungry. We arrived at our destination after an hour's row, the distance being about four miles; and on landing we were at once solicited by many guides desiring to be engaged. Selecting three of them, we walked towards Resina, one of the small towns nearest to the shore.

The view of the volcano from here, as compared with that from our hotel, was altogether different. The whole side of the mountain was covered with vineyards and gardens, in which the choicest of fruits are grown. From this point we could see on the summit the lavas of the various flows during the



"CLOUDS AND SMOKE AROUND THE GLOOMY SUMMIT LIKE STEAM FROM BOILING WATER."
From a Photo. by Dr. Z. E. Birasky.

past thirty years. It is difficult to convey the scene to the minds of those who have not seen a volcano. A good comparison is to suppose that a sea of boiling pitch has been violently agitated by a storm, and then suddenly cooled—so quickly, however, as to retain when solidified all the roughness and irregularity which the surface had when liquid. The clouds and smoke around the gloomy summit give an appearance not unlike the steam arising from boiling water.

From Resina there is a railway which goes to the top of the mountain, but our desire (more especially that of Professor Blondel, who wanted to see Vesuvius as closely as possible, to explore every point, and take notes of his observations) was to proceed on foot. As we slowly made the ascent to the top, the view that presented itself was in most striking contrast to that which gladdened our eyes on the commencement of our journey. In the place of beautiful gardens, in which orange, lemon, almond, fig

trees, and vines grew to perfection, and in which roses and camellias bloomed in profusion, we now found ourselves making our way through a black, sterile, and forbidding waste, utterly devoid of vegetation, and covered only with huge folds, waves, and unshapely masses of rough lava.

However, by-and-by we reached the crocette, on the summit of which stands the hermitage of San Salvatore. As is the custom of all travellers making the ascent on foot, we had a rest here, and partook of refreshments. Here also is found a well of good water. The streams of lava which have at various times descended the mountain near the crocette have flowed on either side of this ridge, and so its summit had hitherto afforded a safe site for a habitation; whilst all

around has been from time to time covered with a perfect sea of liquid fire. Attached to the hermitage there is a sanctuary containing an altar and the shrine of the saint whose remains lie beneath.

We remained here for an hour, as Professor



"THERE IS A RAILWAY TO THE TOP, BUT OUR DESIRE WAS TO PROCEED ON FOOT."
From a Photo. by Dr. Z. E. Birasky.

Blondel wished to make some investigations. I should explain that on account of the commanding position of this ridge, and its comparative immunity from danger, it has an observatory, built by the King of Naples, for

cinders of most irregular and various sizes were also discharged with loud subterranean noises almost every minute. These stones and cinders rise to a great height almost perpendicularly; and if there is not much wind, the greater number of them fall back again into the crater. As the vapour emerges from the sides of the pit it deposits sulphur and various salts, these covering the surrounding surface with variously and beautifully coloured incrustations.

Notwithstanding the oft-repeated warnings of the guides, I followed Professor Blondel up the new cone, and gained with difficulty the edge of the crater; then together we peered into the terrible interior of the volcano. I shall never forget the sight—words utterly fail me to describe adequately the strange and awful scene that presented itself to my view. Rolling clouds of dense white fumes were seen covering the bottom and almost hiding from sight the sides; while, from the more distant part of the fiery and mysterious abyss, the cinders and stones



"AN OBSERVATORY BUILT BY THE KING OF NAPLES FOR THE STUDY OF VOLCANIC PHENOMENA." [Dr. Z. E. Birasky.]

the purpose of facilitating the study and observation at close quarters of volcanic and earthquake phenomena. In this observatory there is a collection of the minerals found around Vesuvius, and this museum is shown to visitors by an intelligent and obliging custodian.

After this stay we commenced the ascent of the cone itself. This is the most difficult and laborious part of the whole climb—the looseness of the rough, angular lava masses, and the consequent uncertainty of footholds causing great fatigue. With the assistance and encouragement of the guides, however, coupled with constant exertion on our own part, we were at length enabled to reach the terrace at the summit. We were greatly excited by the proximity of the mouth of the volcano and the deeply interesting phenomena we were about to witness. So, naturally, in spite of the warnings of the guides, Professor Blondel pressed on to make the ascent of the new cone, and gain the very edge of the crater.

From this crater arose columns of vapour charged with sulphurous fumes. Stones and

before-mentioned were discharged with thunderous roars. No flames were to be seen, but on looking down the fumes were found to be illuminated as if by a colossal fire beneath.

On the opposite side of the crater the lava was in a liquid state, and vapour was rising from its glowing surface. The Professor, after examining closely and with great interest everything around us, wanted me to accompany him close to the liquid lava, but I firmly declined to do so, for to me the sight of it was awful enough without closer inspection. Heedless of the counsel of the guides, who strenuously advised him not to go—pointing out that the lava was in a molten state, and that he might slip and fall into it—Professor Blondel persistently determined to proceed, and actually started off. At the last moment one of the guides caught hold of him and passionately urged him not to attempt so foolhardy an adventure, adding that he and his fellow-guides, as natives of the district, knew the frightful danger which was before him, and felt sure he would perish in the attempt. And yet, in spite of these



"TOGETHER WE PEERED INTO THE TERRIBLE INTERIOR OF THE VOLCANO."
 (A SNAP-SHOT NOW POSSESSING A MOURNFUL INTEREST—GUIDES
 POINTING OUT THE DANGER TO THE DOOMED MAN.)
From a Photo, by Dr. Z. E. Birasky.

entreaties and my protests, Blondel positively declined to abandon the attempt, and would not be dissuaded.

"He is going to certain death," said the guide who had addressed himself to me. "I would stake all I possess that this unfortunate signor will never return alive. Such a crazy adventure I have never heard of in all my mountaineering experience. My companions," he added, "join me in repudiating any responsibility for what your friend is doing." As for me, I was in a perfect agony of terror and helplessness. Professor Blondel was still proceeding, so I shouted out to him imploring him to return and not risk his life in such a mad attempt. I now felt certain the lava was too liquid on that side to support his weight. To my cries, however, he never responded, but pressed forward eagerly.

I cannot well describe how I felt at this time. Nothing that I could do would stop the doomed man. And such a hideous death . . . crashing through the treacherous crust, not into icy water, but into living fire!

Anxiously I followed M. Blondel's every step through my glass until he had reached the very edge of the crater. By this time he appeared to be extremely fatigued, and was advancing slowly along the edge, until at last he approached the smooth, recently-formed lava, in which I felt sure he would sink, the surface being too soft to bear him. Still keeping my eyes fixed

upon him fascinated, I thought I should lose my reason. I wanted desperately to call out again to urge him to come back, but I was quite unable to do so. My throat was parched and contracted from the agony of that awful scene. I could only murmur that poor Blondel was lost—lost! As I stood there helplessly, with all my limbs trembling in deadly fear, you may judge of the ghastly shock I sustained when I saw the unfortunate man sink slowly into the fiery lava, from which there was no possible escape. He uttered no sound that I could hear. I can, as I write this, see him as it were again before me, as he clasped his hands in horror and despair, and made desperate efforts to extricate himself. He appeared to call for assistance to help him out of the great expanse of liquid fire—but, alas!—all was in vain. He gradually sank beneath its dread surface, and was swallowed up like a stone that is thrown into deep water.

This heart-rending scene, which lasted only a few minutes, seemed positively to paralyze my faculties. I did not know what to do for some time. All my senses seemed to leave me, and I could not move from the spot whence I had witnessed my dear friend sinking into the sea of fire. My thoughts ran on what he must have suffered in those last moments, and how the unfortunate man should have turned back as he found the vapours grow more suffocating and the lava more treacherously soft.

I see again before me that joyful and courageous Blondel who had yielded up his life in scientific pursuits. For, of course, he would never have gone to the other side of the crater but for his determination to make some meteorological examinations—to carry out his original plans upon which he had started. He had set his mind on solving some problem, and no risk was great enough to deter him. Poor Blondel!

After this terrible disaster, and as soon as I had recovered myself a little, I hastened to make the descent of Vesuvius, leaving for ever in its bottomless pit the remains of my poor friend. Then, taking at the foot of the mountain the road leading to Naples, I made my way to the hotel with all possible speed, and there found awaiting me the refreshments ordered by my late companion. I was, of course, too distracted to eat, and hastened to telegraph to the family of the late Professor what had befallen him. Returning to the hotel, I packed my luggage and returned home by the midnight train.

Some Stanley Relics, and Why They are Prized.

By J. REED WADE.

The renowned Central African Explorer here permits his private relics to be photographed and described for the first time. There is something interesting about each of these historical trifles, and Mr. Stanley himself tells us what it is in each case. Photos. by the writer.



It is now nearly thirty years ago that Mr. H. M. Stanley (now Sir Henry M. Stanley), then practically unknown, was told by Mr. Gordon Bennett to find David Livingstone.

The story of his expedition into the heart of Africa in search of the Doctor, and its success and his subsequent expeditions—these things are too well known to most of our readers to need re-telling here.

The relics of these expeditions—necessarily numerous and of great interest—now rest in glass cases in Mr. Stanley's museum, and it is owing to his kindness and courtesy that we have been enabled to reproduce, for the first time, these priceless treasures around which so many memories, both pleasant and terrible, are entwined.

Perhaps the object Mr. Stanley prizes most of all in the collection is the Consular cap which belonged to Dr. Livingstone. This cap forms the subject of our first illustration. There it is, just as Livingstone wore it at Ujiji (save for the label, pasted on for exhibition purposes) when his faithful attendant, Susi, told him that a white man was approaching. This indeed is the very



LIVINGSTONE RAISED THIS VERY CAP IN RESPONSE TO MR. STANLEY'S FAMOUS GREETING.

cap he raised in response to Mr. Stanley's well-known salutation, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" In colour it is of a bluish tint, and is lined with silk; the faded gold lace band, symbolizing his office, can just be discerned in the photograph. In order to preserve this relic as long as possible the cap is kept plentifully besprinkled with moth powder. In spite of all efforts, however, it will be observed that at the back of the cap some

sacrilegious moths have already made more than one disastrous meal.

Hardly less interesting is the flag next reproduced. This Egyptian flag was carried at the



THIS EGYPTIAN FLAG WAS MADE BY MR. STANLEY AND CARRIED AT THE HEAD OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

head of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, by special permission of the late Nubar Pasha, the then Prime Minister; the object of the expedition being the rescue of Egyptians. The natives of the country through which the expedition was to pass, recognising this flag as a symbol of authority, feared to molest them; but had they carried any other ensign they would probably have met with hostility.

It will be noticed from the photo. that, save for the edge, the flag is intact and unmutilated by spear or bullet, although it has travelled many thousands of miles through all sorts of country—this in itself proving the protection the banner afforded the expedition. Its edge is simply frayed by continual flapping in the wind. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Stanley cut out the stars and crescent himself, and stitched them on to a piece of red cloth—surely an admirable piece of work for a member of the sterner sex, whom few would suspect of dexterity

with the needle. Indeed, Mr. Stanley became quite adept in the use of needle and thread—a fact which is fully established by our next illustration.

The cap shown here was actually made by the



MR. STANLEY MADE HIMSELF THIS CAP OUT OF A BIT OF TENT CLOTH.

intrepid explorer himself when in the Great Forest of Africa. He found that the helmet which he had worn up to that time, and which was in too dilapidated a condition to be used any longer, impeded his taking a quick aim at any animal or bird which passed his track. As soon as he raised his arm to fire, the peak at the back of the helmet, made for protecting the neck from the heat of the sun, would come into contact with the shoulder-blade, tilting the helmet over his eyes just as he was about to take aim, and frequently causing him to miss his mark. He, therefore, made the sun cap reproduced, which, of course, has no back peak. The cap is composed of a piece of tent cloth, and is lined with beaten-out fibre from the calabash, forming an excellent shield from the sun's rays; the visor, of course, being taken from another old cap.

A bulldog revolver and two knives were the weapons Mr. Stanley carried personally, his rifle and elephant gun being borne by native porters. The revolver, which we reproduce next, has an interesting history. When fired, the recoil from this weapon was so great that, at a greater distance than thirty yards, it was found impossible to aim accurately. This was a great drawback, and Mr. Stanley, therefore, set to work to steady the revolver in some way. That "necessity

is the mother of invention" he had many opportunities of proving, notably in this instance. Detaching a portion of his mahogany boat, the *Alice Mary*—part of section 3, as will be seen from the photograph—he shaped it like a gun-stock, and screwed the piece on to the handle of the revolver, converting that troublesome little weapon into what looks like a small rifle; a very simple but effective device for surmounting his difficulty. With this butt-end arrangement Mr. Stanley found he could bring anything down at a distance of eighty yards, which, of course, was a great improvement upon thirty yards without the appendage. Strapped to his shoulder and hanging at his side, the revolver became a very useful weapon, leaving his right hand free to make use of his staff. The conception of fastening a butt-end on to a revolver is an old idea now; it was not so, however, when Mr. Stanley used the device in the Great Forest. The idea was, in fact, entirely his own; he knew he had to steady his revolver somehow, and after careful thought he succeeded,

as we have shown.

The great explorer's two knives form the subject of our next picture. The larger of the two was carried fastened to his belt, and was used for cutting a passage through the undergrowth of the forest, or for lopping off the offending bough of

a tree; the smaller one—presented to him, by the way, by a Queen's Messenger—was used as a kind of handy knife for anything and everything which might need cutting or severing.



HOW MR. STANLEY CONVERTED HIS REVOLVER INTO A GUN. THE STOCK FORMED PART OF HIS BOAT.



THE LARGER OF THESE TWO KNIVES MR. STANLEY USED FOR CUTTING A PASSAGE THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH OF THE GREAT FOREST.

The cartridge next reproduced is a specimen of the missile used for penetrating the hide of elephants. The half-crown which is photographed by its side will give the reader a fair idea of its size. The leaden bullet weighs about three ounces, yet Mr. Stanley relates how on one occasion he hit an elephant three times in succession with similar projectiles, and then failed to secure his quarry; the animal



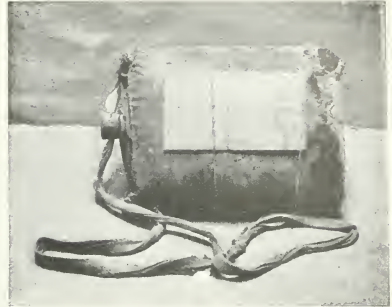
THE EXPEDITION WAS KEPT IN MEAT BY THESE SHOTS. THE HALF-CROWN SHOWS THE RELATIVE SIZES.

escaping into the dense bush, probably only to die there from loss of blood.

The expedition was kept in meat principally by what fell to these shots. The elephant rifle, or "little cannon," as it was termed by the natives, and with which these terrible bullets were fired, was, of course, very heavy, and it was no easy task to fire it accurately. Mr. Stanley, however, got so used to it, that during one month he secured fifty-seven blue and water buck by its aid, not to mention smaller animals. One of the missiles shown was sufficient to kill anything from a buffalo downwards; elephants sometimes requiring a second shot.

Whilst with the expedition, no white man ever thought of going out for a day's hunting without his little stock of medicines; indeed, he would as soon think of leaving his rifle behind. Hot and tired after a hard day's work, what could be easier than to catch a chill whilst resting? And then fever would probably ensue, as it does in nearly every case, whether the trouble be sunstroke, dysentery, or chill; and the hunter, unable to crawl home in such a condition, would in all probability die in the forest. Provided with medicine, however, he would be able to allay or perchance prevent the fever. Our next illustration shows Mr. Stanley's little pocket medicine-chest. It is about the size of an ordinary card-case, the medicines being made up in doses in the form of tabloids, a large number of which were taken by the expedition.

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THIS WATER-BOTTLE ALWAYS HUNG AT MR. STANLEY'S SIDE, BUT OFTEN FAILED HIM ON THIRSTY DAYS.

The bottles could be refilled, of course, when empty, each phial holding about twenty to thirty tabloids. The little tablet shown is presumably for writing down prescriptions or notes.

The water-bottle depicted above always hung at Mr. Stanley's side. As will be seen from the photograph, it has been covered with a piece of cloth—not by Mr. Stanley himself this time, but by his native boy Saleh. This was done to keep the heat of the sun from evaporating the water. In spite of this, however, Mr. Stanley has many a time gone to it in order to slake his thirst, only to find the bottle empty!

Not only water did they lack on occasion, but food also. During the march through the Great Forest they absolutely ran out of all food, subsisting on berries and wood-beans—in fact, anything eatable which they could find. Hence the interest attaching to our next illustration, which shows a wood-bean, the half-crown piece being photographed by its side in order that the reader



THE POCKET MEDICINE-CHEST WHICH MR. STANLEY TOOK WITH HIM. IT IS ONLY THE SIZE OF A CARD-CASE.



DURING THE MARCH THROUGH THE GREAT FOREST THEY RAN OUT OF FOOD, AND HAD TO LIVE ON WOOD-BEANS LIKE THIS (HALF-CROWN ON LEFT.)

may compare their relative sizes. Its native name is the "makweme," and it grows in pods, four beans in each pod, of about 10 in. long. The bean is very plentiful in the forest, and, being an inch thick, is fairly substantial. It has a tough, dove-coloured skin, which when scraped away—a hint, by the way, given them by a Pygmy woman whom they happened to encounter—the bean may be mashed, bruised, or boiled whole. On account of its tough, leathery nature, however, the bruising method was usually adopted. When these beans, which were at least satisfying, were not forthcoming, Mr. Stanley and his men had to fall back upon such various kinds of berries as they could find. And when nothing of even this sort was to be procured they had to consume white ants, slugs, crabs, tortoises, and roast field rats—an experience surely terrible enough to turn any man's hair white in the course of three years.

But to turn to a more pleasant subject. Our next illustration is a photograph of the compass



TWO COMPASSES USED BY MR. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION THROUGH THE "MIST" FOREST. IT IS AS TRUE NOW AS EVER IT WAS.

which guided the expedition through the Great Forest of Central Africa. Mr. Stanley always carried this instrument fastened round his neck. Without it he says it would have been impossible to penetrate the forest. Like a ship in mid-ocean without a compass—nay, worse, for the ship usually has the stars by which to guide her course—the expedition would infallibly have been lost. It would have taken a circular route, always returning to the place from whence it started. Every tree is alike; there is nothing which could in any way serve as a guide, the trees themselves turning the most brilliant sunlight almost to twilight. This compass certainly was an important factor in the *matériel* of the expedition. At one time it was jappanned, but every vestige of the enamel has now disappeared through constant wear. The compass itself, however, remains as true as ever it was.



A BOX OF MATCHES WITH A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

The little box of safety matches next reproduced has had an eventful career. It was left at Yambuya with the reserve stock of provisions, etc., whilst the expedition journeyed farther down the river, and was subsequently sent on with other things by canoe. In its course the canoe filled several times with water, only reaching the expedition after some months. The next adventure undergone by the matches was to be upset in the Great Forest, and being valuable they were, of course, scrupulously picked up and replaced, and when needed were found to strike quite properly. After the return of the expedition the remaining matches, together with the box (which is of the kind sold in London streets at six boxes for a penny), were duly installed amongst the Stanley relics as champion long-distance travellers—at any rate, as far as a box and matches are concerned.

Our next picture shows the three whistles with which Mr. Stanley called his followers together. The whistle to the left was given to the explorer by a friend, an officer, and has engraved upon it the words, "Oh, blow such kind of walking." This mysterious inscription, the existence of which Mr. Stanley was not even aware until it was pointed out to him after his return, is a



THE THREE WHISTLES WITH WHICH MR. STANLEY CALLED HIS MEN TOGETHER. THE MIDDLE ONE WAS PRESENTED BY MRS. STANLEY.

curiously appropriate one in view of the immense amount of tedious walking Mr. Stanley accomplished.

The police whistle in the centre, presented to him by Miss Tennant (now his wife), was only used on special occasions. If, for instance, news had come to Mr. Stanley which he wished to communicate with all possible speed to his followers he would blow this particular whistle; and so accustomed did the natives get to its sound, that they could tell exactly in what sort of mood their leader was when he gave the signal! If blown impatiently they knew that the sooner they answered by their presence the better it would be for them; whereas, if an ordinary blow were given, they took their own time and strolled leisurely towards the appointed meeting-place.

The next illustration is, indeed, an interesting one. It shows the last pair of boots Mr. Stanley wore on his expedition, together with their condition when he reached civilization. Six pairs were taken, each made specially strong in order the better to resist the tremendous wear and tear. And the expedition lasted over three years, one pair of boots wearing out in

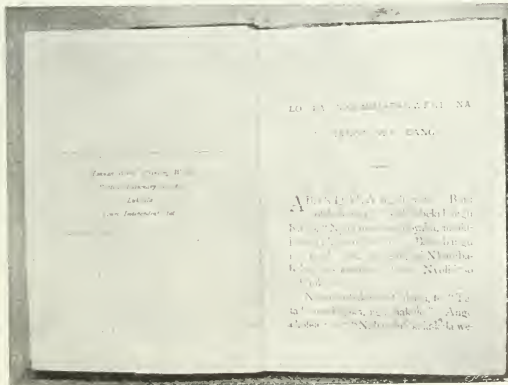
about nine months when travelling over ordinary paths. This pair, however, did not last anything like that time. They had to be used whilst Mr. Stanley was travelling from Stanley Falls to the coast. By far the greater part of this journey had to be made over rocky ground, by leaping from boulder to boulder and scrambling over sharp rocks — which, as will be clearly seen from the photo., is a bad thing for boots. The sole is completely gone from the farther boot, and in the near one it is fastened to the boot with pieces of trade wire; the patch covering a rent in its side being made out of a portion of sail-cloth taken from the inflatable pontoon which was used during the expedition.

Our concluding illustration is interesting inasmuch as it shows what strides civilization has made of late years in Africa. This little book, presented to Mr. Stanley by a missionary, was printed at Lukolela, in Central Africa, entirely

by the natives, and in the language of the Upper Congo tribes. The missionary wished to show Mr. Stanley that the people with whom he once fought were already giving up their evil ways for more peaceful pursuits. It certainly is an admirable piece of native work.



THE EXPLORER'S BOOTS AS THEY WERE WHEN HE REACHED CIVILIZATION. THEY HAD BEEN REPAIRED WITH SAIL-CLOTH AND TRADE WIRE.



A SIGN OF PROGRESS. THE PRINTED BOOK PRESENTED TO MR. STANLEY BY A MISSIONARY ON THE CONGO.

A Doctor in the Wilds.

By COL. F. T. POLLOK.

Colonel Pollok's missionary host first relates some hunting adventures, and then tells how a desperately-wounded Masai warrior was brought to him to be cured. And if the missionary medico failed to effect a cure, the whole mission station was to be wiped out!



IN one of my wanderings in East Africa, about two days' journey inland from Mombasa, I found myself on the top of a range of hills. Here was a mission-house, in which a lay missionary resided with his wife and family. He very kindly allowed me and my followers to sleep in a portion of the house

too—three of them in the heart of the town of Mombasa! He wouldn't shoot one there now! We used to sit outside and chat of an evening, and as I was new to that part of Africa, and also an ardent sportsman, I never tired of asking my host questions, which he was ever ready to answer.

"You were at Mpwapwa, were you not?" I



From a] THE AUTHOR IN EAST AFRICA—COLONEL POLLOK IS RECLINING ON THE LEFT.

[Photo.

set apart for the daily services, but we had to clear out each day at 6 a.m., at which hour service was carried on by the incumbent in a native dialect, which neither I nor my comrades understood. However, as we left at daylight to roam the jungle in search of game, and did not return until the evening, that entailed no inconvenience on us.

I found the pastor a gentleman and a man of culture—an M.D. of Edinburgh and London—who, out of pure philanthropy, had volunteered his services as lay brother to the East African Mission. He was a powerful, determined-looking man, a great athlete, and a first-rate shot. He was very fond of natural history, and possessed many specimens of rare birds and some very small antelope. He had shot a good many lions,

inquired. "I am told there is good sport to be had there."

"Yes," replied my host. "A friend of mine was tossed by a buffalo, there; and, if you like to hear the details, I'll relate them as nearly in his own words as I can."

"Pray do so," I replied.

Accordingly, my host, lighting a fresh cheroot, commenced: "About six months after my adventure with the lions in Mombasa, I was ordered off to Mpwapwa (which was then one of our principal stations in this part of Africa—that was before it was handed over to Germany), where there was a good deal of sickness just then. Although I hurried over the ground, as I was anxious to get to my destination, I had good sport *en route*. And I had one rather

narrow escape. I had knocked down an oryx, and, on going up to cut its throat, the antelope sprang up suddenly and prodded at me with his long, sharp horns. So sudden was his attack, that he managed to knock the rifle out of my hand, and one horn actually went through my waistcoat sideways, grazing the flesh. I seized him by both horns, however, and then we had a tussle, I can tell you. Fortunately, I was tolerably strong in the arms, for I was given to athletics and boating in my college days, and do a little gymnastics even now, whenever I get the chance. I was in prime condition and hard as nails on this occasion. The poor brute, though as big as a pony, was severely wounded, and had lost much blood, or the encounter might have ended very differently. After a tough struggle—which lasted, I should say, for nearly five minutes—I succeeded in throwing him over on his side. Then, kneeling down, I got one

round Mpwapwa is a high table-land. It is a lovely country, with every diversity of forest and prairie. Our hunting-ground was from two to three miles off. It was about 4 p.m. when our friend started. Our dinner hour was seven. As he did not return, we waited till eight, and then, fearing some accident had happened, we went in the direction he had indicated. Taking with us some boys with torches, we searched for over two hours, every now and then firing off guns, but we got no reply of any sort; and it was nearly midnight before we came across poor B——, more dead than alive. He was in a truly shocking condition, and unable to articulate. We made a stretcher and carried him home, where for three weeks he hovered between life and death. At last, thanks to a good constitution, sober habits, and an all-powerful Providence, he began to mend; but it was nearly six weeks before he was able to relate



"AFTER A TOUGH STRUGGLE I SUCCEEDED IN THROWING HIM OVER ON HIS SIDE."

knee on to his head, and having my right arm free, I soon put him out of his misery with my shikar knife.

"I had been at Mpwapwa about two months, and some of us generally went out daily to get game for the larder; we seldom came back empty-handed. One day B—— took his smooth-bore, saying he had heard guinea-fowl calling in a nullah not far off, and that he would try and secure a brace or two. The country

what had happened. I may say here that we knew from the marks on his body, and an examination of the ground next day, that he had been mauled by a buffalo.

"I could not leave my patient, but two of our party took up the trail and, after following the brute a long way, came up with him. He proved to be a solitary bull. They came upon him suddenly, and after a stubborn fight killed him. They brought home the head as a present for

B—. It is one of the finest I have ever seen, the horns at the broadest part measuring 5 in. and very thick. Our injured friend gave the following account of his adventure:—

"After leaving you," he said, "I took a broad path to the north-west, and followed it for about two miles. I had seen only a small antelope or two, for there is seldom anything bigger so near the station. I had ball cartridges in my pocket, but my gun was loaded with No. 4 shot only. The nullah I told you of was then about half a mile off, and I was walking quietly along the narrow pathway, skirted with longish grass, when I heard footsteps behind me, and had only partially turned round, when, without the slightest warning, I was tossed high into the air and flung to a considerable distance. There were no preliminaries (exciting or otherwise) such as one reads about. Of course I was much shaken, but no bones were broken, nor was I wounded. Had I lain quiet, I have no doubt I should have escaped further injury; but, in the excitement of the moment, I jumped up to recover my gun—only, however, to find a fiend in the shape of a buffalo of the largest size down upon me again. This time the monster severely wounded me, and threw me with great violence. Following me up closely, he thrust his huge horns forward, and rolled me backwards and forwards, mauling me dreadfully. I did not lose consciousness, but remained as quiet as I could, feigning death. I was afraid he would kneel on me and knead me to a jelly: indeed, twice he essayed to do so, but seemed to change his mind each time.

It was dreadful to feel the hot breath from his nostrils, and see his diabolical eyes glaring at me only a few inches off.

"Having rolled me about, the buffalo presently stood still and eyed me suspiciously. He then walked off a few paces and paused. Whether I unwittingly moved a limb, I know not, but that fearful brute rushed back again and tossed me as though I had been a rag doll. Never can I

hope to describe the stunning thrust of the powerful horn, the giddy sensation of flying through the air, and the final crash as my poor maimed body struck the earth. This time I lost consciousness, and knew nothing more until I found myself here in bed."

"What a perfectly miraculous escape!" I exclaimed, as the doctor concluded the story of his friend.

"Yes," he replied; "but after I married, and my wife and I went to live at a solitary station of the mission, I think we had an even narrower escape from those mighty warriors, the Masai. The people of the surrounding country were all communicants. We had built a large chapel, and it was daily well attended. The inhabitants



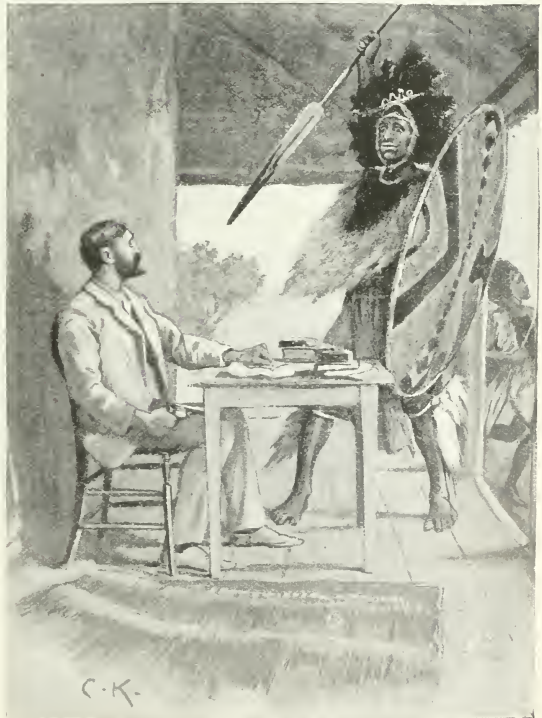
"HAVING ROLLED ME ABOUT, THE BUFFALO PRESENTLY STOOD STILL AND EYED ME SUSPICIOUSLY."

had few cattle, and there was nothing to attract the Masai to that district. Besides, we were far away from any of their usual haunts. Yet one morning these dreaded warriors rushed into the villages, killing men, women, and children in the most appalling manner. The few who escaped the first rush fled to us for protection, but were followed very quickly by the relentless savages. Our first child was then but a month

old, and my wife barely convalescent. Imagine my horror and despair when I found we were completely in the power of these dreadful savages, who had never been known to spare a soul. I had my battery at hand, and although I did not value so much my own life, I was determined to defend my family to the utmost of my power. At the same time, I knew that unless a Higher Power intervened, we were as good as dead; for what could one man do against a horde of bloodthirsty Masai? I had but little time to think, however. I fastened the doors of an inner room as well as I could upon my wife and child, and then, with my guns lying on the floor close to my feet and covered over with a mat, I sat with a small table in front of me in the veranda, which was raised about a foot and a half off the ground. Had we had secure fastenings to our doors and windows, I should have barricaded the house and fought it out; but living amongst the more simple Africans, we had acquired a sense of security, and our frail doors and windows had neither shutters, bolts, nor bars. Indeed, there was no need for them, living as we did, and trusting our people. In the ordinary way there was much greater danger to be apprehended from wild beasts than from men in that region. A few minutes after the first attack, a crowd of fugitives came running up the hill-path which led to our house, closely followed by the Masai.* It is impossible to describe with accuracy the savage appearance of these blood-stained monsters. Hideously ugly naturally, they adorn their persons with every device that can make them look still more repulsive. The extraordinary fringe of feathers that envelops their ugly countenances; the loose monkey skin, which, fastened by a string of beads round the throat, lies across the back, swaying to and fro with every movement of the body; their huge naked limbs, the great spear and shield, and the short sword carried at the waist

in a leather belt, with a formidable knob-kerry; and the bits of feathery skin tied below the knee which fly out as they trot along—all these render the Masai the most terrifying of human beings.

"Two or three of the poor villagers were speared and killed in front of where I sat, and my blood boiled at my own impotence. But for my wife and child I would have shot down some of the savages where they stood, regardless of the consequences to myself. As it was, I was obliged to sit still, quivering with rage and horror, my revolver grasped tightly in my hand and resting on my knees just under the ledge of the table. Suddenly one of the chiefs, a giant in stature, with blood dripping from the blade of his spear, sprang into the veranda, and with upraised weapon stood glaring at me, not a yard off. We were both, I believe, within an ace of death. Had he moved forward but an inch I should have shot him dead,



"ONE OF THE CHIEFS SPRANG INTO THE VERANDA, AND WITH UPRaised WEAPON STOOD GLARING AT ME, NOT A YARD OFF."

* This strongly recalls the scene preceding the massacre of the missionaries—Mr. and Mrs. Houghton—by the Masai, as related in our May number by Mr. Walter Bone, now residing in Sydney. Mr. Bone afterwards visited the Masai country to inquire into the dreadful affair.

and been myself instantly speared by his numerous followers. Controlling my feelings, however, and speaking in one of the native dialects, I said, 'Well, chief, what is the matter? Sit down and tell me what brings you here, where there are no cattle and only a harmless people.' He appeared to understand what I said, but spoke so rapidly in return that I could not follow him. Lowering his spear, he again addressed me, this time more slowly, and I made out a part of what he said. We had, it appeared, a girl in the mission who had formerly been a slave among the Masai, and as the chief asked for her, I called out to my wife to send her to me at once. In the meanwhile the slaughter had ceased, and the warriors now assembled in great numbers in front of the house, and even in the veranda itself.

"The poor girl presently came out, trembling

but did not care about the latter, as he could not understand it. 'If you are a great medicine man,' said he, 'attend without delay to one of our principal men, who has been severely injured by a buffalo. If you can cure him, we will go away and never again molest this part of the country, nor allow anyone else to do so.'

"'Where is he?' I inquired; 'send for the sick man.' So saying I called out to my wife, telling her that she need not be afraid, but might show herself and the baby. I also told her to collect our servants and get a room ready for the expected patient. I then quietly pocketed the revolver, removed the guns and rifles from beneath the mat, and got together my medical instruments and appliances.

"About a quarter of an hour later a warrior was carried in, in a sort of native blanket, and I laid him down on the camp-cot and examined him



THE WARRIOR LIES ON THE CAMP-COT, AND EXAMINED HIM MOST CAREFULLY.

all over, and no doubt thinking her last hour had come. However, on seeing me sitting down quietly and unharmed, she became a little more tranquil, and proceeded at my request to interpret the interview. The chief then demanded what I was doing there. I told him I was a medicine man, who administered not only to the body but also to the soul. He said he could appreciate my usefulness in the former,

most carefully. I found a compound fracture of the thigh; several ribs and a collar-bone broken, and the body generally not only punctured in several places, but practically one vast bruise. A worse case I never saw, and as the wounds were several days old, I was afraid gangrene had, or would very soon, set in. I thought that in order to save the life of my savage patient I should have to amputate the broken leg close

to the hip; but when I suggested this, the patient and his comrades grew furious, and promptly denounced me as an impostor. 'What use,' they asked, 'would a warrior be with only one leg, even supposing he survived the disastrous operation?'

"The savages now became very threatening in their language and manner, when my suggestions were interpreted. May the sympathies of the respectable London family practitioner be with me!—for surely a doctor never had so amazing a 'kill or cure' case, so there was nothing for it but to do the very best I could for the desperately wounded man, and then trust to Providence. I desired all the Masai but two to retire, and before they went they promised a truly embarrassing truce. No man, woman, or child among our people was to be injured *while the wounded chief lived!* If I couldn't save him, however, we would all be wiped out. That was exactly the situation. In the meantime they appropriated the few cattle the villagers had, and feasted on them. My milch cow they spared, as we told them it was required for the baby. Turning to the patient on whom so much depended, I reduced the fracture, bound the man up *secundum artem*, washed his sores with diluted carbolic acid, and did all I possibly could. Then, giving him a mild opiate, I enjoined the greatest quietness and left Nature to do the rest. Now, although these Masai live on a meat diet exclusively, they are abstemious in every other respect, and taking, as they do, an immense deal of exercise, they are naturally healthy and hardy. In a week my patient was decidedly better, and if the improvement went on, I hoped to save not only his life but his limbs also. But it was an anxious time, as you may suppose. My wife attended on the savage assiduously, and fed him like a child. At first he objected to any diet but that to which he had been accustomed—that is to say, great pieces of half-cooked beef. But beef was scarce with us. We seldom tasted it, and lived mostly on dried antelope meat, which I either shot or purchased from the village shikarees. We fortunately had

just at this time a large stock of meat, as I had lately been unusually lucky in bagging a lot of deer and two buffaloes. Out of this store we made the strongest extract we could, and persuaded the sick man to take it. His progress was rapid and splendid. After ten days or a fortnight the greater part of his tribe, finding him doing so well, left our country—to my unspeakable relief—promising that we should not be molested again.

"In a month all but two had left; one was a brother of the chief who had threatened me on the day of the raid, and the other some relation of the wounded man. At the end of another month even these two left, asking when I thought the invalid would be able to get about again. I told them in about six weeks or two months more, and they promised to return then. They had noticed my fondness for natural history specimens, whether dead or alive, and when they did come back they actually brought with them (carried by people whom they had forced to act as porters) quite a small menagerie of birds and beasts, and also a lot of horns. Some of these I have been able to send home by men of the mission going back to England for a change of climate, but I have several rare birds, especially two live eagles, which I think are new to science, and which I greatly prize. It is, however, very difficult to get them food, as they will touch nothing but fresh raw meat, which is not always obtainable."

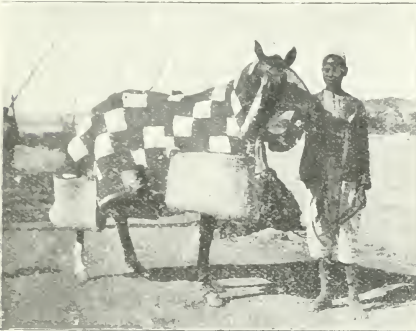
I told the good doctor I should be going home shortly and would, with pleasure, take charge of anything for him.

"But what became of the wounded man," I asked; "and did the Masai keep their promise?"

"The chief got quite well," was the reply; "he had a slight limp, but it was scarcely perceptible, and so grateful was he for my treatment and the care bestowed upon him by my wife, that he presented her with the full-dress costume worn by a Masai chief of the highest rank, together with all his implements of war. You can see the whole 'harness' hanging over there."

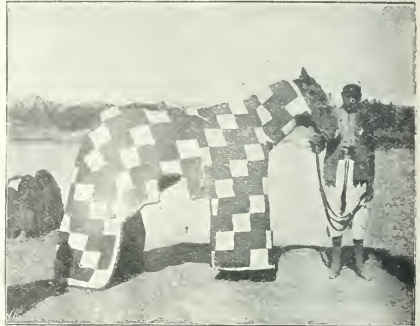
Odds and Ends.

The photographs reproduced in this section are selected as representing the highest standard of interest and remarkableness. They are the pick of thousands received from all parts of the earth.



THIS IS HOW THE DERVISHES PROTECT THEIR HORSES IN INTER-TRIBAL WARFARE—SKIRTS UP FOR CHARGING.

From a Photo.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS THE THICK QUILTED COTTON SKIRTS ARE DROPPED, SO AS TO PROTECT THE HORSES' LEGS FROM SPEAR-THRUSTS. (Photo.)

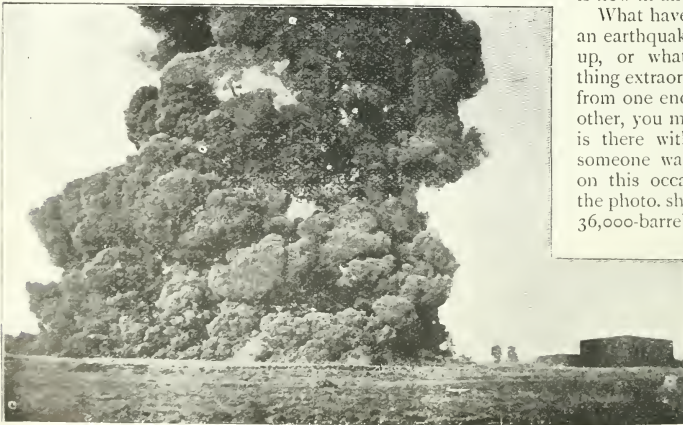


IRST of all this month we have two photographs, taken at Assouan, Egypt (First Cataract of the Nile), of a horse in a Dervish cavalry protector. This curious armour was only worn by Dervish cavalry whilst engaged in inter-tribal warfare. The rider himself wore a very thick quilted and coloured cotton garment, reaching from the shoulders to the feet, open in the middle, front, and back, to enable him to mount and dismount with facility. Over this the Dervish wore a chain-mail shirt reaching to his hips in order to arrest pointed spears. Arm-pieces and a shield, together with a helmet,

completed his military outfit. The photographs show the rider's horse protected by a large and curiously-made garment of the same heavily-quilted cotton, the thickness being nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ in.—quite enough to render a cut from a sword or a blow from a broad spear quite harmless. The head and breast of the horse, by the way, are also covered with metal armour. A fantastic design of red and white squares has been adopted in the armour shown in our photos.—a design at once distinctive and pleasing to the eye. Loops are provided to enable the skirts to be drawn up and let down respectively when galloping and going into action. This rare specimen is now in an English collection.

What have we got here? Is it an earthquake, a tornado coming up, or what? Whenever anything extraordinary is happening, from one end of the States to the other, you may be sure someone is there with his camera; and someone was certainly "there" on this occasion. The fact is, the photo. shows the burning of a 36,000-barrel tank of crude oil,

situated about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the south-west of Findlay City, Ohio. This tremendous fire was caused by lightning striking the tank. Fifteen hours after it was struck, Mr. A. M.



SOMETHING LIKE A BLAZE—A 36,000-BARREL TANK OF CRUDE OIL AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

From a Photo. by A. M. Ketchum, Findlay, Okio.

Ketchum, the photographer of Findlay, was on the spot with business in his eye and a few plates in his camera. The tank seen to the right of the vast smoke-cloud is 25 ft. high, and of equal capacity to the one that is burning.

What are these—bathing machines? No—listen. The Chinese—the better class, that is

from the central area, and exposed to the observation of the soldiers who guard the place, and watch that no one has the least intercourse with the imprisoned students. Confinement in this cramped position, where it is impossible to lie down, is exceedingly irksome, and is said to have caused the death of many old students



THEY ARE NOT BATHING-MACHINES, BUT EXAMINATION-SHEDS AT CANTON—IN THESE THE STUDENTS ARE KEPT IMPRISONED.
From a Photo.

—are perpetually passing examinations in the hope of being appointed to some fat Civil Service post which will enable them to acquire riches. And our photo. shows the Canton Examination Hall, or Koong Yuin, as it is called. It contains 7,500 cells, each measuring four feet by three, and high enough to stand up in. The furniture consists of two boards, one for sitting on and the other contrived to serve both as writing-desk and eating-table. The cells are arranged round a number of open courts, receiving all their light and air

who were unfit to undergo the fatigue, but who still enter the arena in the hope of at length succeeding. The characters on the cells indicate the particular place for each student.

The curious photo. showing hundreds of graves will give you some idea of the "prospect" round about Tientsin, in China. In the distance you will see men at work on them; and right on the horizon the walls of the city itself are visible. Every year, at a stated time, these graves are put in order by guilds, which exist for this very purpose; and the men in the photo.



A WEIRD GRAVEYARD AT TIENSIN—THE DABS OF WHITE TELL THE CHINESE WORLD THAT THE GRAVES OF THE DECEASED
From a ARE BEING CARED FOR. *[Photo.*



PULQUE, THE NATIONAL DRINK OF THE MEXICANS, IS OBTAINED FROM THE CACTUS PLANT.
From a Photo. by Lorenzo Becerril.

are engaged in this work. On each grave you will observe a dab of white. This is "joss pidgin": and the patch is equivalent to a prayer for the departed. It is also a sign that the departed's grave has been looked after.

Pulque, the national drink of the Mexicans, is manufactured from the milky sap of the maguey plant, or cactus, which covers acres upon acres of ground in the vicinity of all the cities and towns. In the accompanying photograph we see a Mexican drawing off the sap from the central leaf bulb into a pig-skin, which, when full, will be strapped upon the back of the patient *burro* in waiting. The pulque is sold in the market exactly

as obtained from the plant, and has then the taste and appearance of corn-juice. In the fermented state, some two days old, the pulque is slightly intoxicating, and in this condition is drunk in enormous quantities by all classes, but especially by the poorer people. There is a third variety known as *meschal*, which is a powerful intoxicant. The pulque plants, as may be seen from our illus-

tration, often grow to a height of 6ft. or 8ft., or even more.

As a bull's excellence for Spanish sporting purposes depends on the fierceness of his temper, it is obvious that he can only be brought in to the towns from his pastures with all manner of precautions. The small hours of the morning are generally chosen for the purpose, when few people are likely to be about. Our

photograph represents the departure of some fierce Andalusian bulls from the pastures between Cordoba and Seville. The herd may be discerned grazing in the background. A regular track has been fenced in all the way to the outskirts of the town, and along this a body-guard of horsemen, armed with stout lances, accompanies the bulls which have been chosen for the next *corrida*, or bull-fight, one leading the way and the others bringing up the rear. It would be a very dangerous operation but for the excellent training of the *cabestros* or decoy bulls—long-horned and specially sturdy animals, two of whom may be noted flanking



THIS IS HOW THE FIERCE FIGHTING BULLS OF SOUTHERN SPAIN ARE COAXED FROM THE PASTURES TO THE ARENA.
From a [Photo.]

each fighting bull. The *cabestros* are the most fortunate of all the bulls in Spain, for their lives are spared and their great intelligence earns for them the best of treatment. They will keep the fiercest fighting bull in order and lead him anywhere they may be directed. At the end of the run to town, they have to lure him into one of the cages similar to those we see outside the track. This is always a very ticklish job, and requires infinite patience. Once inside the cage, however, the fiery bull is put on to a cart and driven into the ring, where he remains in the *corral* or stables until the hour of the performance.

The perils and difficulties of the winter mail service in Prince Edward Island, off New Brunswick, may be realized on glancing at the accompanying photo. In the early days the

during the rigours of the winter. Her engines are of such great power as to force her through ice of almost incredible thickness, and her prowess herein has to be seen to be understood. A long continuance of north wind or a heavy blow from that quarter drives the ice from the Gulf of St. Lawrence into the Strait of Northumberland, where, mingling with the ice already formed there, it becomes so closely packed as to defy even the engines of the *Stanley*. On more than one occasion, indeed, she has been caught and imprisoned for more than a week. Hence, when the *Stanley* fails, another service has to be resorted to. This is prosecuted by means of ice-boats which cross between Cape Travers on the New Brunswick coast and Cape Tormentine on Prince Edward Island. These boats are yawls about 14ft. long, built of



THE STRANGEST MAIL SERVICE IN THE WORLD—HAULING THE STEEL-SHOED BOATS OVER THE ICE FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
From a Photo. by (G. Lewis.)

mails were conveyed to Prince Edward Island by sailing vessels in summer, and in winter by couriers and ice-boats of a very primitive type. In 1832 the first steamship was run between the island and the mainland, and for ten years she did good service. Many winter-service boats came after, and serious and numerous were the mishaps and adventures experienced. But all these vessels were more or less unsatisfactory. The advent of the *Stanley*, however, made so great a difference in the winter mail service that to-day she stands forth as the most conspicuously successful of all the experiments that have been made in years gone by. Yet even so fine and powerful a boat as the *Stanley* cannot be depended on to make a continuous service

cedar, and placed on runners of steel. For many years these boats formed the only link between the island and the outside world during the winter months. When the passage across has to be made, the distance is, of course, greatly increased by reason of the constant flow of the ice, the rapidity of which, again, depends on the rate of the tidal current and the velocity of the wind. The boats are fitted with hauling ropes, having stout leather belts at their ends, at a distance apart of from two to three feet. These belts are thrown across the shoulders of men, who walk alongside and pull the boats—a proceeding in which the male passengers are also glad to have a share, in order to preserve their animal heat. The time



From a] EVEN THE SIWASH INDIANS CELEBRATE THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY BY CANOE RACES. [Photo.

of transit depends on the condition of the ice and weather—though, under ordinary circumstances, it occupies from four to eight hours. There are those who profess to enjoy the ice-boat trip, and the novelty of the journey; but it is seldom made without more or less peril; and, on more than one occasion, it has even been attended with downright calamity and horror. But was ever such extraordinary boating known as that depicted in our photograph?

The next photograph reproduced depicts an Indian canoe race in the Gorge, Victoria, B.C., on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday. Naturally Victoria is always *en fête* on such occasions, and makes herculean efforts to live up to its name and provide for the entertainment of the many provincial visitors—not to mention the good friends south of "the line." Prominent among the outdoor sports are the bicycle races at the fine Oak Bay track and the regatta in the Gorge. At this latter a huge attendance is always secured. The programme contains competitions for all types of craft, from the native "dug-out" to the naval pinnacle. To new-comers, however, the *pièce de résistance* is undoubtedly the Siwash canoe race, which is shown in our illustration. The boats measure fully 18ft. in length, and are made from a solid block of cedar or fir, hollowed out by adze and fire. Each craft is manned by eleven paddlers, the hindmost acting as steersman. Indescribable excitement prevails during the race, both among the crews and their tribal supporters on shore. The winners receive a perfect ovation on passing the mark, and everybody—including even the losers—is in the best of good humour.

Here we see "Cypress Bill," of Dallas, Texas—a striking and interesting trophy of the lumber trade in the Western States.

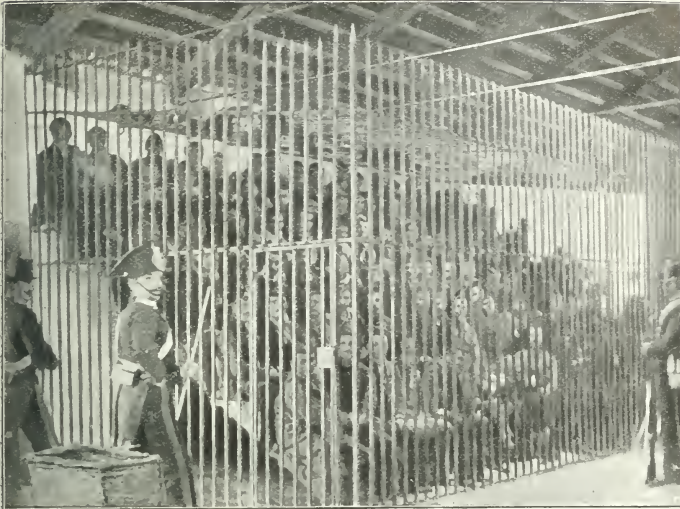
This American suggestion of our own Gog and Magog was made in honour of the Lumbermen's Union by the Phoenix Lumber Co., of Houston, Texas. The figure stands 12ft. high, and is entirely made of wood—even the axe being of the same material. The man seen bearing the mallet and chisel

is the carver and designer of "Cypress Bill," while the man with the saw put it together.

At the top of the next page is shown a remarkable photograph, for which we are indebted to that distinguished administrator, the Right Hon. Lord Stanmore, G.C.M.G. It represents the trial at Bari, in South Italy, of the Secret Society of Malavita. This was a society that existed throughout the whole of the South of Italy, and its members seemed to live as bad a life as it was possible for them to lead. They did not go in for very much open brigandage, but relied principally upon blackmailing, assassi-



"CYPRUS BILL" IS A LUMBER-TRADE TROPHY OF DALLAS, TEXAS—From a] HIS SCULPTORS ARE SEEN AT WORK ON HIM. [Photo.



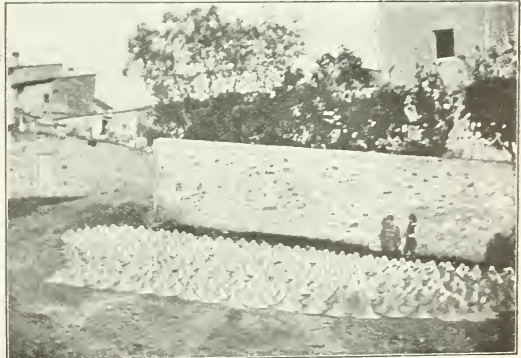
From a] AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL OF ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MURDERERS IN SOUTH ITALY. [Photo.

nation, and secret murder. Their exploits, however, became altogether unbearable, and the authorities took steps to capture the band. They succeeded in making prisoners of no fewer than 170 of them. These were removed to Bari, and during their trial were specially confined in a couple of huge cages like the one in the photo. A significant fact about these men was their extreme youth, for there were only two of them over thirty years of age. The trial lasted three weeks, and throughout the whole of the proceedings the men maintained a most defiant demeanour. The cages in which they were imprisoned were always guarded by gendarmes armed with rifles. While the trial was going on at Bari the great feast of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the town, and of that part of the country generally, was celebrated there. Pilgrimages were made from all parts of the country to the shrine of St. Nicholas at Bari, and one day a very striking incident was witnessed. The prisoners were always marched to the court manacled to a long chain, and as they walked along on this particular day, they presented a most revolting appearance, shrieking out all sorts of blasphemous cries and hurling vengeance upon their captors and accusers. They bore a striking

resemblance to a huge centipede; and as one stood watching them pass through one of the squares singing their revolutionary songs, from the opposite side of the square approached another procession of pious pilgrims singing litanies and waving palms. The contrast was most remarkable. The result of the trial was that most of the men were committed to prison for varying terms of penal servitude. One man who had committed

twenty-eight murders got fourteen years, which was the highest sentence inflicted.

Ouida's charming novel of peasant life, "Signa," has made the little Tuscan village bearing that name known to all the world. It is situated about ten miles from Florence, and is easily reached by tram. The people of the neighbourhood are all engaged in the manufacture of straw hats, one of the staple industries of Tuscany; and our photograph shows a pile of this head-gear in its preliminary stage, drying in the sun. The curious cone-like objects seen



TUSCAN STRAW HATS DRYING IN THE SUN AT SIGNA, NEAR FLORENCE.
From a Photo.

on the ground, having all the appearance of an array of beehives, constitute the straw hat as it leaves the hand of the local plaiter. In this state they are sent away to England and elsewhere to be pressed into the fashionable shapes one sees in shop windows.

When the noble savage becomes a convert to the civilizing influences of Christianity, his fervour is frequently positively hysterical in its intensity. No sacrifice is too great for him to make, and he will go to almost any lengths to prove his devotion to the new faith. Unfortunately, however, his enthusiasm is often very fleeting, and it requires strenuous efforts on the part of the patient missionaries to keep him from sliding back into the old bad ways. Here we see a Solomon Islander whose admiration for the missionary has led him to obtain — probably feloniously — an ancient dress-coat, a “pot” hat that has seen better days, an imposing-looking Testament, and last, but not least, a dropsical



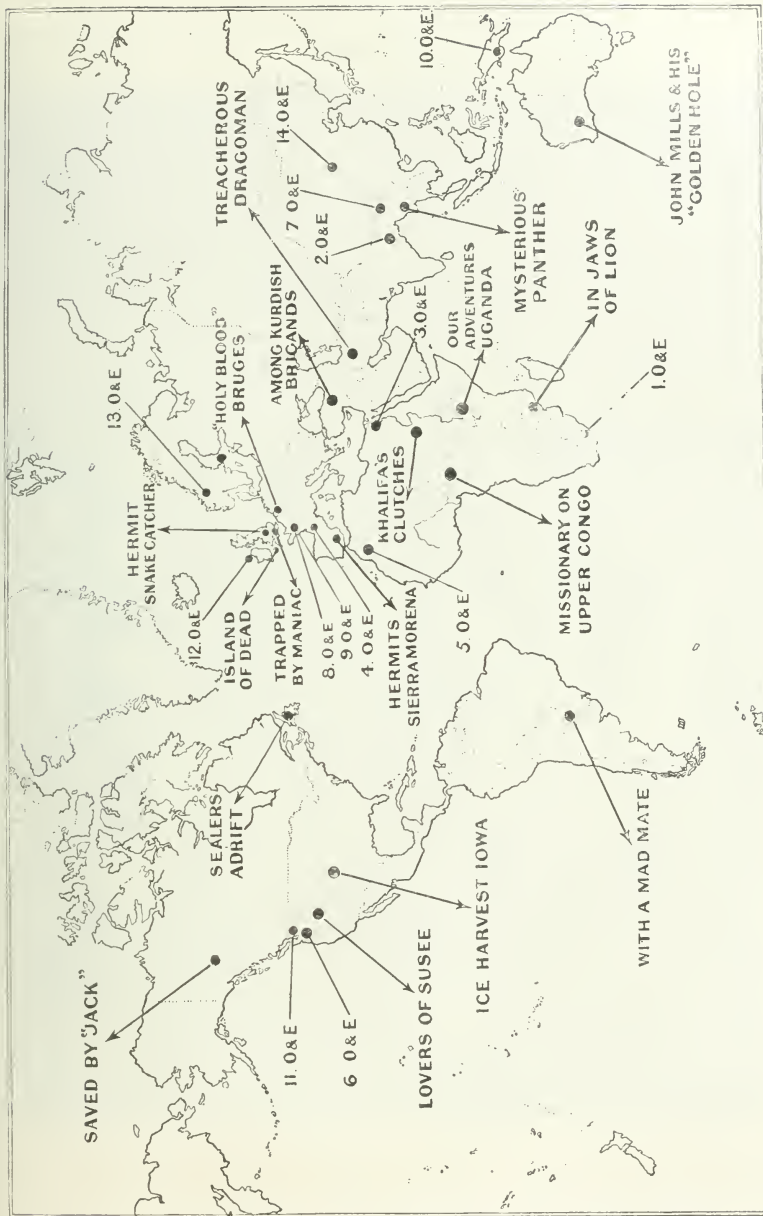
A SOLOMON ISLANDER IMITATING A MISSIONARY IN THE HOPE OF ACQUIRING HIS VIRTUES. [Photo.]

umbrella of the type beloved of Mrs. Gamp. Thus equipped, the devout savage fondly imagines that he is imbued with the same beneficent powers as the good missionary, whose outer garb he has copied to the best of his limited ability.

And lastly we see a road in one of the Western Caroline group, in the Pacific. There is nothing very remarkable about the thoroughfare except the symmetrical border of big stones. These are *coin of the realm* in this benighted island, and the two lines of boulders represent — literally — quite a large fortune. Surely there was never a more cumbrous medium of exchange! When the native desires to buy anything, from a bow and arrow to a wife, he sticks a long pole through the hole in one of his stones, and staggers off to market with it. It is easy to imagine that the completion of a transaction of any magnitude would necessitate the transfer of a veritable quarry in miniature.



A ROAD LINED WITH “MONEY” — WHEN A CAROLINE ISLANDER WANTS TO BUY ANYTHING, HE CARRIES AWAY SOME OF THESE STONES ON A POLE. [J. Paine, Sydney.]





"ADLAN CALLED OUT, 'THIS IS MY DAY; HAVE NO FEAR—ANY OF YOU.
I AM A MAN.'"

(SEE PAGE 119.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 20.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to a novel "Contents-Map" which is reproduced at the back of the frontispiece. It shows at a glance the locality of each article and narrative, and will henceforth be published every month as a kind of supplementary "Wide World" Contents. We hope it will prove both interesting and instructive to young and old.

*In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman.**

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

VI.



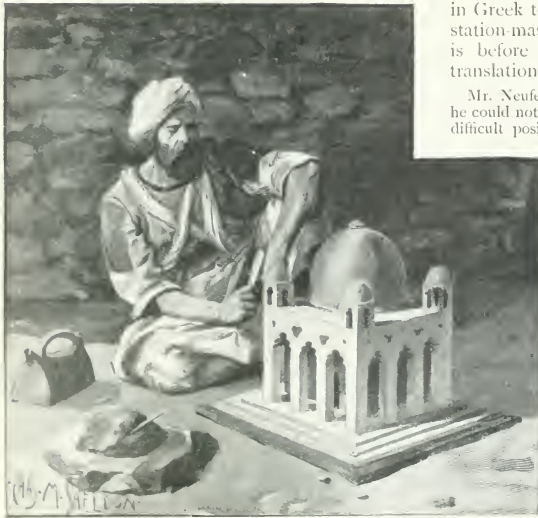
REPORTS now reached us that the Beit el Mal was in sore straits, and that the Khalifa had already expressed his intention of reinstating Wad Adlan if matters did not improve. Then it was that Adlan unbosomed himself to me—practically unreservedly. Gradually, but surely, he gave me to understand that if ever he was reinstated he would do all in his power to secure my release; and he so often told me *not* to attempt flight if I were released, that I saw clearly he meant to assist me. As the Beit el Mal went from bad to worse Adlan's spirits rose, and he appealed to me to advise him what to do in the event of his being reinstated. He saw that for a time, at least, he should have to abandon his old policy, and he did not know in what direction he might have to turn to revive the fallen fortunes of the State Treasury and Granary. Trading had been permitted to a certain extent, so I suggested its extension, but Adlan would not at first hear of this.

Abdullahi's purpose, he said, was to keep the Soudan as much a *terra incognita* as possible, and the further opening up of trade routes would defeat this object. My next suggestion was that the Beit el Mal should hand over to merchants gum, ivory, feathers, etc., at a fixed rate, to be bartered against specified articles required at Omdurman, which, being received into the Beit el Mal to be distributed from there, would allow of its making double profits on the transactions. At first he scouted the idea, for there was not a single man whom he could trust; and if he gave merchants any goods and they did not return with the proceeds of their barter, he himself would be held responsible. It was then that I suggested he should only advance goods to people

who had families in Omdurman, which would insure their returning. Adlan then jumped at the idea of trading, and said that as soon as his release came—for he felt sure he would be released—he would ask the Khalifa to release me also, so that I might assist him in the work. Poor Adlan—"man proposes," etc. The first essential, he told me, was to abandon my present attitude towards Mahdieh, and offer to become a Moslem, or at least a make-believe. I agreed to do so, and Adlan reported to the Saier, who, in turn, reported to the Kadi, that I was willing to embrace the faith.

"What!" said the Kadi, "Abdallah ^{"Nofal a Moslem!"} Nofal a Moslem? No, his heart is the old black one; he is not with us. He is deceiving; his brain (head) is still strong. He is a deceiver, I say; tell him so from me." The Kadi had not forgotten my old discussions with him in the presence of others, when he perhaps had the worst of it, and, therefore, he could not forgive me. Failing my "conversion," he knew that I should have to suffer the tortures of the Saier, and he intended that I should suffer them too. Soon after this, Adlan was released and reinstated in his old post; but he sent word that I must be patient, as he could not speak to the Khalifa about me until he had got back fully into favour, and felt himself as "strong" as ever.

I should have mentioned before that, on the Khalifa asking for designs for the proposed tomb of the Mahdi, Kadi Hanafi and others suggested I should prepare drawings in the hope they would be accepted. In that event, I should have to be released to see to their execution. Remembering the old Tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo, I had little difficulty in drawing a rough sketch of one, and this I had



THE SAIER TO MAKE A CLAY MODEL, AND SPENT SOME THREE WEEKS IN MAKING ONE ABOUT TWO FEET HIGH."

in Greek to my old friend, Mankarious Effendi, station-master at Assouan. The original letter is before me, and the following is a literal translation:—

Mr. Neufeld has asked me to write this letter because he could not write it himself. You cannot know what a difficult position he is in. Since he came here he has been taken twice to the gallows, but was not hanged, and is still in chains, and subject to their mercy. He wants you to take over his business, and to act forthwith as his agent. He borrowed from the bearer a hundred medjedie dollars, which please refund to him, and give him something for his trouble, also try and send him back with two hundred pounds, for which he might buy his liberty. This letter is to be kept secret, as there are people who carry all news here, and if the authorities got to know anything about it Mr. Neufeld's condition would grow from bad to worse.

(Signed) NIROGHOPOLO.

I had heard from people who had come to Omdurman of strange doings in connection with my business, and in order that my manager should understand that the letter was authentic, I also signed it, also using our cipher for payment of £200

A Secret Cipher.

—U.R.F.

While in a fever of excitement and anxiety over the dispatch of these messengers, Adlan sent me a secret messenger to say that Sulieman Haroun, of the Ababdeh tribe, who was then living at Omdurman, was sending his son, Mohammad Ali, to Cairo. Divining that Adlan wished me to communicate with Sulieman, I sent out word that I wished to see him. In a few days' time he gained admittance to the prison, and I at once set to business, and asked him if he would undertake the arrangements for my escape. This he agreed to do, but only on condition that I succeeded in getting outside the prison walls myself. So that he should have some confidence that I would assist also, I asked him to call and see Adlan, and I believe it was Adlan who advanced to Sulieman the two hundred dollars he brought me, and for which I gave a receipt for £100. I gave him a letter for his son to deliver to my manager at Assouan, inclosing a receipt for £100, and an order for payment of a further £200. On receiving the money he was to buy goods, arrange for relays of camels on his return journey, and to bring the goods to the Beit el Mal, where Adlan assured him he would find me. Mohammad Ali was to leave immediately, and return to Omdurman at the earliest possible moment.

submitted to Abdullah as being an entirely original design—a little thing of my own. I was then told by the Saier to make a clay model, and spent some three weeks in making one about 2ft. high. Hundreds came to see it, but one day it was knocked to pieces by a presumed fanatic, who objected to a "dog of an unbeliever" designing the tomb of the holy man.

But from what I learned later, it was only kicked to pieces *after it had been copied*. Adlan, knowing of this incident, next sent me word to prepare designs for the mural decorations of the interior, and I spent some weeks over these. When they were finished I sent them direct to the Khalifa, who in turn sent for Adlan, and told him to make inquiries as to how long the transfer of the designs to the walls would take, and also how much the work would cost. I gave an estimate of sixty days for the completion of the work. Adlan, on his part, said the cost would be *nil*, as he had the paint in the Beit el Mal.

While these designs were being sketched out I made preparations for flight as soon after my expected release as possible; and having paper and ink in comparative abundance, I was enabled to write letters surreptitiously. On October 12th, 1888, I sent my servant to a Greek captive, asking him to write me a letter

Designing the Mahdi's Tomb.

Intricate Arrangements.

Within a few days of the dispatch of this messenger, Moussa Daoud el Kanaga, also of the Ababdeh tribe and an old acquaintance of mine, came to see me, and I enlisted his services. Also I told him of the other arrangements I had made, and asked if he would go partners with Mohamad Ali in effecting my escape. To Kanaga I gave a letter telling my manager that I had drawn against him a draft for £200, which I instructed him to honour. But, in case of accidents, I instructed Kanaga to see Man-kariou Effendi at Assouan, and, failing to find him, he was to make his way to Cairo, and hand the letter to the German Consul. Kanaga left Omdurman about December 30th, 1888.

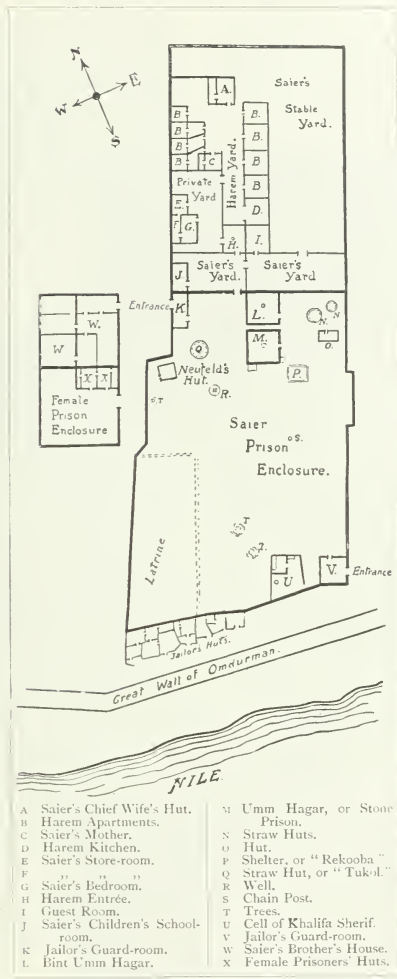
After my remarks ament the *reliable unreliability* of everyone in the Soudan, the deceptions practised one against the other, and the absolute necessity for secrecy, it will naturally be wondered how it was I came to intrust my secret to so many—if secret it could be called, when so many knew of it. The explanation is simple. I *knew* the people I had to deal with, and perhaps you have noticed the seemingly insignificant fact that I *borrowed money from each of the men I employed!* Later in my narrative I will explain these peculiar transactions.

While these different messengers are on their journeys—being “held up” at one place, perhaps, and at others pretending that they were gradually working their way to Berber or Don-

gola for trade—I will relate what was happening in Omdurman.

News filtered “A Victory for the Faithful” through that the “faithful” had won a great victory over the English at Suakin; but as the Saier filled with prisoners who were present at the fight, they gave vastly different versions from that ordained as “official” by Abdullahi. Hence their imprisonment; and in this way we learned the truth. The “faithful” had received a severe defeat. Soon after this the army sent against Abyssinia won its great victory over the forces led by King John, and the fortunes of the Beit el Mal took a turn for the better from the proceeds of the sale of slaves and the loot brought in. Adlan was coming into favour again, but Abdullahi was at this time too much occupied in goading Egypt to give any attention to such relatively minor matters as the decoration of the Mahdi’s tomb or the extension of trade. He was still less inclined to give any attention to such matters when the news arrived—and it arrived very soon—that Nejoumi’s army had been almost annihilated at Toski. My evil star

was certainly in the ascendant, and was mounting higher and higher. It was at this time that the poor, weak-witted Joseppi received a flogging for his vocal exercises, and, having a severe fit of mental aberration in consequence, he went off to Idris es Saier and told him that he knew I was a great military general, and that I was maturing plans for the overthrow of Abdullahi. I do not for a moment believe the



GROUND PLAN OF THE GREAT SAIER PRISON AT OMDURMAN—FROM MR. NEUFELD'S OWN SKETCH.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A Saier's Chief Wife's Hut. | M Umm Hagar, or Stone Prison. |
| B Harem Apartments. | N Straw Huts. |
| C Saier's Mother. | O Hut. |
| D Harem Kitchen. | P Shelter, or "Rekooba." |
| E Saier's Store-room. | Q Straw Hut, or "Tukol." |
| F Saier's Bedroom. | R Well. |
| G Saier's Bedroom. | S Chain Post. |
| H Harem Entrée. | T Trees. |
| I Guest Room. | U Cell of Khalifa Sherif. |
| J Saier's Children's School-room. | V Jailor's Guard-room. |
| K Jailor's Guard-room. | W Saier's Brother's House. |
| L Bint Umm Hagar. | X Female Prisoners' Huts. |

Then Adlan knew what he was saying, for he came back to glare my sagacious mind as usual.

Khosrow and Mohammed Ali we had calculated would reach Omdurman some time in December or in the same days of January, and so the time for their arrival approached. Adlan evidently became more earnest in his entreaties that the work of decorating the Mahdi's tomb should be put in hand. My flight would have to take place as soon as possible after the return of my messengers, otherwise the desert relays would obstruct, hindering that the scheme had taken through. So it was necessary that I should have been at work for some time before that arrival—that is to say, long enough for my guards to grow lax in watching my movements. Day after day Adlan sat in anxiously to inquire, "Have you any news from the Khalifa?" And each day the messenger took back my reply, "No, have you?" But my query referred more to news of my messengers. At last the joyful news came. The work was to be done; and two guards came to the Saier, and conducted me to the Mahdi's tomb. There I discovered that my clay model had been faithfully copied, with the

at the very moment he was receiving it the depiction of the Muslimanich put in its appearance to report the disappearance of Joseppi. How I ever lived through such crushing disappointments I do not know. I was hurried back to prison, and an extra chain fitted to me. How I cursed Joseppi; but I did not know then that the poor fellow had been murdered. It was not long after this when, to my amazement, I saw Adlan himself brought into the prison, heavily weighted with chains. He was taken to a hut some distance from all the others, the prisoners being forbidden to approach or speak to him. During the night, on pretence of going to the place of ablution, I shuffled towards his hut, and when a few yards distant I lay on the ground and wriggled close up, stretching my chains to prevent their rattling and attracting the notice of the guards.

Asking in a whisper, "What has happened?" he replied, in a startled voice, "*Inshee, inshee*"—go away, go away. "Do not speak to me," he muttered. "A big dog has me by the leg this time; go away, or he will get *your* leg." I tried again to learn what was the matter, but Adlan's entreaties for

me to go away were so earnest that I wriggled off, and gained my hut without being discovered. Soon afterwards Adlan's slave boy, when walking past my hut, said, "Do not speak to my master; if you do you will hear the ombeyeh." The whole night through the boy passed backwards and forwards between Adlan's hut and his house outside the prison. Asked as to what he was doing, he gave the same reply each time I put a question to him—"Burning papers; do not speak to my master." I had learned from Adlan that he had been in communication with "friends," and understanding from him that, in the event of my ever returning to Egypt, I was to be his "friend at court" with the Government, I suspected that he was destroying all evidences which

might be used against himself and others. That the Khalifa himself had received word of some correspondence is evident from the rage he exhibited when Adlan's house was searched and no incriminating documents found. Indeed, Idris es Saier nearly lost his head over the matter,



THE MAHDI'S TOMB AFTER THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN—"MY CLAY MODEL HAD BEEN FAITHFULLY COPIED, BUT THE BUILDERS HAD MISSED THE POINT CRITICALLY."

From a Photo.

conception that the builders had shaped the dome conically. Adlan came to me there, and congratulated me on this being my last day in *makkiehs*, or chains. Telling me to remain at the tomb until his return, he went off to the Khalifa to receive his order for my transfer to the Beit el Mal, and

for the Khalifa accused him of having assisted Adlan in disposing of the papers in some way.

But the very worst was to come. On the morning of the third or fourth day of Adlan's imprisonment we saw him

being led out of his hut bound, and taken to the anvil to have his chains struck off. We all knew what this meant—an execution; but most of us believed that the Khalifa was only doing this to frighten Adlan, and impress him with this evidence of his power. We were

not allowed to approach him, but Adlan called out, "This is my day; have no fear—any of you. I am a man. I shall say and do nothing a man need be ashamed of. Farewell."

While extra chains were being fitted to my ankles, the deep-booming ombeyehs were announcing the death of Adlan.

The mourning for his death was general; but few if any knew the reasons which actuated the Khalifa in ordering his execution.

Maybe the fugitive Khalifa himself only knows; but it

is possible I can throw a little light on the matter. To coin a word, Adlan had been "Gordonized." About the time of the anniversary of Gordon's death, Adlan met with his, and that while waiting for that help which it will be seen started "too late."

In reply to the charges of refusing to escape from the Soudan, I have brought together the links of the chain of evidence in my favour up to the present period of

my narrative. Other evidences will be forthcoming in connection with incidents to be treated of later. Certain letters I possess are ample proof that from October, 1888, until April, 1890, my guides and myself were doing all in our power

to effect my escape; and while we were thus occupied others were busy with wedding festivities and dispersing the goods and properties of the helpless prisoner some thousands of miles distant. And while my guide—when not occupied in running from pillar to post—is kicking his heels in the corridors of the War Office, the Intelligence Department on March 10th, 1890, are writing to my wife as follows:—

M o h a m m a d
Effendi Rafai, late
Sub-Lieutenant
4th Battalion, 5th
Regiment, who

left Khartoum three months ago, states that he knew Neufeld very well, and saw him at Omdurman only a few days before he left. Neufeld had been under surveillance until about five months prior to this, but was now free. His release was owing to one of the Emirs representing to Abdullah Khalifa the great service Neufeld had rendered in enabling arms and ammunition to be taken from the Kabbabish at the time he was captured. He now was employed as one of the Khalifa's mulazimeen, and received a small salary; the Khalifa gave him

two wives, and treats him well. Neufeld has very little to complain of except want of funds, which renders living difficult; good food being very dear. He is frequently staying with Ibrahim Bey Fauzy, who has opened a small coffee-shop. It is untrue that the Khalifa ever threatened Neufeld's life; he was only threatened with imprisonment unless he turned Mussulman. Informant does not think it possible that Neufeld can receive any letters, etc., from outside. Neufeld does not occupy himself in business in any way. He has never heard Neufeld express any wish to go away, but does not think he would be able to do so even if he wished it, as everyone knows him.



"ADLAN REPLIED IN A STARTLED VOICE, 'GO AWAY—DO NOT SPEAK TO ME.'"

Refusing to
Escape!

In September, 1888, it had been reported to my wife that, having made an attempt to escape, I had been captured, and taken back to Omdurman and confined. I think that an English lady might well have been spared this unnecessary journey. I thank God mightily — ave, hourly — that He brought me alive from the hell I had to, to rescue my wife and child from the hell they were thrown into through such reports as these.

It must not be imagined, from the foregoing, that there is the slightest attention on my part to fast appearances in the War Office or the Consulate. I place plain, simple facts before you. At the time when I was anxiously awaiting the return of my messengers, picturing to myself the efforts my friends were making to insure success (though they were very differently occupied), reports were being circulated that I refused to escape, and my wife in consequence was the recipient of numberless letters of sympathy, in some of which pious persons were "praying to the Almighty to turn the heart of your erring husband." Others were expressing the hope that the ties which bound her to me would soon be severed by my meeting my deserts

in the hands of the Khalifa's executioner. Those who prayed for me I thank; One who knew the truth heard those prayers. Those who condemned me I do not blame, nor do I feel any resentment against them; they merely believed what was communicated to the Press.

The disappearance of Joseppi, followed by the death of Adlan, threw me into a state of almost abject despair; there appeared to be no hope of my ever being released from the frightful Saier Prison, and after the replies given by Abdullahi to Wad Adlan and the Muslimanieh

when they interceded for me, my friends outside evidently abandoned all hope also. But I was soon to have an interesting fellow-prisoner whose deceptions on Abdullahi and others were indirectly to lead to my release. It will take many generations of Gordon College teachers to uproot the firm belief of the Soudanese in "jinns" (spirits, sprites, and fairies), and also in the supernatural powers claimed to be possessed by certain communities and individuals. Centuries of most transparent deceptions have not shaken the belief of these people, so it was no wonder the Mahdi found many imitators in the miracle-working line, and also that these people found thousands of believers.

Indeed, strange as it may appear,

the more these charlatans failed in their endeavours to produce powder from sand, lead from dust, and precious metals from the baser ones, the more credence was given to the next professing alchemist who came along. For example, a man named Shwybo, of the Fellati country (near Lake Chad), had driven a good trade in Omdurman by inducing people to give him large copper coins to be converted into silver dollars; he had even offered his services to Wad Adlan, but as the Beit el Mal



THE LADY CHARLES McFELD, WHO FREQUENTLY LEARNT EVEN FROM THE WAT OFFICE OF THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.
From a Photo. by Reiser, Assuan.

had already been mulcted in some thousands of dollars by people like him, Adlan refused to entertain any of his propositions. On the death of Adlan, however, Shwybo offered his services to the Khalifa and the Beit el Mal. The Kadi was first instructed to inquire into his pretensions. Now, Shwybo professed to have power over the jinns who converted copper into silver; and in due time a number of his dupes presented themselves to the Kadi, and complained that Shwybo's jinns had not only not converted the coins given them to

work upon, but had actually stolen the coins into the bargain. Shwybo pleaded that the action of the jinns was in consequence of a want of faith on the part of the complainants, and also to their curiosity in trying to see the jinns at work. The jinns, as anyone ought to know, would never work in the presence of strangers; no one but the magician himself might remain in the place where the converting of the metals was in progress.

Shwybo succeeded in imposing on the Khalifa's Government. He was given about a hundred dollars' worth of copper coins, besides incense, drugs, spices, etc., to a further value of nearly two hundred dollars, which were taken

The Experiments Commence.

prisoners were invited to go and see the coins buried in the ground—the jinns having been first propitiated. A quarter of an hour's incantation was given, Shwybo speaking a language which must have been as unintelligible to himself and his jinns as it certainly was to us. A similar incantation had to be given each day until noon on the following Friday, as it was at this hour each week that the jinns finished off any work they had in hand.

Accordingly on the Friday, at noon, we were asked to go to Shwybo's hut; and on the earth being removed, sure enough, *the copper coins had disappeared, and silver dollars had replaced them!* The next Friday, however, only part of the

The Miracle Performed.



THE "MIRACLE OF SHWYBO"—HERE ENOUGH THE COPPER COINS HAD DISAPPEARED AND SILVER DOLLARS HAD REPLACED THEM.

from the Beit el Mal, and charged to the account of the Kadi. The incense, drugs, and spices were to propitiate the angry jinns; but to insure their not being disturbed at work, the Kadi drily remarked that Shwybo had better carry out his experiments in the Saier, where Idris, the head gaoler, would personally see he was not interfered with. He was given a hut apart from the rest, where he set to at once with his incantations and incense-burning. Idris and a number of the

coins had been converted, when Shwybo remembered that the jinns had not been fed, and must now be hungry. They had delicate tastes. Asseeda they would not eat, so they were liberally supplied with roast chickens, pigeons, white bread, milk, eggs, and other comestibles, that made the mouths of us poor, tortured prisoners fairly water. We were not permitted to see the jinns eat, but we were allowed to see the clean-picked bones and empty egg-shells!—surely the next best thing! Yes, it was an

impressive demonstration. Something went wrong again, for on the following Friday it was discovered that none of the coins had been converted. Unbelievers began to whisper that Shwybo had run through his stock of dollars. Idris, at the request of the Kadi, asked me my opinion of the whole thing, as Shwybo wished to have another try. I replied that little children in my country would not be deceived by such silly trickery, and, further, that if the Kadi wanted to spend his money on food, he had better buy some for the starving women and children, and not waste it on supposed jinns.

Whether my reply or the conviction that he had been duped angered him I cannot say, but Shwybo received a severe flogging. Not a cry escaped his lips, however. He even laughed at the same, telling him to strike harder. The flogging over, he confidentially told Idris that although his silver-working jinns had flown off, and that through no fault of his, yet his gold-working jinns had come to his succour, and had interposed their bodies between his and the lash. Hence his fortitude. Idris, as I have already pointed out, was the very incarnation of superstition and credulity, and it was only necessary for Shwybo to mention that his faithful gold jinns could convert lead into gold to

set Idris collecting dollars from the prisoners on the "Nebbi Khidder" account: and with these our head cooler set up a special laboratory for Shwybo in the house of Wad Farag, one of the gaolers—and a reputed son of Idris. Shwybo was now provided with a number of small crucibles; two sets of Soudanese bellows, with a couple of slave boys to work them; a quantity of lead, and a number of packets of drugs and powders from the Bada el Mal pharmacy. Farag was told to keep an eye on the magician and see that he did not part with any of the gold when it appeared. When the first lot of lead was melted, Shwybo drew Farag's attention to its reddish colour, proving that the conversion was taking place; then Farag retired while Shwybo uttered another incantation. On his being called in again, and the cover removed from the crucible, a bright yellow mass was seen, from which strong fumes arose. Farag was told to cover up the crucible quickly, which he did, and left the room with

Shwybo to allow of the jinns completing their work and cooling the metal. Farag then went off to Idris and the Kadi, telling them that the conversion of the lead into gold had actually taken place—that he had seen the gold with his own eyes.

The Kadi was dubious, but as Idris was only employing Shwybo on this work, he declined to come into the prison to see the gold turned out.

When it was believed that the work was complete Idris, Farag, and Shwybo proceeded to the laboratory, when, lo! and behold, *the crucibles were found empty!* Shwybo thereupon accused Farag of having stolen the block of gold, and a tremendous row ensued. The prison and the prisoners were searched, and the gold not being found, Farag was flogged to make him disclose its hiding-place. Shwybo heroically essayed a second attempt, but as Idris insisted upon remaining in the laboratory from beginning to end, the jinns refused to work, and then Shwybo himself was severely flogged. One would have thought that, after this, people would see that Shwybo was duping them, but he continued successfully to collect money for "conversion" from the prisoners, and now and again was even able to give to an earlier dupe one or two dollars he had received from a later one.

The Kadi
has His
Doubts.

Shwybo
gets a
flogging.



"ON THE COVER BEING REMOVED FROM THE CRUCIBLE A BRIGHT YELLOW MASS WAS SEEN."

Complaints were made against him, though, and he received repeated floggings to make him discontinue his frauds, finally dying in the prison as a result of his injuries.

It was while Shwybo was working away at his alchemistic frauds that Hassan Zecki, an old Egyptian doctor, and then in charge of the medical stores of the Beit el Mal, came into the Saier in connection with the drugs being purchased on Shwybo's account. Zecki had known me by name for some time, for I had in my practice as "medicine man" frequently sent him notes for the medicine I required, and not knowing the Arabic terms, I used the Latin names for such drugs as I was acquainted with. From this Zecki must have come to the conclusion that I was a qualified chemist, and as at that time his assistant, Said-abd-el-Wohatt, was, and had been for some time, trying to extract saltpetre in Khartoum and the neighbourhood, Zecki questioned me as to its production in Europe. I had to admit, however, that I had only seen the crystals obtained in the laboratory when at the University, and had no experience of their production on a commercial scale. I told Zecki what little I knew of testing the crystals, and you may imagine my surprise when three days later I was summoned before Yacoub, the Khalifa's brother (who was killed in the Battle of Omdurman), to explain the manufacture of saltpetre. The new Amin Beit el Mal—El Nar El Gerafawi—came to the Saier after sunset, and conducted me to Yacoub's house.

One thinks rapidly under such circumstances, and by the time we reached Yacoub's house I had my tale thought out. I saw that if I declared that I could not do the work I should not be believed, and would be flogged and have extra irons placed on me for "obstinacy." On the other hand, to lead them on to believe that I could manufacture saltpetre meant my release from prison. Well, after a long discussion with Yacoub, it was arranged that I was to construct three large tanks, about 6ft. long and 4ft. high, in which impregnated earth was to be mixed with water, and the solution drawn off and allowed to evaporate. Believing that I should be set to make these tanks or reservoirs, I suggested them, as their construction would necessitate the removal of my chains. And sure enough, the following morning I was called to the anvil, where the rings holding the heavy iron bar were cut and forced open, and the heavy ankle-chain I was wearing replaced by a piece of light awning chain taken from one of Gordon's steamers. I was thankful even for this relief, as it removed a dead weight of 15lb. to 20lb. of iron from my feet.

Under an armed escort I was taken down to the Nile, where I found awaiting me the Emirs Yacoub; Ahmed Fedeel—who was lately causing trouble on the Blue Nile; Mohammad Hamad'na Allah—Zobheir Pasha's old Wakeel; and a party of thirty to forty workmen with materials for the tanks. Whenever Abdullahi gave an order immediate execution of it followed.

I had existed in the vile-smelling Saier for NEARLY FOUR YEARS, and you can imagine how I enjoyed the two hours on the river reaching Halfeyeh. On arrival at this place we were met by El Fiki Amin, a Fellati then in charge of the works. He did not disguise his displeasure at my being taken there, as he evidently considered it a slight upon himself. He was extracting the saltpetre from mounds, mixing the earth and water in pierced jars lined with fine matting, then allowing the solution to filter through, and finally boiling it down to obtain the crystals. His appliances were very primitive, but he was producing a very good quality of saltpetre in "needles." Yacoub now ordered me to search the ground for any deposits, and, coming to a dark, damp patch, I tasted the earth, and, believing saltpetre to be present, I mixed some of the earth with water, pouring off the solution into a small coffee-pot and setting it to boil. More solution was added as the water boiled away, and at the end of two hours I had a small deposit of a thin, syrupy consistency. Pouring this upon a burnt brick, the moisture was absorbed, leaving the crystals behind; and these on being placed on hot charcoal burned away.

I next took some of the earth, dried it, and rubbing it fine, allowed it to fall in a thin stream on to the fire; the "sissing" and occasional coloured sparks convinced all present that a valuable deposit of saltpetre had been discovered, and Hamad'na Allah was sent to Omdurman to inform the Khalifa of this important find. During his absence the Fellati told Yacoub that the burning of the crystals was no proof that they were saltpetre. I was, therefore, ordered to produce a quantity to be submitted to Zecki and the Greek Perdikaki, the Khalifa's gunpowder manufacturer. Hassan Zecki himself came to Halfeyeh to examine the crystals and declared them good. Perdikaki sent a Greek employed with him, but this man, not being able to give an opinion, he took the crystals to Perdikaki, his master, who sent me a message to the effect that they were useless, but that rather than I should be sent back to prison he would say they were good on condition I tried to produce further quantities in "needles,"

An
Impostor's
End.

Taken to
the Nile.

Summoned
before
Yacoub.

Comic
"Experi-
ments."



EXTRACTING SALTPETRE FROM THE URINE OF THE EAST INDIA WATER.

and his affairs. It was really a serious situation. Practically my life depended on finding deposits of saltpetre, about which I knew little, and manufacturing the stuff when I had found it—a thing I felt terribly incompetent to do. But at every resourcefulness were needed, surely now was the time! On Hassan Zecki presenting his report to the Khalifa, and telling him that I should have some large pans sent out to me, he sent off a number of big copper boilers, and an officer's camp bath. The latter must have been taken from Khartoum or Hicks Pasha's army. The Fellati in charge grew very sullen on seeing all these preparations, and Yacoub, knowing that the Khalifa was entirely dependent upon the Fellati—the only people who seemed to understand the extraction of the saltpetre—rather than offend the man, asked

me if I thought I could not find deposits elsewhere.

I innocently suggested
A New Suggestion. looking farther north, but this would not do.

He wanted a place close to Omdurman—where I could be watched. I then suggested Khar-toum, but the Khalifa would not at first hear of my transfer there. What probably decided him was that, when I had been two weeks at Halfeyeh, Hasseena came to tell me that Makkieh, her child, was dead, and the Khalifa hearing of the loss, and believing that there was now nothing to hold me in the Soudan, agreed to the transfer to Khartoum, as a better watch could be kept upon me there. I was not sorry to leave Halfeyeh, for although the place offered every facility for escape, I saw that I had a jealous and bitter enemy in the head Fellati, who was then spying on my every movement. It was certain that he would frustrate any plans I might make for flight, and suspicion would have been aroused immediately if any of the guides came to me there. Hamad'na Allah was made director of the Khartoum saltpetre works! Abdel Wohatt was his second, and I was to work under the orders of Wohatt.

On arrival at Khar-toum, in January, 1891,
Neufeld's Three Guardians. I was also placed in charge of Khaleel Has-

sanein, the director of the Arsenal, and all three had to answer for me with their lives. Wohatt was given the chapel of the Mission as a house to live in; I was given one of the priests' rooms opposite the arches. Windows, doors, every scrap of wood, metal, and ornaments had all been taken from the place; it was almost a complete ruin, but the garden had been kept in excellent condition, its produce—dates, figs, oranges, limes, and vegetables—being sold on account of the Beit el Mal. Wohatt, when arranging his sleeping quarters, found the very substantial altar in his way, and made two or three ineffectual attempts to pull it down; failing this, however, he utilized it as a resting-place for household rubbish, and here cocks crowed and hens hatched out their broods!

When we came to construct saturation tanks

it was proposed to take the material from the walls of the Mission; but I told Hama'd'na Allah and Wohatt that as we had to live in the place it would be far better to repair than further demolish, so the necessary materials were brought from outside by the fifty to sixty slaves sent over to assist us in making the tanks and carrying the earth from the mounds. While the construction of the tanks proceeded we had to extract saltpetre in the boilers, etc., sent to us at Halfeyeh, and which had been brought with us. We produced maybe four to five pounds per diem on an average during a period of six months—the time we were occupied in building the tanks.

Perdikaki made some gunpowder with our first consignment; but it was a sorry failure. The good fellow, however, mixed it with some powder from the old Government stock, and sent us another warning. My immediate chief, Abdel Wohatt, was the son-in-law of Ali Khaater, the director of the Omdurman Arsenal, and to whom our saltpetre went in the first instance; and Perdikaki telling him of the bad quality of our produce, Khaater, fearing for his son-in-law, mixed our next consignment with an equal quantity of saltpetre from the old Government stock in his stores, and thus it passed muster, although Perdikaki complained again that it was only half purified. However, the powder made with it would explode, though it did leave about 25 per cent. of ash. The Fellati, hearing of the success, came to Khartoum to examine our product, for the secret of producing pure crystals was believed to be in the hands of the Fellati only—and, as a matter of fact, in the Soudan, it is. Again he declared the crystals were useless for the purposes they were intended for; but as Abdel Wohatt had been a dispenser in the Egyptian Army, and as such was supposed to be a chemist, and I, as a medicine man, being similarly credited, we won the day. Fellati appealed to Perdikaki, but got no satisfaction in that quarter.

Honest, loyal Perdikaki! He was not long to be troubled with the rival saltpetre makers, for on the sixth anniversary of Gordon's death some tins of powder in his factory exploded, killing him and those working with him.

Some time about June or July, 1891, our tanks were finished, and in about two months' time we produced between 5cwt. or 6cwt. of crystals, and then stopped work on account of the rains. These crystals were—as usual—mixed with an equal quantity of good crystals from the stores, and then sent to the powder factory. It must not be imagined that at this time the Khalifa was actually short of powder

or ingredients for its manufacture. In fact, there were, unknown to others in the town, very large stocks indeed, which Abdullah was keeping as a reserve; but he wished to add to that reserve as much as possible, and expend only such powder and ammunition as was then and there produced.

On the death of Perdikaki, Hassan Hosna, a Circassian, and, I believe, formerly an officer in the old army; also Abdes Semmeer, formerly in the ordnance section of the old army at Kassala, were placed in charge of the powder factory. When our mixed product was used for the manufacture of gunpowder queer things happened.

After a few cartridges made from such powder had been fired, the barrel of the rifle was found coated with thick white fouling; then a serious inquiry was held. The rifles were brought to us at Khartoum, but, pointing loftily to the cleaning rods, I asked what these were intended for. On being told for cleaning the barrel, I asked sarcastically whether it was not far better to have a powder which left a white ash that might be seen than a powder which left a black ash that could not be seen. But, for once, my argument was of no use. Wohatt replied that perhaps we were working on bad beds, and suggested our being transferred somewhere else. Nothing was done at the time, however, and we worked on for some more months; but as large quantities of saltpetre came in from Darfur, and later, considerable quantities of good manufactured powder arrived from Upper Egypt and by the Suakin route, Khaater was able to store away our saltpetre, and supply the factory with powder and saltpetre from these new sources. The Upper Egypt and Suakin supplies were supposed to have been put to the reserve, so that when cartridges exploded in the breeches of the rifles, and destroyed the eyesight of a number of soldiers, our saltpetre came in for the blame again—this time quite unjustly, of course. Another inquiry was held, when we were told that the bullet did not leave the rifle, and that the breech-blocks blew open.

This, we argued, could not be the fault of the powder, but of the rifle. Whatever the Khalifa's opinion might have been, he sent off Wohatt to Altî, on the Blue Nile, where, with a number of Fellatis working under him, he was able to send considerable quantities of "needle" saltpetre to Omdurman, while I continued at the Khartoum works to turn out as poor a quality of saltpetre as before. Abdel Wohatt is in Cairo now, and tells me our precious production—about two tons of saltpetre—is still lying unused in the stores at

**Gunpowder
a Failure.**

**Queer
Cartridges.**

**The Fate of
Perdikaki.**

**The Fault
of the Rifle.**

this direction to my friends, knowing that they would not, on my account, prosecute her. Numberless complaints came to me, and many a recommendation was made to get rid of her, but as she had been sent to me by the Khalifa I could not send her away without his sanction.

Hasseena Gives Trouble.

The question also arose as to what excuse I might offer for divorcing her. For to give the real reasons might end in her being stoned, mutilated, or imprisoned, and this I naturally shrank from. I must admit, too, that, bad as she was then, I did not like the idea of throwing her over. Being in receipt of ten dollars a month, I sent word to my friends that I would save what I could to repay their losses, and do my best to break Hasseena out of her bad habits. My friends warned me that if I were not careful I should find myself before the Kadi as Hasseena's partner in crime; and the Kadi—being no friend of mine—would certainly order me into prison again, which would mean an end to all chances of escape. In the end, however, Hasseena had to go. Nahoum Abbajee, my greatest friend, gave a feast at his house to celebrate the marriage of his son Youssef. Hasseena was one of the invited guests. It was a great opportunity. She stole all the spoons and cutlery before the feast commenced, and also a number of articles of dress belonging to other guests, all of which property she sold in the bazaar. Nahoum could

overlook her stealing *his* property, but to steal the property of guests under his roof was carrying matters too far. He sent word to me that I must get rid of her, and that at once. Calling Hasseena to Khartoum, I was compelled to quarrel with her in such a way as to attract the attention of Hamad'na Allah; and on his asking me the reason for our constant squabbles, I told him that Hasseena was not

acting as she should by me, and begged his intervention in obtaining through the Emir Yacoub the Khalifa's permission to divorce her.

Seeking a Divorce.

Abdullahi was "gracious." He permitted the divorce, and sent word that he would select another wife for me. This, however, was just what I did not want. Always expecting the return of my guides, my not having a woman in the place lent probability to my having a whole night's start of my pursuers, for my absence might not be discovered until sunrise the following morning, at which time we went to work. And some hours further would then be lost—and gained—by Hamad'na Allah and others making a thorough search for me before daring to tell the Khalifa that I was missing.

Returning my thanks to Abdullahi, I asked



(HASSEENA WASHES ALL THE SPOONS AND CUTLERY BEFORE THE FEAST COMMENCED.)

to be left in single blessedness for a time, but to this he replied that "his heart was heavy at the loss of my child. No man," he said, "might be happy without children, and he wished me to be happy. He also wished me to have all the comforts of life, which did not exist where woman was not. If I did not take another wife he would believe I was not content with my life in the Soudan under his protection."

(To be continued.)

The "Holy Blood" Procession at Bruges.

BY MRS. LILY BRIDGMAN.

An extraordinary mediæval pageant that has been kept up for more than five centuries in the old-world Flemish city. Written from notes jotted down as the great procession passed Mrs. Bridgman's window, and illustrated by photographs never before taken.

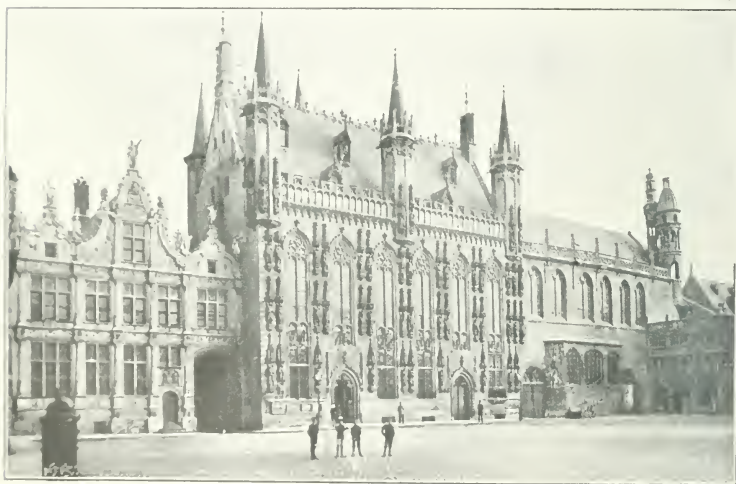


EVERYBODY in these days knows Bruges, if not through personal knowledge, at any rate by hearsay—Bruges, the Northern Venice of the Middle Ages, known as such by virtue of its world-wide commerce and the splendour of its Courts under the Counts of Flanders, and later under the Dukes of Burgundy.

Over seven and a half centuries have elapsed since Thierry d'Alsace, Count of Flanders, as a fitting reward for glorious deeds performed in the Holy Wars, received from Baldwin III., King of Jerusalem, and the Patriarch of Jerusalem, a portion of the precious relic preserved in the Church of the Holy City—
a relic whose sacredness and virtue called forth

had sprung therefrom; his descendants eventually handing their precious heirloom over to the safeguard of Mother Church.

Relying, therefore, firstly on the enormous probability of anything connected with the Saviour during His earthly life being devoutly sought for and treasured by the early Christians after their Master's death; secondly, on the decided conviction given in endless historical documents by those great in learning and wisdom of the Eastern Church; and lastly, on the assertions of the historians of the Holy Land, the Church considers it a fact, based on solid and well-founded grounds, that the relic it pays such intense and devout veneration to in the May of each succeeding year in the ancient



THE PLACE IN WHICH THE CHAPEL OF THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF FLANDERS, IN WHICH HE PLACED THE RELIC. [Photo.]

all the intense religious enthusiasm and ardent distogousing the followers of Peter the Hermit in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. And what wonder, when the world-famed relic was no less than some of the blood of Christ!

Tradition shows that it was through Joseph of Arimathea that the Church obtained this relic. He it was who took the body of Christ down from the cross, and who, after reverently bathing the sacred wounds, preserved the blood which

capital of Western Flanders is actually and uncontestably the Blood of our Lord.

Thierry d'Alsace brought it to Bruges in 1148 with all the pomp and circumstance befitting so precious a gift. He placed it for a while in the private chapel attached to his Palace on the Bourg; I give a photograph of the Palace, which is remarkable for the elegance and delicacy of its architecture. It is now used as the Town Hall. In the right-hand corner of this photo. you see the Chapel of St. Basil,

where the relic was eventually placed, and where it is to be seen to this day, at any time, for the modest sum of fifty centimes. The lower part of this chapel dates from 1150. The Holy Blood was kept there for close on four centuries. In 1531-1533 the upper chapel, part of which is said to have existed in 1482, was finished, and the relic placed in it.

Whenever their sacred charge was in serious danger of falling into irreverent hands, the guardians thereof—known as the Guild of the Holy Blood—rose in a body to withstand any and every attack made upon it.

In 1578 a band of iconoclasts from Ghent made a forcible entry into Bruges, and began a systematic course of sacking and pillaging every church and chapel in the place. The relic was only saved by the vigilance of a Spanish member of the Guild, one Don Juan Perez de Malvenda, who, seeing the danger it was in, carried it off in the folds of his cloak to his own house, and hid it in a place of safety until the storm was past.

Once again, in 1792, when the French Revolution was at its height, and the French themselves in Bruges, did the good citizens shake in their shoes for the safety of their beloved treasure. The chaplain of St. Basil conveyed it, first to the Episcopal Palace, and then to a certain Richard Godefroit's residence, where it was blocked up in a cavity of the wall until the following year.

Again in 1795, when the sanguinary law of suspects was promulgated, and terror reigned predominant in every heart, the vial containing the Holy Blood was packed into a strong box and sent with others holding Church treasures into Holland for a time. Later in the same year, however, the relic was brought back. From 1795 to 1819 it was carried from one hiding-place to another in Bruges itself, when, all danger over, it was finally restored once more to public veneration, although not to its ancient resting-place. In their senseless fury against everything relating even to the very word "religion," the Revolutionists had practically demolished the Chapel of St. Basil, leaving merely the outer walls standing. In 1819 its restoration was begun, and in 1824, the lower part being finished, Bruges placed her precious relic once more within its walls.

Every Friday morning throughout the year

the relic is exposed to the veneration of the faithful from the first morning mass until after the last, which is said at eleven o'clock.

The next photo. represents the reliquary in which is preserved the Holy Blood, faint traces of which can be discerned through the cylinder. Most of the precious stones studding it were presented by the Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabel of Burgundy, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. In order that it shall run no risk of falling, when removed from the "châsse" in which it lies all through the year, the priest first fastens a long silver chain to both ends of the reliquary, and then puts the chain round his neck, before taking his seat at the improvised altar in the chapel. To this altar, every Friday, those who desire to kiss

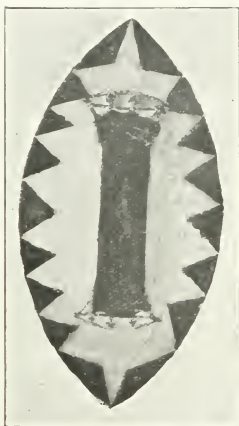
the relic stream one after the other, the priest holding the reliquary in one hand; and as each person passes on after performing his or her act of veneration, he wipes the relic with the handkerchief which he holds in the other.

Many are the miracles vouched for by faith in the authenticity of this sacred relic! I can quote but one—produced, however, by a totally different cause from that of faith.

The miracle is authenticated by a "bull" issued by Pope Clement V., in which he assures the faithful of the fact that the Holy Blood liquefied about six o'clock every Friday evening throughout the year, until 1309-1310, when this wonder ceased owing to the act of some disbelieving ruffian amongst the pious crowd flocking up to kiss the sacred relic.

One Friday morning this sacrilegious man, when it came to his turn, dared to mutter horrible blasphemies against the Holy Blood and the death of the Saviour, as he stooped over the reliquary. The instant petrification of the blessed relic was a clear witness of the wrath of God at this abominable sacrilege.

Only on one occasion since that date has the precious blood been known to liquefy. That was when, having replaced the outer cylinder of the relic by one of purer crystal, the chief magistrates prayed the Bishop of Ancona to perform the ceremony of translation. He was in the act of doing so, when the Holy Blood, up till then a compact and congealed mass, suddenly changed colour, became a brilliant red,



THE RELIQUARY IN WHICH THE HOLY BLOOD HAS BEEN VENERATED FOR CENTURIES.

From a Photo.

and several groups slowly detached themselves one by one from the whole.

And now for a description of the Procession of the Holy Blood. I was awake between five and six o'clock on the morning of the 8th (the procession always takes place on the Monday after each 3rd of May) by a large school of girls passing beneath my window, praying aloud as they followed the line of march the procession takes several hours later. From that hour onwards there was a constant stream of pilgrims along the same route, of every age and rank, all telling their beads, and the majority of the men bare-headed. What with these pious folk, sightseers on foot and in carriages, and bicyclists without end, the cobbled and often moss-grown streets of Bruges are well-nigh impassable on

stands in which is not crammed with expectant sightseers.

From my point of vantage I can see a fair portion of the great market-place, with its quaint houses and old-world air. My next photo. shows the belfry, or "Halles," on the top of which, in honour of the day's festivity, has been placed a large fir-tree, from which floats the red, yellow, and black national flag of Belgium. The fine old building, which dates from the thirteenth century, towers solemnly above all the worldly frivolity of the sweet booths, "Montagnes Russes," shows, and what-not of the yearly fair, which takes place every May and almost fills the Place. The "Halles" contains one of the finest "carillons," or chimes of bells, in all Europe.



BRUGES IS A CITY OF BELLERS CENTRE OF ACTIVITY—THE GRAND PLACE. ON THE DAY OF THE PROCESSION THE NATIONAL FLAG FLOATS FROM A FIR-TREE ON THE BELFREY. [Photo.]

this day: and as I gaze down on the multitude, from the friend's window at which I am comfortably installed about the time the procession is supposed to come by, I breathe a silent prayer of thanksgiving that it has not fallen to my lot to have to join the crowd below. The world, as personified by the Brugerois themselves, and by those who have flocked within their gates for the occasion, is on the tip-toe of expectation. Flags are waving from every house; bells are tolling (chief of which is the great bell in the belfry known as the "Bourdon"); and there is not a window on either side of the street my friend's house

As I stand at my window, meditating on the splendour, now long decayed, of the Bruges of olden days, there comes a sudden break in the crowd, surging out beyond the street I am in, at the opposite end of the market square; and I hear a sound as of martial music in the distance. Every head is craned in the direction from whence it comes, and every soul in the living mass below me is all agog.

The holy relic, having been conveyed by the clergy from its chapel to the Cathedral, and High Mass having been said by the Bishop, the procession has formed, has already made the round of several streets, and is now close upon us.



MRS. BRIDGMAN'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT PROCESSION.
From a Photo.

Following the example of my neighbours, I, too, crane my head out of the window and, looking up towards the market-place, see the red-plumed brass helmets and gold-braided uniforms of the Lancers, as they make a broad way through the immense crowds, which fall back on either side to avoid the horses' hoofs. The next photo. depicts but faintly the effect, picturesque and striking to a degree, which the entire *cortège* produced as it wound in and out through the huge concourse massed in the spacious Grand Place.

The Lancers' pennons wave gaily and their band plays inspiring strains. The whole atmosphere is full of commotion and music. As the head of the procession draws nearer, I perceive that a priest on foot, in surplice and biretta and rosary in hand, leads the way, now and then turning to address a word and a smile to the foremost of the Belgian "Tom-mies" behind him.

Reeds and rushes are scattered freely by the residents in the houses on either side of the street, in front of the cavalcade. Then come in quick succession (for the sky looks threaten-

ing) one group after another, representing the various parishes of this Cathedral town. They are typical of the lives of their different patron saints, and one and all are remarkable for the beauty of grouping and colouring of dresses.

Three Mary Magdalens pass by—one depicting her as she was before her conversion, and the other after; whilst the third shows her leading a life of penitential mortification in Provence, surrounded by angels. I behold also a brilliantly attired St. Margaret, robed in red plush and ermine mantle, treading the earth once more, venerated as a martyr to her faith.

Our next photo. shows a recumbent figure of Christ in the Sepulchre, surrounded by Crusaders and Knights of the Order of St. Sepulchre. One of the Church's most powerful and noble patronesses follows hard in their footsteps—one of our own Kings' daughters, Walburga, canonized on her death. And yet another personification of her passes by directly after, robed as Abbess of Eichstadt, in the midst of her nuns.

Exigencies of space forbid my entering as fully as I could wish into details of this lengthy and very interesting pageant. I will, however, touch lightly on some of its chief features.

Behind the band of the *Garde Civique*, which is led by the tambour-major—a huge man in dark uniform and enormous bear-skin—stream



"A RECUMBENT FIGURE OF CHRIST IN THE SEPULCHRE SURROUNDED BY CRUSADERS AND KNIGHTS."
From a Photo.



"NOW COMES INTO VIEW A DOUBLE LINE
OF WHITE-SURPLED PRIESTS."

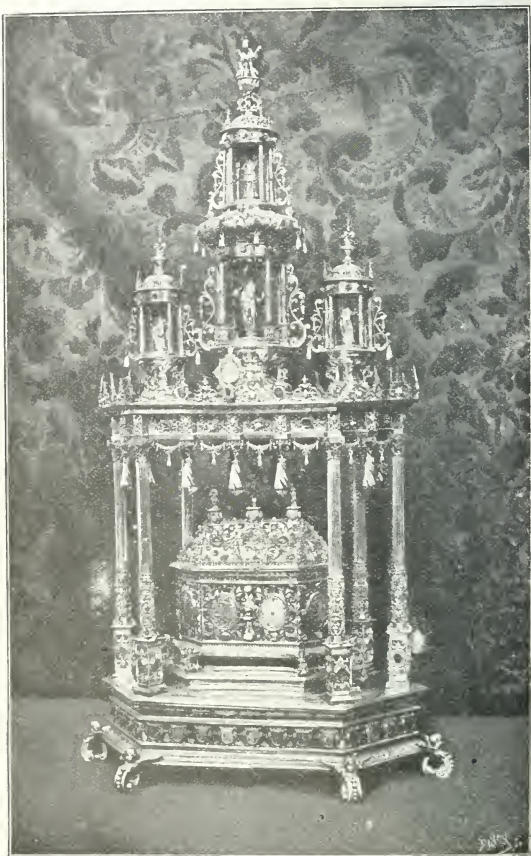
From a Photo.

more queens, martyrs, hermits, saints, and virgins, all representative of the Church at various stages of her existence, interspersed by statues of the Madonna, her Mother, St. Anne of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, and countless others. Banners there are, too, gorgeous in their splendour of embroidered velvets and embellishment of precious stones; angels both great and small, with hair elaborately curled, white dresses stiffly starched, white wings already sprouting from their shoulders, and bearing before their sweet persons Latin and Flemish mottoes, or baskets and bunches of flowers.

The town band goes by; and now comes into view a double line of white-surpled priests in birettas, students from the Bruges seminary, a choir of fresh boy-voices singing a hymn of praise to that which is close behind them; whilst more boys and a dozen tonsured priests swing costly censers, wafting clouds of perfume up to my quaint window. The next thing I see through these delicious clouds is that to which all the honour and glory of this magnificent procession is due—the Blessed Blood itself contained in an exquisite "châsse" (casket), borne by two priests on their shoulders. It is a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of the goldsmith's art, and the work of a master goldsmith, Jean Crabbe,

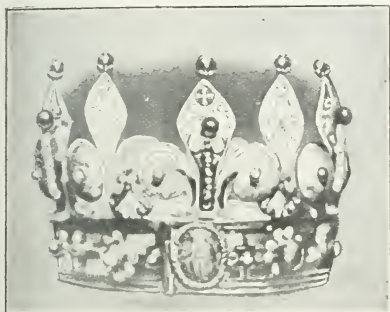
who finished it in 1616, when it was presented to the township of Bruges by the Archduke Albert and Archduchess Isabel of Burgundy.

The reader will see by the photo. here given of it that it is a hexagonal coffer, composed entirely of silver-gilt, richly engraved and covered with enamelled shields, precious stones, pearls, and cameos of great antiquity. The four statuettes above the "châsse" represent Christ rising from the tomb, the Blessed Virgin, St. Basil, and St. Donatius. All four figures are of massive gold. The relic is always placed in this magnificent "châsse" when carried processionally through the town; and on the day of the annual procession alone is the gorgeously



"A PERFECT MASTERPIECE OF THE GOLDSMITH'S ART—THE JEWELLED CASSET
CONTAINING THE HOLY BLOOD. [Photo.]

jewelled crown which forms the subject of our next illustration placed just above the "châsse" and beneath the flat roof supporting the statues. This is the crown of Mary of Burgundy, left by her to the Chapel of the Holy Blood.



THIS JEWELLED CROWN IS PLACED ON THE HOLY BLOOD CASKET WHEN THE RELIC IS CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS. [Photo.]

Armed gendarmes guard the blessed relic on either side, and after it follows the Bishop of Bruges. He distributes blessings all along the line of route as he goes, surrounded by revered canons of the Church and the highest in rank among the town officials. A body of Lancers brings this imposing religious *cortège* to an end, and all that is left for me to note, as I still gaze down below, is the huge concourse pressing onward in the wake of the procession—all hurrying to reach the Bourg, where the Benediction is to be given, and all in the best of humours, notwithstanding the heavy drops of rain which are now beginning to fall.

By the way, I was told by one of my own countrywomen (at procession time the English Colony musters in full force, on balconies, at windows, and in streets) that it had rarely been known to rain on the day of the procession, and that

when it did, the Brugeois considered it in the light of a bad omen for the prosperity of their town.

Presently I join them on their way to the square where stands the Hôtel de Ville. This square is called the "Bourg." Under the trees stands a statue of Jean van Eyck, and in the buildings surrounding the "Bourg" you see a curious diversity in the style of the architecture.

I arrive in time to find the Benediction about to be bestowed. A more picturesque sight I rarely, if ever, saw. The next photograph gives a view of it—although, to see it to its greatest advantage, one must be actually present to appreciate the artistic grouping and blending of every colour in the rainbow. I stand in the midst of pilgrim fathers with their staves, and of the Apostles surrounding a man personifying our Lord. Near me stands a tiny St. John the Baptist in flesh-coloured tights, a sheep-skin his only covering.

Farther on are grouped girls and boys in the costumes of every nationality on earth—all bearing testimony to the widespread power of Mother Church; and close at hand is a group of young girls, veiled in white and wearing many-coloured robes, each bearing a cushion on which are placed the various symbols of the Crucifixion, viz., a sponge, a hammer, dice, nails, and so on. A statted group of Christ after the descent from the Cross; Our Lord lying in His Mother's lap;

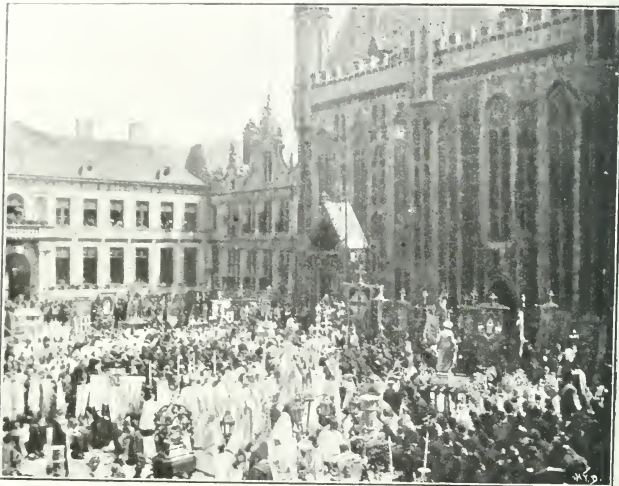


THE HALT IN THE PLACE DU BOURG FOR BENEDICTION—"THE ARTISTIC GROUPING AND BLENDING OF EVERY COLOUR IN THE RAINBOW." [Photo.]

and a silver "chasse" containing a fragment of the Holy Cross—both resting on stalwart shoulders—are just behind me.

Priests, banners, all the different groups, and the soldiers' uniforms help to make a wonderful spectacle, as they stand massed together in the old "Place," which has seen the same sight (with very occasional breaks) ever since the year 1303, when this remarkable procession was instituted, to which Emperors and Kings, with their Royal Consorts, Archdukes, and the great of many lands have paid the tribute of their presence: not forgetting the present Pope, when he was Apostolic Nuncio at Brussels in

geously coloured altar, erected in front of the grey old Hôtel de Ville for the occasion. Then comes an almost complete silence among the tremendous crowd around me, as Monseigneur, surrounded by lesser dignitaries of the Church, turns and raises the holy relic itself in blessing above the kneeling multitude, all of whom cross themselves devoutly. A roar of sound succeeds the silence! The Church groups disperse, the bands play themselves off the "Bourg," each to a different air; the besandalled and brown-bearded Carmelite monks who have taken part in the morning's proceedings stream by me in their coarse brown



THE BENEDICTION IN FRONT OF THE HOARY OLD HOTEL DE VILLE, AS GIVEN YEAR BY YEAR FOR FIVE CENTURIES.
From a Photo.

1844 (a fact the devout Brugeois love to dwell on). A wonderfully fine sight, indeed, recalling visions of the days of long ago.

The last photo. shows the final act in what has been a long and tiring morning for most of those taking part in the procession. It is no small matter walking over the uneven cobbles of Bruges, under the weight of heavy statues and huge banners.

The Lancer band fills the air with music, until the Bishop mounts the steps of the gor-

robes, one of them bearing aloft a painted wooden cross, on which are displayed the signs symbolical of the Crucifixion; the crowds hurry off to seek shelter from the now fast-falling rain, and the great ceremony is over.

It only remains for me to add that it is greatly owing to the courtesy of Monseigneur Béthune, Canon of the Bruges Cathedral, that I have succeeded in obtaining so many details concerning the history of Bruges' most sacred relic.

In the Jaws of a Lion.

By CAPTAIN J. H. VANDERZEE (LATE INDIAN STAFF CORPS).

A late officer of H. M. Indian Army relates his own personal experience of the above, and describes what the sensations are really like. Poor Captain Vanderzee! His story has a sad sequel, for he was destined never to return in search of that lion's "relations." His gallant voice is a voice from the dead.



READERS of THE WIDE WORLD will hardly yet have forgotten, even in these days of short memories, Mr. Brockman's experience with a lion in Central Africa,* which is probably without parallel in the records of any country, and furnishes one more proof of the truth of Dr. Livingstone's statement, made many years ago, that under circumstances somewhat similar (in a lesser degree) to those narrated, he felt no pain whatever whilst being gnawed by the "king of beasts." Now to my own adventure.

Although I had devoted most of my leave and leisure to the pursuit of big game in various parts of India for more than five years previously, it was not till 1895 that I was able to carry out a long-planned project to essay my fortunes (as a hunter) in new fields.

The scene of the adventure which I am about to relate is that portion of Portuguese East Africa lying between the Zambesi and the Pungwe Rivers.

On 16th August of the above year I left camp on the River Urima at about 8 a.m., accompanied by five Kaffir "boys." One of these carried my double '577 Express rifle, together with twenty cartridges, most of which were loaded with solid hardened bullets for use against buffalo. I myself carried a sporting Lee-Netford magazine rifle, with a supply of cartridges; the remaining four "boys" were taken to bring in heads and meat for camp.

After walking over the short grass for about an hour or more, several shots in rapid succession were heard about a mile away to the left, the direction in which my companion (a Dane, named Jansen) had proceeded on leaving camp that morning. Thinking from the number and frequency of the shots that Jansen had fallen in with a big herd of buffalo, I did not pay any particular attention to this, but proceeded on my way. Soon afterwards, the Kaffirs who were following behind stopped, and catching the word "pondoro" (lion) I also stopped, and turned round to see what had attracted their attention. About half a mile away to the left (from whence had come the sound of firing) four yellowish objects, looking at that distance very like big mastiffs, were visible; these were four lions, or rather two lions and two lionesses, which, after being disturbed by Jansen, were making their way to the nearest patch of long reeds. The ground for nearly a mile on all sides was quite devoid of shelter, being covered with short, green grass about six or eight inches in length.

When I first saw them, the lions were shambling along at a good pace in single file, and they appeared to be heading towards some high grass nearly a mile away to my left rear. This being my first introduction to these animals, it may easily be imagined that I was most reluctant to lose the chance of improving their acquaintance, but to do so meant at least half a mile's hard running before I could hope to get near enough to shoot, supposing the animals maintained their present course and pace.



CAPTAIN VANDERZEE, WHO HEROICALLY LOST HIS LIFE IN THE WILDS OF BURMA SHORTLY AFTER WRITING THIS ADVENTURE FOR THE "WIDE WORLD."

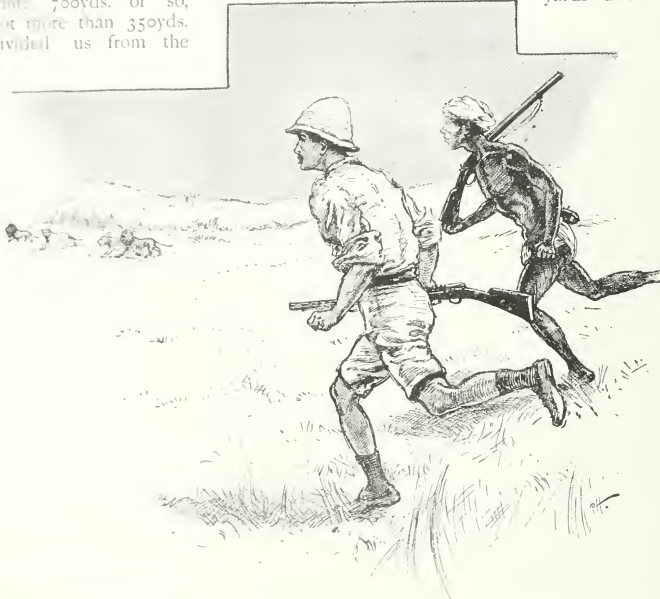
From a Photo. by the Artistic Photographic Co., Oxford Street.

*See issue for June, 1898.

Now, I've always been a bit of a runner, and have run a good many races at various distances in my time. So telling four out of my five "boys" to remain where they were, and taking only the gun bearer (a strapping Makalolo named Dinakopina), we set off at a good pace towards the four retreating forms in front of us.

My costume consisted of a flannel shirt, a pair of khaki knickers cut short like running drawers, socks, and moccasins of sambhur leather. My companion was in a state of Nature, save for a loin cloth, so we were in nice light order for travelling.

After running hard for some 700yds. or so, not more than 350yds. divided us from the



AFTER RUNNING HARD FOR SOME 700YDS., NOT MORE THAN 350YDS. DIVIDED US FROM THE REARMOST LION."

rearmost lion. As we gradually closed up with them, the leader of the four, a superb brute with a good mane, put on the pace a bit, and was followed at an interval of some yards by the second (a lioness), but the other two slowed down perceptibly and growled once or twice.

Being by this time rather pumped I essayed two or three shots with my '303, but as the muzzle was describing circles in the air at the time, these were without result.

Another but shorter run this time brought us to within about 200yds. of the pair in the rear, whilst the other two were now quite a consider-

able distance ahead. Having by this time got my wind a bit, I was fairly steady, and my second shot brought the male to a standstill, wounded somewhere, but where exactly it was then impossible to say; however, he pulled up and lay down in the short grass. Another shot at the lioness also proved effective, wounding her somewhere in the body, for she, too, dropped. The remaining pair of lions continued their course, and eventually disappeared.

Exchanging the '303 for my double '577, I now proceeded slowly to reduce the distance between myself and the wounded lions, followed at about ten yards' distance by the Makalolo,

carrying the '303, which still had the empty shell remaining in the chamber, with three or four cartridges in the magazine. As regards the '577, besides the two cartridges in the rifle, I had two spare ones loose in the breast-pocket of my shirt. All four were loaded with a hardened lead solid bullet, weighing 520 grains.

Slowly and cautiously we advanced until not more than a full 100yds. remained. At this point the lion which had first been wounded

stood up facing me; I also stopped and waited developments. In this way we remained gazing at each other for perhaps half a minute, though it seemed longer. The lion seemed to be deliberating what to do, but stood motionless except for an ominous twitching of the tail, which moved slowly from side to side.

Judging from my previous experience with the cats (tiger and panther) and other animals in India, and after a careful study of what recognised authorities have written on the subject, I had come to accept it as an axiom that, as a general rule, animals, wounded or

unwounded, do not charge from a distance of more than 50yds. or so. And, provided the firer stands firm and holds his rifle straight, there is little danger of the animal making good his charge, for, if not disabled whilst charging, it will usually swerve off at the last moment. Hence in the present instance I thought it unlikely that the lion now facing me would charge so long as a distance of rather over than under 100yds. separated us. Or, if it *should* do so, I thought that a shot in the head or chest would in all probability disable it, or at all events turn the brute from its course.

Animals, however, differ much individually. The absence of cover and the fact of its having been hustled and driven off its prey by Jansen probably had something to do with it; at all events, after the tail had twitched round for the third time, up it went in the air, and the lion came rushing towards me—not in bounds, however, for that was impossible, as will be seen presently, but simply with a low rush, belly and head nearly touching the ground. Waiting, in order to make the more sure of my aim, until it had reduced the distance between us by about one-half, and then aiming just below its mouth, I fired, and saw at once, from the way it swerved suddenly, that the bullet had gone home. But the lion came again without any perceptible pause, and it could not have been more than 15yds. or 20yds. away when it received the con-

tents of my second barrel. The smoke prevented my seeing the immediate effect of this, but the next thing I knew was being grabbed from the left about half-way down the left thigh and thrown to the ground. As I fell, the rifle dropped from my hand and lay a little way to my right rear.

The lion was evidently nearly done for, as it made no attempt to use its claws, but lay with its body clear of me whilst holding my thigh in its jaws. As I fell, it shifted its grip higher up, seizing me just below the left groin and driving all four canine teeth deep into the flesh. On my moving, it again changed its grip, this time to a place a few inches above the right knee, its head and neck resting across my legs.

Whilst this was going on I was not conscious of any pain whatever, but remember wondering in a vague kind of way when the brute was going to stop gnawing my legs.

In the meanwhile Dinakopina was hovering round behind me, endeavouring to load the '303, but being unacquainted with the mechanism he did not at first succeed; so, thinking that he would find the '577 easier to manipulate, I took out the two spare cartridges from my shirt pocket, and from my position, half sitting and half lying down, threw them over my head, at the same time telling him to load—of course, all these things occupied very little time in the doing, probably not more than twenty or thirty seconds.

After the lion had got hold of me by the right leg I instinctively tried to push his head away from me with my right hand, the result being that the brute dropped my leg and grabbed hold of my wrist with its mouth, one upper fang entering deep in just where the radius bone of the forearm terminates. Another fang (a lower one) penetrated in front of the end of the ulna bone.

It was just at this moment that my native companion managed to work the Lee-Metford rifle, and fired. Whether from the effects of this or succumbing to his previous wounds, I know not; but the lion immediately afterwards released its hold of me and its head dropped. Hastily scrambling to my feet I took the '303, loaded, and fired it into the animal's head just to make sure, lest he should revive again. On investigating the damage on both sides it appeared that the



"THE NEXT THING I KNEW WAS BEING GRABBED ABOUT HALF-WAY DOWN THE LEFT THIGH AND THROWN TO THE GROUND."

first shot with the '303 had broken a hind leg low down near the fetlock, while two larger holes in his chest a few inches apart told their own story. The only other wound visible was that caused by my last shot to his head only the *Le. Marford*. No trace of *Dinakopina's* skin could be found, but this may have been a skin hidden by the hair of the animal. The boy was a fat-stoed one, with a somewhat sandy mane.

My own wounds were thirteen in all—seven in the left thigh, four in the right thigh, and two in the wrist. There was also a long claw scratch across the back of the left wrist, but this was insignificant.

From the wrist down my appearance was rather a ghastly one. Both legs were completely covered with blood in thick, semi-liquid gouts, whilst the thighs looked as though an auger had

being carried to camp on the shoulders of two men, I was able to direct operations. With the help of a bottle of carbolic acid and some lint, the wounds were thoroughly cleansed and dressed.

Next day a messenger was sent on to apprise the doctor in medical charge of the Beira railway employes, asking him to come to Fontesvilla, the then terminus. At first, an attempt was made to carry me overland on a stretcher, but owing to the narrowness of the path and other reasons, this had to be abandoned. The only alternative was to go down in a dug-out canoe by river. At first we tried travelling at night as well as by day, but this was found to be impracticable, and the risk of a capsizing too great owing to the number of hippos in the river, not to mention the crocodiles, which are very numerous in these parts.



"FROM DINAKOPINA TO TEAR HIS LOIN INTO STRIPS AND MADE BANDAGES OF THEM."

been at work boring holes all over them—every hole being big enough to admit the forefinger, and from an inch and a half to two inches deep. In one place a strip of flesh about three inches long by one and a half inches wide had been taken bodily out. My right wrist was badly crushed and quite useless: to this day I am unable to understand how I managed to work the bolt of the '303 and fire a shot, using the right hand throughout.

My first care was to stop the hemorrhage as far as possible. I got *Dinakopina* to tear his loin cloth into strips and made bandages of them. Next I sent him off to bring up the other "boys" with the water-bottle. A message was also sent to Jansen at the same time. Beyond being rather weak and a bit dazed, I did not feel very much the worse for my adventure, and after

On the fourth day—that is to say, on the 19th August—I was landed at Fontesvilla and handed over to the doctor. After a week's treatment, during which time I was a sort of side-show for the residents, not one of whom in all probability even knew my name, I was advised to get down to Durban, in Natal, as soon as possible, in order to get the nursing and dieting which my case demanded.

After being carried on board the river steamer at Fontesvilla we started down stream for Beira, but stuck fast in the mud before we had gone more than a few miles. This delayed us for several days, and eventually we continued our journey in a sailing-boat.

On arrival at the mouth of the Pungwe opposite Beira I was just in time to catch a German steamer, southward bound. Having

been put on board, the German doctor, with a view, I believe, of reducing inflammation, slung my hand to the roof of my cabin, which had the effect of increasing the swelling of the forearm to an alarming extent. By this time the circulation in the right hand had nearly stopped, and, apart from the constant pain, my right arm appeared to be in a bad way.

For the next five weeks I was never free from pain, and my right arm at one time looked as though it would have to come off. At length the pain and swelling subsided, and the outlook generally began to improve. On the 9th of October I left Durban by one of the Union boats, and, after a very pleasant voyage, arrived at Southampton a very different being from what I had been a month before, but with a bad stiff wrist as a memento.

Luckily for me, one of the first surgeons of the day interested himself in my case; but many months passed, and many a half-hour of torture had to be endured before I even partially recovered the use of my right hand and arm, and it was not really until some time after my return to India, towards the end of 1896, that they altogether ceased from troubling, and became for all practical purposes sound and fit for use. At present, I am looking forward to the time now, I hope, not far distant, when I shall be able to return to the scene of my mishap and exact full toll for the past from the author thereof, or rather from his relations and kindred.

Strange that this gallant officer should come almost unscathed through the terrible adventure related here, only to meet with a tragic death by drowning. The following appeared under the heading of "Naval and Military" in the daily papers of Monday, February 20th: "The death is announced of Captain John H. Vanderzee, Indian Staff Corps. Drowned in Burma. Aged thirty."

We communicated at once with his father, Major-General F. H. Vanderzee, I.S.C., of Bath, only to learn with sincere regret that the sad news was true. General Vanderzee kindly sent us the following letter, which tells the whole story of his gallant son's death:—

"Myitkyina, Upper Burma,

"Sunday, February 26th, 1899.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with sincere regret I write to give you details of the death of your son, Captain J. H. Vanderzee, of the battalion under my command, of which you will have heard by cable before the receipt of this. He was in command of our most advanced post—N'Sentaru on the N'Maikha River, and at the time was the only Englishman there. He took out the detachment there in November last, and

by his energy and hard work established them in a fort in an incredibly short time. I visited the post in December, and last saw him on the 22nd of that month.

"On Sunday, February 12th, while boating on the N'Maikha, the sad accident occurred which cost him his life. Communication was only kept up with N'Sentaru by means of the heliograph, and it just happened that the 12th and 13th of February were dull, rainy days, when signalling was impossible. Hence the news did not reach Myitkyina till the 14th of February. I was on tour at a place called Hopin, seventy-one miles away on the opposite side of Myitkyina, when I heard the news; and as N'Sentaru is fifty-six miles north-east of Myitkyina, I was only able to reach the spot in the afternoon of 17th February.

"Your son had just received a boat he had ordered from Calcutta (one of Osgood's portable folding-boats, described in the inclosed catalogue, which I took from amongst his papers); and he had been out in it on the river two or three times only, just opposite the fort, where the water is still and quiet. From all accounts the boat gave satisfaction. On the 12th of February, at about midday, he, with his Sepoy boatman, Jangbir Rai, and his Kachin servant, Mah Tu, embarked apparently with a view of going some considerable distance up stream surveying, as poor Vanderzee took some surveying instruments with him. When only a few hundred yards up stream, however, and only just out of sight of the fort, they came to some bad water, where the river, in running round a point, was disturbed, and the current very strong. Sepoy Jangbir Rai was in the bow of the boat paddling (face towards the bow); the Kachin, Mah Tu, was in the middle paddling, and your son in the stern steering.

"As the boat first felt the strength of the current running round the point, Jangbir Rai called out that he did not think they would be able to make headway, and suggested their landing and pulling the boat past the point with a rope. He received no reply to this, and suddenly, without a moment's notice, the boat's head was knocked aside by the strength of the water, which, catching it broadside on, overturned it and precipitated all three into the turbulent river.

"The N'Maikha is a large river, several hundreds of yards across during the rains; but at the place where the accident occurred it is only about a hundred yards wide at the present season. Vanderzee was an excellent swimmer, I believe; Jangbir Rai could also swim; but the Kachin, a big, powerful man, dreaded the water—like all hillmen—and could not swim a

ward. Sepoy Janghir Rai saved himself by swimming, and landed some two hundred yards down-stream on the opposite side to the fort. He then gave the alarm by shouting. A sentry of 100 feet heard him, and the native officers and men all rushed down to the river with logs,

not think it probable they ever will. The river is very deep and full of huge rocks, worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes and holes by the water. The bodies are no doubt caught in the rocks below, and will never be recovered. The river at the scene of the accident, and for miles



"THE BOAT'S HEAD WAS KNOCKED ASIDE BY THE STRENGTH OF THE WATER, WHICH OVERTURNED IT AND PRECIPITATED ALL THREE INTO THE WATER."

ropes, etc., to try and render assistance. Sepoy Janghir Rai was much exhausted and terrified, and can give no details as to what occurred to the others.

"When first landing and turning to look at the river he saw either poor Vanderzee or the Kachin—he cannot be certain which—rise to the surface and then sink again. The men were extended all along the river bank, but not a sign of either was seen. A glimpse of the overturned boat was caught by one of the men about a thousand yards below the scene of the accident, and every endeavour was made to get it, in the hope that Vanderzee might be holding on to it; but without success, and the boat was washed away and not recovered. That your son, a good swimmer, and only lightly clad in tennis shoes, knickerbockers, and stockings, did not succeed in saving himself, or, at least, remaining above water for the space of ten minutes, when he might have been saved by the Sepoys on the banks, can, it appears to me, be explained in one way only: namely, that he did his best to help his wretched servant, whom he knew could not swim, and that the man held on to him in his terror, and so drowned them both. I regret to have to inform you that, in spite of every endeavour, no trace of the bodies has been found; and I do

down-stream, has been carefully watched and patrolled for over a fortnight, and rewards for the recovery of the remains have been offered to the tribes living about the banks; but without success.

"I hope you will permit me, though a stranger, to offer you my sincere sympathy in your great loss. Your son thus suddenly cut off in the prime of life is a great loss to Her Majesty's Service. He was a most active, vigorous, energetic, and capable officer—just the man required for the wild frontier life we have to endure. He had been living this lonely life for about two years, during which he had made himself acquainted with the Kachin language; had given much useful information to the authorities on the various villages and routes in the hills; and several of his maps and route reports have been printed. As we are military officers in civil employ the duties of winding up your son's affairs devolve on the Deputy-Commissioner for Myitkyina District—Captain E. C. Townsend—to whom I am handing over all your son's kit, among which are some very valuable sporting guns, rifles, and scientific instruments.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"A. W. W. TAYLOR, Captain,

"1st Burma Gurkha Rifles.

"Battalion Commandant, Myitkyina."

The Ice Harvest of Iowa.

By W. E. BARLOW, M.A., OF IOWA CITY.

Farming extraordinary. The fields of ice are ploughed, and a highly remunerative harvest gathered in by the "farmer." With a complete set of snap-shots illustrating the different phases of the industry.



FIFTEEN degrees below zero! Forty-seven degrees of frost! I can see my English readers shivering in anticipation; but I hasten to assure them that they have felt the cold

more keenly in England, on some wet winter day, with the cruel east wind searching and wounding, than I did on that glorious December day on the Iowa River. Indeed, as I stood on the boat-house slip, a little out of breath from my brisk walk from town, the blood tingled through my veins, and I felt a warm glow of animal life. The exhilaration produced by the dry, clear cold of an Iowa mid-winter must be experienced in order to be understood.

Below me, as far up the river as I could see, the thick ice was dotted everywhere with men and horses, hard at work. It was the beginning of the "ice harvest"—that short season of "hustle" and excitement, during which hundreds of thousands of tons of ice are cut and stored in huge wooden ice-houses, for use in the scorching heat of the following summer.

The scene was a magnificent one. To the left, near the dam, where the ice-cutting had not yet commenced, crowds of skaters glided and circled. Behind them, in the distance, the towers and spires of the churches and University buildings rose against the brilliant blue of

the sky. Directly beneath me snow-plough and ice-plough passed and re-passed; whilst ringing blows of crowbars and a ceaseless "whish-whishing" of innumerable ice-saws came from far and near. To the right, where a cross-road



2.—THE ICE PLOUGHMAN WORKS VERY MUCH AS HIS BROTHER DOES ON DRY LAND.
From a Photo. by the Author.

from the river joined the main road, a close procession of heavily-laden sleds struggled up the bank, hurrying and crashing along as though the horses themselves understood how valuable the minutes were. Almost over my head great blocks of ice glided, rattling away along a wooden chute; and above everything—gleaming on the blades of the skates; on the sparkling snow-crystals; on the open squares of rippling blue water which grew in size each minute; reflected in a hundred shimmering colours from the sides of the great blocks of transparent, bluish ice, shone the sun—a regular, mid-winter Iowa sun, warm and glorious.



1.—THIS IS THE ICE-PLOUGH BY MEANS OF WHICH THE ICE SURFACE IS DIVIDED INTO SQUARES.
From a Photo. [by the Author.]

I had dropped from the platform, and walked up the river. Here the snow had already been partly ploughed and swept away, and I was in time to get a couple of photographs of the ice-plough in operation. By means of this machine the surface of the ice is divided into squares about 3ft. in each direction. First a line is ploughed along one side of the area to be cut; then the two teeth of the guiding bar, seen in the first photo, are fitted into this groove, and



2.—A SECOND PARALLEL LINE—JUST THE WIDTH OF THE
 PLOUGH FROM THE FIRST—IS MARKED OUT. TWO SETS
 OF SUCH LINES, AT RIGHT ANGLES, ARE PLOUGHED OVER
 THE WHOLE FIELD. THESE GROOVES MAY BE SEEN IN THE DISTANT
 PHOTO. FROM A PHOTO. BY THE AUTHOR.

a second parallel line—just the width of the plough from the first—is marked out. Two sets of such lines, at right angles, are ploughed over the whole field. These grooves may be seen in the first photo., in which also the cutting teeth of the plough are shown. Photo. No. 2 shows the ice-plough actually in motion.

When the squares are marked out, men with horizontal saws, somewhat resembling the saw of the ice-plough, go over the lines and saw to the depth of several inches. One of these horizontal saws may be seen in the distance in photo. No. 3. Then comes the sawing proper, which is carried on by large, coarse-toothed saws, 4ft. or 5ft. in length. Photos. Nos. 3 and 4 show this well. The figure in the foreground in No. 4 is that of a typical icesawyer. He is a Bohemian, and—



4.—THE ICE-SAWYER, WHO CUTS THE SQUARES, WITH COARSE-TOOTHED LITTLE SAWS.
 FROM A PHOTO. BY THE AUTHOR.

if one may judge from his appearance in his shirt-sleeves—a warm-blooded one. Most of the photographs which illustrate this article were taken when the temperature was about 12deg. or 15deg. below zero, out of the sun. In spite of such a temperature, however, it is possible for a man scantily-dressed to keep up a glow by continuous exercise, and the ice-men get it. Then, too, in the sun it is often positively hot.

When the blocks are sawn nearly through, men with crowbars, as shown in No. 5, follow on along the edge of the ice and split off the rows of blocks, guiding them along the edge of the water towards a trough cut in one corner of the open piece. Photo. No. 6 shows these composite cakes, made up of from three to six blocks each. In the left foreground a boat-hook is hauling in a double cake.



5.—WHEN THE BLOCKS ARE NEARLY SAWN THROUGH THEY ARE SPLIT OFF BY
 THE CROWBAR-MAN. [By the Author.]

First comes the workman with the horizontal saw. Next comes the man with the vertical saw. On his heels follows the bearer of the crowbar. The work goes from right to left. Other men with boat-hooks and crowbars catch and divide the rows into blocks, which are guided, four at a time, into the trough. Here they are seized, as shown in photo. No. 7, by a grappling-hook attached to a stout rope, which passes over a pulley above and is then made fast to the harness of a horse. When the blocks are thus seized a signal is given, the horse is started, and the blocks are guided up a pair of rails on to the stage, whence they are

immediately loaded upon sleds and waggons and hurried townwards.

When, as is often the case, the ice-house is built near the river, the blocks are hauled from the trough directly up on to a long chute, the man with the grappling-iron following up and holding the blocks in position on the rails. Photographs 8 and 9 show such a chute. When the little procession reaches the summit of the incline—which may be seen in No. 8—the horse is stopped, and the blocks glide away down a slight descent into the ice-house, where men are waiting to receive and store them. This particular chute crosses the river road. On the extreme right of the photograph a part of the team of horses used for the hauling may be seen, the cable



6.—HERE ARE THE ICE SLABS READY FOR GLIDING TO THE TROUGH. *From a Photo. by the Author.*

being led, by means of a series of pulleys, down one of the chute supports and out into the road.

Accidents happen occasionally on these long chutes: for example, when the tackle slips and the string of ice-blocks gets loose and slides back down the rails. Then the man with the grappling-iron has the alternative of getting out of the way—if he can—or of being seriously injured. A broken leg, or a pair of crushed ankles, is a small matter when such an accident occurs. Photograph No. 10 shows a teamster hauling ice to the warehouses in town. In the rush of the ice harvest almost everything which may be drawn by horses, either on wheels or on runners, is used for transport.



7.—ICE SLABS BEING SEEDED AND LOADED ON TO THE WAGGONS. *From a Photo. by the Author.*

Some of the waggons run on wheels, but this is a sled mounted upon two pairs of runners. As long as the ground is frozen hard the sleds run merrily and smoothly along, whilst the waggon-wheels slip in every direction; but, towards the end of the harvest, it sometimes happens—partly in consequence of the sudden changes of weather common in Iowa, and partly because the cutting is postponed until the last minute, in order to take advantage of every inch of ice possible—that a sudden thaw softens the roads. Then the tables are turned, and one may see the sleds tugging along stolidly through slush and mud, whilst the wheeled waggon rolls on its way cheerfully.

And now a word as to the magnitude of this enterprise. From the field which I first visited,



8.—CONVEYING ICE BLOCKS UP THE CHUTE.—THIS IS VERY DANGEROUS WORK. *From a Photo. by the Author.*



9.—VIEW OF A BRIDGE OVER THE IOWA RIVER.
From a Photo. by the Author.

and on which four dealers were cutting, about 800 loads of ice were hauled to town in one day; and between 400 and 500 men were engaged in cutting, hauling, and storing. A few miles up the river the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad has special tracks running into the Hotz ice-fields. Here, when the hard cold comes, making ice several feet in thickness, nearly a thousand men work day and night, under electric light, filling the warehouses and loading the long trains of cars. These trains carry the ice to every part of the great Mississippi Valley, the railroad companies of the West and South being Mr. Hotz's best customers. I was unable to ascertain the weight of ice cut at this field during the season, but I learned that Mr. Hotz often paid the railroad company as much as 2,000dols. *daily* for freight.

And the object of all this hard work? Well, if this is a land of cold winters it is also a land of hot summers—of very hot summers—of summers so hot, in fact, that it is almost impossible to preserve food and drink without some artificial means of keeping them cool. And so almost every householder has a valued refrigerator, or ice-chest, lined with cork or charcoal, or with sawdust, and coated with hardwood and zinc, in which to keep cool and sweet to-morrow's eggs and butter, and milk and meat. Covered ice-waggons lumber through the streets in the early mornings of the summer days, and 5cent or 10cent blocks are rapidly distributed. Besides this host of small consumers there are the great breweries, the butchers, the milkmen, the restaurant-keepers, the pork and beef packing-house men—everybody, in short, who has to do, directly

or indirectly, with food. The railroad companies, who transport tremendous quantities of perishable food-stuffs in specially-constructed "refrigerator cars," are probably the largest consumers.

Hardly a picnic party leaves the dusty, sizzling heat of Iowa city's streets, hurrying for the rippling waters of the Iowa River and the refreshing shade of her wooded bluffs, without the all-important blanket-covered cube of ice. Could anything, indeed, more disgusting than tepid lemonade be placed before a perspiring pleasure-party on a Midsummer day?

There are many beautiful things to be seen, and many interesting things to be done, on the rivers and bluffs of Iowa in mid-winter; but perhaps the

most fascinating of them all is to become, for a while, part and parcel of the excitement and bustle of the ice harvest.

The panting, tugging horses, surrounded by rolling halos of their own congealing breath, and with their heads and trappings crusted with hoar-frost; the ice-laden sleds; the teamsters with their icicle-decorated beards; the busy river; the shouts and the laughter; the hurry and excitement; and, everywhere, the gleam of ice and snow in the radiant sun, combine to make a picture, and to inspire a sensation, never to be forgotten. One leaves the ice-fields with a four-fold impression—ice, sun, work, life.



10.—HAULING ICE TO THE WAREHOUSES IN TOWN.
From a Photo. by the Author.

My Treacherous Dragoman.

By Z. E. BIRASKY.

A Hungarian gentleman, who is at once a doctor, a trader, and a traveller, relates how he was all but murdered by his dragoman in the interior of Persia for the sake of a valuable chronometer. With actual photographs of the caravansary in which the incident happened, the dragoman himself, and the police who arrested him.



RAVERSING Persia without a friend or any knowledge of the language of the Shah is a difficult enterprise. The journey was both wearisome and monotonous, and I really think that had it been a little more extended I should have lost my powers of speech, having always to make myself understood by gestures.

When I left Bokhara for Teheran with a small camel caravan I made a great mistake in disregarding the advice of my friends, who suggested that I should take with me an interpreter, who would act both as servant and dragoman. As it was, however, I had a very unpleasant journey to the Persian capital, thanks to the muleteers whom I had engaged at the former town. On many occasions they did as they thought best, and at every station they wanted to stay for a day or two. Before I reached Teheran I was utterly disgusted with their conduct, and resolved when I arrived there to engage immediately a dragoman for the rest of the journey.

The heat during my expedition was intense; to one unaccustomed to the climate, indeed, it is often fatal. The sky was perfectly clear, and the unmitigated rays of the tropical sun poured down upon our unprotected heads with terrific force, for there was neither friendly rock nor shady tree to shelter us. The effect of this upon me was very enervating, and several times I thought I should have fainted through sheer exhaustion.

At length we arrived at Teheran, where I remained a considerable time in order to recuperate my strength after such a tedious journey. And, of course, I was very pleased to

dispense with the muleteers who had so meanly taken advantage of me on account of my being a stranger and ignorant of their language.

Having a letter of introduction to a certain European in the city, Mr. Galy by name, I called upon him and requested him to recommend me an honest and able interpreter who would accompany me to the Persian Gulf. My friend was able to assist me in this respect, and took me to a Khan (chief) with whom he was

acquainted. The Khan engaged for me a young fellow of about twenty-five years, conversant with English and French, and, in fact, exactly the person I wanted. His name was Alinoor, and he seemed to be a really kind-hearted and honest fellow; whilst we were in Teheran he was very courteous and respectful to me. (I am glad to be able to give at the top of the next page a photograph of this interesting person.) Alinoor conducted me about the town, and showed me all the famous buildings in the Persian capital.

On the day of our departure from Teheran Alinoor prepared our baggage and engaged the muleteers, and I was highly delighted by the

way in which he carried out these arrangements. He looked very imposing in his Caucasian suit, with a long, shining sabre at his side, and well able to command the obedience of the muleteers.

I particularly noticed, in the early stage of my journey, that Alinoor had a special regard for my chronometer, which I always carried on account of its good record as a time-keeper. He more than once asked me how I managed to obtain such a splendid watch, and remarked how fortunate he would consider himself if I could obtain one like it for him. These remarks



DR. BIRASKY, WHOSE VALUABLE WATCH NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIFE OWING TO THE COVETOUSNESS OF HIS DRAGOMAN.

From a Photo. by the Author.

I did not consider the outcome of any bad intention, and consequently they did not arouse my suspicions at the time. On the contrary, I promised to send him a similar watch from England should he fulfil my expectations of him. I have studied the characters of many nations, but was unfortunately unacquainted with that of the Persian servant. He happens to be a very treacherous fellow, and has been known to serve his master faithfully for years, and then for little or no reason at all to turn his assassin.

It was not until my arrival at Ispahan that I had any occasion to suspect Alinoor. Here I engaged apartments at the beautiful and picturesque caravansary shown in the accompanying photograph. My room was on the first floor, and the casement overlooked the courtyard where my guide slept. I determined to remain here for a few days rest, as I had become somewhat wearied with my journey. I also wanted to view the striking landscape of the surrounding country. The broad River Zeinderud winds its way through the centre of the city, its banks crowded with shady fruit trees.

Two days after my arrival at Ispahan Alinoor advised me to visit the lovely gardens of the city, which are the finest in all Persia. Accordingly, in the afternoon my guide conducted me to one of these gorgeous resorts situated on the river bank, but rather isolated from the rest. On entering this garden, its magnificence so excited my admiration that I was held spell-bound. Tropical fruit trees abounded everywhere, and flowers grew in indescribable profusion. Whilst I was musing on the beauty of the scenery, I was suddenly startled by the



AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF ALINOOR, THE TREACHEROUS DRAGOMAN.
From a Photo. by the Author.

him from the opposite bank. The soldier seemed to be firing without any sort of aim, and several of the bullets came dangerously near to us. My guide explained to me that the swimmer was a fugitive from justice—probably a thief; and he had been followed by the soldier, who intended to arrest him.

Finally my dragoman, drawing his sabre, with a sinister smile, declared he intended to seize the poor wretch when he landed. The soldier presently observing Alinoor's intention ceased firing, whereupon my eccentric guide suddenly became like a madman. Wildly brandishing his sword he rushed down to the edge of the river and called upon the fellow to surrender or he would kill him. The look of abject despair which came over the poor man's face was really terrible to witness on finding that, after he had struggled so bravely through the swift-flowing water, followed by the shots of his pursuer, he was only to fall a victim to another and more dangerous enemy on the opposite side.

The dragoman's conduct so greatly perplexed me that I could scarcely believe him to be the same man. He had entirely changed from a kindly disposed fellow to a ferocious brute, and I trembled for the safety of the hapless criminal. I reflected, too, that if he could become thus



THIS IS THE ZEINDERUD CARAVANSARY, OR HOTEL, IN ISPAHAN, IN WHICH THE NIGHT
From a Photo. BY THE AUTHOR.

suddenly transformed over an affair that did not concern him, he might also turn upon me when I least expected it. I became decidedly uneasy, and my confidence in the man was so shaken that I longed to escape from him altogether, indispensable though he was. Directly the supposed thief landed he sank to the ground from sheer exhaustion, whereupon my valiant dragoman promptly tied his hands behind him, and then awaited the arrival of the soldier, who crossed the river in a boat.

I would have resented Alinoor's interfering in this poor man's capture, but feared that he would vent his rage upon me in some awkward manner. I could see by the wild look in his eyes that he was now scarcely responsible for his actions. After surrendering the thief to the soldier, however, he explained (when he had sufficiently recovered) that the "thief" had stolen a *single piece of firewood* from his neighbour. It was to me incredible that such a trifling offence could have been the cause of so tremendous a commotion, but so it was. When we were alone I reproved my dragoman for the part he had taken in this unpleasant adventure, but he replied that he was obliged to uphold the cause of justice, though it jarred against his better feelings. Alinoor's next association with justice must have jarred against him far more forcibly.

The same evening, as we prepared our effects for the journey to Yzed the following morning, I noticed with much astonishment that Alinoor had not in the least recovered from his excitement, and was still both furious and eccentric.

When we bade each other "Messak Allah Kher," or good-night, and retired to rest, I carefully closed the door and bolted it on the inside. I also closed the window, which, however, owing to its dilapidated condition, could not be very securely fastened.

Nervous and agitated with the tragic events of the day, and also dwelling upon Alinoor's surprising conduct of the last few hours, it was with a feeling of positive apprehension that I lit my candle and prepared for bed. Terrible thoughts invaded my mind which, combined with the stillness of the night, drove all sleep from me. I felt every moment that something dreadful was about to happen. At last, vexed at what I told myself were perfectly idiotic forebodings, I tried the expedient of sleeping without a light. Gathering together the little courage I had left, I sprang from the bed and extinguished the candle.

When I was but half asleep I was suddenly startled by a peculiar noise at the door, and in a perfect paroxysm of terror I leaped from the couch. "Who is there?" I cried; but after

waiting awhile and receiving no answer, I concluded I must have been dreaming, and hoped that nobody had heard the noise I made. After this fright I again lay down, but sleep was impossible—I was at a loss to know what was the matter with me. Tossing about for a long time, I worked myself up into a perfect frenzy. I laughed aloud to buoy up my spirits, but my mirth sounded so strangely harsh that I shuddered and buried my head beneath the clothes. Presently, I could stand this no longer, and jumping from my couch I seized my brandy flask and drank at a draught a quantity of the fiery liquid, in order to stimulate my now shattered nerves, and if possible obtain a little strength for the next day's journey. This dose certainly had the desired effect, and I felt a pleasant drowsiness creeping over me. Before lying down again, however, I took out my watch and, placing it on the table, was surprised to find how quickly the time had passed: it was already one o'clock.

I must have been asleep for some considerable time when I was rudely awakened by a sharp blow accompanied by severe pain on my left arm near the shoulder. This time I knew I was not dreaming, for as I turned in the bed I felt the blood streaming from my shoulder and my clothes sticking to me. And even as I turned another and still more terrible blow was delivered. All this happened in so short a time that, when I jumped from the bed to ascertain the cause of this murderous assault, I was so bewildered that I entirely forgot my suspicions of Alinoor and the dread I had had of an attack from him. Whilst I was groping about for the matches in a dazed condition, I suddenly confronted a weird figure enveloped from head to foot in a mantle not unlike a monk's cowl. I attempted to cry out for assistance, but before I could do so I received a third cruel stab upon my wounded shoulder. My senses were rapidly leaving me, and as I collapsed on the ground I dimly saw my would-be assassin escaping by the window.

On regaining consciousness I was so weak from loss of blood that I had not the strength to summon aid, and was fearful lest at any moment my nocturnal visitor should return and finish his terrible work, in which case I should be utterly helpless. The blood was now flowing freely from my wounds and my clothes were saturated. As a medical man I knew that something must be done quickly, otherwise I should bleed to death. With great difficulty and excruciating pain I succeeded in lighting the candle, and it was then I noticed that my chronometer was missing. It now dawned upon me who my assassin was, and it caused

no considerable mental anguish to think that the man I had trusted, and to whom I had shown such kindness, would murder me for the sake of my watch.

My anger and indignation were also aroused, so that I was for the time endowed with new strength and energy. I descended the stairs and called loudly for the proprietor, who, after a little time, came from his room in a towering rage at being thus disturbed from his rest at so unaccountable an hour. I now realized my awkward performance. How was I, knowing not a word of Persian, to explain to this man what had occurred? However, by showing him my dreadful wounds, and with a few expressive gestures, I managed to explain to him that I had been stabbed. He ran to awaken my dragoman, but found his room empty—thereby confirming my suspicions of Alinoor's villainy.

Alarmed at my condition, I ordered the keeper to go and fetch a surgeon, which he immediately did, returning shortly afterwards accompanied by a wend-looking individual. By this time day had dawned, and I could see distinctly the precise nature of my wounds. The first was on my left arm near the shoulder, and it caused a gaping wound about an inch long. The second was on the same arm but near the hand, and was of a more serious nature; there was also a very bad con-

trusion, probably caused by the blow which had struck me senseless to the floor. Had it not been for the travelling coat (which I had worn instead of my night gown, in consequence of my having early rising), the knife—judging from the position in which I generally lie—would undoubtedly have pierced my body.

Employing the supposed "doctor" did to stop the bleeding proved unavailing, and I could see by the way he went about his work that his surgical knowledge was of a most elementary character. As I am a doctor myself,

however, I thought it best after such poor "treatment" to do what I could for myself, and putting my arm into cold water I soon succeeded in stopping the flow of blood.

Later in the day I went to see the police of Ispahan, and happily found an officer there who could speak English. To him I explained everything; he assured me that they would do all in their power to effect the arrest of Alinoor. I returned to the caravansary, and that same day was seized with a terrible fever, the result of the shock and loss of blood. Next day an officer came and told me he had captured my murderous servant just at the moment he was about to start back to Teheran with a caravan.

The examination at the trial of Alinoor revealed the following facts: On the night before our proposed departure from Ispahan the villain had decided to kill me, steal my watch, and return with it to Teheran. He admitted trying to open the door when I cried out "Who is there?" and having failed in this he returned to the courtyard and, climbing the wall, entered my room by the window. At this time I was somewhat overcome by the brandy I had taken to induce sleep, and did not awaken until I had received the first blow. Alinoor intended to finish me, but thinking he had killed me when I fainted after the third blow, he escaped,

taking the coveted watch with him.

I was astonished to hear before I left Ispahan that the Persian Government had sentenced Alinoor to have his left hand cut off for attempted theft, and to undergo three years' penal servitude for attempted murder. The watch was returned to me in good condition, and I hurried to the Persian Gulf for proper treatment. On arriving at my destination I was fortunate enough to find a European surgeon, who dressed my wounds, and under whose skilful care I speedily recovered.



THESE ARE THE PERSIAN POLICE WHO PURSUED AND CAPTURED THE MURDERER'S DRAGOMAN.

From a Photo. by the Author

“Brusher” Mills, the Snake-Catcher.

By MRS. DELVES BROUGHTON.

A lady penetrates into the wilds of the New Forest to tell us all about a real English Wild Man of the Woods, and his curious calling of Snake-Hunter. With a complete set of photographs specially taken by her for this article.



IN that part of the New Forest lying between Brockenhurst and Lyndhurst, some distance from the high road, and almost hidden by undergrowth and giant beech, is the home of the snake-catcher, Mr. Henry Mills, commonly known as “Brusher.” The origin of this appellation is a dark mystery: he is ignorant himself of how he came by it, which is the less surprising when we hear he has been so named ever since he was four years old.

“Harry, Brusher—no matter what they call me, so long as I gets my dinner,” are his laconic words; and, like many a man before him, “to get his dinner” is the whole aspiration of his life.

His home is a charcoal-burner's hut, constructed of tree branches covered with sods and bracken—here he lives in solitary grandeur; his furniture (if such it may be called) consisting of a bed of dried ferns, an old tobacco tin made to hang over the fire by means of a piece of wire inserted in the sides, and a spoon of home manufacture. He is contented with his lot, which is more than can be said of others richer in this world's goods.

Brusher is an hospitable person, and a tea party is no uncommon occurrence with him. His guests, we must acknowledge, are generally

self-invited, but none the less welcome. From the inner recesses of his “house” he produces his tobacco tin, black from age and use, and in this he brews the tea, boiling it over the wood fire he has lighted inside. The smoke streams out through the doorway and also up through a hole in the roof. Cream is an unknown quantity, but sugar he is able to supply. Then comes the

spoon with which to stir the decoction. This spoon is of strange shape, and is about gin. long with a crook at one end, and so polished and darkened from years of hard work that it resembles ebony. The guests must be content to drink from the same vessel, for Brusher's store of tobacco tins is limited. Tea is not the only beverage he has to offer, however. From some secret corner in the thatch he unearths a bottle of whisky, which he tells us “the doctor has ordered” for his delicate chest, and no doubt it is a very efficacious cure for a diversity of ailments. He seems quite affronted if from shyness or reluctance of any other kind his hospitality is refused.



“HIS HOME IS A CHARCOAL-BURNER'S HUT OF BRANCHES COVERED WITH SODS AND BRACKEN.” (Photo. From a)

In this little hut of his he lives summer and winter, or rather sleeps, for at daybreak he is out and away, walking for miles about the country, catching snakes, cutting walking-sticks, attending fairs, humbugging tourists, and generally picking up an odd shilling or two as



"THEY'RE HERE! HE IS OUT! BRUSHER IS!"—HERE WE SEE
"BRUSHER" FULLY EQUIPPED FOR THE DAY'S HUNT.
From a Photo.

best he can in an honest way. At night he returns to his ferny bed and his dinner—not a very elaborate one, but consisting of bread and cheese. Breakfast seems to be his favourite meal, and a smile lights up his usually rather solemn features as he recalls its savoury delights while describing how he cooks it. "I light the fire, cut a rasher of bacon, sticks a lay of crooked wire through it, and cooks it."

Sometimes Brusher finds himself far from home as the shades of evening fall and then he has to tramp all through the night before regaining his humble dwelling: but, be it moonlight or dark, he never loses his way, so accustomed is he to every turn and twist of the

forest: nor does he ever seem tired, although he carries about him a heterogeneous collection of goods and chattels. In a tin with a perforated top are some adders, both dead and alive; whilst slung round him is an old waterproof coat, worn and stiff. He has hung over one shoulder a sack of snakes, and over the other a second bag filled with odds and ends—such as scissors for cutting open the adders and removing their fat. This weird substance he eventually melts down and makes into an ointment, bottles of which he keeps ready for sale to anyone who wishes for a perfect cure for bruises, sprains, or adder's bite. In the mysterious odds and ends bag Brusher also carries a knife, some bits of string, a perfect medley of other strange things, whose use only Brusher is cognizant of. Stuck through the button-hole of his coat rests the flat-pointed scissors with which he secures the adders by their necks; and in his hand is his staff of office—a rough stick forked at one end, and used both as a walking-stick and for snake-catching. Even when amongst the undergrowth or half hidden in moss and leaves his experienced eye detects his snaky prey, which he is able to pin to the ground by means of the forked end before the snake or adder has realized its danger. In the case of the former he grasps it fearlessly with his bare hand, and untying the mouth of his sack drops it in to join the wriggling company already there.

But with the adders he has, of course, to act more cautiously. Then the flat-pointed scissors comes into play, and clasp the neck of the reptile between its two points he holds it while he removes the perforated top of the tin slung about him. Then putting the adder in he shuts the lid tightly down, for it does not pay to be careless with such live cargo.

This roving, independent life is the one that best suits our wild man of the woods. In his own way he works hard, but hard work in the accepted sense of the word he will have none of. One bitter



THE SNAKE-CATCHER CUTTING OPEN AN ADDER TO EXTRACT
ITS FAT. *[Photo.]*



"BRUSHER" MILLS PINS A SNAKE TO THE GROUND WITH HIS FORKED STICK. [Photo.]

winter, when snow lay two feet deep around his hut, and snakes had long ago retired to their holes and tree crannies, there to await the kindly warmth of spring—and therefore Brusher found it hard to light his fire or gain enough money to buy bread and cheese—he was charitably offered work in the shape of stone-breaking. One morning of this sufficed him.

Again was he invited to earn some money by the sweat of his brow. Haymaking time had come, labourers were scarce, the weather doubtful, and a good crop of standing grass might be spoilt for the want of hands to save it. Brusher was asked to help: of course he was ready and willing, being a most obliging person, but when dinner-time arrived he preferred playing practical jokes to eating and resting, and as these took the form of letting loose amongst his fellow-labourers the snakes and adders he always carries about him, they objected strongly, and declared that nothing would induce them to

stay in his company. Brusher thus gained his purpose, which was to relinquish his ungenial employment.

Fear is unknown to this strange being. No terrors, either supernatural or real, disturb his nightly rest; he sleeps soundly and peacefully on his bed of ferns in his sod-covered hut, whose door of branches is his only protection against intruders. There, in the depths of the forest, far removed from other habitation, he feels as secure—perhaps more so—as a king in his palace.

One year, not long since, when England was visited by that terrible scourge, influenza, and many a home was made desolate, Brusher fell a prey to the disease. Alone and unaided he battled with his deadly foe. No comforts, no remedies, were at hand to help him, and, in all probability, his snake-catching days would then and there have come to an end for ever had not some passer-by happened to find him in his sore distress. He was taken to the "workhouse" (or "House of Industry" as it is now called), where he was cared for, and nursed into convalescence; but he retains no kindly feelings of thankfulness for this act of charity. The enforced rules, the regular hours, were all antagonistic to the roving nature of the man, and what seems strangest of all, considering the simplicity and meagreness of his daily meals, the food was not up to his standard of excellence.

Brusher declares he is fifty-eight years old, but he does not look that age, and is as active as many a man ten years younger. For the past eighteen years he has followed the profession of snake-catcher, and seems now quite at home with these loathsome reptiles, handling



"SEEMS QUITE AT HOME WITH THESE LOATHSOME REPTILES, HANDLING THEM ALMOST LOVINGLY." [Photo.]

men almost fearfully and lovingly. The grass snakes, which are sometimes found over 6ft. in length, are quite harmless, and his only object in catching them is to make a little money. At one time he had an excellent market for them, Lord Lansdowne, who then lived at Bolderwood in the New Forest, paying him a shilling for every snake he caught; but at the present day he depends principally on the chance fancy of the tourist who may like to carry off a memento of this wild and picturesque region. He is often to be seen surrounded by trippers after the arrival of the coach from Bourne-mouth, exhibiting handfuls of his snakes and adders.

In his eighteen years at the snake-catching trade he has captured 29,023 snakes, besides 198 of a smaller and much rarer species which he calls "levers" (a local name, no doubt, as it is not to be found in encyclopædias), and 3,834 adders. These latter are beautifully marked, and are certainly the most attractive to look at, but their venomous bite sometimes causes death. Brusher himself, accustomed as he is to handle these creatures, has not escaped dangerous illness caused through adder-bite. On one occasion he had caught an adder by the tail carelessly, and

was proceeding to pass his hand up to grip it by the neck as usual, when it curled its head round and fastened its fangs in his finger. The onlookers were filled with pity, and cries of "Poor fellow!" "Good heavens! he's bitten; what will he do?" reached his ears. But his nerves, or want of nerves, stood him in good stead.

"Cure it in two minutes," was all he said.

Throwing the reptile from him, he hastily got his knife out of the sack, and cutting a deep incision in his finger where the wound was, he let the blood flow freely.

"Poison go out with the blood," he explained to the still awestruck and gaping crowd.

His next proceeding was to search in a sack for a bottle of his magical decoction, made out of the oily fat of the adder, and, pouring some of the contents over the cut, he rubbed it well in.

"Worth five guineas if the bottle was full," was his short comment as he shouldered his sacks and walked off, leaving the onlookers, who had been prepared for a speedy and tragic death, proportionately disappointed.

Brusher's presence of mind and quick action no doubt saved him from any ill-effects that

might have attended the bite; but others, either ignorant of a remedy or neglectful of applying it, have paid a severe penalty.

Brusher tells of one poor little girl, who, with her brothers, had come from Bourne-mouth to spend a long and happy holiday, and as they were playing in the forest, enjoying the delights of rambling about beneath the leafy trees, picking flowers here and chasing butterflies there, a moving, glinting object on the ground attracted the attention of one of the boys. To his shame as an English boy be it spoken, fear forbade his touching the reptile, so he bribed his little sister by the promise of two pennies to take it up and put it in his pocket.

The prospect of such untold wealth and the sweetness it would bring overcame any dislike for the task. The little one stooped, picked up the adder, and fumblingly tried to put the wriggling thing into her brother's pocket. Alas! it fastened its poisonous fangs in her plump little arm and inflicted a deadly bite. There was no one to advise, no one to help, and by the time the terrified children reached home the poison had taken a firm hold. Her forearm had to be amputated, then her arm, but all in vain, and her young life was sacrificed to the foolish ignorance of her brother.

Brusher formerly got a shilling each for snakes



THE ADDER CURLED ITS HEAD ROUND AND FASTENED ITS FANGS IN HIS FINGER. [Photo.]



"HE LAUGHED OVER THE RECOLLECTION OF HIS DULCITY."
From a Photo.

which he sent to the Zoo, where they made a feast for the King Cobra, but on one occasion he had a particularly good find of adders, catching seventy-six in a single week. These he dispatched in great glee to London, and promptly received his seventy-six shillings for them. But, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he tells us, "They'd have no more of that sort, for they said 'they bite!'" and he laughed over the recollection of his duplicity in having substituted the venomous adders for the harmless grass snakes.

Brusher's wild life in the forest has given him plenty of opportunity to observe the habits of his favourite reptiles, and he has availed himself of it. He knows that both snakes and adders are enemies to game, sucking pheasants' eggs and swallowing young birds. Their skin and mouths are so elastic that bodies of even larger diameter than their own find easy passage down their throats; frogs and toads are favourite dainties; they go alive into the snake's stomach, as into a living grave, there to be slowly digested—so

slowly, in fact, that frogs have been known to live and cry for some time after being swallowed. A feast of this sort will sustain the snake for a considerable period. Brusher has proved the fasting capabilities of both snakes and adders by keeping them for two months at a stretch in his tin can without a particle of food, and at the end of that time they seemed as lively as at the beginning of their imprisonment.

He also relates a peculiarity connected with the adder, which he declares to be a fact from his own observation. After the female has produced her young, and when they are in her company, should anything cause her alarm she promptly swallows her little ones, and then when the danger is over they return the way they went, alive and unharmed.

Brusher says: "I counted as many as twenty tiny fellows go in at the female adder's mouth, and twenty come out, and the last to disappear was the first back again on the grass." His theory is that the adder has little pouches in her interior, each of which can hold a young adder. There they are snugly housed till all fear of harm is over.

Charles Knight, in his "Cyclopædia of Natural History," alludes to this peculiarity of the adder or viper as a "notion" handed down



"BRUSHER" GIVES A PRACTICAL LECTURE ON ADDERS.
From a Photo.

from a very early period, and adds that "there is no physiological reason against it," but he "has never met anyone who could state that he had actually seen the young enter or issue from their retreat." We are more lucky than he, for Brusher is most emphatic and clear as to what has come within his own observation during the many years he has spent alone, hermit-fashion, in the forest.

The New Forest, with its miles of greenwood and moorland, is a happy hunting ground for gipsies, and in many of its glades their curious habitations may be seen—primitive erections of sticks, apparently covered with rags, which can hardly be dignified by the name of tents, but in which large families dwell and flourish. The gipsy children and Brusher do not agree; why,

them at his opponents, when tears and terror are the result, followed by a hurried stampede, leaving Brusher complete master of the situation.

The snake-catching trade in the New Forest is by no means so lucrative as it used to be, the numbers of these reptiles having greatly diminished of late years—whether from Brusher's unflagging energy in their capture or from other causes it is difficult to say. But our hermit complains bitterly of the present scarcity of snakes. The market also does not appear to be so good as formerly; so our friend's outlook is not a hopeful one. Eighteen years of hard work, carrying no pension and with very precarious pay, might well affect the spirits of even the most sanguine. But in Brusher's case it is not so; he is still cheerful on the whole, fond of



THE GIPSY CHILDREN KNOW IT'S NO USE JEERING AT THE SNAKE-CATCHER." [Photo.]

it is difficult to imagine, as there is space enough and to spare in that wild region. Perhaps they are jealous that there should be anyone, not of their own kind, who still lives much the same wild, forest life.

These strange, unkempt beings, whose clothes appear always to be made several sizes too large for them, and whose hair remains ignorant of the brush as their faces and hands are of water, even without the accompaniment of soap; these black, keen-eyed little creatures, I say, often surround Brusher at a safe distance, jeering at him and putting out their tongues to show their contempt for the snake-catcher; but Brusher knows he can retaliate and scatter his foes with no great difficulty. Slowly untying his sack, he has but to hold out a snake or two and flourish

a joke, especially one of a practical nature, and his eyes twinkle and his face puckers comically as he smiles at the recollection of his success over the timid, by means of his snaky prey, while he holds up a reptile in his hand to act the part.

Brusher Mills is a character that is not often met with: clever in his own way; uneducated, with an inexhaustible fund of conversation which is not always intelligible, owing to a defective power of speech; fond of company, and yet preferring his lonely home in the depths of the forest, with wild creatures as his only companions, to the more attractive comforts of civilization; he thus exhibits a strange mixture of geniality and shyness, of the hermit and the merry good fellow.

Saved by "Jack" in the Blizzard.

BY EGERTON R. YOUNG, OF TORONTO.

The well-known missionary describes the risks and sufferings encountered in one of these unique storms of the Canadian North-West, and tells us how his own life and that of his Indian comrade were saved by the marvellous sagacity of a trained St. Bernard sleigh-dog, who is seen with his master in the photograph.



So onwards sweeps with irresistible fury the cyclone in the tropics, so marches, with ungovernable power, the blizzard in the far north land. Despotism and unconquerable are these storms, and, while they last, all Nature

yields submission to their rule. They seem to flourish most on the great treeless plains and on the vast frozen lakes which, like great inland seas, abound far up in the high latitudes of Northern America. Throughout the day they have darkened, as well as through the gloom of night, they seem to shriek out their rage and anger, because, in spite of all their overwhelming power, the victims of their fury are so few.

Blizzards may occur when the sky is cloudless, and may begin in the brilliant sunshine, which, of course, they quickly dim. A true blizzard is not a downfall of

snow from the heavens, but an uplift of the vast, dry, feathery quantities on the ground. The three essentials for a first-class blizzard are: first, a previous heavy snowfall of light, dry snow; second, a fierce, terrible wind; and third, a vast, unbroken waste place in which, without any obstruction of mountain, hill, or forest, the storm can hold its high carnival.

These three conditions met one bitterly cold day in January, when my duties as a missionary called me to make one of my long trips with my dog-trains on my mission-field in the Hudson Bay Territories. My allotted field was as large as England and Scotland combined. Over it I

travelled in summer in a birch canoe and in winter with dogs. I generally took with me a trusted Indian guide; but to keep down expense, and in response to Church authorities, I only had as my companion on this trip an Indian lad of about sixteen years of age. We each drove a splendid train of four dogs. Our sleds were in shape like the toboggans of Quebec. They were 18 in. wide and 10 ft. long. Our dogs were harnessed to these sleds in tandem style. As on this journey of several hundred miles we would not for days together see a house or wigwam, we carried on our



THIS IS THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY, MR. EGERTON R. YOUNG, OF TORONTO, AND HIS MAGNIFICENT BLACK ST. BERNARD, "JACK," TO WHOM HE OWES HIS LIFE. [Rosevear, Toronto.]

sleds our provisions, kettles, blankets, fur robes, axes, guns, and other things necessary to winter travelling in such a land.

We slept each night in a camp made in the snow which we dug out, using our snowshoes as substitutes for shovels. The temperature ranged from *forty to sixty degrees below zero*—which to English people is simply inconceivable. One

about I instinctively uncovered my head, and in my first awkwardly condition drew my hand out of my great fur moccasins. Strong hold of something, I tugged away at it most vigorously, and in my second condition I imagined it was the end of an axe-handle. Fancy my surprise, when the vigorous effort at length fully awoke me, and I found I was trying to pull off my own nose, which was frozen solid!

Now, my Indian lad, and I had started to visit some Indian bands who lived on the north-eastern shores of Lake Winnipeg. They were friendly to us, but many of them were still pagan, and I was anxious to do them good.

I had as leader of my train a white Esquimaux dog called Koonah. The other three dogs were two St. Bernards and one Newfoundland. The grandest of the train was Jack, the hero of my story. He was a black St. Bernard, a gift from Senator Sanford, of Hamilton. He was the finest dog I ever owned or saw. He stood 33 in. high at the shoulder, and his hardworking weight was 185 lb. For many years he was the undisputed master of my pack, which numbered from sixteen to twenty-five trained dogs. His superior intelligence I never knew. Other

ere the shelter of a friendly bluff or balsam forest could be reached, we could depend upon Jack to get us there. No whip ever fell across his sable back or brought blood from his silky ears. He was as gentle and intelligent as he was strong. At our mission-house he was as a house servant. He kept the kitchen wood-box full, bringing in the great sticks in his mouth from the wood-pile in the yard. Two or three lessons enabled him to open any door, furnished with the common thumb-latch, from either side. He was the finest dog I ever shot over, when hunting wild geese, ducks, or smaller birds.

Alec's train consisted of four well-trained St. Bernards. One morning on this memorable trip we had left our camp in the woods, and, directing our course towards the north, had hoped that ere that wintry day ended we would have been sixty or seventy miles farther on our journey. We pushed out from our camp on to the frozen surface of Lake Winnipeg, keeping the distant headlands well in view for our guidance. So well trained were our dogs that all we had to do was to point out to them the next high landmark, many miles ahead, and for it they would go as straight as a surveyor's line.



"THE FIGHTER OF DOGS, AND HOW HE MIGHT AS WELL JUMP OFF OUR DOG-SLEDS AND RUN."

dogs, good and true, on some of my fearful trips, often of many days, would sometimes lose heart and require to be urged on by voice or whip, but Jack's courage never faltered. We could depend upon him to infuse new life into his weary comrades, and in emergencies to take the greater part of the work himself. When we were caught in a storm, and had to toil for miles

On and on we thus travelled for some hours. The cold was intense, but as we were clothed in moose-skin and furs, we did not much mind it, as we could easily jump off our dog-sleds and run, until we felt the glow and warmth which such exercise will give. Especially was it so now, as the running was heavy on account of the snowfall of the previous night. After a

while we noticed that the strong wind, which had now become very fierce, was filling the air with fine, dry snow, thus making the travelling very difficult and unpleasant, as well as quite bewildering. Soon it increased to a gale, and it was not long before we found ourselves in a real north-west blizzard, on stormy Lake Winnipeg, many miles from shore.

Our wisest and most prudent course would have been, at the commencement of the storm, to have turned sharply to the east and found the shelter of the forest on the shore; but the bay we were crossing was a very deep one, and the headland before us, when last seen, was much nearer, so we thought it best to run the risk and push on, and find refuge in the dense woods in front.

The blizzard had now filled the air with blinding snow. As a precaution against our sleds being separated in the storm, I fastened what we call the tail-rope of my sled to the collar of the leader dog in Alec's train. About the greatest danger encountered in travelling in a blizzard arises from the fact that often in these storms the wind veers so rapidly, and yet so unconsciously to the traveller, that he turns from the direction in which he imagined he was going and wanders on in a most erratic manner. Then, in addition to this veering around, the fickle wind often blows in such whirling eddies that it makes it almost impossible to tell from what point of the compass it really is coming. Stung by the icy particles, which seem at times to burn into his face like hot sand, the unfortunate traveller in his agony turns his back to it, only to find, however, that the storm has turned about as quickly as himself.

It is because of this fickle changing of the wind in a blizzard that so many people, caught in them on the prairies, have been lost.

After Alec and I had dashed on through the bitter gale until we thought we ought to have reached the land, and yet not the slightest sign of it appeared, we began to realize that the terrible blizzard had been playing one of its tricks upon us, and that we had wandered far from our course and were out somewhere on the great lake.

We stopped our dogs, and there, amidst the roar of the tempest, as Alec's train came up alongside, we shouted out our fears to each other that we were lost. We were completely bewildered. The direction that I thought was east Alec declared was south. Perplexed and somewhat alarmed, I said:—

"Alec, I am afraid we are lost."

"Yes, Missionary," replied Alec, "we are surely lost."

As we had now been travelling since some

hours before daylight, and it was fully midday, and we had had a good deal of vigorous running in the early part of the day, we were both very hungry. We opened our provision bag, and taking out some frozen food and dried pemmican (pounded buffalo meat), we did our best, under the circumstances, to satisfy our good appetites. We missed very much the warm cups of tea we would have had if only we had been able to reach the point for which we had been looking, and there had been fortunate enough to have found some dry wood with which to kindle a fire.

After our hasty meal and a brief discussion, in which it was evident that we were bewildered and knew not which way to go, we decided to leave the whole matter to our dogs, permitting them to take their own course, and go in whatever direction they chose. To many this may seem running a great risk, but the fact was, I had a great deal of confidence in my dogs. In winters past I had seen displays of sagacity and intelligence which, under certain circumstances, had even eclipsed the marvellous ability and acumen of the cleverest Indian guides.

To Jack, the noblest of them all, I looked in this emergency to lead us out of our difficulty. So ere we started I did what was not generally allowed. I opened my pemmican bag, and with an axe cut off some bits of the frozen dried meat; I gave a portion to each of the dogs of the two trains. Jack, as usual, had crowded close up to me while we had been lurching, and with him I had a talk. I said something like this:—

"Jack, my noble fellow, do you know that we are lost, and that it is very doubtful whether we shall ever see the mission-house again? The prospect is, old dog, that the snow will soon be our winding-sheet, and that loving eyes will look out in vain for our return. The chances are against your ever having the opportunity of stretching yourself out on the wolf-rug, before the study fire, with the children gambolling over you; or taking, as in the past, your well-earned rest after the toils of a laborious trip. Arouse yourself, old dog, for in your intelligence and perseverance we are going to trust to lead us to a place of safety."

Alec lost heart, and chided me for not having brought along an experienced old guide. He said he would never see his mother again, and that I would never more see my wife and little ones. I tried to cheer him, and then helped to wrap him up in a great rabbit-skin robe. Then I securely lashed him on to his dog-sled, so that if he should become unconscious in the terrible cold he could not fall off. Straightening out the trains, I wrapped a fur robe about

and I looked myself on my own dog sled, as well as I could. Then I shouted, "Marche" (the Indian word for "go") to the dogs. Koono, my leader, looked back at me in a bewildered

raging for his prey. Not for a moment did Jack seem to hesitate as to the route. Gallantly was he aided by the two splendid dogs behind him. They seemed to catch his confident spirit, and so aided him that the weight upon him was not very great.

The cold was so intense that I had very grave fears that we should freeze to death. Alec and I were both so tied on our sleds that we could not get off and run. Indeed, the snow was so blinding and so dense that it would have been a fearful risk to have attempted to leave the sleds. Often we could not see five yards in any direction. So we were obliged to remain where we were and run the risk of there perishing with the cold. Occasionally, when there was a lull in the roaring gale, I would shout to Alec, to rouse him and keep him from going to sleep, as, in all probability, if he had done so, there would have been no awakening.

On and on we thus travelled through that terrible blizzard. Jack never faltered. Sometimes I would cheerily call to him, and back through the appalling storm would come his welcome bark. It makes me shiver still to think how relentless and bitter were those continuous blasts, which, like great guns, seemed to assail us from every quarter. After a while the light of the short day faded away, and we were enshrouded in darkness.

Still the storm swept on and around us. It seemed so much more dreadful now than it was when we could occasionally see our dogs and get a glimpse of each other's sleds. There was, however, no use in giving way to despondency. Better keep up our courage and hope for the best. We could only rejoice that our noble dogs kept up their rapid travelling; and surely, I thought, if they can continue that gait, after a while we shall certainly reach somewhere. So all there was



"WHICH WAY, MASTER, DO YOU THINK THAT WE ARE LOST, AND IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER WE SHOULD FEEL FOR THE HUSKION-HOPE AGAIN?"

sort of way and, as clearly as a dog could speak, seemed to say:

"Which way, master, is it? 'Chaw' or 'yee'?" (that is, right or left).

A— I did not know myself, and the Esquimaux stood there so irresolute in the blinding gale, I signed that:—

"Go on, Jack, whichever way you like. Do the best you can, for I don't know anything about it."

A— Koono still hesitated, Jack, with all the confidence imaginable, dashed off in a certain direction, and Koono, with slackened traces, ran beside him, giving him all the honour and responsibility of leadership. For hours the dogs kept bravely to their work. The terrible blizzard howled around us like a wild beast

to do was to shout occasionally to Alec and to the dogs.

About three hours after dark the dogs quickened their pace into a sharp gallop, and showed by their excitement that they had detected some evidence of safety or nearness to the shore, of which, however, we knew nothing. About eight o'clock they ran us up on a pile of ice, the accumulations of the freezings of a water-hole, cut out each day afresh by a company of Indians, who there obtained their needed supply of water. Here the dogs did not linger, but turning sharply to the right, on the trail of these Indians, dashed along for a couple of hundred yards more, and then dragged us up a steep bank into the forest. In a few minutes more we found ourselves in the midst of an Indian village of wigwams.

Aroused by the jingling of our dog-bells and the furious barking of their own dogs, the natives came rushing out, and were amazed at our arrival at such an hour. They rejoiced with us at our marvellous escape. They gave us a cordial welcome, almost carrying us, half-frozen as we were, into their warmest wigwam. They adopted the best methods possible for our recovery from the numerous frost-bites from which we suffered, so that after a few days' rest, the storm having passed away, we were able to resume our journey, thankful that we had had such a marvellous escape from that terrible blizzard, which was the wildest and fiercest of that whole year. Days after, when we reached a

Hudson Bay Company's trading post, where a daily record is kept of the temperature, we found that the least cold it had been during the full blast of that storm was 48deg. below zero.

Months passed away, with their usual varied experiences, in that northern field of toil. In

June, the ice having all melted from lake and river, the packet, with its welcome budget of letters and papers, arrived. Only twice a year did we hear from the outside world. Once in winter by dog-train, and now in summer by the fur-traders' boat. When we turned out on the floor our bundles of letters, we were saddened by seeing some of them with mourning borders, telling us of death among friends. On opening one of these black-edged missives we were grieved to read of the death of the Rev. George McDougall, a minister on the great Saskatchewan Plains. He had gone out with horses on a journey, and never came back alive. When the storm arose he was only eight miles from his camp, but he never reached it. His horses failed him and drifted away with the storm from the place of safety.



"IN A FEW MINUTES MORE WE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MIST OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE OF WIGWAMS."

Many days after his dead, frozen body was found far out on the plains. When we saw the date of his death, and compared it with my journal, we found that it was in the very same blizzard in which he perished that my dogs had run me through the blinding gale for many hours to a final haven of safety.

My Visit to the Island of the Dead.

By M. DINORDBEN GRIFFITH.

All about a little island "monarchy" in Cardigan Bay, which in olden times was one huge cemetery. It is the private property of a member of the aristocracy, but has a crowned King of its own.



HE travel epidemic has raged so fiercely of late years that it is difficult to imagine there can be an unexplored nook in the whole of Europe, or one spot untraversed by the foot of the ubiquitous tourist. Yet, within the boundaries of Great Britain, there exists a small island—ancient, historic, and of unique interest, though a *terra incognita* to a large majority.

As early as the fifth century this island was a prosperous little kingdom, with a noble abbey and scanty brotherhood, who, according to traditions and existing documents, were granted by God the privilege of dying according to

an island three leagues from the mainland, at the northern extremity of Cardigan Bay; but the latter part of the journey will not be found easy to accomplish. Reaching the little, out-of-the-world village of Aberdaron, the island may be seen in the distance. On two occasions I reached Aberdaron, but failed to get to the island, for the passage, although only four miles across, is dangerous, and often impossible, by reason of adverse winds and a tide that runs at the rate of seven miles an hour. But I comforted myself by walking along the shore, where, under my feet, lay the skeletons of many who had failed to reach the sacred isle, and had



REACHING THE LITTLE, OUT-OF-THE-WORLD VILLAGE OF ABERDARON, THE ISLAND MAY BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE. (Milton, Paultheli.)

monarchy. It was also the Mecca of religious England, and, finally, it became an Island of the Dead.

Our little kingdom is a seagirt rock, to which, for centuries, every barge and shallop brought corpses in place of living emigrants, and every turn of the spade gave evidence of mortality. To-day the island is a tiny Arcadic kingdom, where the monarch and his subjects live in true patriarchal simplicity. To them the sea presents fish of many kinds; while the thin soil covering the grave-tunnelled rocks yields an abundant harvest of unrivalled wheat, barley, and potatoes.

The truth of these strange-sounding statements may be proved by a journey to Bardsey,

been reverently buried, their faces towards the wished-for goal. The sacredness of Bardsey, by the way, and the difficulties of the journey may be estimated from the old saying: "Twice to Bardsey, once to Rome, or never to Heaven."

After many delays we secured a passage in a fishing boat for a sovereign, which is the lowest fare across the sound to Ynys Enlli, or Isle of the Current, as it is termed by the natives. Every moment the boat seemed destined to be sucked under by the hungry current; and as we dodged the flying spray and cowered under our mackintoshes, we wondered if the reason that more dead than living had gone to Bardsey was totally unconnected with the discomfort of the trip.

From our port of departure Bardsey looked like a barren rock tapering into a narrow headland at the southern end. But on near approach the rock develops into a fairly lofty mountain, bristling seaward with overhanging crags, under the shadow of which our smack passed, before

through Chester, Holywell, St. Asaph, Bangor, and Carnarvon, right on to Aberdaron. Every seven or eight miles were wells or fountains, in the centre of a square composed of stone seats; these were stages or resting-places, on reaching which the fatigued and footsore monks, after



THIS IS WHAT THE "ISLAND OF THE DEAD" LOOKS LIKE FROM ABERDARON.

From a Photo. by Milton, Pwllheli.

reaching a peaceful, sandy creek, sheltered by low rocks and forming a safe harbour for vessels of not more than forty tons.

Here we disembarked, with the aid of some of the islanders, headed by their present "monarch," King John Williams the Second, under whose guidance we proceeded to explore the island. Bardsey's present is peculiar, and, in some particulars, unique; but the little island's past is so weird, not to say sensational, that the present is tame by comparison.

The whole island is a graveyard, tunnelled everywhere into shallow trenches a little more than 2ft. deep, and about the same in width. In these the uncoffined bodies were laid in lines, head to feet, the top of the trenches being covered with rough slabs of stone, over which earth was laid. The King informed us that many of these rude tombs had been laid bare when the foundations of the new farmsteads, built by Lord Newborough, were being dug. "I have seen barrows full of bones taken up," he added; "and we buried them up there," pointing to the old monastery.

Strangely enough, all the skeletons found have been those of aged people, which seems to verify the quaint old record of the "dying by seniority." Every day and all day long, in ancient times, processions of monks, bearing the dead, slowly traversed the old high road

reverently laying down their burden, rested and bathed their weary feet. Several of these wells are still to be seen.

Every monk engaged in this solemn office could demand free lodging and food at any wayside house on the route. As a rule, the usual arrangement was that one set of friars carried the body one stage, and were then relieved by others. Returning, they would probably only have time for refreshment and a brief rest before starting again on the same funeral errand.

Relays of funeral processions were daily arriving at Aberdaron, where, if the weather was unpropitious for crossing to Bardsey, the dead were deposited in St. Mary's Chapel, to wait for a fair wind and tide. Often, during the late autumn and winter, communication between the island and the mainland is impossible for weeks together. When this was the case, the bodies were buried in the churchyard by the sea, with their faces towards the sacred isle, and the moaning of the waves as their only requiem.

As may be seen to-day, the little island is a peaceful resting-place, guarded by precipitous rocks rising out of the sea. The headlands are covered with gorse and heather, swaying softly to and fro in the westerly breeze; while birds sing of the ecstasy of life, far above those who

have done with its joys and sorrows for ever. It is scarcely less beautiful when the sea arises in its wrath, and, rolling shoreward in mountainous billows, bursts on the rocks to engulf them in columns of foam. Above all whirl the screaming scagulls, a grey and sullen sky completing the impressive picture.

Our thoughts are brought back to the present when the King of Bardsey draws our attention to a massive Celtic cross of white Anglesea marble, 28ft. high, erected by the Hon. F. G. Wynn, the present Lord of the Isle, in memory of his father, the late Lord Newborough, whose wish it was that twelve months after his death his remains should be finally deposited in Bardsey. The island entirely belonged to him, and he took a deep interest in it. The erection of this monument, which weighs over thirty tons, was only accomplished with great difficulty.

The Bardsey of to-day is as unique as it was in the past. It has only seventy-two inhabitants—thirty-six men and thirty-six females. They are ruled by a "King," who is crowned on his election, and who, like his subjects, earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. The present Ruler succeeded his father, King John Williams the First, who was unfortunately drowned whilst crossing over alone to the mainland.

With great difficulty we induced his present Majesty to sit for his portrait; it was the first and only one ever taken of him.

He permitted the crown to be placed on his head for the occasion, but no persuasion—even on the part of his wife—could make him put on his regal Sunday suit.

The crown is of home manufacture, and is neither very valuable nor very beautiful, and the King, with a sigh of intense relief, as soon as the sitting was over, exchanged his cumbersome emblem of sovereignty for an old hat.

The natives, although a little suspicious of strangers, are, when their confidence is won, very kind and hospitable. A few words of Welsh insure a ready welcome. Unfortunately, the old cottages have nearly all been replaced by substantial farmsteads, very comfortably arranged, but not half so picturesque or interesting to strangers as the quaint old cottage still standing, of which exterior and interior views are given.

The owner was an old widow. Her face, bronzed and wrinkled like a winter apple, was set off by the snowy frills of her cap, which was surmounted by a soft felt hat. Asked why she had discarded the traditional tall hat of her nation, the old dame hastened to assure us they were "old-fashioned now."

There is neither public-house, inn, nor prison on the island; and rates and taxes are unknown. The people lead healthy, peaceful lives, knowing nothing of the outside world, or of poverty, or of riches. There have been only fourteen deaths during the last twenty-five years!

Although the



THE PRESENT RULER OF THE ISLAND—KING JOHN WILLIAMS II. HE WEARS A HOME-MADE CROWN.

From a Photo. by Milton, Poldheli.



THE KING'S "PALACE."

From a Photo. by Milton, Poldheli.

island cannot boast of a single tree, the land is very fertile; and the barley and oats of Bardsey always find a ready market, and are better known than the island itself. The sea also yields a plenteous harvest of fish—such as lobsters, crabs, roach, cod, gurnets, and

is delightfully invigorating, and water is their only beverage—the best I ever tasted, and as clear as crystal.

Curiously enough, until the year 1798 no sparrow had ever been known to breed on the island; three nests were, however, built in that



THIS IS WHAT THE INTERIOR OF THE KING'S "PALACE" IS LIKE.
From a Photo. by Milton, Paullheli.

mackerel. Several seals have also been caught; one, a very large one, was recently captured in the Seal Cave, which lies at the south-east of the island. The inhabitants, many years ago (the King informed us), used to make a living by the dangerous work of collecting the eggs of sea-fowl, but this is now forbidden, on account of its danger.

We looked up at the rocks, where, we were told, the men were let down by chains, in order to reach the crevices and precipices where the eggs were most plentiful, and really one felt glad that such hair-raising exploits are no longer permitted.

Among these rocks the tiny sheep of Bardsey browse contentedly, perched on ledges that make them look as if suspended in the air. Dogs are cleverly trained to catch them, but, once on the rocks, they are safe from pursuit, for they will even jump into the sea to avoid capture.

The inhabitants own about sixty head of cattle, besides horses, pigs, and poultry. So that altogether their lot (except for the loneliness of their lives) is a very enviable one. They pay merely nominal rents. The air they breathe

is delightfully invigorating, and water is their only beverage—the best I ever tasted, and as clear as crystal.

On the headland at the south end of the island is a lighthouse 108ft. high, belonging to the Trinity Board. It is provided with a revolving light and a fog-horn. Three lighthouse-keepers and their families live there. Mr. Jenkins, the principal of the lighthouse, was recently killed by falling 120ft. over the precipice.

The Hon. F. G. Wynn, the Lord of the Isle, frequently spends several days among the people, shooting and fishing. For our own part we were loath to leave the island, both the place and people being so interesting. But, being warned of a coming storm, which might keep us prisoners in Bardsey for a week or two, we hurriedly bade our hospitable entertainers farewell; no less a personage than the King offering to row us back!

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With a Mad Mate in Paraguay.

BY CHARLES F. HUGHES.

The story of a maniacal assault in mid-stream. Left alone in the great primeval flooded forests. Stumbling and swimming through the undergrowth, and the final rescue by Paraguayan Indians.



WENT through the following terrible adventure in Paraguay during the months of October and November, 1860, having gone to South America for shooting and adventure gener-

ally. We had been going down the little-known River Hippocorru for about seven weeks, and with the exception of one small village, called Villa Maria, and later on a solitary rancho, had seen no signs of human habitation. Once we met a party of Indians hunting, and we stopped in their camp for the night. They treated us most hospitably, giving us the meat of the river pig and deer, both of which they had in plenty; and they also soured us to sleep with the noise of their native instruments.

It was in a 15ft. canoe that we traveled. We had a small tent, and when it was possible to find dry land we always stuck the tent up and slept in it; otherwise we had to sleep in the canoe. As this was only 3ft. wide, what with the mosquitoes and the heat, you may be sure our sleep was never of the soundest. I had for some days noticed my companion becoming rather sullen. He was a middle-aged man, and

one who could not put up with much discomfort. Now, we had a lot of discomfort to put up with daily, far more than we ever bargained for when starting. Some days we had to live on roots alone, finding nothing to shoot, and a tropical sun was for ever blazing down on us.

Indeed, the sun was at times so unbearable, that I was forced to jump into the river and swim alongside the canoe. My companion, who could not swim, had to content himself with bathing his head. We also suffered greatly from thirst during the day, and had nothing to drink but hot river water.

One morning I had shot a couple of monkeys, and, having skinned them, was about to put their skins to dry on a stick, when Benyon, my *compañero*, who had been particularly morose for a long time, told me to leave them in the bottom of the canoe. I did not care to do so,

as I wanted the skins, which were good ones, and would have gone bad if not dried at once.

However, Benyon insisted on my putting the skins down, and I jokingly told him he was going mad. Next moment, without a word of warning, he started up with one of the oars and brought it down with all his might on my head.



THIS IS THE AUTHOR, MR. CHAS. F. HUGHES, WHO SUFFERED SO MUCH THROUGH HIS "MAD MATE."

From a Photo. by Lafayette, Dublin.

The oar broke in two, and thanks only to the stout helmet I had on, my brains were not scattered. For a few moments I was stunned, and in the meantime, the oar being broken, my mad mate caught up my Winchester rifle which was beside me, and went for me with the butt end. I jumped up also, saved my head, and caught one end of the rifle. Silently we struggled for mastery, the frail canoe being in danger of going over every moment. There were murder and madness in my antagonist's eyes. I had no time to realize what had happened, however. He seemed to have entirely lost his senses, and not to care what happened—whether we went into the river, where he would have been promptly drowned, or whether I killed him, which I could easily have done, as I had both revolver and knife in my belt. On the other hand, he had no arms of any kind.

I must here explain that this man, Edgar Benyon, whom I had met some months previously in a colony, and whom I had asked to come with me down the river as I wanted to do some shooting, came only to oblige me, and up till now I had found him the best of friends. He would take upon himself all the hard work, and I got to like him very much. What came over him I cannot tell. His brain, I think, must have become affected by the blazing sun.

I could not bring myself to shoot him, so I thought that if I let myself into the water and he saw me there, he would, after a minute or two, come to his senses again. Over I went

accordingly, but I still clung to the rifle. He shouted to me to let it go, but I would not, as I guessed that he would either have shot me or dashed my brains out with the weapon. At length, finding himself unable to wrest the rifle from me, he let it go, and immediately snatched up a large stick we had for hammering down tent-pegs. With this the man tried to brain me as I swam, and whenever I came within his reach he dealt a tremendous blow at me.

After a few minutes I had to let the rifle go, and I dare say it will never be found again, as the river was about 30ft. deep at that place. I shouted to the maniac that I should drown if he did not let me in, I being now hard set, swimming with breeches and shirt on. I told him that I had been only jesting when I said he was going mad; but all my pleading was in vain. I besought him again and again, but he only cursed and raved,

and told me I might drown. He next took up a paddle and began to propel the canoe swiftly forward, leaving me to my fate. I never saw him or the canoe again.

Here was I, then, swimming for dear life in the middle of a large and swiftly-flowing river. After a severe struggle I reached the bank utterly exhausted, and bleeding from the first stunning blow my crazy mate had given me.

I must here tell you that we were travelling after very heavy rains, and the country along each side of the river was flooded to such an extent that the banks were only discernible in very few places. We had found that the river wound its way almost the entire journey through



"SILENTLY WE STRUGGLED FOR MASTERY, THE FRAIL CANOE BEING IN DANGER OF GOING OVER EVERY MOMENT."

a wild and apparently impenetrable forest, sometimes taking a short cut and leaving its proper bed. This river, the Típpocorru, which flows into the Paraguay, has more bends in it than any river I have ever travelled on, doubling on itself every few hundred yards. When paddling in the canoe it took us all our time to prevent our being washed through the forest, into which the current would often be taking a rush for a short cut.

Well, I got a footing on the bank at last, and having rested a bit, on I went again, keeping as near to the river as I could, and thinking that Berlyon might have recovered his wits and be waiting for me lower down. If not, I thought that by some good chance I might strike on some hut or camp. I was never less than my waist deep in the whirling flood, and every now and then the water would get too deep for wading, coming gradually up to my mouth and compelling me to swim. The forest, however, was generally too thick for swimming, being

interlaced with vines and thorny plants. What clothes I had on I found a serious encumbrance, and I had at length to throw them off and proceed almost naked, with the exception of my belt, in which I had my knife and revolver. I also had in my possession fifty paper dollars, and these I carried in my mouth when swimming. But after some time I had more swimming than walking to do, and I began to feel as if money

would be no further use to me, so I let the dollars drift.

On I went all day with no food of any kind to eat, forcing and cutting my way through water and forest, vines and all manner of thorny plants, which twined themselves around me, tripping me up and tearing me in a pitiable manner. Sometimes I would climb up one of the enormous forest trees to try and spy out some dry land, but naught could I see but an appalling prospect of forest and water. Night came on presently, and I could go no farther, so I waded back to a bit of fairly dry ground I had passed some time before. I then got bits of branches and leaves off the trees to try and cover myself. I lay down, but not to sleep, for what with the mosquitoes, which I could take off my body in handfuls, and later on the cold and general wretchedness, sleep was impossible.

During the night I heard crocodiles floundering about in the water, and I thought if one of these ghastly reptiles would only come my way and tear

me to pieces, it would be at least better than having to die of slow starvation. To add to my miseries a strong wind rose during the night on the river, and I felt so cold that I had to get up and carry my covering of leaves into a hollow which was soaking wet, but yet sheltered from the biting wind.

As I walked I came upon a bunch of pampas



SO I WENT ALL DAY, FORCING AND CUTTING MY WAY THROUGH WATER AND FOREST, VINES AND THORNY PLANTS.

grass, which I wondered how I could have missed; and taking my knife I went out to cut the prize, which would certainly have been a great addition to my covering. To my horror, however, just as I seized hold of it I found it contained a nest of large black ants, each about an inch long. Some of these terrible insects attacked me at once and gave me some fearful bites.

With the dawn I rose, aching, bleeding, and wretched, and found it hard to move a step, my feet being full of thorns, and the wounds on my body having stiffened with the cold. On I had to go, however, through the gloomy flooded forest, stumbling on despairingly through the cold, black waters. So thick was the forest, indeed, that not a gleam of sun could enter, so that I had to stagger half blindly forward, perished with the cold, shivering violently, and with my teeth chattering. I did not get warm all that dreadful day, and I thought several times that fatal cramps would overtake me.

I saw some vultures in a tree over my head, and tried to bring one down with my revolver, thinking I might in this way obtain a meal (fancy anyone eating a vulture!) But the cartridges were wet and useless, so having enough to do to carry myself I left the revolver in a tree. As the unspeakably dreary afternoon wore on I began to give up all hope of being saved. I found the water getting deeper and deeper, and when I was not actually swimming, with half-hearted, spasmodic strokes, I was up to my chin in the black, never-ending flood.

At length I came to a wide river running into the Tippocorru. I realized at once that if I had attempted to cross this vast stream I should have been swept away to certain death, being now utterly spent. To get over the river in front, then, was impossible, and yet, unless I crossed it, I could go no farther. To go back, even if I could reach the spot from which I had started, would have been useless, so what to do I knew not. I make an appeal for pity, for surely no man was ever in so deplorable a plight.

Suddenly I saw an old tree with a beam of sun striking on it, and over to that tree I swam as fast as I could. I even climbed up a little way. The heat of the sun was so grateful, that I was not in the tree a minute before I fell asleep, and, of course, the moment I lost consciousness I tumbled off like a log into the water. I climbed into the tree again, and the same result ensued. It was only a single limb, so that when I fell asleep I had no secure hold. I repeated this operation several times, and derived a little benefit from the heat of the sun. Whilst in the tree I considered the situation,

and saw that my chances of being saved were of the smallest, so I said a few prayers and wished I might die at once; but the worst of it was I knew I had a very lingering death before me. Still, I did not care much as I felt myself growing unconscious with despair, pain, and fatigue.

I then thought of my mother and everyone at home, and reflected with a kind of dull bitterness that they would never know what had become of me, as my bones would never be found in such a weird, out-of-the-way place. I doubted, indeed, whether they would even know whether I was dead or alive. At length, solely for the sake of those at home, I screwed up my remaining courage, and determined to make one last effort. Down I got into the water, in which there were a number of old logs floating around. I promptly swam here and there, and collected three or four, which I tied together at one end with my belt and some trailing vines. I had tried this plan of making a raft earlier in the day, but the thing had gone asunder when I placed it in the river, with the result that I had been nearly drowned, and only just saved myself by grasping at a thorny shrub, whose top appeared above the water.

However, this second raft turned out something of a success. I used my belt as the principal means for fastening the logs together, as the vines were not to be depended upon. In making my crazy craft I dropped my knife, and as the water was too deep for me to find it, the last of my earthly belongings disappeared for ever. I got the raft into the river all right, though, and up I got on to it straddle-wise. Down it sank, however, and I just managed to keep my head and shoulders out of the water. I had hard work to balance myself on that raft. Sometimes I would go altogether underneath it, but usually managed to regain my position. I thought every minute it would go asunder, as it was only tied at the top end. One log would go erratically in one direction, while another would begin to float off the other way. If it had gone asunder I was done for, as I was floating with the current down the centre of the great river, and was too utterly worn out to have reached either bank. And yet on I went in comparative safety.

Some vultures circled round my head, thinking, I suppose, I was dead, or soon would be. I had to shout at the dreadful creatures to keep them at a respectful distance. I went along like this for a league or so, having a wonderful escape from the crocodiles with which the river is infested; and in the end I came to some high ground, where I heard some cattle lowing. Then, indeed, I felt hope arise once again within me, as I knew that where there were

there must also be owners not very far away. I paddled with my hands as near as I could to the bank, and at last, casting my frail raft adrift, I reached the land and went in the direction where I heard the cattle. Still I had to wade and swim through the long, wiry papyrus grass, the top of which appeared above the surface of the water. It would get in

make them understand my condition. They brought me a "poncho," or native cloak, and gave me plenty of meat. They even got grease and rubbed it all over my wounds; and I may say that from my head to my toes I do not believe I had a sound inch of skin on my body. It was about a fortnight before I got all the thorns out of my feet.



"THE WATERS CIRCLED AROUND MY HEAD, THINKING I WAS DEAD OR SOON WOULD BE."

between my toes and fingers and caused me great agony, cutting to the bone.

The water here on the treeless land presented a great contrast after the flooded forest and the giant river. Here, where the tropical sun had full play, it felt at first like going into a very hot bath. After journeying for about two miles I came upon a camp of natives, just as night was falling. My appearance at the camp, half dazed, bruised and bleeding, and perfectly naked, caused no small surprise, more especially as they spoke only Guarani and understood very little Spanish. More by signs than speech I tried to

If I had not by good luck come to this camp I should have had to go thirty miles to the next, where two Englishmen named Fairbairn lived. I afterwards went to the camp of these men, and they treated me very kindly. I stopped with the natives for three weeks, and then went down the river with the hunters.

The Paraguayan natives are, I think, the most hospitable people in the world, and many civilized nations might take a lesson from them. I never heard anything of my mad mate Benyon, nor of the canoe; but as long as I escaped safely myself I am thankful.

Our Adventures in Unknown Uganda.

BY LIEUTENANT R. BRIGHT, RIFLE BRIGADE.

A narrative of the travels of the important Government expedition under Colonel Macdonald in the very heart of the African Continent. With a complete set of snap-shot photographs, taken by the author, illustrating many phases and incidents of life en route. Practically it is to Colonel Macdonald that the British Empire owes the possession of the vast territory commonly known as Uganda.



COLONEL MACDONALD.
From a Photo.



AFTER leaving the Uganda Railway, of which, in 1897, only seventy miles had been constructed, the Macdonald Expedition was divided into three columns. The first, consisting entirely of porters, was under the command of Colonel Macdonald himself, while the other two columns were made up of waggons drawn by bullocks, and their attendants. The road made by Captain Sclater was followed.

For the first four days there was practically no water, the road leading through the Taru Desert. All the porters, however, were provided with water-bottles, and a water-waggon accompanied the caravan for the first two marches; while, to make assurance doubly secure, as many mussocks full of water as possible were carried in the waggons. In spite of these precautions, however, my boy came to me one night, and plaintively declared he had had no water to drink for two days; I gave him all I could spare. It proved to be,

literally, a "stirrup-cup," for, having obtained a supply of the precious fluid, the young rascal promptly deserted and returned to Mombasa. The first water we came to was the River Tsavo, which it took the expedition many hours to cross. Fortunately, the water did not come



LIEUT. BRIGHT, WHO WRITES THE ARTICLE AND PROVIDES THE PHOTOS.

From a Photo. by Werner & Son, Dublin.



GROUP OF MISSIONARIES, ETC. WATCHING TWO INDIANS JOINING THE ENDS OF THE TELEGRAPH LINE ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY. *[Photo.]*



SECTION OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY CONVEYING A COMPANY OF
THE 112 BULLOCKS FROM BILE 190 TO THE COAST. (Photo.)

above the axles of the waggons, so that the loads did not require to be unpacked and carried across—for which we were devoutly thankful. The photo. reproduced below shows one of our "gharris," or Bombay country carts, crossing the river, assisted by Sikhs and Swahilis. These carts were specially brought from India for the use of the expedition, and proved eminently serviceable. They are light and can be man handled.

Mention of the River Tsavo reminds me of a rather comical incident. The country near the river had the reputation for affording good shooting, but so far very little game had been seen. One of our party, getting impatient, went out one morning vowing that he would not return until he had killed *something*. The manner in which he fulfilled his vow was decidedly curious. A poor water buffalo, after having come from India through the worst of

the monsoon, and no doubt severely tried by the hard marches and scarcity of water, had wandered some distance from the camp in search of rest and quiet. Presently he lay down in a shady spot for a peaceful "forty winks," little dreaming that he was being stalked by our sportsman colleague. At any rate, he was rudely awakened from his slumbers by an express bullet behind the shoulder, and, on looking round to ascertain the cause of this un-



"THE CART WAS LOADED WITH THREE SECTIONS OF OUR STEEL BOAT FASTENED IN A CRATE."
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

kind treatment, he received another ball in the neck which finished him. He never drew a cart again. Our porters, who subsequently ate him, were no doubt perfectly well satisfied, but I do not think that the sportsman was altogether proud of his "bag."

We followed the cart road for some 400 miles, through somewhat uninteresting country. The nature of this "road" may be best judged by an examination of the above photograph, which shows one of our bullock-waggons crossing one of the swamps which intersect the track. The cart was loaded with three sections of our steel boat, securely fastened in a substantial crate. This craft was a whale-boat, intended to be placed on Lake Rudolf to keep up communication between the north and south ends of the lake. It was 25ft. long, and was carried the whole way from the coast in ten separate sections. For the first 400 miles it was packed in crates



ONE OF THE BULLOCK-WAGGONS CROSSING THE RIVER TSAVO.
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

on the waggons, as seen in our photo.; but beyond that point its parts were shouldered by the Swahili porters, each section being slung on bamboos and carried by two men, who generally carried the pole-ends on their heads. The boat, however, owing to the outbreak of the Soudanese mutiny, never reached its destination, but was left on Lake Victoria for the use of the Uganda Administration.

At Ngara Nyuki, our next halting-place (sometimes called Equator Camp, because it is almost exactly on the Line), we were joined by the Uganda Rifles, who were to form the main part of the escort. The Soudanese on joining were very discontented; they had just come through an arduous campaign,

and had an aversion to starting off on an expedition the very destination of which they did not know. And they had another very real grievance. The particular three companies to which they belonged generally had to do most of the fighting in the Protectorate, whilst the other detachments of the regiment remained in garrison in peace and plenty. How, finally, they deserted the expedition and marched to Lubwa's is now a matter of history, as is the subsequent battle on the high ground overlooking the Victoria Nyanza. Here the pursuing Colonel Macdonald, with a small force consisting of nine Europeans, seventeen Sikhs, and 340 partially-trained Swahilis, was attacked by the mutineers. He beat them off, and drove them back in disorder to Lubwa's Fort, which they had seized the night before. By this signal victory there can be no doubt that British prestige was saved and the Uganda Protectorate preserved to the Empire.

Fighting continued round Lubwa's until the beginning of 1898, and during the whole of this period the exploring work of the expedition was at a standstill. The indefatigable Macdonald was here, there, and everywhere—fighting, pacifying, and avenging; until at last, during his absence, the mutineers—the primary cause of all the trouble—escaped in a dhow across a bay of the Victoria Nyanza. They were, however, pursued and defeated. Mwanga, the

rebellious ex-King of Uganda, having been signally smashed about the same time, the expedition was at liberty to resume its long-delayed journey towards the unknown north.

The caravan marched in single file, as the next snap-shot shows; and, as long as they kept well together, the men were allowed to march pretty much as they pleased. In front of the long, straggling column went the advance guard, composed of Sikhs and native soldiers, accompanied by an officer. Then came the porters, as we see them in the photo., nearly all armed with Martini-Henry rifles and sword-bayonets. Each company of porters had a drummer, and these "instrumentalists" marched together in the fore-front of the caravan. I was lucky



"THE CARAVAN MARCHED IN SINGLE FILE.
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

enough to obtain a very characteristic snap-shot of two of these curious musicians, and it is here reproduced. The bundles on their heads are

* IN THE WIDE WORLD for May, 1898, under the title of "The Strangest Monarch in the World," will be found a complete history of King Mwanga and his little eccentricities. It is written by one who knew him, and is copiously illustrated with photographs.



"EACH COMPANY OF PORTERS HAD A DRUMMER . . . THE BUNDLES ON THEIR HEADS ARE THEIR PERSONAL BELONGINGS."
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.



THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.
 "ACROSS THE FLATS THE CARAVAN MARCHED ALONG THE
 WESTERN SHORE OF LAKE BARINGO."
 From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

their personal belongings, usually consisting of the weirdest possible assortment of odds and ends. Their water-gourds are strapped outside, and their sleeping-mats and food are made into a roll and tied round with a piece of string. All the porter's worldly belongings, be they ever so cumbersome and unwieldy, go into this bundle on his head. Even if he possesses a live fowl—the acme of his ambition—he ties a piece of string round its leg and fastens it to his load. These drummers have different "beats" for different occasions—a regular telegraph-code, in fact; so that the porters in their rear know when camp is near, or when there is a river to be crossed, or a halt for rest is about to be called.

For several days the column marched along the western shore of Lake Baringo, a snap-shot of which—probably the first ever taken—is here given. Lake Baringo is a fresh-water lake, some forty miles in extent, belonging to the great chain of Central African lakes. It is situated four hundred miles in the interior—four marches to the eastward from the Uganda road. The inhabitants of the lake shores are known as the Wa-Njemps, a peaceful and industrious tribe, who have a few canoes on the lake for fishing purposes.

As there are no crocodiles in Lake Baringo, our men indulged to the full in bathing, a luxury of which they were very fond; and a couple of more or less merry bathers may be seen disputing themselves on the right in the picture under consideration. There were a few hippopotami in the lake, and lions abounded round the flat, marshy shores.

One night a sentry posted to look after the cattle was struck down from behind by a lion and seriously mauled, but the brute was driven off before any harm was done. The man, in

spite of his terrible wound (he was badly scalped by the brute's claws), recovered rapidly, and was soon able to go about his duties once more. A little while after, whilst in charge of a small party who were carrying letters, this same man had another thrilling lion adventure. The whole party were attacked in their little camp by a troop of lions, and only succeeded in driving them off after the expenditure of some three hundred rounds of ammunition, which was proved by an examination of their pouches! The deadly aim of the men and the fierceness of the fight will at once be apparent when I add that no damage was done on either side!

But this was by no means the last of our rencontres with lions, which seem to fairly swarm round the lake. A party of five porters deserted soon after passing Lake Baringo, intending to make their way back to the coast. But Nemesis was on the track of these sinners. Whilst sleeping under a tree they were suddenly surprised by lions, and had barely time to climb up into the branches before the hungry brutes were upon them. Then, and not till then, did the unfortunate men realize that in their excitement they had left their rifles—their only means of salvation—at the foot of the tree. Apparently fully understanding the helpless condition of their victims, the lions waited patiently until, one by one—worn out with hunger and exhaustion—the poor fellows dropped down on to the ground, only to be instantly torn to pieces and devoured before the eyes of their horrified



GUIDES WHO DID NOT KNOW THE WAY.
 From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

companions. Only one man survived to tell the dreadful tale, and he rejoined one of the columns of the expedition some months later.

Wherever possible, guides were procured from the natives; and the next photo. shows a group composed of three guides and the same number of Masai warriors. These particular guides came from Njemps, a large village to the south of Lake Baringo; and before they started from their homes they led us to believe that they knew every inch of the way. This proved to be very far from the case, however; but they *did* succeed, notwithstanding the thick bush, in piloting us as far as the next native settlement, where fresh guides were procured.

The victualling of the expedition was, of course, a vitally important matter; and for this purpose we had to take along with us large herds of cattle, to say nothing of immense stores of flour, and sometimes water. We engaged a number of Masai to look after the cattle, and during the whole time—in spite of the manifold difficulties of the route, and the fact that sometimes they had as many as 400 head to drive—they never lost a single beast. On the way back we paid each man off at his own village, giving him two cows as a reward for his fidelity. These Masai are a warrior race, and replenish their herds of cattle by the delightfully simple, if somewhat questionable, method of raiding their weaker neighbours.

As a rule, we bought flour from the natives in exchange for beads, cowries, cloth, or wire. A one-pound tobacco tin was used as the standard measure, and this, piled high with flour, was a porter's ration for two days. As is the universal custom in East Africa, the higher a man's rank the more food he is supposed to require; therefore the headmen received double as much food as a porter. The giving out of the rations was called "Posho," and the ceremony is well illustrated in the photograph reproduced above, which shows the headman filling the flour-tins.

Sometimes as much as ten days' food is given out at a time, and this is carried by the man himself; it is for him to see that it lasts the right number of days. At first the men were inclined to eat up their ten days' food in half the time, hoping that when it was exhausted they would be given more. This caused considerable inconvenience and suffering in the early days of the expedition. But, later on, when they got to understand the difficulty of carrying more food than was absolutely required, they did their best to make their rations last over the allotted period.

Elephants were very numerous in some parts of the country, and in the next illustration we see a native carrying a large piece of elephant meat. Swahili, although as a rule not very delicate feeders, will rather starve than eat either elephant or donkey meat. The natives, however, did not share this aversion, and whenever an elephant was shot they would assemble rapidly and attack the carcass with their spears



THE HEADMAN MEASURES OUT THE RATIONS IN A 1 LB. TOBACCO TIN.
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.



A DAINTY DISH—ONE OF THE NATIVES CARRYING A LUMP OF
ELEPHANT MEAT. (Lieut. Bright.)

and small knives, cutting off pieces and eating them raw in barbaric style. Some would get right inside the large carcass, carving out quite a little cave for themselves.

Curiously enough, elephants seem to have a great immunity towards donkeys, as is shown by the two following incidents which came under my own observation: A number of loaded donkeys were being driven along, when suddenly a small herd of elephants came out of the bush. Without the slightest provocation a large bull elephant made straight for one of the poor donkeys and tossed him bodily into the air, afterwards carefully destroying the bales of food with which he was laden. The poor donkey died the same evening—probably from internal injuries received in the tossing process.

On another occasion one of my brother officers was stalking an elephant, his riding-donkey being led behind him. Suddenly, in the exasperating way that donkeys have, the brute began to bray, and the elephant, hearing this, charged down upon poor Neddy. The man leading the donkey promptly dropped his rifle and fled, while the donkey also made tracks, faster than ever he had done before in his life, hotly pursued by the elephant. By a clever double, the donkey eluded the big tusk, which then re-

traced its steps and came across the discarded rifle. This the elephant picked up, and, waving it in triumph, disappeared in the bush. Neither elephant nor rifle was ever seen again.

The next photograph reproduced has a pathetic interest. When one of the columns of the expedition reached the north shore of Lake Rudolf, the natives who live on the banks of the River Omo were found to be in great distress. They had been raided a few months before by bands of Abyssinian horsemen, who, coming down both sides of the river, had destroyed all their crops, burnt their granaries, and driven away their flocks and herds. Dead bodies were lying unheeded in the almost deserted villages. These people, some representatives of whom are shown in our illustration, were in a starving condition, and were, besides, suffering from smallpox. When asked what

they had to eat, the poor creatures pointed first to their stomachs, round which thongs of leather were tightly bound to stave off the pangs of hunger, and then to the river—signifying thereby that they subsisted on what fish they could catch. On the left of this famine-stricken group is our guide. This man was rather a character in his way. He was very fond of snuff, and even pinches of Cayenne pepper, surreptitiously administered, did not appear to upset his equanimity. His nasal organ was indeed quite useful to him, for even when given a little tobacco he preferred to smoke with the mouthpiece of the pipe up his nose!

Provisionally only one case of smallpox occurred in the caravan; so we were spared the awful suffering and wholesale decimation which would inevitably have occurred had this dread disease once taken hold on our men.

There being no food to be had in this part of the country, the expedition had now to beat a hasty retreat. We managed to get a small supply from the inhabitants of the north-west shore of the lake, and this was just sufficient to enable the caravan to continue on the return journey for some thirty days. On the very day when the last of the food had been consumed, and things were beginning to look desperate, we

fell in with Lieutenant Hanbury Tracy's column, much to our delight. Major Austin had, fortunately, foreseen the difficulty of obtaining food for the return journey, and a column had been sent back to Mount Elgon some two or three months previously, to bring up fresh supplies for the Rudolf column.

News was here heard of Colonel Macdonald, who had had an adventurous journey into the Nile Basin. He had reached Tarrangole, the capital of the Sultanate of Latuka, where he had been cordially received by the natives. The Sultan of Latuka was an eminently diplomatic gentleman, who aspired to be on good terms with everybody. He possessed an old Egyptian flag, but when "political considerations" required it, he exhibited a Dervish standard, and clothed his minions in the patched "jibbas" of Mahdism. The next white man who visits this



AFRICAN NATIVES FROM LAKE RUDOLF—"ON THE LEFT IS OUR
From a Photo. by G. DE. [Licut. Bright.



"THE NATIVES OF KETOSH INHABIT THE COUNTRY TO THE SOUTH-WEST OF MOUNT ELGON. [Lieut. Bright.]

accommodating monarch will find that his collection of international emblems has been increased by the addition of a brand-new Union Jack, which will doubtless be displayed in the stranger's honour.

There are a large number of caves in the lower slopes of Mount Elgon, and these are inhabited by the natives, who drive in their cattle every night for safety, the entrances being strongly stockaded. Several of these natural fortresses had to be stormed in order to punish the inhabitants for outrages committed on members of the expedition. On the alarm being given, by means of horns, the flocks would be driven into the caves and a heavy discharge of arrows kept up from the darkness of the interior. Several of our men were wounded whilst engaged in cutting down the defensive stockade, and a



A KETOSH VILLAGE FORGE—THE APPARATUS IS WONDERFULLY SIMPLE. [Lieut. Bright.]

Soudanese corporal, who was struck in the neck, died shortly afterwards from the effects of the poisoned shaft.

The natives of Ketosh inhabit the country to the south-west of Mount Elgon. They are a warlike race, and caused considerable trouble to bring into subjection.

Some years ago a small party of men belonging to the Government station at Mumia's were murdered by these people, and a punitive expedition was sent against them. On the storming party entering the village, the huts were found to be separated from each other by fences of brushwood.

Our next photograph shows a Ketosh village forge, where spear-heads, hoes, and pipe-stems are manufactured. The apparatus is wonderfully simple and withal efficient. Two mud-pipes, converging into one close to the furnace, serve to conduct the draught, and these are covered with goat-skin, into which a stick is fixed. A native sits at the end, and moves each skin backwards and forwards alternately, thus making a very



A BARGAIN JUST CONCLUDED—SUPPLY OF FLOUR BOUGHT FROM VILLAGERS AND ABOUT TO BE TAKEN AWAY.

[Lieut. Bright.]

good, if primitive, bellows. The forge is roofed with grass to protect the workers from the sun.

I have said elsewhere that, wherever possible, we bought our flour from the villagers, and the above photo. shows a supply of this precious commodity all ready to be carried away. A string of white beads, large enough to go over the head, was taken in exchange for about a pound of ground millet. The people here go almost entirely nude.

On the occasion of a marriage great rejoicing takes place among the villagers, the men and women, in separate parties, dancing round the village wall. Here we see the men clapping

their hands, beating their feet on the ground, and chanting a monotonous song. They wear a goat skin round their waist. Men in pairs leave the throng and dance forward, lifting their knees high up, throwing their heads back, and keeping their elbows well into their sides. Presently they dance back again, their places being taken by fresh warriors. Sometimes these men wear on their heads a pair of goat's horns, fastened tightly into the hair. These horns, which appear to be sprouting out of the men's heads, give them a decidedly diabolical appearance.

The natives from the surrounding villages used to come in with supplies to the town, where we had established our market; and



A MARRIAGE DANCE IN THE KETOSH COUNTRY.
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

after selling their wares and emptying their baskets of flour, they would sit down under the trees for a friendly chat with their neighbours. I noticed on some of these people ivory armbands that had grown into the flesh, having been put on when the wearers were very young.

Most of the flour bought here was made from bananas. The fruit is gathered while still green, peeled, and then split down the middle. The slices are placed in the sun, and, when thoroughly dry, are pounded into flour with a smooth stone on a rock. Banana flour has rather a bitter taste, and is very unpalatable to Europeans. It was eaten by the officers in small round baked cakes as an indifferent substitute for bread.

We spent Christmas Day at Mumia's. In the fort it was, of course, observed as a holiday, and many of the native women came in and danced. They were dressed in pretty coloured pieces of cloth, which are here bartered by the Government for food. The dance lasted many hours, and was not exhilarating. The leader of the dance carried an umbrella, and the ceremony was



OUR CAMP ON THE SHORES OF REMOTE LAKE NAIVASHA.
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

conducted on "follow-my-leader" lines. The dance continued many hours, and as the fair ladies became hot they cooled themselves by the simple expedient of removing a garment or two.

On the journey back to the coast a halt of several days was made on the shores of Lake Naivasha. This lake is of volcanic origin, and contains an island in the shape of a crescent moon, which is undoubtedly an old crater. A few prisoners are seen in the photo., engaged in cleaning up the camp at this remote spot.

Another snap-shot shows a magnificent pair of tusks bagged by Captain Ferguson. They weigh 108lb. and 110lb. respectively. It speaks highly for the honesty of the natives that, several days after Ferguson had mortally wounded the elephant, they found it and immediately sent messengers to tell him where the grand beast had died. Four men carried each tusk slung



"A MAGNIFICENT PAIR OF TUSKS, BAGGED BY CAPTAIN FERGUSON"
From a Photo. by (TOTAL WEIGHT, 218LB.) [Lieut. Bright.]



"SOME OF THE 'INCORRIGIBLES' OF THE EXPEDITION, REPEATEDLY CONVICTED OF STEALING FOOD."
From a Photo. by Lieut. Bright.

on a pole. On the right of the photo, we see Colonel Macdonald himself; and on the left is Captain Ferguson, who shot the elephant. The man in the centre is a Somali headman named Ali. He was with Count Teleki's expedition which discovered Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie. He was never tired of talking of the hardships of that expedition, when for nine days the men were without food. They managed, however, to subsist on nuts and the roots of trees.

The above photo. shows some of the "incorrigibles" of the expedition—men who were repeatedly convicted of stealing food from their comrades. As a punishment, they were fastened together in the way shown in the photo. An iron collar was round the neck, and through a loop in this a chain is passed, fastened at the end by a padlock. The prisoners are compelled to carry a load in the usual way, but are guarded by a few soldiers. If this were not done they might seize their opportunity and smash the padlock. So salutary an effect, however, does this punishment have, that escaped prisoners have been known to bring their irons back and deposit them by stealth in the camp, lest at some future time they should be recaptured and accused of having stolen their fetters!

The accompanying group of officers was

taken by Mr. Stanley Tomkins, on the ss. *Canara*, during the voyage from Mombasa to Aden. Ten officers started with the expedition in 1897. A great loss was suffered in the death of Lieutenant N. A. Macdonald, 14th Sikhs, who was killed in one of the fights against the mutineers at Lubwa's. His company of only partially trained Swahilis was suddenly attacked in thick grass, and while gallantly rallying his men, he was shot dead. Captain R. Kirkpatrick, D.S.O., Leinster Regiment, had seen much of the fighting in Uganda; he afterwards fell a victim to the treachery of a native tribe. With an escort of nine men, he had left his camp to climb a hill a few miles distant, as he was anxious to get a good view of the surrounding country. The natives appeared to be very friendly, and were walking with the small party. Suddenly they attacked Captain Kirkpatrick and his men with spears, and only two of the party succeeded in escaping and reaching camp. The loss of these two comrades, who were both deservedly popular, was most keenly felt.

Major Woodward, who was suffering from a sunstroke, had been invalided home a year before, and Lieutenant Osborne had been severely wounded in the knee at the Battle of Kabagambi, and had also returned to England. He was much missed by the remainder of the officers. Captain Pereira, Coldstream Guards, who belonged to the Uganda Rifles, remained at Mumia's.

The author, Lieut. R. Bright. Capt. MacLoughlin, D.S.O. Major Austin, R.E.



Lieut. the Hon. A. Hanbury Tracy. Capt. Ferguson, D.S.O. Col. Macdonald.

TEN OFFICERS STARTED, BUT ONLY THESE SIX WENT THROUGH.

From a Photo. by Mr. Stanley Tomkins.

Among Kurdish Brigands in Armenia.

By ALEXANDER J. SVOBODA.

This young Slavonian merchant was journeying through Turkish Armenia from Samsoun to Kharput when his party were suddenly attacked by Kurdish brigands, who demanded a ransom. The narrative conveys an excellent idea of what travel is like in this wild region, and it is illustrated with actual photographs taken by M. Svoboda himself.



I HAVE traversed nearly every region of the East, but the following, I think, may be considered my narrowest, scariest and most thrilling experience.

Having occasion to visit Armenia on business, I greatly looked forward to the journey, knowing that I should have an opportunity of

visiting those interesting people at home, and at including the various spots where these frightful massacres took place which are still so fresh in the minds of all humanitarian people. Leaving England in the second week of last February, I proceeded via Brussels to Constantinople direct. Then, being pressed for time, I crossed the turbulent Black Sea to Samsoun, the first port of Armenia. I arrived in that town very much fatigued, and was, therefore, glad of a few days' rest. Soon, however, I was greatly bothered by guides and servants, who came to offer me their more or less, miserable services and sought to attract still higher wages by crossing and recrossing the frightful, desolate (but beautiful) picturesque route, which led through the high and all but inaccessible mountains of Central Armenia. This region, I gathered, was inhabited by tribes of fierce and barbarous Kurds, whose sole means of subsistence lay in the robbing and murdering of travellers, varied by periodical descent upon the villages of Christian Armenia. I was on the point of changing my mind, and

proceeding by some other road, when I formed a resolution that I would not allow myself to be discouraged, but would proceed at all costs. I therefore concluded a contract with the bravest and most courageous guide I could find—Kalousse by name. He had already made the journey to Kharput many times, and was well acquainted with its discomforts and hazards.

Many times, by the way, had he been attacked, and even severely wounded by the Kurds, who had on two or three occasions left him for dead.

From Samsoun to Diarbekir the traveller is carried in a primitive kind of springless wooden cart, with two wheels; it is called a karossa. As a rule, an Armenian karossa is in a ruinous condition, and the iron-work almost completely eaten away with rust. In the interior of the vehicle two men may contrive to stow themselves away.

On the evening of February 23rd last I decided to leave Samsoun next morning. Two native Armenian merchants were to travel with me; they were going to Diarbekir in another karossa. That night, however, when I was



MR. SVOBODA, WHO HAS TRAVELLED NEARLY EVERY REGION OF THE EAST. (By the Author.)

about to retire to rest, I was surprised to see my worthy guide, Kalousse, enter my room, looking very grave. He told me that some travellers had just arrived in the town with the unpleasant news that they had been attacked on the road to Kharput, about three days away from Samsoun, and right on our route.

Their assailants were a band of mountain Kurds nearly 200 strong. The result of the affray was, that one gendarme was killed and two others very seriously wounded. The three gendarmes, by the way, had been ordered by the Governor of Diarbekir to escort the travellers; but that their presence had no deterrent effect upon the Kurds will be evident from the fact that the travellers aforesaid were robbed of everything they possessed, except the bare clothing they stood upright in.

This, of course, was not cheerful news; but, strangely enough, instead of altering my decision, it had the effect of confirming me in my resolve to push on at all risks. At ten o'clock the same evening, therefore, I and Kalousse paid a visit to the principal khan, or hotel, in order to interview the travellers who had been attacked.

These Armenian merchants received me very courteously, and confirmed the story told by my guide. On leaving them I made my way to the local Kaimakan, or Governor, and requested him to send some soldiers with me in order to insure my security in the wild regions through which I had to pass.

The reader may well imagine my sensations as I set out on this remarkable journey across Turkish Armenia—particularly if he bears in mind the appalling and ghastly narratives of eye-witnesses concerning the fiendish cruelties of the Kurds during the great Armenian massacres.

Early next day I called my guide and told him all I had gathered. He said he intended to keep to his agreement with me, but it would be better not to let the news leak out among the rest of the men, lest they should refuse to go with us. I warned Kalousse to keep his own counsel, and told him we should certainly start within half an hour. I then went once more to the Kaimakan, and asked him how many soldiers he could spare me as escort. He was very kind indeed, and told off an unimposing force of three gendarmes to go with me to Kharpout. He also informed me that on arriving at the last-named town other soldiers would be placed at my disposal, and so on until I reached Diarbekir. These arrangements completed, I and my party—eleven souls in all—left Samsoun, and took the road which brought

us to Amassia, the same night: this was the first stage of our journey.

We were now fairly on the road, our caravan consisting, as I have said, of eight persons only, besides the three gendarmes. The "carriage" turned out to be a frightful affair, into which my large quantity of baggage, myself, and Kalousse were packed in a manner not agreeable to myself. Inside the crazy vehicle I scattered straw several inches thick, so as to obviate the ill-effects of the severe jars and jolts, and I laid my head at night on the softest package I could

find. Never in all my experience of Oriental travelling have I known such frightful going. The road zig-zagged through a terribly wild country, ascending and descending high mountains—now lumbering through a gloomy gorge, and then perched upon the very verge of a dizzy precipice. The horses were for ever slipping and falling; and after only a few hours on the way I became horribly sick, and my head ached as though it would burst. After a time I was obliged to get down and walk, leaving Kalousse in my place; he was more or less accustomed to this kind of thing. After two hours of walking over large stones and small boulders, however, I felt both tired and hungry, and ordered a halt for breakfast. Then it was that I noticed some liquid running from my cases and packages. I hastened to open some of these, and found to my rage and disgust that about two dozen of bottled beer and soda-water had been smashed by the tremendous jolting, and had distributed their contents over a large quantity of valuable merchandise, to say nothing about my supply of photographic dry plates. And this, thought I, at the very commencement of our journey!

On arriving at Amassia we found the village to be a small Armenian hamlet, and were compelled to resort to a small khan, which was the most uninviting-looking place one could possibly imagine. It was built of wood and was very old—just like a quaint little toy, in fact. Certainly it was cheap, for the entire charge for the whole caravan only came to *about sixpence for the night!*

Soon I discovered that everyone knew the story of the murdering of the one gendarme and the wounding of the others; and of course my muleteers also got to know of the occurrence,



THIS IS THE GUIDE, KALOUSSE, WHOM MR. SVOBODA HIRED IN SAMSOEN.
From a Photo. by the Author.

and manifested much reluctance to advance. The soldiers who were with me, however, compelled them to push on, which they did in a sulky and quarrelsome kind of way. Every day I rode through the same martirdom of jolting and knocking about, no pleasant road being visible anywhere. On the 25th, at five o'clock in the evening, however, we struck the high road to Sivas, bounded by beautiful hills.

We had not been journeying along here many minutes when I suddenly saw the driver in front of me—a great, big, burly fellow—turn his head towards Kalousse, and speak to him in the Armenian tongue, with every manifestation of extreme anger. The man actually commenced talking to me, and at length, finding I could not understand his signs, he stopped the car, drove into certain internal recesses,



THE YOUNG MAN, THE SCOTSMAN HITCHED HIS TENT JUST BEFORE THE ATTACK.
From a Photo. by the Author.

and produced an immense revolver. He then jumped down, spoke excitedly to the other men, and made frantic signs towards me.

Up to this moment I had not asked Kalousse what was the matter with the driver, but I concluded that he had gone mad, and wanted to run away and shoot the lot of us. Kalousse himself seemed disinclined to tell me what was the matter, and so, not knowing what to think, I got out my rifle and revolver, loaded both of them, and then jumped to the ground to investigate things for myself.

Kalousse, however, stopped me and told me not to go on any farther. He said we were in great danger—the driver was not mad at all, but had discovered that we had been pursued since yesterday by a tribe of wild and fanatical Kurds, who had followed us from stage to stage, hiding themselves in the valleys and waiting a favorable opportunity at night to rob and perhaps murder us. This was not at all cheerful hearing, particularly as our whole caravan only mustered eleven people. No village or civilized person was within sight, and there appeared to be no escape for us from the clutches of these

murderous Kurdish brigands. Taking my glass, I looked in every direction, and suddenly discovered a large black spot in the distance. I told the principal gendarme about this, and he said, grimly, "Those are the people into whose hands we shall fall to-day."

Kalousse here gave a cheering manifestation of his fidelity, declaring that he would give his life for me, if necessary. I should not like to tell you my private opinion of this manifestation. However, our three soldiers turned their horses towards the mysterious enemy and galloped away as fast as they could. I may say I awaited their return in a state of considerable suspense and anxiety. In the meantime, Kalousse explained to me that, situated as we were in the very heart of the Kurdish mountains, escape was out of the question, and the only thing left

was to put a bold front upon the situation and trust to luck.

As he was speaking, I was following with my telescope the soldiers who had gone to visit the Kurdish leader. Judge of my amazement when I saw far down on the plain that the brigands had apparently run helter-skelter before the three soldiers who had gone to meet them. Presently both gendarmes and Kurds disappeared from view, and then I waited for

about two hours, wondering what it could all mean. At length, a little before sunset, the three gendarmes returned, and told me that we were in very great danger indeed, as the band we had seen consisted of a whole tribe of Kurds, who had pursued us insidiously from early morning, with the intention of attacking us at night.

When, however, they saw we had no fear of them they thought it best to disappear. Presently I noticed that our three soldiers had brought back a prisoner whose horse had failed him. This picturesque ruffian appeared to be in a deplorable state of terror, and kept begging of the soldiers to let him loose and not kill him, as he said he had been pressed into the service of the brigand chief. We gathered from the man all the information possible, and then let him go. As he rode slowly away he assured us earnestly that we were in the greatest possible danger, as the Kurds were mustering in great numbers. By this time I was wondering whether we should ever get out of those accursed mountains alive.

Almost every moment we expected an attack,

and the reader may well imagine for himself what our feelings were all through the long night. Fortunately, however, we arrived at Sivas in safety, and left that town again on the 27th for Kharput. Everything went well until we were about five hours from Kharput itself, when we were encamped between two rugged ranges of high mountains on smooth, sandy ground. We chose this on account of the showers of rain which had been falling, and which rendered progress through the villages all but impossible.

At five o'clock in the evening, when I was lying quietly on my iron bedstead in the tent, thinking of the exciting alarms of the past few days, I heard a tremendous yell, and, jumping from my bed, was confronted by Kalousse, who appeared to be in the last extremity of terror. He was jabbering in some language I could not understand, but I gathered that something frightful had happened to us. I questioned him sternly, and, when he grew a little more composed, he cried, "We are lost! We are lost! For God's sake, get your rifle!"

I could make neither head nor tale of his story, but just as I was cross-examining him in much perplexity, two shots rang out sharply just outside my tent. Knowing that something serious was amiss I rushed for my rifle and revolver, but to my dismay and horror found that they had been unloaded and the cartridges placed in some inaccessible package. However, I made my way outside with my weapon, and then saw, to my indescribable amazement, crowds of strange, barbaric figures clothed in camel-hair tunics, and all in a state of great excitement. They were, I knew, the fierce and murderous Kurds. Positively I knew not what to do. In my hands I had not a single available weapon, and even if I had, it would have been



THESE ARE TWO OF THE VERY KURDISH BRIGANDS WHO ATTACKED MR. SVOJODA.

From a Photo. by the Author.

of little use, for there must have been several hundreds of these brigands around my encampment.

Turning, I saw two stalwart Kurds seize my guide Kalousse by the back of the neck and then tie his hands and feet. This done, they dragged him out of the tent by his hair. The next thing I knew was, that two other brigands were approaching me, no doubt with the intention of serving me in like manner. The first man I pushed away with all the strength I could muster, but he growled and pulled out his pistol threateningly. His signs were unmistakable, so I submitted. Whilst he was tying my hands and feet I looked at Kalousse, and saw that they were dragging the unfortunate fellow along the

sand by his hair. Presently they pulled him on to his knees and began to lash him about the body with a long and curious whip. And I, myself, by the way, came in for a pretty considerable scourging, souvenirs of which I carry at the moment of writing. I was, indeed, most savagely whipped and beaten, until I nearly fainted. I knew, however, that it would be all but fatal for me to beg for mercy.

Whilst all this was going on the rest of the brigands had removed all my trunks, boxes, and packages in the tent. Then came a heart-breaking onslaught upon my baggage. Everything was broken and torn open, and, almost worst of all, my photographic plates were smashed to pieces, as being of no use. When everything had been thoroughly overhauled and no money found, about fifteen of the Kurds

came and told Kalousse that, if his master would hand them over 1,000 *beshlik*, we would be allowed to proceed to Kharput unmolested. If, however, the money were not forthcoming, every one in the caravan would have his throat cut, after which the bodies would be thrown into the river.



NEAR THIS RUIN THE AUTHOR WAS SEVERELY SCOURGED BY THE KURDS.

From a Photo. by the Author.

Now, really, I will not deny that when Kharuse interpreted this to me I did not know whether I was awake or dreaming; nor could I find the narrowest argumēt, any scheme, means, or resource, offensive or defensive. I will not even show that tears fell from my eyes in a kind of salt perspiration when I remembered my youth and the days that had been lost to be mine in that strange and savage land. I insisted Kalousse to get the brigand chief that I only had £20 for me, and that if they liked they might take the money, together with all my effects. The men reply promptly enough that it was useless to give trunks with things they must have what they asked and then promptly—

Next I thought that, perhaps on seeing the gold, they would let us free, and thereupon I requested Kalousse to tell them I would give them also, then asked if only they would cut me from my hands. This they did, assuring me that if the money were promptly forthcoming I could escape with my life, but if not, well, I should be cut to pieces.

When I found myself free I hitched round my belt at the pouch of which were some bags of credit upon Kharput merchants and all the money I possessed—£20 Turkish. I handed the money to the foremost brigand, and to my despair, on counting it, he hurled the coins into the desert, saying that they must have ten a hundred—times more than that if we were desirous of escaping with our lives. Then, apparently thinking that extreme measures were necessary, two of the brigands went some paces away and, kneeling down, actually levelled their loaded rifles at Kalousse and myself. Then, retired, as I looked at the ominous muzzle of the weapon, which the brigand pointed straight at me, I realized that my last moment had come.

It was awful—horrible—thus to die in this miserable manner. Breathing a hasty prayer, I wondered why the man's finger lingered so long on the trigger. Poor Kalousse, I remember, looked like a corpse. The colour of his complexion was precisely a yellowish green. I don't know when I remember how his quivering lips uttered the words, "Good-bye, my brother, have courage—have courage." Then, to my surprise, a change seemed to come over my unfortunate guide. He seemed, in fact, to grow desperate. Leaping to his feet, and wrenching himself free with a great effort, he commenced to

run like a deer; but he had not gone many yards before a shot rang out, and my poor Kalousse collapsed like a sack of potatoes, badly shot through the calf of his left leg. I certainly believed that they would fire again and kill him—and me. They did not, however.

On the contrary, it seemed as though they were alarmed at what they had already done. They asked Kalousse what arrangements I could make for sending them the necessary ransom. They added, probably by way of bravado, that they had no fear of any Government, and they would, if necessary, pursue us from one place to another, until I disgorged the necessary sum. I could not, for the life of me, understand why our lives had been spared up to this time, and also those of the gendarmes who were, of course, in the same plight as ourselves. The rest of my party busied themselves in collecting the sovereigns which the brigand had thrown away, and these they were at once requested to hand over to our captors, who also took our rifles and revolvers. Then, forming into two parallel columns, they marched along with my caravan between like a flock of helpless sheep.

Presently the chief of the gendarmes informed me that he considered we were free. "Free" was good; here was I in the wilds of the mountains of Kurdistan, robbed of everything I possessed, and not knowing how I was to get to my destination alive.

Finally, I decided to beard the lion in his den and go and interview the chief of all the Kurdish robbers, who, I learned, had a village not far away. I determined boldly to ask him to give us a safe conduct away from his desperate and murderous people, as we were simply traders and travellers, and really had no money to give away. Amusing to relate, we were received in a most courteous and delightful manner by the Kurdish chieftain in his mud hut, and when we told him of all that had happened to us, he grew quite excited—particu-



HERE WE SEE THE VILLAGE OF THE BRIGAND CHIEF TO WHOM MR. STORODA APPEALED FOR PROTECTION. [The Author.]

larly when he saw my poor wounded guide Kalousse. The chief immediately sent about a dozen of his trusty men to bring in the brigands who had attacked us. Why, we

Finally, when we left the chief, it was with the escort of a dozen of his own men, who had instructions to see us safely to Diarbekir, so that no one should interfere with us. I must say



"I EVEN OBTAINED PERMISSION TO PHOTOGRAPH THE KURDISH CHIEFTAIN'S HAREM."
From a Photo. by the Author.

actually stayed a day or two with the chief, enjoying his most delightful hospitality. He insisted that the money taken from me should be refunded, and that night I slept in his own room.

Next day the brigands flocked round me in a most embarrassing manner, the scene being so picturesque that it was difficult to believe one was not standing on the stage during the run of some romantic drama. I even obtained permission to photograph the Kurdish chieftain's harem (which photograph is here reproduced), but I don't for a moment believe he imagined I was taking a picture of the women. As a matter of fact, he was under the impression that the "one-eyed box" would have a life-giving effect upon the ladies. For himself, he said, it did not matter; he was healthy enough. I did not care to press him further.

that the idea of hobnobbing with a robber chieftain, whose men had been within an ace of wiping us all out; photographing his ladies, too; enjoying his hospitality, and finally being safeguarded by his men, greatly appealed to my sense of humour—afterwards—that is, I am quite certain, however, that had we not gone to interview the chief in this way, we must inevitably have been killed. Never—never can I forget those moments when I was looking down the rifle-barrel of that Kurdish brigand.



FRIENDS IN KHARPUT COME OUT TO CONGRATULATE MR. SVOBODA ON HIS ESCAPE (REMEMBER WHAT KHARPUT ITSELF SUFFERED IN THE KURDISH MASSACRES IN ARMENIA).
From a Photo. by the Author.

The Hermits of the Sierra Morena.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

Monks we know all about, but hermits are still mysterious and mediæval. The following is a graphic account of a community of hermits inhabiting the wilderness of Cordoba, in Spain. Illustrated with photographs and described by a gentleman who paid them a visit, provided with a special permit from the Bishop of Cordoba.



Most of us have by this time a very clear idea of the life of a monk or a nun in any Catholic conventual establishment which may be named. So much has been written on the subject in the form both of "heavy" and perishable literature, that anyone of average education can compose up a fairly accurate picture of their daily round of work and prayer in all its monotonous simplicity. But the mere mention of a hermit still suggests all sorts of mysterious possibilities: men living the lives of outcasts in almost inaccessible caves, prodigies of privation; monks for cups, rats and serpents for sole companions—in fact, all the romance of religion, as it then was observed in the Middle Ages.

For everything really mediæval and least impaired by the lapse of centuries we must go to Spain, where nothing changes except Governments and a few other details which really do not matter. So to Spain I went in search of hermits, and was fortunate enough to find a goodly number of them scattered about upon the Sierra Morena, a league or so to the north of Cordoba, the ancient and glorious capital of the Moorish Empire in Spain. If they do not quite come up to the expectations conjured up by the hermits of legend and art, my hermits are, at any rate, deeply interesting in themselves, and afford us a vivid picture of the life and ideas of the average hermit three or four hundred years ago.

Hermits, known as "Sons of the Wilderness," have occupied this mountain since beyond the memory of history. The first definite record of them is in the year 1309, when a band of Castilian soldiers deserted the army of Ferdinand IV. and took to the hermit's life—"resolved," as an old chronicler puts it, "to wage war henceforward on behalf of the Kingdom of Heaven." The original hermits are thought to have come from Egypt, or at any rate to have adapted their mode of life from that of famous Egyptian hermits.

Though the hermits we are about to consider are not near to Cordoba, they can boast of a full measure of seclusion. To begin with, we may not visit them without a special permit from the Bishop, and this is not very readily granted. I have to present myself at his palace punctually at a certain hour and explain, in broken Spanish, to his chaplains the reason of my

request—what my motive is, what the result of my visit will be, etc. They are very courteous, but inclined to be a little suspicious. Am I "a North American"? Heaven forbid! (I have a purpose to serve.) They smile graciously. Am I a Catholic? Of course—though I do not enter into vexed questions of Roman and Anglican, which they would not understand. At last they are satisfied, and I am furnished with a document addressed to "the Chief Brother of the Hermits," and setting forth that "we grant our license to Mr. Herbert Vivian and any other persons who may accompany him to visit the desert and chapel of Our Lady of Belen, provided the established rules are observed. But no permission is given to pass the night in the desert; and this license is only available for three days from the date of issue. + THE BISHOP OF CORDOBA."

Ladies used not to be allowed in "the desert," and even nowadays they are only accorded permission if accompanied by male relatives. So the solitary modern globe-trotting girl is hereby warned off.

Then come difficulties of access. The hermitages are only a league away, but the road is infamous, and the cabmen of Cordoba declare with one consent that the thing can only be done with three horses and for a payment of seven dollars. However, I have been long enough among Spaniards and Orientals to know how to drive a bargain; and eventually, after waiting almost the full tether of my permit for the weather to clear, I set out with only two horses, and for a conscientious price. But the road proves as impossible as even the cabmen had pictured. Never have I traversed such roads—no, not even in Bulgaria. The result is that I have to walk the greater part of the way. Still, when I come to "the desert," I feel that I have been amply repaid for all my toil and worry.

It is not at all a "desert" as we understand the word. Indeed, the sole thing the place has in common with a desert is its loneliness. We make our way up the slopes of a well-wooded mountain, amid orchards of olives, Moorish rose-gardens, palms, aloes, chestnuts, cactuses, and all kinds of tropical plants. Every now and then great tufts of geranium lend a fragrance to the air. Surely the "desert" has fulfilled the Scriptural prophecy and "blossomed as the rose."

✠

AL HERMANO MAYOR DE LOS ERMITAÑOS

Cordoba 24. de Noviembre de 1898.

Concedemos nuestra licencia á Mr. Herbert Vivian y demás personas que le acompañen para que visite el desierto y capilla de Nuestra Señora de Belen, observándose las reglas establecidas, sin poder precorretar en el desierto, y sin que valga esta licencia pasado dias de su fecha.



NOTA.—No vale durante la Cuaresma ni en dias festivos.

✠ El Obispo de Córdoba,

P. D.

D. Nicolás Posseguro
J. Manuel Argandoña

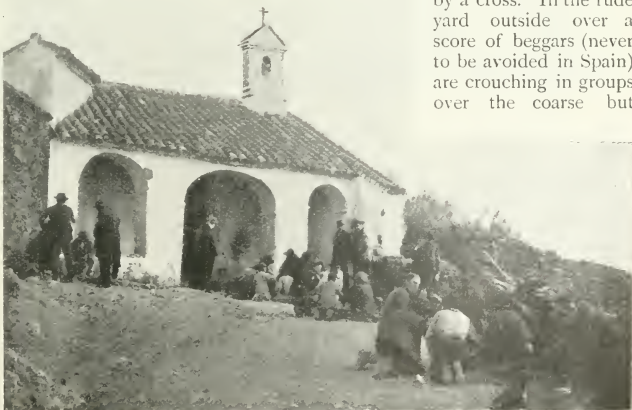
YOU CAN'T GO AND SEE THE HERMITS IN THEIR WILDERNESS WITHOUT A SPECIAL PERMIT. HERE IS THE ONE ISSUED BY THE BISHOP OF CORDOBA TO MR. VIVIAN.

From Cordoba itself, and from the shaky railway by the Guadalquivir, the scudding tourist may catch a glimpse of the hermitages—a number of glistening, whitewashed cottages, nestling among the dark woods of the mountain. But the guides will have told them that there is nothing to see but the view, and they will have grudged an afternoon deducted from their treadmill of churches and galleries. These recluses and their simple lives do not appeal to the slaves of the red-bound guide-books.

But I grow excited at the prospect of an interview with a latter-day Simon Stylites, and my spirits rise as the air grows rarer and more exhilarating, and at last the details of the "head brother's" hermitage are distinctly visible.

Adjoining it are the chapel and refectory. The dwellings of the other hermits are scattered

about the hill-side at sufficient distances apart to secure the privacy which is the anchorite's ideal. When at last I arrive I find a simplicity and modesty which exceed all my anticipations. Head hermitage, chapel, and refectory all together only make up the humblest little whitewashed cottage, with a red-tiled roof and a small belfry surmounted by a cross. In the rude yard outside over a score of beggars (never to be avoided in Spain) are crouching in groups over the coarse but



"HEAD HERMITAGE, CHAPEL, AND REFECTORY ALL TOGETHER ONLY MAKE UP THE HUMBLEST LITTLE WHITWASHED COTTAGE." (BEGGARS AWAITING FOOD.) [Photo. From a]

simple fare which the hermits never refuse to buy who come to urge their needs. The distribution of soup to all who care to come for it is one of the sights of the place, and ought not to be missed. Some of the beggars are in a dreadful condition of raggedness and misery. One of those in the beautiful photograph here reproduced has little more than a rug for all clothing, and it does not suffice to shield his shoulders from the sharp air. The

minutes, however, they emerge in procession, most of them with their hands raised upon their breasts in an attitude of devotion, as if they were still reciting their grace after meat. Among the group is a young man from Cordoba, who has been privileged to share their frugal fare. In spite of their austerities, the hermits all look the picture of cheerfulness. The head brother has a particularly kind expression, and, after examining the Bishop's permit, which I



THE DISTRIBUTION OF SOUP TO ALL WHO CARE TO COME FOR IT IS ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF THE PLACE.

[Photo.]

countenances of these beggars wear that expression of mingled wistfulness, gratitude, and dignity which is the characteristic of mendicants all over Spain. The soup is brought out in a large earthenware tureen of mediæval shape, glistening with cleanliness, and tilted out into a bowl, from which it is eaten with three large wooden spoons, which are handed round in turn. A couple of young hermits are surveying the scene with benevolent smiles, which have endeared them throughout the whole countryside.

One of these young hermits comes forward to welcome me, and explains that the rest of the brethren are still in the refectory. In a few

hand to him, he makes me an amiable speech, every word of which he evidently means. He then bids the young hermit accompany and show me everything.

First I am taken the round of the various hermitages and told something of the life there. At present there are seventeen hermits and one novice in "the desert." They maintain rigorous silence, and are completely isolated from each other during the greater part of the day, only meeting for the daily mass and the pious reading which follows it, and for their mid-day meal in the refectory. Breakfast and supper are prepared and eaten by the hermits each alone in his little cell, where he has a simple kind of



"THEY EMERGE IN PROCESSION, MOST OF THEM WITH THEIR HANDS RAISED UPON THEIR BREASTS IN AN ATTITUDE OF DEVOTION." [Photo.]

kitchen. Most of the day and night is spent in meditation and prayer, very little time being accorded for sleep; five hours out of the twenty-four, however, must be devoted to manual labour, generally digging and various forms of gardening. One advantage the hermits have over monks is that they are very little bound by rules, but are free to choose their own times for most of their occupations, the regular hours of prayer alone excepted. The habit is for the head brother, as he goes through his own devotions in the chief hermitage, to sound the bell in his little belfry. Every cell is provided with a belfry and bell of its own, which each hermit must sound when he hears that of the head brother. In this way they make sure of observing the hours of prayer simultaneously. To omit to sound his bell is held to be a grave remission of duty, and entails a severe penance.

The next photograph represents the outside of one of the cells. It is certainly very picturesque with its stately cypresses and great hedges of prickly pear. My guide is standing on the pathway which leads to the mountain, and the owner of the cell is just returning with a pitcher of water which he has been fetching from the well some distance off. Above the little window, which is closed by a thick wooden shutter, we see in a niche the skull of a previous tenant. It wears an expression of deep calm, and seems to smile as it reminds us of the shortness of life. Inside the cell we find little more than bare

walls. All the furniture there is consists of a hard mattress, where the hermit passes his few hours of sleep; a praying-stool with a heavy, antiquated book of hours, printed in the sixteenth century; a large rude crucifix; a couple of pitchers, and the few things required for the simple cookery. I can scarcely restrain my amazement at the cheerfulness which subsists in so terribly depressing a dwelling.

Most of the other cells are identical with this one, and need not be particularly described. That of the head brother is not more luxurious. His hermitage is only larger because it comprises



EXTERIOR OF ONE OF THE HERMITS' CELLS.—"ABOVE THE WINDOW IN A NICHE IS THE SKULL OF A PREVIOUS TENANT." [Photo.]



THE ONLY TYPICAL PLACE OF PRAYER
IS A LARGE, WHITEWASHED PILLAR, SUR-
MOUNTED BY A WOODEN CROSS.

From a Photo.

the chapel and refectory under the same roof. In the chapel is a large and somewhat imaginative picture of the "desert," as it appeared in bygone days. Though the perspective is not what it might be, we can see that the hermitages are still much what they were in the Middle Ages. The gardens seem to have improved, but there is the same predilection for cypresses.

Next we come to the house of the novices, which is some distance apart from the other hermitages. When there are several, the novices live all together, but as there

is only one at present, the hermits take it in turns to stay with him and fit him for adopting their mode of life. The novitiate lasts six months, which is found quite sufficient to deter any who may have no real vocation for the life.

Besides their regular devotions, the hermits constantly repair for prayer to various parts of the "desert" which may be hallowed by sacred associations. For example, the graves of deceased hermits are favourite resorts, but the most popular place is a large, whitewashed pillar, surmounted by a wooden cross. Here, tradition says, a hermit was once upon a time martyred by the Moors. Though the hermits may not speak when they meet in this way, except for reasons of charity or necessity, they doubtless feel it a relief from their solitude to meet other human beings. My guide would not allow this, saying that if that were the object of their coming to the place of prayer it would be a sin which they would have to confess and do penance for.

Confession, by the way, is frequent, but generally quite voluntary. Any hermit may give absolution, but most of the community prefer to come with their sins to the kindly old head brother, whose sympathy and common sense may always be relied upon.



ONE OF THE HERMITS PRONOUNCING ABSOLUTION SEATED IN THE ANCIENT STONE
THRONE OF THE BISHOPS OF CORDOBA.

From a

Photo.

Photo.

Farther up the hill we come upon an elaborate stone seat, or throne, which was made by the hermits for the use of the Bishop of Cordoba whenever he deigns to visit them. It is often utilized as a confessional; and the next very artistic photograph reproduced depicts one of the hermits in the act of pronouncing absolution. Assuredly no more fitting place could have been chosen for the solemnization of a holy rite. Here we enjoy, in all its magnificence, the view which the tourists come out for to see. In front of us are the majestic Guadalquivir and the spires of Cordoba, while in the distance are the blue peaks of the mountains of Cabra and Granada, with the peak of Alcaudete standing forth to the south-east. Among the hills are dainty white pleasure-houses and ruined castles, one of which is pointed out as the summer residence of the Moorish Sovereign, Abderrahman I. With the world so fair to look upon, it becomes more incredible than ever that all these men should abandon it voluntarily and remain contented in the seclusion of their lonely "wilderness."

But they certainly seem to deserve the title of "Sons of the Wilderness," by which they have been known to the outer world for so many centuries. They appear to revel in the barest and loneliest corners of their domain, and to find supreme happiness in cherishing the most gloomy and morbid thoughts. Notice the beatific expression of the fine old fellow in the next photograph as he digs his own grave. Like an animal about to die, he has chosen for his

last resting-place a spot as far away as possible from the habitations of the living. With a huge pick he has cleared away the brambles and made some progress with his digging. He has paused in his work to say a prayer, and is reflecting upon that blissful state where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. He came to the hermitage in the hope of forgetting all the sadness of his former life, but he has long ago realized that there can be no complete forgetfulness on this side of the grave, and for death accordingly he yearns.

I saw many other weird scenes such as go most largely to make up the life of the "Sons of the Wilderness." In one spot I beheld a fervent hermit, clad in his uniform of a scapulary and cowl of grey cloth, holding a rosary and praying in most absolute solitude before a skull set upon a rock. Presently he heaves a deep sigh of penitential devotion and prostrates himself upon his face before the grisly emblem, clapping his hands in an agony of self-abase-

ment, and remaining motionless for endless minutes amid the deathless silence of Nature. The scene carries us back into the Dark Ages, and I know not which is grimmest—the mocking expression of the skull or the derisive gaiety of the palms and rose bushes in the background.

*Dies ira, dies illa.
Solvat sæculum in
favilla.*

A bell tinkles in the distance, and the rapt hermit rises slowly from his knees, with a strange, far-away joy lighting up his rugged face. And I return to Cordoba.



ONE OF THE HERMITS DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE.—"HE HAS PAUSED IN HIS WORK TO SAY A PRAYER." [Photo.]

Our Mysterious Panther.

By LIEUT. H. C. SANDFORD (1ST P.I.).

An account of the havoc wrought by an enormous leopard in Eastern Burma, and the remarkable way in which the brute met his death.



LIEUT. H. C. SANDFORD (1ST PUNJAB INFANTRY), WHO REGISTERED THE "MYSTERIOUS PANTHER."
From a Photo. by F. Bronnhead, Clifton.



WHEN I was marching through the Shan Hills in Eastern Burma, en route to join my regiment at Fort Stedman, I met

an officer of the Public Works, who invited me, with true Indian hospitality, to stay at his bungalow. Seeing my two terriers and a puppy with me, he warned me to be careful to tie them up under my bed at night—"otherwise," he added, "they will be bagged by a panther as sure as fate." But I was young and foolish, and showed by my incredulous smile that I thought he was merely trying to "take a rise" out of me.

"Well," said he, "you needn't believe me, but only a month ago a panther jumped in through the window in broad daylight, while I was having my tea, and took a greyhound by the ears from my very feet."

I could hardly doubt him after this, so I took the precaution to tie my two dogs under my bed every night. The puppy, however, after

the manner of puppies, used to object, in a lamentable voice, to such treatment; so it generally ended in my patience being exhausted, and in letting him loose to wander at his will in my room and veranda. Alas! poor puppy! His habit of nocturnal exploration proved his bane. I was awakened one night by a piercing yell, and, leaping from bed and rushing to the veranda, was just in time to see him disappearing in the bright moonlight, an enormous panther having seized him from my very doorway.

Soon afterwards I was stationed on detached duty at a small post not far from the Siamese frontier. My bungalow, raised, like all Burmese houses, some 6ft. from the ground, on wooden piles, stood in a fenced compound, but the pine forests of the hills ran right up to the palisade. One moonlight night I was awakened by the whining of my two dogs; and, after vainly trying to quiet them, I opened the door and let them out. The only result was that, just as I got back into my warm bed, they began a diabolical duet in the veranda. In vain I cursed and wished all dogs to the dickens.

Suddenly there was a thud and a snarling roar, and then arose the cry of a dog in mortal



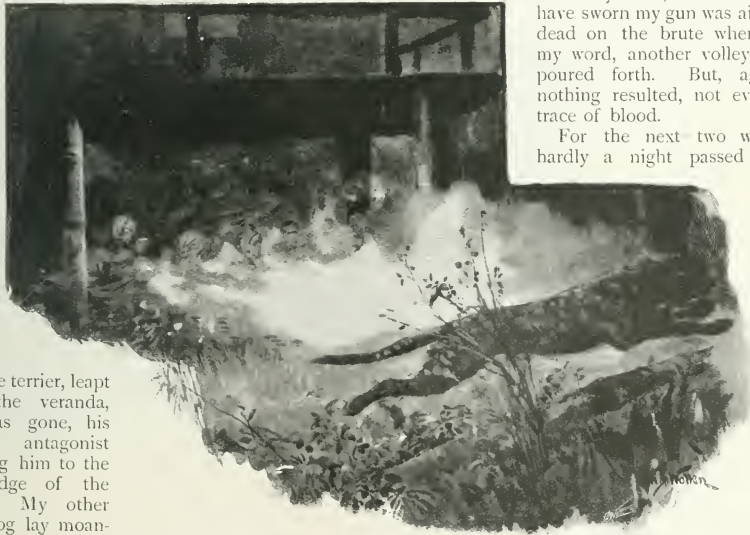
"IN HIS MOUTH STRUGGLED ONE OF MY HAPLESS DOGS, WHILE THE OTHER HAD SEIZED THE BRUTE BY THE HIND LEG."

fear and agony, mingled with growls and the same horrible snarling. I leapt from bed, and seizing my gun, which I had loaded with two No. 8 cartridges (the only ones I possessed), I rushed out. My heart seemed to stand still at the appalling sight before me. Near the back of the centre room, which, open at both ends, ran right through my house, half in shadow and half revealed in the bright moonlight, was an immense panther. In his mouth struggled one of my hapless dogs, while the other, with the almost incredible pluck of his breed, had seized the furious brute by the hind leg, and was growling as fiercely over it as if fighting for a bone. The panther did not want to drop his prey, and made frantic efforts to turn round and seize his brave little foe; but the terrier was too quick for him. I was only a few feet away when I fired. With a roar of baffled fury and fright the panther dropped his prey, shook off

dozen Sikh Sepoys, armed with Snider rifles, sat under my veranda behind a hurdle, whilst I kept watch from the window above, intending to come down and join them later, when I had finished my pipe and an engrossing book. There was a bright light burning in my room, and it was pitch dark outside, the moon not yet having risen. My friend the panther, however, upset my calculations by making a sudden and silent onslaught on the goat before I had had time to go down and take up my position with the men. The cry of the stricken animal was drowned in the roar of a volley, but, when we rushed out, we found the goat torn by the panther and riddled with bullets, but nothing more.

I left the carcass lying there, and took up a position with the men. Within a quarter of an hour the beast returned and dragged the body of the goat to the end of the rope. It was very dark, but I could have sworn my gun was aimed dead on the brute when, at my word, another volley was poured forth. But, again, nothing resulted, not even a trace of blood.

For the next two weeks hardly a night passed but



the little terrier, leapt from the veranda, and was gone, his plucky antagonist pursuing him to the very edge of the jungle. My other poor dog lay moaning in a pool of blood, but, thanks to the care of the native hospital assistant, he eventually recovered, though his head and neck swelled to twice their normal size, poisoned by the fangs and claws of the fierce brute.

I need hardly add that I had missed, or at most barely touched the panther, although I was so close to him when I fired.

Next day I procured a goat and tied it up at dusk a few feet in front of my house. Half-a-

"I COULD HAVE SWORN MY GUN WAS AIMED DEAD ON THE BRUTE WHEN, AT MY WORD, ANOTHER VOLLEY WAS POURED FORTH."

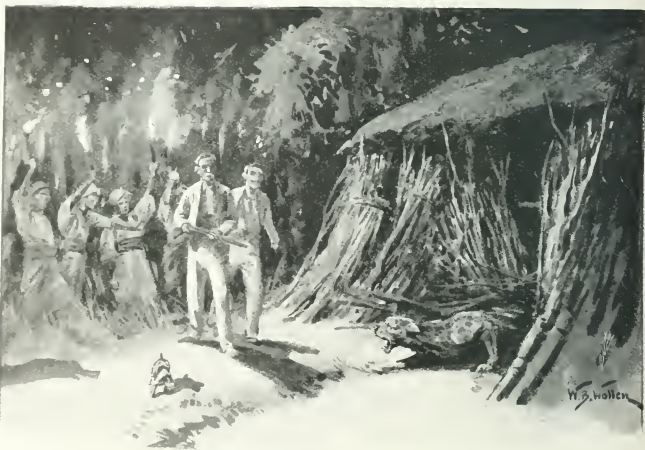
this uncanny beast levied toll on us. Once it sprang into a Burman's house at night; and, while he and his family lay quaking with fear, slew and greedily lapped the blood of one of his goats. My orderly tumbled into my room to wake me, but I was again too late to catch even a glimpse of the mysterious animal. Another time, while I was sitting at dinner, it leapt on to my veranda, and snatched away a

poor puppy which I had tied there, preparatory to using him as a bait the same night. That mysterious leopard robbed impartially the Sepoys of their flocks and the villagers of their herds. The men, who were all Sikhs, declared it to be Saray himself, and came to me one day, incensed with rage at its last exploit, when it mangled a little calf, which was to them, as Sikhs, a sacred animal. They brought with them some Shaps, who asked my leave to try a new plan. This consisted of shutting up a kid in a small cage of stout logs, placed at the corner of my palisade, through which the panther had now broken a regular thoroughfare. Three Snider rifles, whose fire converged on the entrance of the cage, were supported on props; and a bow, the string of which passed behind the bars, while the bow itself was stretched just before the trigger by a thread secured about roft in front of the muzzle, was placed on each rifle. It looked as if nothing could escape it. But, as I sat in my veranda, one after the other of the three rifles exploded, and I rushed out to find the rifles empty and the kid gone. I verily believe the panther had fired them by touching the threads with his paw.

Think of the cool pluck of an animal which could walk undismayed through such a deadly fusillade, relentless of his cruel purpose! And yet he died at last. A few days later the Civil officer, Mr. Stirling, returned. I have given his real name—one well known in the Shan States—as he would not, I feel sure, be loath to corroborate every word of my extraordinary tale. We were sitting at dinner in his house, when suddenly a frantic noise arose, and, as we sprung from our seats, his Burmese servant rushed into the room and made straight for his master's rifle. No need to ask what was the matter. Stirling seized the rifle and I a long knife, and we dashed out to find our enemy imprisoned in a stable, having killed a foal

which, with its mother, occupied it. The stable was closed by a brushwood palisade, through the corner of which the panther had forced its way. Vainly we peered through the brushwood; we could see nothing in the thick darkness.

Meanwhile a ring of servants with flaming torches kept the fierce beast in, while my dogs barked with hysterical fury at the narrow opening. At last, mad with rage and fright, the panther rushed half out, but stopped, appalled at the circle of flame before him. A hush fell, the men ceased their wild cries, and nothing was heard but the crackling of the torches and the terrified whimpering of the dogs, while clear in the torch-light, thrown back on his belly as if to spring, his ears laid back and teeth glistening as he snarled, the fierce animal met his doom, game and savage to the last. Stirling walked steadily up to within about 3ft. of the panther and, after a tense pause which seemed to last for ages, shot him through the heart. He fell without a groan,



"CLEAR IN THE TORCH-LIGHT, HIS EARS BACK AND TEETH GLISTENING, THE FIERCE ANIMAL MET HIS DOOM."

and the joyous crowd pressed round us scoffing at the dead body of their dreaded enemy. His measurements were on the largest scale—7ft. in length and 2ft. 2in. high at the shoulder.

Thus, after many days, was I deprived of the honour of killing the brute that had given me so much trouble.

What the Sealers Endured on the Ice.

By ARTHUR P. SILVER, OF HALIFAX, N.S.

A vivid glimpse of an interesting industry, completely illustrated with snap-shots, taken under circumstances of great discomfort by Officer J. A. Farquhar, of the sealer "Newfoundland." Narrative and photos. taken together convey a remarkable idea of the perils encountered by the seal-hunters of Newfoundland.



THIS IS A TYPICAL NEWFOUNDLAND SEALER.
From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.



It is difficult to conceive a human occupation more deeply steeped in excitement and peril than hunting the Greenland seal on the vast ice-fields off the coasts of Newfoundland and at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

By midwinter the vast white field of glistening ice has generally extended its borders to a distance of at least 150 miles off the shores.

Hither arrive towards spring marvellous herds of mammalian life in the shape of immense "schools" of seal, the "harp" and "hood" varieties predominating.

These schools of seal are sometimes sighted extended in a straggling line along the surface of the field ice for a distance of upwards of thirty miles, running in a general direction from north to south. Their mass has a width varying from a quarter to one-half of a mile. One school is known to have reached for a length of sixty miles. Its extent was ascertained by the reports

of vessels which had struck the herd at different points. It is estimated that in this herd there must have been over *two million seals*—a mass of mammalian life analogous to the old-time buffalo herds of the rolling prairie.

There are three such wonderful herds known by hunters to form each winter on the ice of the Straits of Belleisle, and also three other great herds off the east coast of Newfoundland.

The "harp," so called from their markings, which bear a resemblance to an ancient Welsh harp, school by themselves. The "hoods" are a larger variety, so called from their being furnished with a bladder-shaped bag which they can inflate at pleasure for the protection of their skulls; and the hoods also keep in separate communities. It is the instinct of breeding which draws together these vast hosts of seals from many a remote inlet and



THESE ARE THE OFFICERS OF THE ABOVE SEALER. THEY ARE
PROBABLY THE HARDEST FELLOWS ALIVE.

From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.



THESE YOUNGSTERS STOWED THEMSELVES ABOARD AS SEALERS SO AS TO BE TAKEN.

From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.

desolate fiord of the Arctic Zone. From their collected multitude a roar goes forth that rends the air for many miles, and may be compared, when heard at a distance, to the hum of a vast metropolis.

Towards the end of February the whelps are born, and these mingle their plaintive, baby-like whinings with the hoarse roar of the adults. Most welcome are these distant murmurs to the ears of the hardy adventurers who fight their perilous way among the besetting icebergs of these Northern seas; for it means for them success and the favours of fortune, wrung from a stern and relentless environment.

Although the hunting of the Greenland seal is inseparable from almost incredible hardships, and beset with danger to human life in most appalling forms, it nevertheless attracts large numbers of men from the bleak coasts of Eastern Newfoundland.

And yet not a season passes

without claiming its victims: sometimes, indeed, the stern Northern seas demand a veritable hecatomb, as in the terrible case of the sealer *Greenland*. Treacherous ice-floes part in some sudden storm, or yawning chasms open and close mysteriously, without warning, separating the adventurous toilers of the sea from safety, and condemning them to a frightful and lingering death from starvation and exposure. Yet the excitements of a successful hunt are so fascinating, and its rewards so considerable, that for a Newfoundland fisherman to be rejected by the "skipper" of a sealer is regarded by the men as the extremity of misfortune.

Briefly, "sealing," or "going on the ice," is the great annual event in the Colony of Newfoundland, overshadowing every other local interest. Whole fortunes are sometimes made in a brief voyage of six weeks; while frequently the seals are missed by the vessels becoming imprisoned in the ice, or crushed and made to founder by the "packing" of ice sheets piling up in drifts from the effect of violent storms. Hence an inevitable element of gambling enters into the pursuit, and it is therefore not surprising that in every office, in every "saloon" or public bar, in every inn, almost in every dwelling house, pools are made up and enormous bets occasionally made on the first steamer home with a load; the biggest take; the first vessel to sight the schools; and so on.

There is established for a distance of four hundred miles northward of the port of St. John's a system of signal stations and "weather bureaus," which report violent storms, the strength or velocity of currents, and the direction of the prevailing winds—all of which have to be taken into consideration by the sealing skippers in guessing the whereabouts of the herds. For



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SEALS.
From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.

the ice-floes are like floating islands, and are scattered by storms and tides in most unlooked-for directions.

However, it is not the purpose of this paper fully to describe the extremely interesting annual seal hunt, chiefly undertaken by a fleet of some twenty steamers from Newfoundland, but rather to relate the thrilling story of a Newfoundlander as communicated by him to the author. This particular seal-hunter assuredly came through an experience under which the majority of civilized men would certainly have succumbed. But Newfoundland's hardy race of men are accustomed to "near things."

I was one of a crew of two hundred—this sealer told the present writer—shipped in Harbour Grace for a voyage in the sealer *Greenland*. Our vessel was unfortunate from the very start, for in blasting our way out of port among ice of extraordinary thickness, a dynamite cartridge exploded prematurely, killing two of our number and inflicting considerable injury on the bows of our ship—the ill-fated *Greenland*.

However, we got well out of port in the middle of a perfect winter night. The whole village population turned out with torches and cheered us as we steamed out into clear water. The bright northern constellations blazed in the dark winter sky, while the fitful glare of the "Aurora," or Northern Lights (sometimes called by us "the dance of spirits," or "the dance of the dead"), illumined the northern sky.

Yet we knew that the unusual splendour of these lights presaged a violent storm—which, sure enough, burst suddenly upon us the very next day. Never before did I experience such a stinging from the hail and sleet, driven, as they were, by a gale which howled frightfully through our rigging, like the raging of a troop of lost spirits. The thermometer showed twelve degrees below zero, and our decks became iced

up so that it was dangerous to release one's grasp of the life-lines. Through intervals of lull in the terrific storm we saw huge icebergs and "growlers" (smaller bergs) lifting their cold, jagged summits to the skies; and we inwardly prayed that none might strike our good ship, for if this happened it meant an infallible descent to the bottom of the sea.

Terrible storms came on successively, with slight intermission. At last we got embedded in a vast field of ice, at first easily piercing it, but soon finding it of such formidable thickness as almost to prevent progress altogether. Occasionally we came upon great lanes of clear water, and sometimes open spaces exactly like vast inland lakes.

One night we were all delighted at the well-known roar of the distant seals, which sounded like the subdued noise of some far-away cataract. We could tell that this proceeded from a vast herd, and our spirits immediately rose in anticipation of a successful voyage. Yet we knew that seals always choose the ice where the thickness is only moderate—about 12 in. or thereabouts—so that they may be able to perforate it with their heads and flippers, each animal having its

own hole for ingress and egress, which it infallibly returns to among thousands exactly like it. Therefore the seals select the outer edge of the ice-fields, from which we were just then a long way distant. Here, then, were we, imprisoned and chafing with impatience for the fun to begin, separated from our valuable quarry by some score of miles.

"Full steam ahead" ordered our skipper, and we crashed through the formidable ice till every timber in the ship trembled and her whole hull was convulsed. Only her exceptional strength of construction preserved her iron frame from splitting as she drove against the ice.



A NEWFOUNDLAND SEALER IN THE ICE.
From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.

On, on, we pushed towards our find, tearing the ice with the iron ploughshare of our prow. After having gained only a few miles we were at length brought to a standstill against perfectly solid ice. There was an ominous haze in the south, which we knew portended a snow-storm. Yet an overmastering was the excitement and eagerness which that distant roar of the herd cast like a fascinating spell upon our spirits that, dismissing all danger, we leaped out upon

perhaps poor swimmers, or else they were overpowered by the cold.

Then the horror of our situation dawned upon us. To all appearance we were a handful of doomed men helplessly adrift on an ice-floe in that terrible Arctic sea. We laid aside our weapons, and looked up into the wintry sky with a dazed, despairing gaze which betrayed the hopelessness of our condition.

To add to the terror of our position there suddenly appeared two huge Polar bears, who had doubtless been attracted by the scent of blood, and were now fast approaching us. It was astonishing indeed to see their utter fearlessness of man. Without molesting us, however, they turned to the red carcasses of the seals from which we had stripped the pelt; and having gorged themselves to their hearts' content, the big, ungainly beasts shambled slowly away and took to the water once more.

Along the edge of the ice we also saw the dreadful forms of huge

sharks, which in some instances almost leaped up on the ice in their frantic efforts to get at the raw seal meat, which they had evidently scented from afar.

Still further to crown the awful misery of our position, making it truly appalling, and cutting us off effectually from all hope of rescue, there



THE LEAVENING CLUBS THE ICE INTENDING TO SPREAD DESTRUCTION AMONG OUR QUARRY."

From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.

the ice, armed with guns and clubs, and intending forthwith to spread destruction among our party.

No one gave heed to the portentous sky when we reached the herd and the killing commenced. It is not a nice business. Huge piles of "pelts" were soon surmounted with our protecting flag, and still we proceeded in our work of slaughtering down the ranks of the great army of seals.

Thirty of us were at the extreme end of the school, all working away at our mission of destruction, and far too absorbed to notice that a yawning fissure had glided silently open between us and our companions. We were thus on a floating island of ice perhaps two miles in circumference—and around us was the dark Arctic sea flecked with innumerable masses of drift-ice.

When at length the alarm was given by one of our number, a gap of no less than twenty yards intervened between us and the main floe. Without hesitation five of our number at once plunged into the icy water, and of these two reached the opposite edge of the ice-field, and were dragged into safety by their comrades. The other three, however, sank like lead, being



THE FLAG MARKS ONE MAN'S OWN PARTICULAR PILE OF "PELT'S."

From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.

suddenly burst over us a cruel, blinding snow-storm, darkening the air and seeming to bring on us in a moment the terrifying gloom of night. And suddenly, with incredible rapidity, dark masses of clouds piled themselves in the eastern sky, and out from their ranks there burst a tempest of awful fury. The sea now became churned into an angry, seething maelstrom, which caused our floating island of ice to heave up and down in a sickening manner. The temperature fell lower and lower, until the savage cold went through and through our seal-skin clothing,

cutting like a knife. The salt spray, freezing as it fell far from the edge of the ice-field, encased all whom it reached with a covering of ice like a coat of glistening armour.

Soon we could scarcely see each other, and so suddenly had our fate overtaken us that we positively could not realize that we were the same beings who, barely an hour before, had walked the decks of our cozy ship, singing snatches of sailors' songs and whistling merry tunes in anticipation of a large and speedy haul.

What was to be done? Absolutely nothing, apparently, save to face our hopeless misery and die, perhaps even inch by inch, as became brave men, without a murmur of complaint, sharing the fate which at various times had befallen so many of our countrymen before us.

Some of our poor fellows had, by this time, stretched themselves at full length on the ice, beaten upon by the pitiless sleet; and soon we knew by the rigid stiffness of many familiar forms that the cold and exposure had completed their deadly work.

After making this horrible discovery a group of some eight or nine of us made for the only shelter which was in evidence—a few thick "pans," or cakes of ice, which had "rafted" together and formed a heap. This made a kind of rude buttress against

the storm. Here, then, we gathered—a truly forlorn group of survivors. Near to us, when our work had so suddenly become interrupted, was a group of still living seals, mortally wounded, but yet retaining some of the warmth of life.

I was the first man to hit upon a somewhat gruesome, but vitally necessary, expedient, which, fortunately, was the means of saving the lives of some of us; while the rest of the band of hunters died a slow, cruel death from frost-bite and the deadly, inconceivable cold.

Taking my sharp knife, I ripped open the body of a large "hood" seal, and, placing hands and feet alternately in the warm carcass, kept off the deadly advances of numbness. The others followed my example. I also managed, by the aid of some shreds of linen from our under-garments and strips of "blubber," or clear



THIS SHOWS HOW THE SEALERS TOW THE BELTS OF SKINS BACK TO THEIR SHIP.
From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.



BRINGING IN THE STRIPPED SEALS FOR FOOD.
From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.

oil, to improvise a sort of lamp, which produced a feeble, flickering flame. However, the blasts of wind repeatedly extinguished it, until at length our supply of wicks became exhausted. You may imagine the weird scene for yourself.

Minutes had dragged themselves wearily out into hours, and hours into seeming weeks; while yawns at my comfortable "tilt," or log cabin, with my wife and heirs round the hearth, routed before my longing view. And various working events of my past life went by like the scenes of some old, familiar drama. One scene especially kept recurring again and again with curious persistency. It was the time when seventy of our boats were over taken by a terrific storm far from land. So much ice had formed on our boat that there was danger of her being dragged down by inches and sunk. So we were compelled to throw overboard the dead body of my own brother, who had dropped from cold and exhaustion, in order to lighten the craft lest all should be drowned. The splash of the body kept constantly haunting my ears. Over and over again I saw the white, sightless eyes of the dead, and the sad, mute faces of our crew, rowing hard for their lives against the tide.

The fearful night that ensued I would gladly erase from my memory if I could. How long it seemed! Centuries appeared to have passed over my head before morning broke,

cold and steely grey. I had suffered tortures during those hours which made me regret that life still remained to me—made me regret that I were not as impervious to cold as the rigid, ice-encased forms that lay stretched about me.

However, morning broke on a clear day. The storm had passed, and Nature seemed to smile amends. The captain of a sealer never abandons a lost man while the ghost of a chance remains of saving him. This is the rule of the sealing fleet, and is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Looking around I saw that the only survivors of that terrible night were myself and the six comrades near me. The others were stark and stiff in death. Nor had we survivors escaped scatheless: we bore marks that would last us to the grave.

With scarce animation enough left to rejoice thereat we desisted the white boats being dragged by our crew along the ice to our rescue. At length stalwart but tender arms lifted us from our deadly couch, and, more or less dreadfully frost-bitten, one by one we were rescued from the very jaws of death and taken into warmth and shelter. Had the storm continued a

few hours longer not one single soul could by any possibility have remained alive. In the case of three of the survivors amputation was necessary of fingers and toes, and in two instances the right arm had to be sacrificed.



PREPARING TO TAKE SKINS ON BOARD THE SEALER.
From a Photo. by J. A. Farquhar.

The Lovers of Susee, the Ute.

By P. V. MICHELS.

Susee, the Indian belle, smiled on two lovers. One of these killed the other and became an outlaw. How he was tracked. How he treated his pursuers, and what was his ultimate fate. With a complete set of photographs.



OR love of a woman—and such a woman! Murder, feud, and the blood of four mighty braves is the tale of a modest, industrious matron who now weaves her baskets and waxes fat in far-away Carson City, the capital of the State of Nevada.

She and her lovers were North American Indians—fierce Pah Utes, of a tribe quelled to-day and living on reservations in Nevada. Mrs. Squaw now excites no turmoil of love, and her hot-blooded Romeos follow the trail in the land of Happy Hunting. Had they foreseen the alterations which were scheduled to occur in the maiden's appearance, would they still have waged their war? The question is "open"; it is also quite beside the story.

Something more than eleven years ago Susee, the Pah Ute maiden, was a plump, copper-hued, bright-eyed creature, beautiful in the way of Indian belles. She was the centre of a whole system of attraction among the smart young bucks of the nation. She resided in a "wikriup" planted in the sage-brush, outside the corporate limits of Carson City. The patriarchess of the tribe has been through all the stages of amazingly attractive babyhood, plump young-womanhood, fat complacency, and final shrinkage, which seem to furnish the personal biography of nearly all these hard-labouring females. The home is a typical "castle" of this degenerate but picturesque people.

Susee, photographed recently with the baskets of her craft, committed the indiscretion of smiling on two of the braves at once. But she was then in the heyday of her buxom charms. The trouble began immediately after one of the yearly "fandangoes." This dance is the relic of a ceremony in preparation for war. It is practised to-day as a sort of religious function, more than as an excitement preparatory to taking to the war-path. Nevertheless, in participating in it the braves still adorn themselves with red and white paints, doffing their civilized clothing and donning the habiliments of the battle.

Perhaps because the dance serves to reveal the otherwise concealed magnificence of the young chiefs its period has become a time of wooing in the land of brush. Howbeit, hot love and savage jealousies spring rife at the function. Now, Susee's admirers were Mudge and Jonny Shay, by name. The attractiveness of each must plead its own

cause, through the means afforded by a white man's camera, portraits of both bucks being here reproduced. For reasons best known to herself, Susee manifested a slight preference for Jonny Shay "after the ball was over." Developments might have taken any form at this critical juncture had not Fate intervened. One of Mudge's ponies went astray, and Mudge went forth to hunt it up. Jonny Shay improved his opportunities with a result entirely satisfactory



"NOWADAYS SUSEE, THE PAH UTE BELLE, WEAVES HER BASKETS AND WAXES FAT IN CARSON CITY."

From a Photo. by Dunham & Cartland. Copyrighted by H. Cohn, Carson City, Nevada.

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to himself—and to Susce. Ordinarily Indian jealousy is not of a particularly virulent description. Mudge, however, was a passionate lover. Moreover, he felt aggrieved at being thus forestalled during a necessary absence.

On a fine morning, soon after these incidents, Jonny Shay was making a bronze statue of himself, in civilized attire, in front of a shop in the main street of Carson. Mudge entered the town, too, riding on a wiry broncho; across his knees he carried a Winchester rifle. The citizens of Carson gave no heed to either Indian, for they were accustomed to such sights. Riding leisurely down the street, Mudge glanced keenly about at the usual haunts of his kind. By way of variety, Shay presently stepped from the walk into the street when Mudge was near at hand. Without a moment's warning, and halting his horse when fifty yards away, Mudge abruptly raised his rifle and shot his rival in the back.

The bullet went clean through Shay's heart—the man fell forward dead. Men came running from a score of buildings, alarmed by the startling report of the rifle. They beheld the Pah Ute, Mudge, galloping wildly away, his rifle held high in defiance, his face fierce to see. A thin stream of blood crawled in the sand near the prostrate man, and glistened in the sun.

Other Indians and several whites had actually seen the murder committed. Excitement ran high, but in the natural confusion not a man was mounted before an hour to ride in pursuit of the revengeful savage.

When at length the sheriff, with his posse and set of Indian trailers, got out on the track of Mudge, they were led to the hills, where the assassin had the advantage. They were soon baffled, the crafty Indian having employed all the arts of his cunning kind to throw them off the scent. His knowledge of trailing made this comparatively easy.

Friends and relations of the dead Shay buried the body. They also held a council of vengeance, and declared a vendetta. In a few

days the search developed the fact that the whites, in the lead of the sheriff, were likely to be long at the task of flushing their man. Although they scoured the country thoroughly, not a sign did anyone get of Mudge. After a week of vain searching the sheriff grew weary of the game. He gave the task over to the outraged Pah Ute relations of the victim. Susce, in the meantime, did nothing. Naturally, she felt flattered. Also there were still many young braves, and Mudge might yet accomplish wonders.

With unrelenting

persistence the Indian trailers remained in the mountains.

About ten days after the deed of blood had been committed, a young white man was out in the brush, hunting rabbits. He had climbed a hillside and was approaching a clump of granite boulders, when suddenly, on rounding a great rock, he found himself face to face with the mysterious Mudge, and looking down the muzzle of the outlaw's deadly rifle.

"Put down your gun," said Mudge. "I want talk with you."

The young man put down his shot-gun with alacrity, and told the Indian all he knew about the search of the sheriff and the other Pah Utes—relatives of Susce's dead lover. Mudge asked a number of questions, watching his visitor

narrowly all the while. At length he said:—

"Oh, I been watch that sheriffs nearly every day. He's can't find nobody. Him heap fool. Sometimes I've got my gun" (pointing) "rights at him. If he's comes too close where I'm hiding, he's never gits away. Two, three times I'm pretty near kills him. He's better let Injun alone. I's don't wants kills him, but he's better look out."

The rabbit-hunter gave Mudge a piece of tobacco and left him in the rocks.

A few days after this event three Pah Utes were trailing the fugitive up a cañon. They were relations of Shay, bent on revenge. The gorge was narrow, filled with rock and somewhat grown up to manzanita. Mudge was in



THIS IS MUDGE, THE SUITOR WHO WAS NOT FAVOURED—BUT HE SHOT HIS RIVAL DEAD, AND TWO OTHERS BESIDES.

From a Photo.

the brush. Without the slightest warning his rifle cracked, and a man reeled headlong, shot through the head. Realizing that they had been ambushed, the remaining two turned about and ran for their lives. Again the repeater made the echoes rattle in the cañon, and again an arm thrown quickly up preceded the fall of a human being. This second man was shot through the body; he writhed for a moment only on the earth. The third Indian reached the protection of a boulder, then ran swiftly around a bend, and so escaped the dread Pah Ute lover.

Down from the mountains ran the one safe Indian, never pausing till he reached Carson. The sheriff and force, who came at length upon the scene of action, found the two bodies lying in the hot sunlight, one with his fist gripped full of gravel, the other in a pose of utter limpness. The Indian who had been with the two now discovered the bush behind which Mudge had knelt. The empty cartridge shells were lying in the sand.

On the fresh trail several Indians started without delay. The sheriff recommenced his efforts to rout out the implacable Mudge, now become a serious menace to public peace. As before, however, the wily savage eluded all. But an old man, a warrior of times past, aroused himself. He was the father of one of the last victims. He departed from his wikiup, alone, and at night, armed only with a long, keen knife. He had wearied of justice which sacrificed innocent men for no result; he would wait no longer, he said, for the white man's law.

Necessity finally drove the murderer down to the valley. He availed himself of temporary refuge in the deserted camp of a friend, while the Indian hounds searched in the mountains.

But the old warrior haunted the dim, uncertain trail day and night. If he slept at all, it was in his enemy's tracks. He ate nothing; he saw no one; he simply dogged the doomed Indian's footsteps. A snake could have been no more silent or subtle than he, when at last he had run his prey to cover.

It was still early night when he came upon



JONNY SHAY, THE FAVOURED SUTOR OF SUSEE.
From a photo. HE WAS KILLED BY MUDGE.

the wigwam where the unsuspecting Mudge lay in the brush. The avenger then stretched himself full length on the ground for hours. He heard the rustle of a breeze in the brush, and shook his head; he heard the stirring of a prowling creature, and knew it was not his man. Yet when the murderer finally slept, the old man raised himself alertly, nodded recognition of a sound, and began to creep and creep, his knife now held between his strong teeth.

The wretched campodice or wigwam loomed like a pyramid before him, its entrance darker than the darkness of the brush. Mudge stirred within; the avenger halted. Again the breathing staided. Stealthily, and silently as a shadow, the old Nemesis crawled forward on his stomach, snake-like. He was well inside the camp.

By the very warmth of the doomed man's body he determined where feet, legs, and trunk were disposed, and so avoided the extremities and brought himself near the tired body. Then he sat up, as still and as noiseless as death, and twined his bony talons about the handle of his knife. The striking hand was raised deliberately, and down shot the cold, sharp steel into its hot sheath of flesh and blood. The old man grunted when the hilt met its barrier of ribs and skin. A gurgle escaped from Mudge's lips. He could make no cry. He moved only in sudden muscular contractions, like a mortally-wounded serpent.

Leaving the steel embedded, the avenged father glided out into the untainted air. Then he walked away in the sage-brush.

When the information came that Mudge was no more the white man's justice nodded approval. And Susee married another eligible brave of the tribe. She now weaves her baskets and remains complacent. And that she has waxed fat you can see for yourself. The notion of men fighting and killing one another for her "smile" appears too absurd to us. But the whole narrative is an interesting glimpse of a picturesque phase of native life, and shows that love is a great power in every land and among every race and class.

A Missionary on the Upper Congo.

BY THE REV. CHARLES JOHN DODDS, OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Here we have a set of photographs eloquent of the noble and unselfish life led by missionaries who spend their lives among the cannibals of the Upper Congo. Duties and pleasures, sports and customs, trials and sorrows—all are depicted and described by a sympathetic pen.



In late years public attention has been specially directed towards the New World of Central Africa. It is not yet a quarter of a century since Mr. H. M. Stanley made his first memorable journey down the Congo River in a canoe with his handful of Zanzibari servants. Following on that opening up of the country to commerce, many agents of trade have proceeded hither, and during recent years have stationed themselves at various places of advantage on the banks of the Haut Congo. There they have found in large quantities ivory and rubber and palm-oil, besides fertile soil suitable for the cultivation of coffee, tobacco, rice, and other valuable crops.

Twenty years ago there was not a single steamer on the 1,000 miles of navigable water-way between Stanley Falls and Stanley Pool. Now there are over fifty steamers carrying supplies up stream and returning laden with native products for the European markets.

But Christians were not behind the traders very long; they were, if not quite first, at least contemporary in their design to enter the newly-opened door into the very heart of the Dark Continent. The English and American Baptists have now several stations on both the Lower Congo region and the Upper River districts. They have found there a great mass of human beings—human in spite of many inhuman customs—who need not only that traders should go and take from them the rich products of the country, but also that missionaries should go and give them the higher and imperishable riches of education and Christianity, which alone are able to civilize and elevate the teeming Congolese.

Christian missionaries have been on the Congo now more than twenty years on the Lower region, and about twelve years on the Upper River. The accompanying photographs taken on the Upper Congo by one of the English Baptist missionaries may help to give readers of THE WHITE WORLD MAGAZINE some idea of the scenery and the class of people among whom these devoted men are working.

These views were taken at Upoto and Monsembe, towns in the wild and remote district of Bangala, on the Upper Congo. These photographs will doubtless also afford our readers an interesting glimpse of the people among whom some of our missionaries work, where, it need hardly be said, the camera is a *rara avis* indeed.

The first photograph represents the missionaries sitting at "palaver judging." The scene is on the mission station at Upoto. Thither, about noon, the chiefs of the surrounding towns or villages have come in a body, that they may pour their grievances into the ears of the sympathetic missionaries. The Congo native prefers to go with his troubles to the missionary rather than to the State officials at the various courts on the river banks. They do so for reasons of economy of time and money. Of time, because the distance is often several hours' journey; and of money—because in certain parts of the Congo a fee is demanded before the officials will even give audience to their case. Consequently they make a practice of bringing their minor troubles to the missionary for advice. He, of course recognising the lawful rights of the State, does not attempt to abrogate their place. The missionaries only advise, they do not authorize.

Palaver hearing takes up much of the time of the missionary. Day after day the natives go to him seeking his advice and help in whatever disputes they may have on hand. They are not compelled to abide by the advice given; still, they do not often despise or ignore it. We find that in almost every case "the ancient trampler, woman," is at the bottom of the mischief. It may be the trouble is that someone has stolen a wife or a slave from a man on account of a long-standing debt, or that a woman has voluntarily run away from her husband to some other man. Listening to these disputes is very wearying, for the Congo man—a born litigant—will never come to the point at issue when giving his defence or version of the case. He prefers to go back to the origin of things and to recount for you the "how and the why" of the whole



"THE CHIEFS OF THE SURROUNDING VILLAGES HAVE COME TO POOR THEIR GRIEVANCES INTO THE EARS OF THE SYMPATHETIC MISSIONARIES." [Photo.]

affair. You listen as patiently as you can while he tells you how his great-grandfather and the great-grandfather of his accuser had made some agreement or other. You begin to smile with the hope that you will soon be nearing the point of the controversy—when, lo! there comes a junction, and the defendant goes off the line and you are left in a maze denser than before. A curious case came before my own personal observation a short time ago. Two men desiring to purchase a freeborn woman between them, each gave one woman slave as price for her. The woman gave satisfaction to her new owners for some time, but in the course of a few months they wanted to part with their bargain. The woman was re-sold and two other women slaves were obtained in exchange.

The difficulty now was how they should divide the returns, as one of the two men was greedy. He wanted as his share not only one slave, but also that a share of the other woman should come to him. He could not have the other woman in his town, so he arranged that his relatives who lived in the town of his partner should be recipients of part of the earnings of the second slave. Against this the other man protested. He said that as he had given one woman originally, he was clearly entitled to a woman in return. The matter was therefore referred to the chiefs of the district, who for

several days discussed the problem. Their decision was not agreeable to the greedy man, hence they took the matter to the missionaries. They, after securing a promise from the natives to submit to their decision, consented to judge the case. After much patient hearing of ancient history and repeated questions, the truth was at last unravelled from its tangled mesh, and the verdict given definitely against the greedy one. Thus missionaries need even the wisdom and insight of a Solomon in their work, which is often interesting, romantic (in the popular sense of the term), and occasionally thrilling, even in these prosaic days.

Our next photo. shows one of the cruel customs of the Congo people. It is a woman cutting the tribal marks of the natives of Upoto. Each tribe on the Congo has its own peculiar design of tribal-marking. The Bangala has his Likwala (comb of cock), which, protruding from his forehead, gives him his fierce and cruel expression. The Bapoto disfigure their faces even more than others. The horrible custom is begun when the infant is but a few days old. The mother first takes a sharp instrument of iron (as may be seen in the picture), and makes several preliminary incisions on the face and forehead of her child. These snicks are repeated year by year, the number and depth of the cuts being increased at each



"A WOMAN CUTTING THE TRIBAL MARKS OF THE NATIVES OF UFUTO."

[Photo.]

operation. In the photograph you see a young man seated and submitting to the operation by his wife. His face is in reality covered with blood, yet were you to ask him if there was much pain, he would most probably tell you no, on just the same principle, I suppose, as the dandy who will not admit that his shoe pinches or that his collar is too high and stiff, for the natives of the Congo endure this ordeal solely in order that they may win the admiration of the opposite sex. One day some of the lads were asked why their faces were cut. They said, "It does not disfigure us; we don't like

having it done, but unless we do we should never get a wife."

Our third photograph represents the popular game on the Upper Congo. It is a wrestling match. The opponents are representative men of different villages. Crowds of supporters always attend to witness the event. The wrestlers in this case are men of the Bapoto district. They do not seize each other by the waist as do the people nearer Stanley Falls, but stand upright and watch their opportunity to so seize their opponent by the arms as to throw him down. When this feat is accom-



THE BAPOTO BROTHERHOOD ENCOURAGES SPORT—HERE WE SEE A WRESTLING MATCH TAKING PLACE BEFORE A CRITICAL AUDIENCE.

[Photo.]



HE MADE THIS MODEL OF THE MISSIONARY STEAMER OUT OF A BANANA TREE.

From a Photo.

plished the referee throws a quantity of white earth in the victor's face, and then his supporters form a procession and carry him shoulder-high through the village. This famous pastime develops the eyes and muscles of the natives, and is encouraged and fostered by the missionaries.

In our next illustration we have proof of the latent powers of the Congolese. The boy in the photo. has been on the mission station at Upoto only

a very few years, yet he is carrying a model of the ss. *Goodwill* which he himself has made out of the stem of a banana tree. The lad had occasionally seen the steamer pass up and down the river. In quiet hours he, from memory, carved and constructed this rough model of the mission boat. It will be seen that he has also attached a canoe as lighter alongside. Undoubtedly this little incident shows how great an interest the natives take in mission work and its concomitants. The beautiful dress he is wearing is simply a fathom of ordinary trading cloth wound around his person.

In the next photograph we have depicted a group of Congo workmen enjoying their Christmas feast. The missionary in the picture is the Rev. W. L. Forfeitt, who directed the men in the erecting of the schools and houses—for a Congo missionary, besides being called upon to act as judge, must often be an architect also. The feast is very primitive—to us, perhaps, unappetizing; but to the Congo native a veritable feast indeed. The food, consisting of goat's flesh, monkey, and fish, is cooked by the men themselves in native earthenware pots such as you see in the picture. Seasonings such as salt, chili peppers, and palm-oil are generously added to give piquancy. The things like plugs of tobacco you see on the right are the bread eaten by the Congolese. This bread is made from the manioc root,



THE REV. W. L. FORFEITT PRESIDING OVER A CHRISTMAS DINNER OF GOAT'S FLESH, MONKEY, AND FISH. [Photo

From a]

which is soaked in water several days *in order to soften the plantain*. Afterwards it is boiled and ground into pulp.

It is then put up in plantain leaves and sold. About thirty pieces of it exchanged for a piece of brass wire about a foot long. Sugar-cane is also prepared in some sort of sweet following the more substantial items of the menu. The man in the centre with the bird in feathers considers himself an exceptionally stylish person, and he is doing homage to the occasion by putting on his own dress.

Among the sports on the sports. In the two following photographs we see the natives at

Such a village is for the most part composed of low huts made of bamboos and palm-ribs, a roof-thatch of palm leaves, and a doorway about 2ft. square through which the people climb when retiring or seeking shelter from the rain. The houses are usually huddled together forming three sides of a square. On the open space in front of their houses the various dances and palavers are held. On the beach, where you see the men tugging, a market is held every day during the early hours of the morning. Many women from inland villages bring there the different products of their farms, such as plantains, manioc bread, and also palm-oil and nuts. It



"THE TUG-OF-WAR WAS ENTERED INTO WITH SUCH SPIRIT THAT SEVERAL TIMES THE ROPE WAS BROKEN."
From a Photo.

their games. On the occasion shown, there was an additional interest given to the sports by the presence of the workmen employed on the mission by *Goodwill*.

From there was the tug-o'-war, entered into with great spirit—so much so, in fact, that several times the rope was broken, to the unbounded amusement of the onlookers who saw the contest arising on the ground. It is so easy to laugh at the awkwardness of others.

The photograph also gives a fair idea of a native riverside town or village on the Congo.

is an interesting sight to watch these women bartering firewood, bananas, and other produce for the fish of the riverine people. Many are the noises which reach your ears, as each endeavours to get the better of the bargain. Unless you knew better, you would think that the women were very angry and about to fight. But, no: it is only their way of doing such business. It would not be right if a riverine woman were to accept the price of a bush woman without the strongest possible verbal protest.

In our next photograph we have a view of the great Congo River. At this part the river is said to be about ten miles wide. After the feast and the tug-of-war, there was a swimming match at the mission station I am describing. All Congolese are expert swimmers, and as a rule they seem fond of the water. Notwithstanding

was not accepted, however. The friends of the injured party made extravagant demands for compensation—two slaves and 2,000 brass rods; and the accused had to raise this fine somehow or else forfeit his life.

We now descend the Congo to another station of the mission at Monsembe, in the Bangala



A SWIMMING MATCH IN THE CONGO—AT SUCH EXCITING TIMES THE NATIVES FORGET THE CROCODILES.
From a Photo.

that there are numerous crocodiles in the river at times, the villagers fearlessly enter the water and enjoy floundering about just like small boys in a London swimming-bath. The reason of their fearlessness lies in their belief that no crocodile will molest them unless it has been instructed to do so by a person of evil intent! The Bapoto hold that every crocodile has an owner who is able to communicate his mind to the reptile, no matter at what distance they may be separated from each other. All that the owner has to do is to go down to the beach and whisper the name of his special crocodile, and immediately it will appear to receive its instructions, after which it departs to obey them as speedily as possible. A woman was one day washing her manioc, preparatory to making bread, at the river-side, when suddenly a huge crocodile swam to her, and, seizing her by the arms, bore her off to the river. Soon there was a stir in her town, the husband raving and shouting to learn whose reptile it was that had seized his wife. The witch-doctor was interrogated to find out the owner's name. He investigated the matter, and in course of time effected to have discovered the culprit. The said culprit, of course, indignantly denied the charge, saying that as he had already had two sons killed by crocodiles, and had by way of revenge hunted and slain six of these dreadful monsters, surely they could not hold him guilty of harbouring another such creature. His defence

district. Here the land lies low. During the past two years the country for miles around has been flooded owing to an abnormal rise of the river. The photo, at the top of next page, taken from the deck of the mission ss. *Goodwill*, is one of the mission-houses. There is a fine row of red acacia trees in front of the station, which only eight years ago were planted as seeds—surely an instance of amazing fertility. Now we have annually a gorgeous mass of carmine to strike a contrast to the universal green. Last year the river rose some 16ft., and we were compelled to use the boat in order to go from house to house and from house to school. In the illustration you may see a missionary leaving the house for the steamer. This may be considered an interesting glimpse of one of the difficulties under which the missionary labours. These floods cause much anxiety among the missionaries and natives. Nearly all the vegetables are destroyed. To buy food then means for the natives a journey of at least seventy miles, and, of course, increased prices; whilst the European has to return to tinned vegetables—a disagreeable alternative—or be satisfied with bread.

These floods continue about four weeks. When you consider the size of the river (from Stanley Falls to Stanley Pool, a distance of 1,000 miles in length and with an average breadth of over seven miles), a rise of 16ft. obviously means a tremendous increase in the



A DICTIONARY IN A CONGO FLOOD—"WE WERE COMPELLED TO USE THE BOAT TO GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE."

From a Photo.

volume of water. Happily, when the flood recedes the ground is speedily dried again by the excessive heat of the sun.

The next photograph we have to consider is that of Bangala women preparing the food for their lords and masters. The women having returned from their work in the fields, where they have been planting manioc and maize, begin to make ready their evening meal. Manioc is their staple food. This they boil and then mash in a mortar with a pestle, as you see the woman doing in the middle of the frame to the right of the photograph. In another bowl there is some spinach, which

they rub fine and boil with palm-oil and peppers, etc. A bit of smoke-dried fish, well



EX-CANNIBAL BANGALA WOMEN PREPARING FOOD FOR THEIR LORDS AND MASTERS.

From a Photo.

cooked, is added to the table on the floor. The family usually squat on the ground round the three dishes of food, from which they help themselves with their fingers till the food is exhausted. The photo. also gives us a good idea of the native costume of the Bangala women—viz., a dress made of grass. However, the cloth of the trader is fast becoming more common, and it is to be hoped that soon a

African lily. There is an extraordinary wealth of these lovely flowers on the Congo. I think this is the bloom known in England as the Eucharis lily, or rather another species we have on the Congo, which is perfectly white. The flowers in the photo. are white, with a chocolate stripe in the centre of the petal. They have a faint, delicious scent. Oftentimes one comes across them in the forests and marsh lands—a



AFRICAN LILIES GROWING ON THE GRAVE OF A DEAR CHILD OF A CONGO MISSIONARY. *[Photo. From a]*

more abundant covering will be worn by the women of the Congo.

Our knives and forks are cumbersome to them, yet they are amused to see us taking our meals. One day we invited a native chief to dine with us on condition that he should use a knife and fork like ourselves. He came, and sitting himself down in front of a good plate of Congo fowls' legs and wings (Congo fowls are nothing else) he began his task. After some hard but vain struggling to get the flesh off the bone of one wing with the knife and fork, we took compassion on him (and ourselves) and gave him permission to use his own method. In a very short time the whole plate was cleared, and almost the bones as well.

Our last photograph is that of the beautiful

and inspiring contrast to their sombre surroundings.

The Congolese cannot appreciate our love of flowers. They take no interest in such things. Thus, when they see us stop to admire a flower they are struck with amazement, and doubtless do consider us foolish. The lilies seen in the photo. are growing on the grave of the dear child of a missionary there—a pathetic emblem of the pure soul taken from the midst of the dark surroundings of life among the repulsive cannibals of the great Congo.

Such, then, are some of the scenes on the Upper Congo, and such are the people among whom our missionaries are nobly endeavouring to spread some of the Light which we in our favoured land rejoice in, and but too often neglect.

Trapped by a Maniac.

By MRS. EMMA BREWER.

Mrs. Brewer relates how she attended a curious social function at a lunatic asylum, and was locked in a room with a dangerous patient whom she had unwittingly offended.



HAT I am going to relate happened one day in the year 1870, when a few people met to celebrate the opening of a new wing belonging to one of our county lunatic asylums.

I was one of the invited guests, but being an invalid, an attendant was ordered to take me to the room in the new wing, where the visitors were having tea. I was carried into the long distance, we had to go from the main building, and was quite tired by the time we reached the top of the steep stone stairs. It seemed to me that the room was very isolated, and a curious sensation took possession of me, for which I could not account, and which I felt to be a little ridiculous.

I was sorry to find on entering the room that the other guests had finished tea, and were about to go down to the committee and patients; for I had a strange dislike to being left alone up there so far from help if I should need it.

It was at this moment that the matron, whom I knew quite well, came up to me, asking if I would excuse her leaving me, as she was a little behind with her preparations owing to one or two strange accidents which had occurred during the last two days, and which she would explain later on. Of course I begged her not for one moment to think of me, as I would take off my bonnet, get a cup of tea, and join the rest at once. She thanked me, and pointing to the one other person in the room said: "My friend will look after you."

I turned and faced the lady mentioned; there was indeed nothing in her appearance to account for the very uncomfortable impression she made upon me. She had a good figure, dark hair,

dreamy eyes with long lashes, and her dress of black silk was well made, relieved by narrow white lace collar and cuffs; her age may have been, perhaps, thirty.

She seemed to know that I was regarding her with earnestness, and, without raising her eyes, said, "May I offer you tea or coffee?"

To which I replied, "Tea, if you please; but won't you sit down? I don't like to see you standing."

As she took no notice of my suggestion and continued to stand, I did the same; and while drinking my tea the silence became so oppressive that I broke it by saying, "The matron said that you were a friend of hers. I suppose you are on a visit to her, as I do not remember your face."

"Yes," she replied, "I am a governess, and am spending my holidays here."

"Well," I remarked, "I do not think it is quite the place I should select for a holiday."

"Perhaps not," was her answer; "but beggars cannot be choosers."

I don't know what possessed me to go on talking to her, but I did.

"Surely," I said, "it must be frightfully depressing to be with these poor creatures, and watch them hour by hour, with no power to help them!"

To which she answered, with a near approach to a sneer, "I don't think the 'poor creatures'—emphasizing the words—"would thank you for your pity; but let me take your bonnet and cloak—you will be glad to join the company."

So far so good; nothing had happened as yet. Still, as I made my way downstairs I said to myself, "There is something very strange about that friend of the matron's; and surely, had she not been reliable, I should not have



MRS. BREWER, WHOSE COURAGE AND SELF-POSSESSION SAVED HER FROM THE MANIAC.

From a Photo. by Lock & Whitfield, Regent Street.

been left alone with her, and quite in her power. Really, I don't think I can be quite well."

I soon found myself in the well-lighted hall, where patients and visitors were talking or dancing with each other to the sound of bright and good music; so for the next hour or two I forgot the uncomfortable feeling which had taken possession of me while in the new wing, and was amused for the time at the grotesque dresses of some of the patients, who had been allowed to make up or suggest their own costumes for the occasion. And I must say that some of them were very ingenious.

The two or three gentlemen with whom I had come were obliged to leave early for the House of Commons, and I was returning with them. We had not much time to catch the train, especially as we had to walk through the extensive grounds to get to the station; so, while the men put on their overcoats and drank a cup of hot coffee, I ran upstairs into the new wing for my bonnet and wraps. Oddly enough, I had by this time forgotten the strange fear which had possessed me an hour or two before.

Seeing no one, and not knowing my way, I called loudly for someone to help me; this I did two or three times without getting any answer; but at length the matron's friend came forward in a leisurely manner from out of the darkness, asking in a slow, drowsy sort of tone, "What is it, madam? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, please; I want my bonnet and wraps," I replied.

She opened the door of what proved to be a bedroom, with one small, iron-grated window, which faced a brick wall. This room contained a small bed, a chair, and a table, with a looking-glass and wash-stand for one person. All this I took in at a glance.

Having opened the door and placed the candle on the table, my companion suddenly whisked back, shut the door with a loud bang, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. Then placing her back to the door, and with her arms crossed, she looked at me with an expression I shall never forget—it was so fiendish. Her eyes, no longer dreamy, were full of hate and malignant passion. For a moment the suddenness of it all quite paralyzed me.

She positively hissed out her words: "Now pity yourself, for I am one of the poor creatures you spoke of at tea this afternoon. Pity yourself, I say, for you are in my power, and I'll have no mercy on you. Not a sound can be heard, however loudly you call."



"HER EYES, NO LONGER DREAMY, WERE FULL OF HATE AND MALIGNANT PASSION."

This speech gave me time to get my breath and to summon my courage; for I knew that to show a particle of fear would be disastrous. I had never been a coward at any period of my life, and was quite aware that courage and self-possession alone could get me out of this dangerous dilemma.

Looking at the woman, and gazing straight into her eyes, I said, "I am sorry, indeed, that you should be one of the patients here, and sorry too if I hurt your feelings to-day; but really I have no time to explain. My husband and two or three gentlemen are at the bottom of the staircase waiting for me."

With an awful expression the woman intimated that they would have to wait a long time for me. With apparent coolness, and keeping her always in view, I put on my clothes, and peeped in the glass to see if I looked "all right," as the phrase goes; then walked over to the woman and said, calmly, "Give me the key."

She laughed in a way that curdled one's blood. Again I demanded in a quiet, cool manner, "Give me the key; it is quite useless your trying to keep me here. I am not a bit

abroad of you. You cannot hurt me, but you will never be trusted again—that's certain."

Her hands uncrossed themselves leisurely, and the right one stole towards her pocket.

"Quick!" I said. "you will have the men here to a moment, and I shall not be able to save you from punishment."

At length she took the key out—it was rather a large one—and, raising her arm, she flung it at my face with an awful imprecation. Had it struck me I should probably have



"BEFORE HER ARREST SHE FLUNG THE KEY AT MY FACE WITH AN AWFUL IMPRECATION."

been disfigured for life, but by watching her every movement I evaded the blow, and the key fell heavily to the floor.

We both stood motionless for a moment. Then I said, "Pick up the key." This I had to repeat in the calmest, most commanding manner I could assume. She stooped with the utmost reluctance and obeyed me. "Now," I said, "unlock the door." This also was accomplished, with a curse, and I, with beating heart and almost at the end of my strength, walked quietly through the door and along the corridor until I came to the long stone staircase, down which I liberally flew.

I found the gentlemen a little impatient at being kept waiting, and without a moment's delay we started off through the darkness to the station, where we arrived just in time to catch the express to town. Not until I was seated in

the carriage did I lose self-control, and fell back fainting. When I recovered I felt ashamed of this weakness.

Naturally my friends wanted an explanation of this extraordinary occurrence. I gave an account of what had happened as well as I could, and they were all intensely angry at the want of care and forethought displayed by the matron. The first thing they did on reaching town was to telegraph to the doctor of the asylum to look after the young woman Sweetman, and see that she did no harm to herself or anyone else.

The matter was thoroughly looked into on the following day. A committee was called, and the matron severely censured. It seems that she had had a series of disasters during the previous forty-eight hours. Among the patients was a first-rate cook, whose condition was only dangerous at stated times, and of which the matron was forewarned by certain symptoms. Her malady was suicidal mania. She was extremely well at this particular time, and gladly undertook to help in the kitchen. Unfortunately, during the absence of the matron on business, one of her attacks came on, and everything in-

trusted to her was ruined: the chickens, the hams, the pastry—all were reduced to mere cinders. At the same time a patient, who was invaluable when well, both in organizing and looking after the workers, was suddenly taken seriously ill, became quite unmanageable, and was with the greatest difficulty prevented from taking her own life.

Naturally the places of these women had to be supplied by the staff, and there was no one to help with the tea; so the matron employed this lady, a well-educated girl, who had benefited so much by being in the asylum that she was about to leave. The only way to account for her behaviour was that she had become greatly excited by the circumstances of the last couple of days. Poor thing! she became gradually worse, and whenever I asked after her she was still an inmate of the asylum.

John Mills and His "Golden Hole."

BY JOHN MARSHALL, OF KALGOORLIE (LATE HON. SECRETARY OF THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGERS' ASSOCIATION).

The following true and interesting account of the discovery of the "Londonderry Golden Hole" was told to the writer by the discoverer, John Mills, shortly after the sensational find was made public. The narrative illustrates in a sensational manner the startling uncertainty of gold-mining luck.



HERE WE HAVE A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LONDONDERRY GOLD MINE IN ITS EARLY DAYS.
From a Photo. by W. Roy Millar.



NOWHERE does the wheel of fortune revolve more quickly, "bringing chances and changes," ups and downs, than on the world's great goldfields. And among the many striking instances I have seen of the truth of this fact, during my long residence on American and Australian goldfields, none is more remarkable than the story of the party who found and sold the "Londonderry," and the subsequent decline of this once world-renowned mining property.

In the early part of 1894 the mining industry on the Coolgardie goldfields was very sick.

Since the discovery of "Bayley's Reward Mine" no important find had been made; and it appeared as if there was going to be a severe set-back to the whole goldfield. The people were beginning to lose faith in its future. Land values, too, were falling; there was a severe drought prevailing, and everything looked blue. But when things were at their worst the startling news

was announced that a wonderfully rich discovery had been made about twelve miles south of Coolgardie, which roused feverish enthusiasm, gave new life to the mining industry, raised the price of land values in Coolgardie

by 100 per cent, and brought thousands over from the other Colonies to try their luck on the goldfields of Western Australia. The story of the men who found the "Londonderry" is one of the most astonishing on record. They were a party of six, who set out on a prospecting tour from Coolgardie in the early months of '94. They were not well provided with money to purchase an outfit; and, indeed, the buying of a horse and dray and enough provisions to last them for a few months almost completely exhausted their store of wealth. For some time they prospected south of Coolgardie, near Widgiemooltha, but without success.



THE GROUP OF MEN ARE STANDING NEAR THE "GOLDEN HOLE." THE CROSS INDICATES THE IMPROVISED STRONG-ROOM WHERE THE GOLD WAS STORED.
From a *Photo.*

At last, worn out with tramping, and miser-able in the highest degree on account of their continued ill-luck, they were going back to Coolgardie determined to blow up the sponge and look for employment at day wages. The various members of the party had scattered, each one prospecting "on his own" for the time being, but all marking north towards Coolgardie. One of the party, a young Irishman named John Mills, a native of Londonderry, who was not long met from New South Wales, was prospecting along alone.

One evening, tired with his weary tramp and sick at heart, he lay down to have a smoke and ramble on his ill success, wishing himself back on his old employer's station in sunny New South Wales, and out of the country of "sin, spoil, and sorrow." The huge reef which he had used in many places, without seeing a single speck of gold, lay at his feet. Sitting thinking, in a half-dreamy, listless state, he almost unconsciously rubbed his heel against the huge, moss-covered outcrop at his foot, and carelessly looking down he suddenly caught the glint of some shiny substance on the rock. Lazily raising himself he looked to see what the bright speck was, and found to his intense astonishment and delight that it was a piece of stone full of gold. Breaking several pieces of the cap of the reef, he found to his amazement that *it was literally hanging together with gold!*

Mills's spirits, which but a moment before had been down to zero, now rose to boiling pitch, and he felt inclined to throw up his hat and shout out "Eureka! Eureka!" After having collected a large number of specimens he walked back to the camp, inwardly exulting, though

trying to maintain the appearance of dejection. His mates were all gathered together, and were by no means in a pleasant mood. Hard living and hard luck were breaking their tempers, and the conversation was far from cheerful. Some of them had wives and families in other Colonies who were waiting and longing for good news from their bread-winners.

After supper was over Mills said, "I have something to show you, mates. Wait a minute till I go and get it." So saying he left the camp, and returned in a few minutes with his hands full of stones. "What do you think of them?" he yelled, as he dumped the lot down on the gunny sack which did duty as a tablecloth. As his mates picked them up and looked at them, they found that the pieces of quartz were literally held together with gold. And when they received Mills's assurance that there appeared to be an unlimited quantity of the same incredibly rich quartz, the delight of the members of the party knew no bounds.

They pressed Mills to lead them to the treasure-spot that night, but he pointed out the futility of such a proceeding, as he would be unable to find his way back in the dark. There was but little sleep in the camp that night; and long before daylight the old horse was hitched up and the party were ready to start, moving away with the first peep of day. After some difficulty the exact spot was located, and on reaching the place where Mills had obtained the specimens the night before they found that half the truth had not been told, for, as they broke off pieces of quartz and with hammer, wedge, and pick delved down, the quartz became richer and richer.

After the first wild excess of joy at finding such a treasure had passed away the party settled down to hard work, and for weeks toiled like galley-slaves, night and day, calcining the stone in an open furnace, and then dollying it by the rudest and most primitive methods—methods which entailed the hardest of hard work.



MINING CAMP, "GOLDEN HOLE," "LUCKY" ET AL., FOR THE "GOLDEN HOLE."
From a Photo. by W. Roy Millar.

At first the novelty of the work and the extraordinary richness of the stone kept them from wearying; but after a while, when the novelty had worn off, the dollying of the stone became a terrible task. John Mills himself assured me that after a time the sight of gold grew positively hateful to him, so monotonous and hard was the toil associated with its extraction. How arduous their labours were may be inferred from the fact that in a few weeks they dollyed out about 8,000oz. of gold, valued at £32,000—and that with the rudest appliances.

So far they had not applied for a lease of the precious ground, and their only fear was that any day a prospecting party might drop across them, and probably peg out the place they were working. On the other hand, if they did apply for a lease of the ground, some of the men whose business it was to watch applications when they were posted up outside the Warden's Court (as was required by law), and to find out where fresh discoveries were made, might make inquiries and find where they were—which was the last thing they desired.

At last their fears of discovery prevailed, and after a solemn council had been held it was determined that Mills and Huxley should go into Coolgardie and get Mr. W. H. Lindsay, a mining agent there, to apply for a lease of twenty-four acres. No hint whatever was to be given of the richness of the property, and the two selected for this duty were well tutored in the tale of woe and distress which they were to pitch to the mining agent, with all the artless eloquence they could command.

Accordingly, Mills and Huxley marched into Lindsay's office one forenoon and told him a pitiful tale of the wants and privations they had gone through, and how they had come on a likely place, where the reef was narrow and the stone *might* yield half an ounce to the ton—probably a little more. The main reasons why

they were willing to stay and give the place a trial were, firstly, that the horse they had was nearly knocked out; the feed was fairly plentiful, and water not far away. Also they were tired of knocking about the country. They had therefore agreed to take up a gold mining lease of twenty-four acres, but being extremely poor men, and having spent nearly every shilling they had in prospecting, they hoped the agent would make the fees as light as possible.

But there was a curious air of intense eagerness about the men—an evident overpowering desire to take up the ground, and a tremendous



From a Photo. by

OFF AT LAST TO THE NEW GOLD RUSH.

[W. Roy Miller.]

anxiety that no informality should be made in the application. There was also such a parade of their poverty—a matter about which the genuine miner, be he never so poor, is extremely reticent—that the agent thought there must be something behind it all. So he mentally resolved, whilst applying for the lease now known as the "Londonderry"—to make a search and see whether this party of hard-up miners could really be found—if for nothing else than to congratulate them upon having determined to battle further with fortune in spite of their poverty.

A few days after this, Lindsay set out to find the "Londonderry." He searched all day, but was unable to locate the place, and that night had to sleep out without blankets. As the night was intensely cold, he cursed his curiosity for leading him out on such an errand. Next

morning, however, he was lucky enough to discover the place. Almost the first thing he noticed was a large open air furnace for calcining ore, and he had been on too many mining camps not to know what *that* meant.

The party, of whom the whole members were present, were, of course, extremely sorry to see him, and could not help showing how vexed they were. In answer to his inquiries, they told him they had struck a small leader which returned them a little gold; and then they tried to bluff him. But Landsay was far too shrewd and observant to be easily bluffed; and after he had set about 5 per cent. of the truth out of them, they pledged him to secrecy. Then, bit by bit, the whole truth leaped out, and the agent discovered what a magnificent property they had found, that there were *eight thousand ounces of gold in the strong-room!*

But such an extraordinary find could not long be kept quiet. One of the party, an old man,

tions. Ere the day closed, however, we were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of John Mills himself, who was far and away the best and most generous of the party. He showed us some magnificent specimens, the like of which had not been seen since the early days when Bayley discovered the great Reward Mine.

I shall never forget the excitement which thrilled the whole community, nor the feelings of renewed hope which were experienced by all when it was authoritatively stated that gold valued at between £30,000 and £40,000 had been lodged in the bank for safe keeping. The following day (Monday) some magnificent specimens were exhibited at the bank which fairly astonished the diggers.

The desire to purchase this phenomenally rich property became an object of supreme importance to the representatives of speculative syndicates already on the field. There was a



A GOLD ESCORT READY FOR THE ROAD, WITH LARGE QUANTITIES OF GOLD FROM THE FAMOUS "HOLE."

From a Photo. by W. Roy Millar.

and rather infirm, took sick, and went into Coolgardie, where, as a relief from the strain to which his mind had been so long subjected, and to give vent to his overpowering sense of joy, he got wildly drunk, flashed his gold about the town, and made a clean breast of it all. When the news was confirmed, the excitement in town became perfectly frantic, and the whole population rushed to see the great "Londonderry Golden Hole." A little later the country along the supposed line of reef was pegged out for miles.

The following day we went out and searched round the "Golden Hole" to find if possible round a colour, but were unable to see the slightest trace of gold. It was hard, indeed, to realize that such a wonderful amount of gold had been obtained from the small hole shown to us, with such an apparent lack of favourable indica-

good deal of competition to secure this rich prize, but negotiations were successfully conducted by Lord Fingall, who was resident on the field, and ultimately purchased the property for, I believe, £100,000. It was subsequently floated in London and Paris for £750,000. When negotiations for the sale were finally arranged, the "Golden Hole" was covered over with a strong plate and then sealed. Thus it lay for many months, unopened, the subject of many a wonderful story in the newspapers throughout the world.

The re-opening of the "Golden Hole" took place some considerable time after the company formed to work it had been floated, and everything arranged with much pomp and circumstance. It was thought possible that if the golden treasure which had been so freely taken out from a shallow depth continued to go down,

it might even lead to the depreciation of gold values!

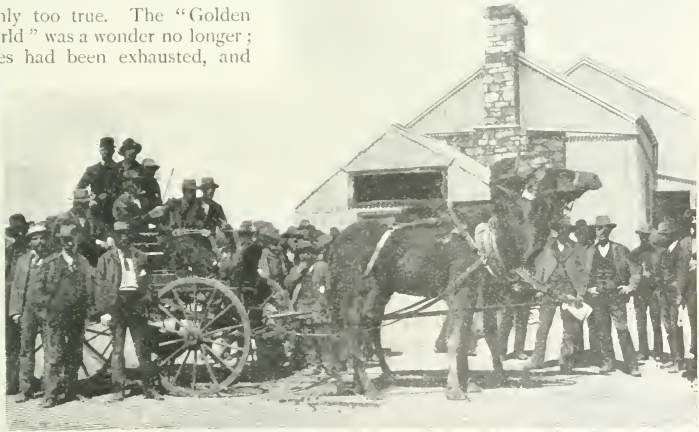
The eyes of the whole world were on John Mills's "Golden Hole," and mining men were quite prepared to see gold sent away from it by the ton. But after a few days' work in the Londonderry—then considered to be one of the greatest treasure stores in the world—it was found, to the utter amazement and dismay of all concerned, that the kernel had been taken and only the worthless shell left. People looked at each other in blank astonishment when the news was made public. It was darkly hinted by those in authority at home that the "Golden Hole" had been tapped and its treasures spirited away. Surely, they said, it could not be possible that the wonderfully rich mine, which had turned out so many thousand ounces of gold from a small hole—which had caused the mining world to ring with its fame and to look forward with eager hope to the payment of enormous dividends, could have "petered out!"

Alas! it was only too true. The "Golden Wonder of the World" was a wonder no longer; its matchless riches had been exhausted, and one of the biggest mining companies had been floated on what was little better than a burst bubble. When the exact position of affairs became known, and the full truth realized, such a storm of indignation, vilification, and abuse was let loose upon the heads of the vendors, promoters, mining experts, and everyone connected with the flotation as has rarely been equalled.

The effect of this blow upon the entire district was disastrous in the extreme. Hundreds of claims that had been taken up and worked on

the strength of the great Londonderry find were abandoned, and that after hundreds—in some instances thousands—of pounds had been spent upon them. Public confidence in the permanence of the goldfields was rudely checked, at least for a time; "Golden Holes" were looked upon askance, and the mining industry severely crippled. The failure of the Londonderry to come up to the high expectations raised had an immense effect upon the Coolgardie goldfields. It is safe to say that every ounce of gold afterwards taken out of the Londonderry district cost £20. The original holders got out of the Colony with their gains, enriched as they had been "beyond the dreams of avarice"—ordinary avarice, that is.

Although a considerable time has elapsed and the high hopes respecting the Londonderry have not, to any considerable extent, been realized, yet it is confidently predicted by those who ought to know that there may yet be a big



WHEN THE BUBBLE HAD BURST—CROWDING BACK FROM THE "GOLDEN HOLE."
From a Photo. by W. Roy Millar.

future before it as a dividend payer, and that the disappointments which have been experienced in the past may be, to some extent, counterbalanced by the success to be achieved in the future.

Odds and Ends.

You may say that the photos. reproduced in this section represent the very cream of all that strikes the intelligent "snap-shooter" and traveller in countries both near and far. Special attention is directed to the wonderful full-page photograph of a "snaky" country given on page 220. The numbers beneath each will enable you to find the locality on the novel contents-map at the back of the frontispiece.



10. BULLS AND OTHER BARBERSHIPS BEING CALLED BY RINDERPEST THE CONVICTS HAD TO SACRIFICE AS BURDEN. [Photo.]



HE first photograph reproduced this month conveys a more vivid idea of the terrible ravages made by the plague of rinderpest among the South African cattle than whole pages of mere description. The district of Idutywa, in which the photograph was taken, is situated in the Transkeian Territories of South Africa, and is thirty-six miles in length, and about twenty in breadth. Within the short space of about six months the residents lost over 25,000 head of cattle. In a great many instances the natives had to put away their ploughs and revert to the old method of hoeing their fields. The photograph shows a gang of prisoners pulling a cartload of stones to repair the streets. Having lost all their oxen the natives were obliged to use the prisoners as "burdens of burden."

Our next photo. does not depict some of the victims of a caste riot, but a scene which may be witnessed often enough in India, either at Benares—that abode of a thousand deities—or at Pūri, in Orissa, where the hope of seeing Juggernaut's passage brings together large numbers of pilgrims. Some of these, either from a wish to please the gods or in fulfilment of private vows, make the journey to the temple—or more fre-

quently round it—in the recumbent posture shown in the photo., rolling over and over on the unsympathetic, not to say nobbly, road. Some of the devotees will actually roll for miles in this manner; while female enthusiasts—unable to imitate their male-folk exactly—journey along by lying down at full length on the ground, making a

mark where their forehead touched, and then rising to lie down again with the toes touching the last mark. They continue this deliberate and wearisome process until the temple is reached. Readers of a sporting turn of mind will no doubt engage in lively speculation as to whether a man, with his queer rollings, or a woman, with her "self-measurement" mode of locomotion, would be most likely to arrive at the temple first from a given point.



2.—"SOME OF THE DEVOTEES WILL ACTUALLY ROLL FOR MILES IN THIS MANNER." [Photo.]

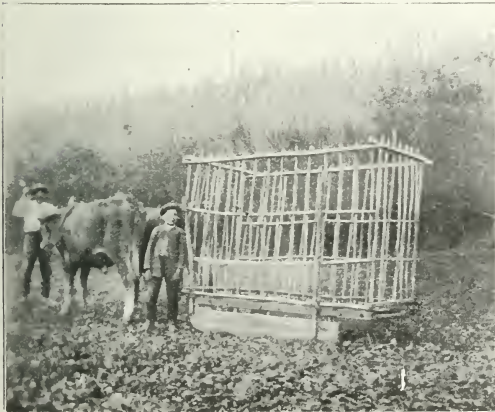


3.—HORSES OF THE 21ST LANCERS ENJOYING THEIR CURIOUS SAND BATH IN EGYPT.
From a Photo.

The above photograph is extremely interesting, showing as it does the Arab horses of the 21st Lancers having their sand bath. At Abbassayeh Barracks, where the heroes of Omdurman are (or were) quartered, there is a large space adjoining the stables filled in with clean desert sand. This is the "bath"; and after an arduous field day, or drill, the horses are unsaddled and allowed to roll as they please in the soft, warm sand. They enjoy themselves immensely whilst doing this, and as a rule require no inducement to lie down. Should a horse prove indifferent to the pleasures of this curious bath, however, he is led



5.—ROMAN CATHOLIC RESIDENTS OF TETUAN (MOROCCO) FIRING UPON THE EFFIGIES OF JUDAS. *[Photo.]*



4.—IN THE PYRENEES THEY COLLECT THE DEAD LEAVES FOR MANURE IN THIS QUEER SLEDGE. *[Photo.]*

round and round the inclosure, and sand is thrown on his legs and body at judicious intervals until he yields to the temptation and is presently rolling hilariously with his fellows. It has been found that this novel bath cleans the horses beautifully, drying up the moisture and imparting a glossy appearance to their coats. Curiously enough, however, only Arab steeds

appear to take kindly to the sand bath.

The accompanying photo. depicts not a cage for wild animals, but a curious kind of sledge bearing a large crate for carrying dead leaves. This curious vehicle was photographed in the environs of Pau (Basses Pyrénées), and is believed to be unique in that part of the South of France. The leaves are used for manure, and the curious sledge is usually drawn by cows or oxen.

The photograph shown above illustrates a somewhat remarkable scene lately witnessed at Easter time in the town of Tetuan, Morocco. Upon suddenly turning a corner from whence great noise proceeded, a large crowd of men and boys was encountered—chiefly Spaniards, but with a fair sprinkling of Moors as well. Several men in a highly



6.—ONE MILLION SNAKES TO THE MILE (CALMATH FALLS, OREGON) "FOR OVER A MILE ALONG BOTH BANKS OF THE STREAM THE SNAKES SWARM IN COUNTLESS WIGGLING HOSTS."
From a Photo.

excited state, accompanied by shouts and groans from the spectators, were firing off their muzzle-loading guns into two headless effigies of Judas Iscariot, which were being dragged along on the ground by boys, and were composed of straw clothed with European dress. It transpired that this is a common Easter custom of the Spanish Roman Catholics in Tetuan. The effigies are first hanged on a tree and then cut down at the neck, and ignominiously dragged through the principal streets of the town to be fired upon at intervals, until nothing remains but a smouldering mass of rags and straw. The effigies are then cast into some side street and there left. The photograph was taken at the moment of firing, and it will be observed that the use of smokeless powder is unknown in Tetuan.

Readers of THE WIDE WORLD are accustomed to extraordinary photographs, and the one reproduced as a full-page illustration well merits that description. Run your eye over it, and you get a positive sense of creepy movement; you also think that the photographer must have been a very plucky fellow. "One million snakes to the mile" sounds alarming enough in all conscience, but that it is not a fiction is shown by this remarkable photo. It shows a section of only a few feet of land below Kalmath Fall, in Oregon. For over a mile along both banks of the stream the snakes swarm in countless wriggling hosts, just as you see them in the illustration. Fortunately they are water-snakes, and quite harmless. Indeed, so little do they trouble the inhabitants of the town of Kalmath that no attempt has ever been made to exterminate them. More remarkable still, although the place is literally alive with snakes, they are positive benefactors to the inhabitants, as we will show. Twenty miles south of Kalmath deadly rattlesnakes are almost as numerous as water-snakes at the Falls; but curiously enough, so great is the enmity existing between the two species that the water-snakes kill off the "rattlers" in great numbers, thus acting the part of positive protectors

towards the inhabitants. All sorts of estimates have been made as to the number of reptiles in this district, the lowest being the truly colossal figure above-mentioned. You should show this photo, with its descriptive text to your friends as a typical WIDE WORLD illustration.

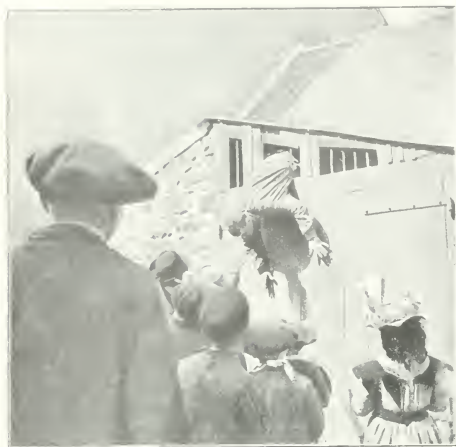
The curious mud-volcanoes of which one is seen in the remarkable accompanying snap-shot are situated at Minbu, in Upper Burma. They are in constant eruption, throwing up from their miniature craters masses of greasy-looking mud, which when flowing down the sun-baked slopes, as we see it in our photo., have very much the



7.—A WEIRD MUD VOLCANO IN UPPER BURMA.—VISITORS BLOW THE GASES WITH MATCHES.
From a Photo.

appearance of lava. A curious gurgling sound is audible as the liquid mud reaches the top of the crater, where it bursts in a big brown bubble. A pretty effect can be seen at night by throwing a lighted match into the crater just as the bubble heaves upwards. The gas inside takes fire and burns brilliantly until the rush of vapour has subsided. The mud, by the way, is nothing but a mixture of shale, clay, and water; while the gas which provides the ejecting force consists of carburetted hydrogen and probably the vapour of petroleum.

The two next photos. are an amusing instance of the readiness and intelligence with which the British tourist abroad uses his hand-camera. The gentleman who sends them in writes as follows: "While spending a few weeks in a small French village last spring, I was much amused one Sunday afternoon in watching the efforts of two gendarmes to remove



9.—THE PRISONER, KUMBA, WAS LOCKED UP TEMPORARILY IN A KIND OF STABLE OR HEN-HOUSE, WHILE THEY WENT TO SEEK REINFORCEMENTS. MEANWHILE THE PRISONER BROKE SOME BARS ABOVE THE DOUBLE DOORS WITH HIS *sabot*, REACHING THE GROUND SAFELY WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SOME SYMPATHETIC BYSTANDERS, AS IS ADMIRABLY SHOWN IN THE FIRST SNAPSHOT. HIS TRIUMPH, HOWEVER, WAS SHORT LIVED, FOR HE WAS SPEEDILY RECAPTURED: AND, IN THE SECOND PHOTO., WE SEE HIS UNWILLING REMOVAL TO THE LOCK-UP ON A

trolley drawn by boys, with four gendarmes as an escort."

It is an extraordinary kind of savage oracle or newspaper which is depicted in the next photo. Here we see a number of shells and stones placed on the ground in a clearing. The locality is the remote wilds of New Guinea. To this place come every morning such natives as want to read the omens. If a bird flies on to one of the stones, or if a lizard emerges from one of the shells, it is supposed to portend certain things. Each stone represents a house in the village. If a stone is found to be disturbed in some way, a calamity to the house it represents is supposed to be inevitable. If a man is taken ill in the village, his relatives go and consult the oracle. Perhaps a small lizard will fix the blame on some perfectly innocent person by creeping out of his shell, and then the sick man's relatives repair without



10.—THIS IS HOW THE NEW GUINEA FOLK CONSULT THE ORACLE AND READ THE "NEWSPAPER." From a Photo.

delay to the house of the suspected person, and ask him why he has made So-and-so ill! The person so accosted does not deny it, for two reasons. Firstly, his interviewers would not believe him, and secondly, he is only too proud to be credited with such powers. He is then begged to throw his magic, or witch, stone into the sea. In the photograph three savages are seen consulting the oracle. But not only do they come here in matters of life and death and war, but they will even come to read the omens in regard to the weather and items of local interest. So that, in point of fact, this may be said to be a Papuan newspaper.



11.—THE MAN RECAPTURED, HOWEVER, AND RUN OFF ON A TROLLEY GUARDED BY GENDARMES. [Photo.]



11.—PART OF THE SUBURBS OF SEATTLE CITY SLIDING DOWN INTO LAKE WASHINGTON.
 (From a) (SPEED, ABOUT $\frac{1}{4}$ IN. PER DAY.) (Photo.)

One's first impression on looking at the next photo. is that it must have been taken from a balloon or else that something was wrong with the artist's camera. Nothing of the sort, however. It only illustrates the effect of a landslide (not of the political variety) in the United States. It is, in fact, a portion of the suburbs of Seattle, Wash., "on its way from Rainier Heights to Lake Washington." These are but a few out of fifty or sixty structures, all of which are similarly "on the move," their average rate of travel being about $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. per day. A section, nearly as large as the City of London, of this very "progressive" suburb has been "moving to the front" of the lake shore for nearly three years past. A large saw-mill on the shore of the lake is being steadily pushed out and submerged in its waters; while several very handsome residences and a large church are on the verge of destruction on the heights

above; portions of their gardens and such odd trifles as coach-houses and other out-buildings have already broken away and become part of the chaotic jumble below. The process is so gradual, however, that no one seems seriously to trouble until it becomes no longer possible to hold the furniture in position. While most of the buildings have become utter wrecks and collapsed, there are several which have moved considerable distances without their occupants abandoning them, and these are still occupied. Needless to say, some very novel legal questions have arisen and are occupying the courts in connection with

this extraordinary occurrence.

You may not be aware that there is a happy island off the coast of County Donegal, Ireland, called Tory Island. It is three miles long and has a population of something under four hundred. We say "happy island" advisedly, because the inhabitants pay no rent. In 1878 they had a dispute with the agent of the property, and refused to pay their rents. Possibly the poor agent realized the utter impossibility of collecting the money without the aid of a gunboat; at any rate, the islanders were left unmolested, and now we are informed that by



From a Photo. by]

12.—IRISH TERRITORY WHERE THEY PAY NO RENT. [Alex. Ayton, Londonderry.]



13.—THE GUESTS AT A NORWEGIAN WEDDING ARE OFFERED FOOD FROM THIS KETTLE. DO NOT THEY KNOW IT IS A HINT TO DEPART. [Photo.]

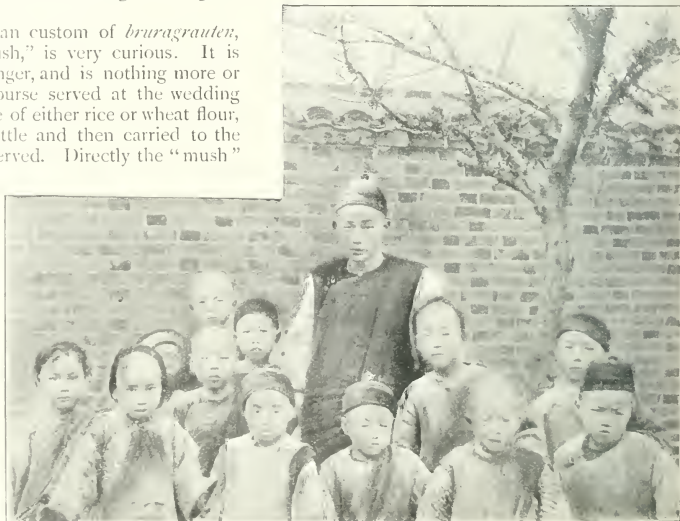
natural progress of time they have become the legal, or at least the prescriptive, owners of the land. Landlordism in the wilder parts of Ireland evidently has its drawbacks. The photo. gives a very good idea of West Street, Tory Island—the strand, as it were, of this free and independent island, whose inhabitants know little and care less about the doings of the great world without.

The old Norwegian custom of *bruragrauten*, or "the bride's mush," is very curious. It is observed at Hardanger, and is nothing more or less than the first course served at the wedding banquet. It is made of either rice or wheat flour, cooked in a big kettle and then carried to the guest-house to be served. Directly the "mush" has been eaten the guests know it is time to depart. It is, in fact, a concrete hint. Our photo. shows the kettle being carried in state to the guest-house, followed by the cooks, who are armed with capacious dishes and big spoons.

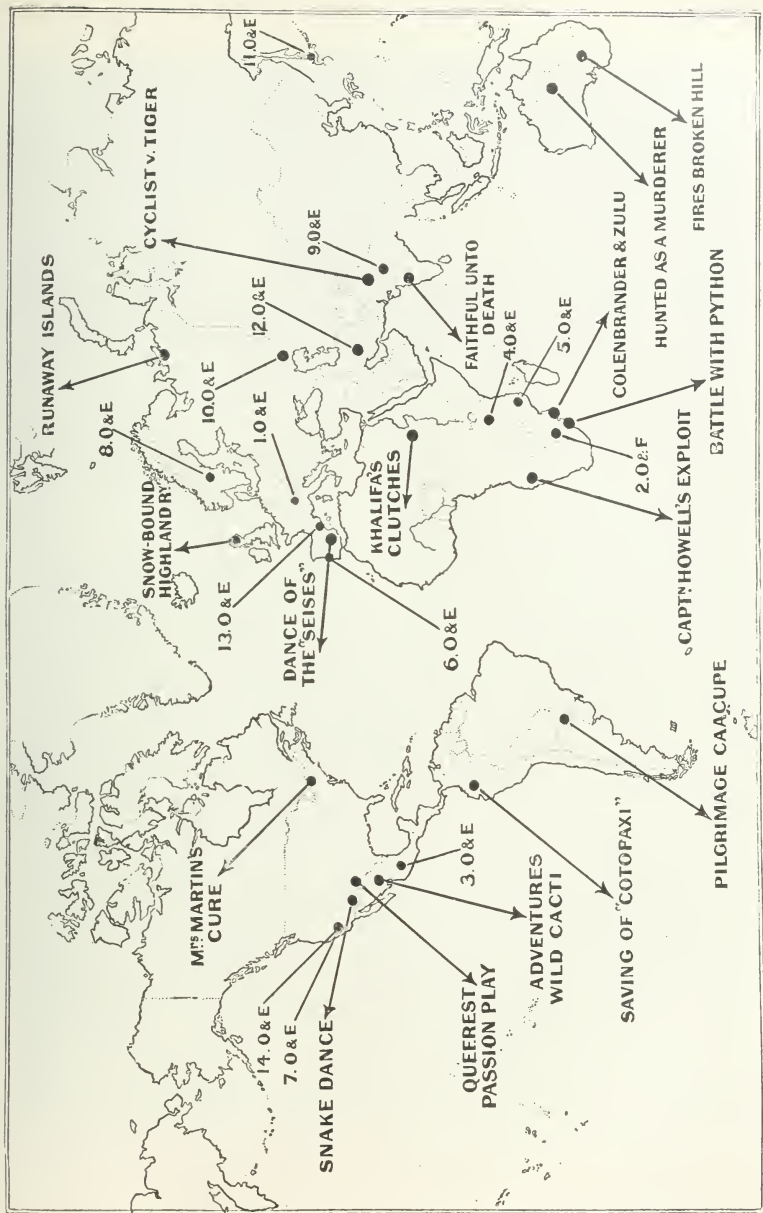
Our best photo. was taken in the missionary compound at Hwankow, a city of about

20,000 inhabitants, lying some forty miles north of Hankow, the capital of Central China. Exclusive of the missionaries, no other foreigners are to be found there. The school seen here is an "I Hish," or free school—a very meritorious institution in the eyes of the Chinese, who have a proverb to the effect that "children untaught, like gems unwrought, are of no use." They have also a refreshing fondness for the fascinating word "gratis." This being a boys' school, there should be no girls in it; but sometimes an exception is made, and a group of girls may be seen on the left-hand side of the picture. The children are

from six to twelve years of age, and say their lessons aloud in unison, making a perfect Bedlam for the time being. The work is largely repetition in these early years, there being very little attempt made to develop the reasoning powers. The teacher has a rather hard time of it, as witness the wrinkles in his forehead. The photo. provides an amusing study in expressions.



14.—A LITTLE SCHOOL IN CENTRAL CHINA. THE PUPILS MAKE A GREAT NOISE LEARNING THEIR LESSONS. From a Photo.



THIS NOVEL CONTENTS-MAP SHOWS YOU AT A GLANCE EXACTLY WHERE EACH ITEM IN THE MAGAZINE TOOK PLACE. SHOW IT TO THE CHILDREN.



"THE GAOLERS THREW INTO THE CELL HANDFULS OF BLAZING STRAW AND GRASS, AT THE SAME TIME LAVING ABOUT THEM WITH THEIR HUGE WHIPS."

(SEE PAGE 238.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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No. 21

*In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman.**

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

VII.

Selecting a New Wife. IT was a long rigmarole of a message he sent, and it wound up by saying that as I had been ill for two months, he must send a wife to attend to me, and had selected for the purpose a daughter of Abd el Latif Terran. This was making matters worse than ever, for this girl, although brought up in the Soudan, and speaking only Arabic, was a French subject, being the grand-daughter of Dr. Terran, an old employé of the Government. She was only nominally Mohammedan, and lived in the "Christian quarter." When marriages took place in this quarter the Mohammedan form of marriage was gone through, and then Father Ohrwalder performed the Christian religious ceremony surreptitiously later in the day. I spoke to him about the Khalifa's intention, and as he knew I was already married, he advised me to try and get out of the proposed marriage by some means or another, as it would be considered binding. After casting about for excuses which I thought might appeal to the Khalifa, I asked Hamad'na Allah to inform him that I thanked him for his selection of a wife, but as she was of European descent, had been brought up in a rich family where the ladies were waited upon and never do any work, she would be no use to me, as I required someone to nurse me and do the cooking and housework, and go to the bazaar to buy food—all of which this lady had had servants to do for her.

Neufeld Begs to be Excused. I therefore begged to be allowed to select a wife of the country. The latter part of my message evidently pleased the Khalifa. It appeared to him an earnest that I was "content," but again he undertook the selection of the woman. When Abdullahi told a woman she was to be the wife of anyone she no more dared refuse to consent than the man she was allotted to dared refuse to receive her. Fearing that the Khalifa might send me someone from his own harem, I asked Nahoum and other friends to find me a wife in a great hurry. My object was to get her into the place before Abdullahi sent

his unwelcome "present," who, on arrival, I might send back on the plea that I was already married and could not support two wives. Nahoum promptly found me a wife, and sent me the following history of her.

Umm es Shole (the mother of Shole—Shole being the name she had given her first child) was an Abyssinian brought up from childhood



"I REQUIRED SOMEONE TO NURSE ME AND DO THE COOKING AND HOUSEWORK"—UMM ES SHOLE WAS FOUND FOR THE PURPOSE.

From a Photo.

in a Greek family settled in Khartoum. On reaching womanhood she was married to one of the sons of the family. On the fall of Khartoum her husband, with seven male relatives, was butchered in the house in which they had taken refuge. Umm es Shole herself, with her three children, was taken as "property" to the Beit el Mal, where she was handed over as a concubine to the Emir of the Gawaamah tribe.

Refusing this man's embraces, he in revenge tortured her children to death, upon which Umm es Shole escaped to Omdurman, and through Abd el Kader, the uncle of the Mahdi, had her case brought before Mohammad Ahmed, who, after listening to the details, gave her a written document declaring that, as she had been married to and borne children to a free man, she was a free woman, and to make certain that she might never be claimed as a slave, the document also

The New
Wife's
History.

that everyone in the "Christian quarter" should be married. Umm es Shole married an old and decrepit Jew, whom she nursed until he died two years later. Returning to a woman relative of her husband's, she supported the old woman and herself by cooking, preparing food for feasts, sewing, and general housework.

This, then, was the wife my friends had selected for me, and I accepted her thankfully—but there was a hitch.

When she was approached on the subject, she positively declined to be married again, and it was only upon her being told that I was ill, and might die, that she consented to the marriage. You see, the lady was not flattering. I had to appoint a "wakeel" (proxy, in this instance) to represent me at the marriage and the festivities; Nahoum prepared the feast at his house, the bride preparing the food and attending to the guests. At the conclusion of a few days' ceremonies and

The Lady
Declines.



"SHE SET TO AT ONCE WITH HER HOUSEHOLD DUTIES AND ATTENDANCE UPON ME."

declared that she was *ateekh* (freed) by the Mahdi himself.

When the Khalifa Abdullahi succeeded the Mahdi he ordered every woman without a husband, and every girl of a marriageable age, to be married at once. He was most particular

feastings, Umm es Shole was escorted to Khartoum—a married woman, and introduced for the first time to her husband. She set to at once with her household duties and attendance upon me, and during a long and weary five months nursed me back to life.

As can well be believed, Hasseena resented no less bitterly my projected marriage with Umm es Shole, or anyone else, than she resented her own divorce. And this, in truth, she resented very bitterly indeed, for, passing as the wife of a European and a presumed "General" to boot, gave her a certain social status in Omdurman, which she took advantage of when visiting in the various ways pointed out.

Hasseena argued that I was bound to keep her for at least two years, so that if the Khalifa sent on his "present," I should have two households to support on ten dollars a month. When making my plans for escape Hasseena was always included. She was to have got away on the same dromedary as myself. When my guides returned, I now reflected ruefully, they would find me with two wives, and having made arrangements for one only, they might demur at taking the two. Indeed, the probabilities were they would abandon the thing altogether, fearing that one or other of the women might betray them, which would mean instant execution for them and imprisonment for me. And if I continued to keep Hasseena, she might steal from some stranger, as the houses of my friends were now closed to her, and then I should be sent back to the Saier. Then, again, if I sent her away, she, knowing my guides and all my arrangements, would be the first to meet them on arrival in Omdurman, and would insist upon coming away with me under threats of disclosing the plot.

It was a most awkward fix for me to be involved in, but after considering the whole matter most carefully, I decided upon sending Hasseena off, and trusting to luck for the rest. I had hoped she might get married to someone in Omdurman, and then I should not have been afraid of her. But she returned in February, 1892, some months after my marriage with Umm es Shole.

Hasseena, doubtless, had for me the Soudan equivalent for what we understand as affection. She had saved my life when we were first captured; she had nursed me, as only a woman can, through my first attack of typhus fever, and had kept me from starvation during the famine. And while I could not forget all this, I could not forget also that she had become a source of great danger to me; and although my treatment of her in sending her away when I did might to some appear harsh in the face of what she had done for me, it must not be forgotten that self-preservation is no less a law of Nature in the Soudan than it is elsewhere. I supported Hasseena for nearly two years, when her second child died. She then left Khartoum, where I

was still a chained prisoner at large, and went utterly to the bad.

I heard of her from time to time, and, on my release in September last, hearing she was at Berber, I delayed there until I had provided for her elsewhere—only to receive a telegram a few weeks later saying that, hankering for the life she had led for a few years back, she had run off to return to it.

When Father Orhwaldler escaped, bringing with him the two sisters and a negress, Man-karious immediately set about finding some reliable messenger willing to undertake the journey to Omdurman with a view of ascertaining if my escape were at all possible. He argued that if Father Orhwaldler could escape with three women as an encumbrance to his flight, there was nothing—provided I was at liberty—to prevent my escaping also. But those who knew the Soudan—and it was only such he might employ—argued that if the remainder of the captives were not already killed, they would be found chained in the prison awaiting their execution.

Months slipped away before Man-karious could find anyone to undertake the journey, and then an old but wiry desert Arab, El Haj Ahmad Abou Hawanein, came to terms with him. Hawanein was given two camels, some money, and a quantity of goods to sell and barter on his way up.

Some time in June or July, 1894, Abou Kees, a man employed in the Mission gardens, came to me while I was working at the mounds of Khartoum, and whispered that a man who had news for me was hiding in the gardens, and that I was to try and effect a meeting with him. The man was Hawanein. Always suspicious of traps laid for me by the Khalifa, I asked the man what he wanted. He replied that he had come from friends to help me. He had brought no letters, but, by questioning him, my suspicions disappeared, and I was soon deep in the discussion of plans for my escape. The camels he had brought with him, he said, were not up to the work of a rapid flight, and he suggested he should return to Assouan, procure two good trotting camels, and also the couple of revolvers I asked for, as it was more than likely I should have to use them in getting clear of Khartoum.

Soon after Hawanein's departure the guide Abdallah, who brought away Rossignoli, put in his appearance. Ahmed Wad el Feki, employed in Marquet's old garden, one day asked that I might be allowed to call and see a sick man at his house. On reaching

The Last
Known of
Hasseena.

A New
Saviour.

A Most
Awkward
Fix.

the place. Eski introduced me to a young man, Abdallah, who, after a few words, asked me to meet him the following day, when he would bring me a letter.

I met my "patient" again, when he handed me a bit of paper, on which faint marks were discernible; these, he said, would come out clear on heating the paper; and, cauterization being

one of the favourite remedies in the Sudan, some live charcoal was procured without exciting any suspicion. The words which appeared proved that the man was no spy, but had really come from the Egyptian War Office; but before we had time to drop into a discussion of plans some men employed in the place came near, and we had to adjourn until the following day, when I was again to meet my "patient." On this occasion we were left undisturbed, and fully discussed and settled upon our plans. To escape along the western bank of the Nile was not to be thought of; this would necessitate our passing Omdurman, and to pass that town unobserved was very improbable. Abdallah, having left his camels and rifle at

Berber, was to return there for them, and then come back up the eastern bank of the Nile, along which we were to travel when I escaped.

During his absence I was to send **His Wife Pays Visits.** Umm es Shole on weekly visits to her friends at Halfeyeh; as she was to escape with us, this arrangement was made for a twofold purpose. First, her visits would not excite suspicion at the critical moment, as the people both at Halfeyeh and Khartoum would have become accustomed to them; she was also to bring me the promised revolver concealed in her clothes, and then return to Halfeyeh for another visit. She and Abdallah would keep a

watch on the banks of the Blue Nile for me and assist me in landing. My escape would have to be effected in my chains, and these, of course, would prevent my using my legs in swimming. I was to trust for support to the pieces of light wood on the banks, which children and men utilized for holding them up when disporting themselves in the Nile, and also to the current and whatever help I might get

with my hands for landing on the opposite shore. Abdallah went off, but never came back. I kept to our agreement for months, for the plan formed with Abdallah was similar to that arranged with Hawa-nein; and besides this, Abdallah, in the event of his not being able to find revolvers at Berber, was to continue his journey to the first military post, there obtain them, and exchange his camels for fast-trotting ones, as those he had left at Berber were of a poor race. In order to prove to any officer he met that he was really employed to effect my escape, I gave him two letters couched in such words that, should they fall into the hands of the Khalifa or any of the Emirs, their contents would be a sort of puzzle to them.

Each day during those months I looked forward eagerly to a sign from any one of the people intrusted with my escape.

For various reasons I considered it advisable to interview Abdallah after my release, and did so, but to make certain of his explanations, I also arranged that others should question him on the subject of Rossignoli's flight and his reasons for not keeping his engagement with me. This is what he says.

On leaving Cairo he was given a sort of double mission. He was promised three hundred pounds if he brought me away safely,



"THE MARKS, HE SAID, WOULD COME OUT CLEAR ON HEATING THE PAPER."

Looking for News.

and a hundred pounds if he brought away any of the other captives. Seeing the difficulties to be encountered in effecting my escape, and appreciating the risks unless we had revolvers and swift camels, he decided upon "working out the other plan," as he expresses it—viz., the escape of Rossignoli, as "he was at liberty and could go anywhere he pleased," while I was shackled and constantly under the eyes of my guards. Instead of returning for the camels, Abdallah arranged for Rossignoli to escape on a donkey as far as Berber.

When some distance from Omdurman, Rossignoli got off his donkey, squatted on the ground, and refused to budge, saying he was tired. When Abdallah tried to persuade him to continue the journey, Rossignoli refused;

he said Abdallah was only leading him to his death, and demanded to be taken back to Omdurman. For a few moments Abdallah admits he was startled and frightened. To go back to Omdurman was madness and suicide for him; to leave Rossignoli squatting in the desert made Cairo almost as dangerous for him as Omdurman, for who would believe his tale there? He felt sure he would be accused of having deserted the man, and there was also the chance of Rossignoli being discovered by any pursuers, when a hue and cry would be set up for Abdallah. One cannot help but admire Abdallah's solving of the difficulty. There was a tree growing close by;

he selected from it a good thick branch, and with this flogged Rossignoli either into his right senses or into obedience of orders. Then placing him on the camel behind him, he made his way to Berber. Here Rossignoli, instead of keeping in hiding, wandered into the town, was

recognised by some people, and, when spoken to, told them that Abdallah was leading him to Egypt, whereas he himself preferred to return to Omdurman. Fortunately native cupidity saved Abdallah; he "backsheeshed" the people into a few hours of silence. With great difficulty he got his charge clear of the town, and with still greater difficulty hammered and bullied him into Egypt and safety. This is Abdallah's own tale.

He assures me, and I believe him, that it was his intention, as soon as he had handed over Rossignoli safe, to have asked for the revolvers and started back to try and effect my escape—though risky he knew it to be; but, Rossignoli having betrayed his name in Berber, he knew well that the

Khalifa would have men waiting for him from Omdurman to the frontier, and he showed the same sound sense in flogging Rossignoli that he showed in settling down with his well-earned hundred pounds rather than attempting to make it into four hundred by passing the frontier.

Rossignoli's absence was not noticed for a little time, and that fortunately enough, for a donkey leaves much better tracks to follow than a camel. The Khalifa was not particularly angry about the affair, although he imprisoned for a day Mr. Cocorombo, the husband of Sister Grigolini, the former superioress of Father Ohrwalder's Mission; and also Rossignoli's lay com-

panion, Beppo. The latter, after Slatin's escape, became my fellow-prisoner in the Saier.

One would be inclined to believe that either myself or some dramatist had purposely invented the series of accidents which cropped up to frustrate my various plans for escape.

To Return
for Neufeld.

A Tragi-
Comic
Spectacle.



"HE SELECTED A GOOD THICK BRANCH, AND WITH IT FLOGGED ROSSIGNOLI INTO HIS RIGHT SENSES."

On February 28th, 1895, without a word of warning, I was so heavily loaded with chains that I was unable to move, and placed under a double guard in the house of Shereef Hamadan, the Mahdist Governor of Khartoum. At first I surmised that either Abdallah or Hawanein had been suspected and imprisoned, and had finally confessed, or that our plots had been divulged in some way. Therefore it was with no little surprise that I heard the questions put to me concerning the escape of Slatin. I denied all knowledge of the escape, or any arrangement connected with it. I pointed out that I had not seen, spoken to, or heard of Slatin directly for eight years, as my gaolers and guards could prove. It was from no sense of justice to me, but to prove that he had not neglected his duty in keeping a strict watch upon me, that Hamadan took my part in the inquiry. I might have been again released had not Hawanein put in his appearance a few days after the escape of Slatin was discovered. Slatin's absence from his usual post had not been reported to the Khalifa until three days after his escape; he was supposed to be ill.

On the third day, Hajji Zobheir, the

Excitement
over Slatin's
Escape.

head of the Khalifa's body-guard, sent to his house to inquire about him. Not being satisfied with the reply he received, he informed the Khalifa, who ordered an immediate search. A letter from Slatin to the Khalifa was found sticking in the muzzle of a rifle, and was taken to Abdullahi. After the usual string of compliments and blessings, the letter continues:—

For ten years I have sat at your gate; your goodness and grace to me have been great, but all men have a love of family and country. I have gone to see both; but on going I still hold to the true religion. I shall never betray your bread and salt—you should I die. I was wrong to leave without your permission. Everyone, myself included, acknowledges your great power and influence. Forgive me; your desire is my will. I shall never betray you, whether I reach my destination or die

upon the road. Forgive me; I am your kinsman and of your religion; extend to me your clemency.*

The
Khalifa and
Slatin.

Abdullahi, on first realizing that Slatin had actually escaped, and had had about three days' start of any pursuers he might send after him, was furious. Losing his temper completely, he anathematized him in the presence of the assembled emirs, kadis, and bodyguard. He reminded them that Slatin had been received with honours when first tendering his submission, as he had openly professed the Mohammedan faith and been circumcised while he was still the "Turk" Governor-General of Darfur. He reminded them also how he had been allowed to bring into the camp his household, bodyguard, and servants, and had been attached to the Mahdi's personal suite, of which he, Abdullahi, was chief. Also how, with Zoghal, his former subordinate, he had been intrusted with the subjugation of Said Guma, who had refused to surrender El Fasher when ordered to do so. How he had treated Slatin as his son and his confidant, never taking any step without his advice and guidance. But, suddenly pulling himself up, seeing the mistake he had made in showing how much he had been dependent on the fugitive, the

Khalifa broke off short to say what he would do to Slatin if he ever laid hands on him, and promised a similar punishment to anyone else who returned him ingratitude for his favours. Reading out aloud Slatin's letter to him, he calmed down on reaching the protestations of loyalty, and ordered the letter to be read in the mosque and the different quarters of Omdurman.

After the public reading of the Fugitive's letter, the Khalifa sent for the officials of the Beit el

Disposing
of the
Fugitive's
Property.

"This letter was found on the fall of Omdurman, and came into the hands of people who, probably on the grounds of its contents differing from those given by Slatin after his escape, published it in such a manner as to lead people to believe that the protestations of loyalty it contained were sincere. In my opinion the letter should be looked upon as a clever composition to humbug Abdullahi, so that, in the event of Slatin being retaken, the protestations of loyalty would at least save him from the hands of the Khalifa's mutilator or executioner.



THIS IS WHAT IBRAHIM PASHA FAUZI LOOKED LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS. [Photo.]

Mal and ordered them to take possession of Slatin's house, wives, servants, slaves, land, and cattle; at the same time giving them strict instructions, in the presence of all, that the household were to be treated gently, as being the property of a true Muslim. Slatin's Darfurian wife, Hassanieh, whom he had married when Governor-General of Darfur, was claimed from the Beit el Mal by Dood (Sultan) Benga as of a Royal family, and was by him married to another of the Darfurian Royal family. Desta, his Abyssinian wife, was reduced to the position of a common slave.

It was while the Khalifa was awaiting the return of the scouts sent out to recapture Slatin that Hawanein put in his appearance at Omdurman. He was at once seized, accused of assisting in the escape of Slatin, and also of having returned to effect mine. Pleading ignorance of myself and Slatin, he was not believed, but was first sent into the Saier, and then, refusing to confess, taken out and publicly flogged; even this, however, did not extort a confession. The Khalifa, not being satisfied, ordered yet another flogging, but the Bisharas interceded for Hawanein, and succeeded in obtaining his release. As my would-be deliverer passed through the portals of the Saier I passed in—March 26th, 1895. Hawanein lost no time in returning to Assouan, where the relation of his experiences—with his torn back and unhealed wounds to bear him out—put an end finally to all attempts in that quarter to assist me in any way whatever.

It might be as well that I should not attempt to describe my mental condition on finding myself once more in

the ghastly Saier prison. I have a faint idea of what my state must have been. Despair cannot describe it—insanity at blasted hopes might. Yes, I must have been insane: but I was mentally sound—if such a contradiction of terms be permissible. I remember that for days I shuffled about, refusing to look at or speak to anyone.

Perhaps what brought me round was that, in my perambulations, I came near the Saier anvil and heard a man crying. It was Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi, Gordon's old favourite, who was being shackled. My expostulations on his acting as a child, and bullying him into a sense of manhood, again prevented that slender thread between reason and insanity from snapping. It must in some way have calmed and comforted me to be brought to the knowledge that others were suffering as much as I was, and like a child requiring care and attention itself, giving all its affection and sympathy to a limbless doll, so must I have given my sympathy to Fauzi, and in

so doing took a step back from the abyss of insanity which I was certainly walking over the edge of.

When Saïd Abd el Wohatt was transferred from the Khartoum to the Alti saltpetre works, his father-in-law, Ali Khaater, the storekeeper of the Omdurman arsenal, considered he was no longer obliged to risk his neck by mixing the Khartoum product with the Fellati's, or substituting for it the good saltpetre in stock. A consignment of mine was consequently sent direct to the powder factory, and was used in making what Abd es Semmieh and Hosny, the directors, believed would be a good and powerful



"GORDON'S OLD FAVOURITE WAS BEING SHACKLED, AND I BULLIED HIM INTO A SENSE OF MANHOOD."

explosive. The result, while being eminently satisfactory to myself, was just the reverse for the people responsible for making the stuff.

Not being certain where the fault actually lay, they mixed this powder with a quantity of really good powder made from the Fellati's product, but only succeeded in spoiling the whole bulk. When my next consignment was sent in they carried out some experiments, and, discovering where the fault lay, sent me an intimation that if our works did not turn out saltpetre equal in quality to that formerly supplied by us, I should be reported to the Khalifa. Nahoum Abbajee, hearing of the affair, came to me in a state of excitement, and pointed out the danger I was

Tricks with
Gunpowder.



"WHEN HE CAME TO ME IN GREAT EXCITEMENT, AND POINTED OUT THE DANGER I WAS RUNNING INTO."

running into; and as he was then trying to think out an invention for coining money, he suggested that he should apply to the Khalifa for my services in assisting him. This request Abdullahi was only too glad at the time to accede to; saltpetre was coming in in large quantities, and he was in great trouble about his monetary system.

As Khalifa, he was entitled to one-fifth of

all loot, property, taxes, and goods coming in to the Beit el Mal; and as all property of whatever description was considered to belong primarily to this administration, it followed that Abdullahi was entitled to one-fifth of the property in the Soudan. But as he himself had not much use for hides, skins, gum, ivory, and such like, he took his proportion in coin—after putting his own valuation upon his share.

As the money the Khalifa took from the Beit el Mal was hoarded and never came into circulation again, a kind of specie famine presently set in. Attempts had been made in the early days of Abdullahi's rule to produce a dollar with a fair modicum of silver in its composition; but Nur el Garfawi, Adlan's successor at the Beit el Mal, came to the conclusion evidently that a coin was but a mere token, and that, therefore, it was immaterial what it was made of, provided it carried some impression upon it. The quantity of silver in his dollars grew less and less, and even then was only represented by a light plating, which wore off in a few weeks' time. When people grumbled, he unblushingly issued copper dollars, pure and simple. All dollars were issued from the Beit el Mal as being of value equivalent to the silver dollar, and when the baser sort were refused, the Khalifa decreed that all future offenders should be punished by the confiscation of their property and the loss of a hand and foot. The merchants, though, were equal to the occasion. When an intending purchaser inquired about the price of an article, the vendor asked him in what coinage he intended to pay; and the merchant then knew what price to ask.

As the silver dollars gradually disappeared, the few remaining ones went up enormously in value, until in the end they were valued at fifty to sixty of the Beit el Mal coins—so that an article which could be bought for one silver dollar could not be purchased under fifty to sixty copper dollars. And, although a rate of exchange was forbidden, the Beit el Mal took advantage of the state of affairs by buying in the copper dollars, melting them up, recasting them, and then striking from a different die. These

Money in
Omdurman.

Silver
Dollars
Disappeared.

coins would be again issued at the value of a silver dollar, and the remaining copper dollars in the town put out of circulation by the Beit el Mal refusing to receive them. To make matters worse, the die-cutters cut dies for themselves and their friends; and it was well worth the while of the false (?) coiners to make a dollar of better metal than the Beit el Mal did, for these were accepted at a premium. The false coinage business flourished, until Elias el Kurdi, one of the best of the die-cutters, was permanently incapacitated by losing his right hand and left foot; and this punishment—for a time at least—acted as a deterrent to others, leaving the Beit el Mal the entire monopoly of coinage.

Details of Trade. Sovereigns might at any time be bought for a dollar, for their possessors were glad to get rid of them. Being found in possession of a gold coin denoted wealth, and many people attempting to change a gold piece returned home to find their hut in the hands of the Beit el Mal officials, who would be searching for the remainder of the presumed "gold hoard," and, failing to find one, they would confiscate the goods and chattels of the indiscreet person. The trade with the Egyptian frontier, Suakin and Abyssinia, was carried on through the medium of barter and the Mustrian (Maria Theresa) trade dollar.

It was while the peculiar currency question was at its height that Abbajee came forward with his scheme for a coining press; and, in

under Roversi, in the department for the repression of the slave trade. Although ten years had elapsed since the fall of Khartoum, the arsenal must have been in as perfect working order as when Gordon made it into a model Woolwich workshop. Power was obtained from a traction-engine, which drove lathes, a rolling-mill, drills, etc.; while punches, iron scissors, and smaller machinery were worked by hand.

Mahdist Workshops. In the shops proper were three engines and boilers complete, ready to be fitted into Nile steamers; and duplicates and triplicates of all parts of the machinery then in use were also ready in case of accidents. Smelting, casting, moulding, and modelling were all carried on in the place. The store-room was filled with every imaginable tool and article required for the smithy, carpenters' shops, and the boats. All the metal of the Soudan had been collected here. There were parts of cotton presses and sugar mills; bars of steel and iron; ingots of brass and copper; iron, copper, and brass plates; and the heavier class of tools and implements. I was assured by Osta Abdallah, a rivetter in the shops in Gordon's time, that there was enough material in the place to build three more boats and keep the whole fleet going for many years. He did not exaggerate, either. All other administrations were supplied by the Khartoum arsenal with whatever they required in the way of tools, furniture, iron and other metal work, cartridge presses, and



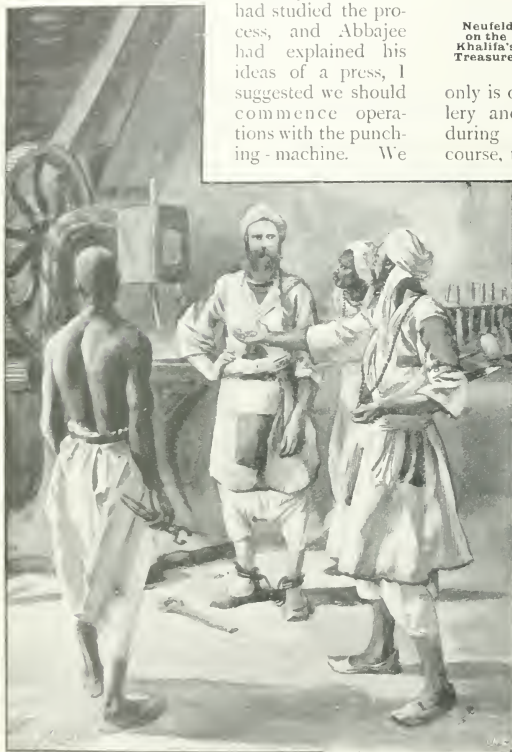
IN THE CENTRE OF THE ABOVE PHOTO, YOU WILL SEE KHALREL HASSANEIN, WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE ARSENAL AT KHARTOUM. (Photo.)

order that I might assist him, I was transferred to the Khartoum arsenal. I was obliged to give up my quarters in the Mission buildings, and live with the bodyguard of thirty Baggaras in the house of Hamadan, the Mahdist Governor of Khartoum. The arsenal was presided over by Khaleel Hassanein, at one time a clerk

steel blocks for coinage; and very efficiently indeed was the work turned out.

How They Made Money. The little time I spent in the arsenal was, of course, fully occupied with the coinage question. Two men were kept constantly engaged casting square steel blocks for the Omdurman mint. These

blocks were polished and cut in Omdurman, and twenty five sets were generally in use at the same time. Possibly two hundred men were employed in the melting of the copper and casting it into moulds the size and thickness of the dallas. The discs were next passed on to the people who gave them the impression. This was obtained by placing the disc on the lower block, and then hammering the upper block upon it. The impressions produced were in the main very poor, the coins spread and split, and the dies also were constantly splitting and breaking. After we had studied the process, and Abbajee had explained his ideas of a press, I suggested we should commence operations with the punching-machine. We



WE HAD SUCCEEDED IN SMASHING DIES AND SPOILING SHEETS OF COPPER.

experimented until we had succeeded in smashing dies and spoiling sheets of copper—and in the end smashing the machine itself; when Abbajee, as chief of the operations, was roundly abused. Being of an excitable temperament, he wanted me to take part of the blame, but I only laughed at him. Then it was that I learned he

had just reason to be angry; he had gone surety for me with the Khalifa, and as I was expecting Hawanein and Abdallah every day, I kept the quarrel going until Abbajee left the work in disgust. You see, I wished him to be out of the way when I escaped. His return to Omdurman, leaving me in complete charge of the invention, put an end to his surety for me. I might have saved myself this trouble, and the temporary misunderstanding with my old friend, for, before I had time to settle upon an idea for a coining press, Slatin effected his sensational escape, and I was taken back to the Saier.

I have been frequently asked what estimate should be put upon the Khalifa's buried treasure. Really, it is next to impossible to say; one thing only is certain: All good gold and silver jewellery and coins have altogether disappeared during the last fifteen years—though, of course, thousands of individuals may have their hoards here and there. Some idea of what the Khalifa's treasure *may* amount to might be gleaned from an examination of the Beit el Mal books, for these were well kept. The real question is: Where is Abdullahi's wealth? But this is a matter which people need not trouble themselves about. It was generally believed in Omdurman that those who actually buried the money were soon afterwards buried themselves—

“*Dead men tell no tales.*” I doubt myself if the Khalifa's hoards will ever be found—officially. The fortunate discoverers are hardly likely to exhibit any particular anxiety to ask their friends or the Government to share in their good fortune. Perhaps a small amount may be found, but it will be a very small one. The few millions the Khalifa has buried in various places will, no doubt, be discovered some day, and we shall hear about it—but a long time after the fact.

It was some days after my return to the Saier before I learned that I had been imprisoned against the wish of the Khalifa and Yacoub; but Hamadan and Khaleel Hassanein, fearing that I might escape, declined to be responsible for me any longer, arguing that Slatin's escape had been effected through Government agents, and that mine would certainly follow. Therefore, in deference to the wishes of Hassanein more than those of Hamadan, the Khalifa ordered my return to the Saier. But it is very

**Neufeld
on the
Khalifa's
Treasure.**

probable that he sent Idris es Saier instructions how to treat me; so that, taking it all in all, my life was not rendered so unendurable as it had been on my first entry into the prison.

Added to Abdullahi's kindly interest (?) in me, Idris himself had become a sort of reformed character; he had tasted the sweets of imprisonment himself, and also the lash he had been so generous with. He had even experienced what it was to be robbed on the Nebbi Khiddr account; the tables had, in fact, been completely turned on him, and he had learned a lesson. When Adlan was executed and his house searched for incriminating papers without result, Idris es Saier was accused by the Khalifa of having assisted Adlan in disposing of the documents he was in search of. Idris was then imprisoned in his own house and flogged into the bargain. He was in dis-

favour for some time, and this gave the released Baggara prisoners an opportunity of getting even with him. They explained the cruel Nebbi Khiddr extortion to Abdullahi, who ordered Idris to repay all the moneys he had collected on this account. He was deprived of all he had, but right up to the end any former Baggara prisoner in want of a dollar knew where to find one. He would, in fact, present himself to Idris, and ask for a further contribution towards a settlement of his claim.

These importunities actually drove Idris into begging from the prisoners. As Idris never knew when the next call would be made upon him, he found it politic to be as kind and considerate to the prisoners as possible, and he relaxed discipline to the utmost. This state of affairs, added to the presumed instructions of the Khalifa regarding myself, must have accounted for Idris assembling the gaolers, and telling them in my presence that I was only brought into the Saier to prevent any Government people carrying me off to Egypt; also that if any one of them

begged money from me or ill-treated me in any way, he would be imprisoned, flogged, and deprived of his post. Umm es Shole and her child were to be allowed to come into the prison at any hour they chose—but, and this spoiled all, I was never to be allowed to sleep out in the open, and must pass my nights in the Umm Hagar. I have already described a night in this ghastly "Black Hole"; but it may not be out of place to try and give a slight descrip-

tion of the first night Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi—one of Gordon's favourite officers—spent in that inferno, especially as he wishes me to do so.

**Fauzi
Breaks
Down.**

When taken to the anvil, as I have already remarked, Fauzi broke down completely, and was carried off in a swoon to the Umm Hagar, where he was placed sitting with his back in the angle of the wall farthest from the door, and there left, as I was, to "come round." When the first batch of prisoners was driven in at sunset there was room for all to lie down on the foul and saturated ground. But when the second batch was driven in about an hour and half later, those lying down had to sit up with the new-comers; and poor Fauzi's out-stretched legs gave a dry and comfortable seat to four big Soudanese. I was driven in with the



"IDRIS ASSEMBLED THE GAOLERS, TELLING THEM THAT I WAS ONLY IN THE SAIER TO PREVENT GOVERNMENT PEOPLE FROM CARRYING ME OFF."

third batch after the night prayers, and then all in the Umm Hagar had to stand up or be trampled upon. Now Fauzi, still suffering from the effects of the shell wound he received in one of the sorties from Khartoum, with four people sitting or standing on him, and being heavily chained as well, was unable to rise to his feet. I could hear him from my place near the door feebly expostulating with the people who were standing upon him. I thought that

maybe he was being trampled to death, and in my then frenzied state I commenced to fight my way towards him, striking friend and foe indiscriminately, and striking harder as I received blows in return.

A general fight was soon in progress over the few yards I had to travel, as some were certain in the darkness who struck the blow they had received, and all struck out at random in retaliation. My friends told me afterwards that I was a "shaitan" (devil)—a real fool; and they showered other dubious compliments upon me. But I reached Fauzi. The soldiers, hearing the uproar, had opened the doors, and, as customary, they commenced to belabour the heads of all they could reach with their sticks and whips. While the uproar was at its height, and the prisoners swaying from side to side, I recognised the voices of one or two near Fauzi who were under obligations to me for occasional little kindnesses in the way of food; and enlisting their services on most extravagant promises, we tackled the people standing on Fauzi's knees, pushed them away, and then made a sort of barricade round him with our bodies. In clearing the space we must have struck each other as often as we struck others whom we applied to get out of the way, and Fauzi, the unfortunate, half asphyxiated, could not tell whether an attempt was being made to murder or rescue him. When we did at last get him clear we had to use a bit of old rag as a sort of punkah in order to bring him round; then he fainted. About midnight the doors of the cell were thrown open again, and about twenty men, each wearing a shayba, thrust into the place. Practically there was no room for them, but they had to be driven in by some means.

To make space for them the gaolers resorted to a favourite device—throwing into the cell handfuls of blazing straw and grass, at the same time laying about the bare heads and shoulders of the prisoners with their huge whips. The scene must be imagined. Fauzi, seeing the fire falling on the heads of the prisoners, believed that he had really been sent to hell; he even communed with himself in a dazed sort of way as to whether he was in hell or not. He appeared to call to memory all that he had ever read of the place of torment, and tried to compare the picture his brain had formed of it from the descriptions with what he was now actually experiencing, and he came to the conclusion that he could not be in hell, as hell could not be so hot. At this stage I was able to get him to take notice of me, and we discussed hell and its torments until sunrise. But nothing could

even now shake Fauzi's opinion that hell could be as bad as such a night in the Umm Hagar; and the worst he can wish his deadliest enemy is to pass such a night. To Youssef Mansour he wishes an eternity of them. This Mansour was formerly an officer in the Egyptian Army, who had surrendered with the garrison at El Obeid.

He afterwards became the favourite of the Mahdi, the commander of his artillery, and commanded it at the great and final Battle of Omdurman. It was on the representations of Mansour that the Christian captives were circumcised, and Fauzi placed in the Saier—as he (Fauzi) was known to be loyal to the Government, and Mansour was afraid that if the Government troops advanced Fauzi would seize an opportunity of joining them. And, as I write, I hear that Mansour is coming to Cairo to claim his back pay and pension from the Egyptian Government!

Among others who spent that memorable night in the Saier were Ahmed and Bakheit Egail; Sadik Osman; Abou el Beshar and others from Berber, who were arrested for assisting in the escape of Slatin. They were later transported to the convict station at Gebel Ragaf on the evidence of the guide Zecki, who conducted Slatin from Omdurman to Berber. Zecki had been arrested with them on suspicion of complicity in the escape, and had confessed that he had been engaged by Egail and others to bring away from Omdurman a man with "cat's eyes"—but did not know who the man was.

Close to the common cell was a kind of offshoot of it—a smaller chamber named "Bint Umm Hagar" (the daughter of Umm Hagar), which took the place of the condemned cell in Europe. On my return to prison I learned that my old enemy, Kadi Ahmed, had been confined there for a year; the ostensible reason for his imprisonment was that he had been in league with the false coiners, and had made large amounts of money. But the real reason was that the Khalifa was angry with him on account of the death of Zecki Tummal, who had conducted the Abyssinian campaign when King John was killed.

Kadi Ahmed had been induced by Yacoub to sentence Zecki to imprisonment and starvation; so when Ahmed's turn came, the Khalifa said, "Let him receive the same punishment as Zecki." He was placed in the Bint Umm Hagar, and after about ten months the doorway was built up, and there Ahmed was left, with his ablation bottle of water only, for forty-three days according to one tale, and fifty days according to another. When, for days, no sounds had been heard from

An Awful Experience.

To Claim a Pension.

A Quart in a Pint Pot.

Oriental Justice.

his living tomb, he was presumed to be dead; but on the doorway being opened up, to the astonishment—not to say superstitious fear—of all, he was still alive, but unconscious. And the once big, fat Kadi had wasted to a skeleton.



"THE ONCE BIG, FAT KADI HAD WASTED TO A SKELETON." (HE HAD BEEN WALLED UP ALIVE BY ORDER OF THE KHALIFA.)

Abdullahi must have received a fright too, for he ordered Ahmed to be tenderly nursed and given small doses of nourishing food every twenty-four hours, until the stomach was able to retain food given oftener. In spite of all care and attention, however, the Kadi died on or about May 3rd, 1895. He was regretted by no one but the Khalifa, in whose hands he had been a willing tool, dispensing justice (?) as his master dictated it—only to die the lingering death in the end to which he had condemned so many at his imperious master's nod.

Kadi Ahmed's place in the "Bint" was soon taken by his successor—Kadi Hussein Wad Zarah. His offence was that of refusing to sentence people unjustly when ordered to do so by the Khalifa and Yacoub.

When first walled up in his tomb, he was given through a small aperture left for the purpose a little food and water every four or five days, but towards the end of July, 1895, the doorway was built up entirely, and Zarah, not being the big stout man that Ahmed was, starved, or rather parched, to death in about twenty-two or twenty-three days. It is hot in the Soudan in July.

During the first weeks of my imprisonment, Umm es Shole had little difficulty in begging a small quantity of grain, and borrowing an

occasional dollar to keep us in food: but soon people became afraid of assisting us any further, and we were bordering upon semi-starvation, when, in the month of September, an Abyssinian woman came into the prison to see me under pretence of requiring medical treatment. She handed me a small packet, which she said contained letters from my friends. They had been given to her by a man outside, who had said that he also had money for me, and wished to know whom he should pay it to.

Three days elapsed before I found an opportunity of opening the packet unobserved, and, as with all letters received and written then, I had to wait until I found myself alone in the pestilential atmosphere of an annexe to the place of ablation. The packet contained a letter from my sister, posted in 1891; another from Father Ohrwalder, and a note from Major Wingate. They were all to the same import—to keep up hope, as attempts were to be made to assist me. Nearly two months must have slipped away before I succeeded in getting my replies written. I sent these to the guide, Onoor Issa, who promised he would return for me in a

few months' time. Father Ohrwalder has handed me the letter I sent to him. The following is in brief its contents:—

I have received your letter inclosing that of my sister written four years ago, and the note from Wingate. Before everything else, let me thank you for the endeavours you are making to assist me. Your letter was delayed in reaching me owing to the imprisonment of the guide, followed by the watch kept upon us after Slatin's escape, and my transfer to the Saier, from which I hope to be released soon. There is great need of coins here; up to the present, no one has been able to produce a silver-resembling dollar.

If I could produce such a coin it would lead to my release from prison, and lend probability to my chances of escape. Could you send me instructions for the simple mixing of any soft metals to produce a silvery appearance, and send me some ingredients? I should like also an instrument to imitate the milling of coins; the dies can be cut here. I should be glad of any tools or instruments which you think cannot be had here. If I am not released by the time these arrive, I feel sure that I shall be released through their agency. Please send the inclosed notes to their respective destinations, and when the answers arrive, send them on with the things I ask for. Can you give me any news as to how my business is progressing at Assouan, and the transactions of my manager? Our common friends here are in a sad way. Slatin will have told you all about the forced circumcisions; and now all the Christians have been ordered to marry three or four wives, and are engaged with marriage ceremonies. Beppo and I are in prison together in chains; other prisoners are Ibrahim Fauzi, and Ibrahim Hamza, of Berber, who was arrested after Slatin's escape; Ahmed

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter from Neufeld.

Walled up Alive.

and Father Egoul. Saïd and Besler have been transported to Legation, with two of their relations. Your messenger brought with him 20000, which I have given to Ismaïl, and I mention his receipt for them. Kindly translate the letter I wrote for Wingate. I have written it in German, as you may hear, but I understand the language. Please keep these letters secret.

"Beware of the Press!" For God's sake, do not let the newspaper people get hold of them: as you know, if they saw them, they would not give us rows something like this: it would be horrible. "We hear that, after the escape of Saïd, Neufeld was serious against escape; he has ordered great quantities of Mikulski with the salt-petre; he must be able to remove Osta Abdallah, who is now at Omdurman. Neufeld is in the greatest distress, and in prison with few certain death close at hand; the jump in the Soudan before he is a relation of Saïd."

In the same letter I ask for details of any news which may have been sent up to me, and

also for a quantity of medicines, among which were no fewer than 2,500 aphrodisiac pills, which Idris es Saïer had asked for. These would have given me, as they had given many others, a certain free pass throughout the Soudan. They were required strong—as I wrote to Father Ohrwaldler—strong enough to have effect on Idris himself.

Onoor Issa went off with my replies, undertaking to return in a few months, after having made arrangements between Berber and Cairo for my escape. During his absence I was to scheme for any excuse to get out of prison: escape from there was impossible. Onoor—or the translators of his accounts—are mistaken in saying he actually met me in prison. As a fact, all negotiations were carried on through the Abyssinian woman he employed to come into the prison for "medical attendance," and Umim es Shole. Sometimes days and days elapsed between the visits, in all covering nearly two months.

There were times of mental tension in the Saïer of Omdurman. To me ill luck and good luck appeared to be ever

striving for ascendancy during my long captivity. Good luck gained in the end—the same good luck which had accompanied the Sirdar throughout his daring campaign to conquer, not only Abdallah, but the Soudan, and which, God grant, may ever accompany him in future campaigns; but the cup-and-ball-catch-and-miss strain was to me terrible. My one prayer was that the end—any end—might come. Liberty, of course, I always hoped for; but I often discovered myself speculating as to whether it was true or not that those suddenly decapitated by a single blow experienced some seconds of really intellectual consciousness. I used to wonder to myself whether, when my head was rolled into the dust by the Khalifa's executioner, there would be time

to give one last look of defiance; and yet, when one comes to think of it, there was nothing very strange in such contemplation. What soldier or sailor has not often in his quiet moments tried to picture his own death—defiant to the last as he goes down before a more powerful enemy?

And, after all, thousands and thousands of men and women in civilized countries are enduring a worse captivity and imprisonment than ever I or any one else did in the Soudan; but they are unfortunate in this—that no one has thrown a halo of



THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF ONOOR ISSA, THE GUIDE WHO KEPT GOING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS, TRYING TO EFFECT MR. NEUFELD'S RELEASE.

romance over their sufferings. My lot was a hard—a very hard—one, I must admit; but the lot of some other captives was such that thousands in Europe would have actually coveted, and gained by the exchange.

Soon after the departure of my messenger, Onoor Issa, I was saved any further trouble in the way of scheming for excuses to get out of the Saïer. Awwad el Mardi, the successor of Nur el Gerafawi as the Amin Beit el Mal on the appointment of the latter as director of the Khalifa's ordnance stores, had been approached

by Nahoum Abbajee and others on the subject of the extraction of gold and silver from certain stones which had been discovered in the neighbourhood. Awwad sent Nahoum to see me about the erection of a crushing-mill or furnaces.

My interview with Nahoum was a stormy one ; it commenced by his upbraiding me for the pranks I had played in smashing the arsenal punching-machine when we were associated in the establishment of a mint. The more I laughed the angrier Nahoum became ; he is deaf, and like many deaf people, invariably speaks in an undertone, which is as distressing to the hearer as is the necessity of bawling back his replies. It is next to impossible to hold a conversation with a deaf person without the natural result of raising the voice exhibiting itself in the features. The annoyance is there plain enough, and when the face flushes with the unwonted exertion, your deaf friend thinks you are getting angry, and follows suit. This is precisely what Abbajee did. He showed me

his specimens, and I bawled into his ear, "Mica — not gold. Not silver — mica"; and he yelled back, "Gold — silver — gold!" The noisy discussion, accompanied as it was with frantic gesticulations, attracted other prisoners round us, and Nahoum went off in high dudgeon. When he had gone a few of my friends asked why I did not offer to assist him, and even if the thing was a failure, they thought I was clever enough to

find something else to do. Said they, "Promise anything, provided it gets you out of the Saier."

Now, there were excellent reasons, which I might not confide to them, why any work I undertook to do should occupy months, and, if necessary, years in completion. To offer to assist Nahoum in extracting gold and silver from such stones meant that two or three weeks at the outside would evidence our failure, and then it would be the Saier again for me. Whether any work I undertook to do for the Khalifa was to end in success or failure was immaterial to me ; but what was very material was that the result—whatever it was to be—should not be attained for months, as by the time my guides returned the conditions surrounding my escape might have so changed as to necessitate an entire change in plans and programme. They might even entail the guides' return to Cairo or the frontier, and this journey occupied months. However, the advice to accept Nahoum's proposals, and trust to luck

to discovering some other excuse for remaining out of the Saier when failure could no longer be concealed, appealed to me ; and, in reply to my offer of assistance, a messenger came from the Khalifa ordering the Saier to hand me over to the director of the Beit el Mal. Other instructions were that the bars and heavy chains were to be taken off my feet and legs, and I was to be secured by a single pair of anklets connected with a light chain.



"HE SHOWED ME HIS SPECIMENS, AND I BAWLED INTO HIS EAR, 'MICA—NOT GOLD.'"

(To be continued.)

Underground Fires at Broken Hill.

BY RAS DE S. MAGNUSSEN.

A resident in the famous "Silver Town" of New South Wales sends a thrilling account of the vast subterranean fires that have blazed fiercely for years in the fabulously rich Proprietary Mine. With a set of remarkably impressive photographs, showing how these weird conflagrations were fought by means of water, steam, sand, and carbonic acid gas.



FIRES that have laid in ashes immense areas of valuable property; fires that have destroyed villages and towns, and even large portions of cities, are so common nowadays that they are dismissed with mere daily Press mention. A fire that burns for years is, however, still a novelty. In Australia two such fires blaze in the one mine, and that the greatest silver-lead

the occurrence of an underground fire that cannot be conquered is fortunately uncommon. Any fire that occurs below the surface of the earth, where thousands of men imperil their lives in their daily work, is an event that calls for sympathy—sympathy for the poor miners, and sympathy for the unlucky company owning the property. For the mine is then thrown out of work and men cast into the ranks of the unemployed. The company is saddled with a dead asset; and under ordinary circumstances affluence on the part of both masters and men is apt to give way to dire poverty. Too often, also, a fire of such a serious nature is attended by loss of life.

Two gigantic fires of the extraordinary character indicated here occurred in the world-famous Broken Hill Proprietary Silver and Lead Mine, at Broken Hill, in New South Wales. Broken Hill is a strange town, that has risen within the last fifteen years in the centre of the Australian desert, in the midst of red sand and barren ridges, on what was once part of a large sheep station. Fifteen years ago there was no Broken Hill, only a paddock of Mount Gipps

Station, where scrub and salt bush vainly strove to flourish, and wallabies, emus, and wild turkeys wandered unmolested. To-day the town has a population of 28,000 souls. It is connected by railway with Adelaide; is supplied with most of the adjuncts of civilization—though some of them are costly luxuries; and by reason of the magnitude of its exports and imports it is second in importance in New South Wales only to Sydney, the capital city.



THE FIFTEEN-FOOT FIRES RAGE THROUGH MILES UPON MILES OF THESE TIMBER WORKINGS.
From a Photo.

mine of the world. Mine fires, unfortunately, are not rare—not much rarer than fires in busy centres of population; but the great majority of them are extinguished in the course of a few days or, at most, weeks. Usually a sea of water is pumped down on the fired area, and the conflagration swamped out; then the water is re-pumped to the surface, and after a few days' muddy, uncomfortable work, the men are able to resume their ordinary labours. But

Yet within three-quarters of a mile of the centre of this astonishing town there still burns a fire that broke out on July 21st, 1895. About a quarter of a mile from it maybe less—there burns another, which first caused alarm on September 12th, 1897. The Broken Hill Proprietary Mine proper consists of three blocks held under mineral lease, each about forty acres in extent. From May, 1885, until May, 1898, these blocks produced 352,780 tons of lead; 93,648,837oz. of silver, and 35,288oz. of gold. And they distributed to the shareholders in dividends £6,616,000, and in bonuses and “pup” shares £2,408,000. These are figures to juggle with. The blocks comprising the mine are numbered 11, 12, and 13.

The first fire in the mine broke out in Block 11 somewhere between the 100ft. and 300ft. levels. Only a few days previously a deplorable disaster in the South mine, in which nine men lost their lives, had plunged the town into mourning. Between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of July 21st, 1895, the alarm of fire was given. The alarm signalled was for “along the line of lode.” What such an outbreak meant few of the citizens knew from actual experience. Miners and others hurried to the mine, to see nothing but a thin smoke whirling upwards from the Drew, McGregor, and

the fire, but the thing was impossible. Men attempted to enter the fumes, only to stumble back choking and gasping. Quickly the fumes and smoke thickened. The fire brigade arrived, and adopted the usual methods of fighting a fire. Hose was sent below and water pumped in the direction of the flames—or where the flames were supposed to be. Then they could not be seen. Very soon it was realized that the enemy was no ordinary one, and would require a particular form of attack. What was the form? No one knew for certain. Had anyone been able definitely to locate the trouble a decided scheme might have been adopted. But no one was. Theory was all very well, but the result of experience was what was wanted, and that was lacking. Meanwhile the fire spread. Stopes, cross-cuts, drives—all became ablaze. The huge timbers of the mine (Oregon pine chiefly—a very resinous wood) smouldered and fired and generated poisonous gases. “Pyrogenous gases” these have since been called, their chief property being best represented by the chemical formula CO_2 . You all know what that means—“after-damp.” It became more and more dangerous to go into the smoke, and men had to confine their operations chiefly to the edges, where the fumes were weakest. Towards midnight, the signal was given by whistle for “rescue men”; and for the first time the ordinary citizen understood that something serious was amiss. The response to the call was generous, and with increased assistance more work was accomplished.

The flames had been seen at the bottom of Harry's Open Cut, and huge volumes of smoke ascended. From the shafts, too, the smoke increased. More hose was laid, more water poured below, down shaft and open cut alike. Under the orders of the management all energies were then directed towards imprisoning the fire, to prevent its extending; and throughout that fateful

night large bodies of sweating men laboured bravely erecting barricades, fighting to stay their livelihood being entirely swallowed up. What was done that night will ever live in the memories of many. Lives were endangered every moment; hardy miners were



“A DENSE, STUPEFYING MIST, WHICH RAPIDLY AFFECTED THEIR SENSES.”

From a Photo.

Weatherly shafts, and also from one of the open cuts. The manager of the mine and his officers sped below, to find the drives filled with a dense, stupefying mist, which rapidly affected their senses and caused a hasty retreat. An endeavour was made to locate the seat of

night large bodies of sweating men laboured bravely erecting barricades, fighting to stay their livelihood being entirely swallowed up. What was done that night will ever live in the memories of many. Lives were endangered every moment; hardy miners were



FIGURE THE UNDERGROUND FLAMES IN HARRY'S OPEN CUT.
From a Photo.

utterly prostrated. Sheer fatigue knocked over nearly as many as the gases. Yet all worked on, with what result no one knew, for the smoke grew denser and denser. It crept through the crevices of the barricades, rushed along the unprotected drives, and thickened in the cut, until the workers, casting about for a simile, thought of themselves as working in the bowels of a live volcano. All this time the heat was intense, and was ever increasing.

In the morning a more exact plan of campaign was adopted. It was proved impossible to get at the seat of the fire in the underground workings. Therefore, the only thing to do was to tackle it from above. The blaze was directly underneath the bottom of what was known as Harry's Open Cut, one of a series of huge quarries—this one was then 75ft. deep—where the ore was dug out in the manner of quarrying ordinary building stone. Many lengths of fire-hose were laid into the cut, and tons of water thrown in, in the hope that this would percolate through the earth on to the blazing timbers. Thus an endeavour was made to flood part of the mine. Work elsewhere on the property was stopped, to allow a full supply of men to be

kept on the great task. Yet the fire gained. And it was not for a couple of days that the magnitude of the outbreak was thoroughly understood.

The news of the fire was telegraphed all over Australia, and soon from Melbourne and Adelaide rushed special trains conveying the directors of the company and the best fire experts of the great cities. The latter arrived, and saw, and advised—and admitted themselves beaten. To check a conflagration that threatened to destroy a whole city would have been child's play compared with what confronted them. Huge charges of "fracture" were exploded at the bottom of the cut, with the idea of dislodging masses of the earth into the burning area, so as to smother the fire. But the blasts only made huge gaps in the ground, from which additional sickening fumes arose. More water was poured below, through these openings.

charges of "fracture" were exploded at the bottom of the cut, with the idea of dislodging masses of the earth into the burning area, so as to smother the fire. But the blasts only made huge gaps in the ground, from which additional sickening fumes arose. More water was poured below, through these openings.



From a Photo. ALL THAT WAS SEEN OF THE GREAT FIRES ON THE SURFACE. [Photo.

Tons of sand were also washed down. Steam and carbonic acid gas were tried, but, like a dragon of fable, the fire area ate and drank all that was given it—and still burned. For full a fortnight operations for extinguishing the fire were carried on night and day; then fears began to be entertained for the safety of other parts of the mine. Would the mine stand the strain



HERE WE SEE THE MEN PREPARING TO SEND DOWN CARBONIC ACID GAS TO
From a) EXTINGUISH THE FIRES. STEAM AND SAND WERE ALSO TRIED. [Photo.]

of the immense volume of water sent into it? This was a question anxiously asked. The management was afraid, so active fighting was eased and chief attention turned to pumping out the water that lay in the lower levels several feet deep, and to blocking in the fire so completely that it could not possibly spread. This was accomplished, the fire caged, and work in the rest of the mine gradually resumed. But the area blocked off was a large one. The remainder of the blocks was not extensive enough to find work for all the men previously employed; neither could all the surface mills be kept running with the output from the safe section. So of the 2,900 men on the pay list, 1,260 had to be discharged.

The Block 11 fire, truly, was a sad occurrence for many. No one was killed in it--nor, strange to say, more than temporarily affected by working in the gaseous fumes; but of the 1,260 men thrown out of work, very many for a long time could not find employment elsewhere. Not very long before, an historical strike had terminated, and the workers were just beginning again to "feel their feet." The fire threw them back, and much suffering followed.

No attempt has yet been made to take away the blockings. The fire is still active, and a current of air let in would only revive it. Often

from the bottom of the big cut steam and smoke rise. On very muggy days the smell of the burning timbers and ores spreads over the town. Frequently the men employed in the cut (which has been considerably deepened since 1895) find the ironstone on which they may be working so hot that it has to be continually doused with water to allow necessary operations to proceed.

The other great fire that has disturbed the regular working of the Proprietary Mine was discovered between six and seven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, September 12th, 1897. Two

watchmen, Carroll and Bolitho by name, going their rounds, were amazed on entering Darling's 200ft. level (Block 12) to find that a stiff blaze was roaring there, and had apparently been roaring for some time. Block 12 adjoins Block 11, and the site of the fire was only about a quarter of a mile from that of its predecessor. The alarm was soon given. First the fire-whistles were sounded. Immediately



"LIKE A DRAGON OF FABLE, THE FIRE ATE AND DRANK ALL THAT WAS GIVEN IT."
From a) (NOTICE THE GREAT GAS-PIPE ABOVE.) [Photo.]

afterwards the whistles for the "rescue men" were heard. The Proprietary alarm was taken up by the other mines, and in a few minutes pandemonium reigned. Everyone enjoying a late Sunday snooze was awakened. Experience teacheth; and profiting by the lesson of Block 11, a scheme of attack was soon formulated. Unfortunately the fire had



"IMMEDIATELY THE FIRE HAD OBTAINED A STRONG FOOTING Ere IT WAS DISCOVERED."
From a Photo.

obtained a strong footing ere it was discovered. How it started will always remain a mystery. The mine had been emptied of men at midnight, and no one but the watchmen should have gone below after that. However, the fire arose in some worked-out stopes; and probably Messrs. Carroll and Bolitho thought that from there least of all was danger to be expected.

Two of the first men to descend to the burning region were General Manager Stewart and Mine Manager Horwood. One descended Dickenson's and the other Darling's shaft. Both had to return to the surface very quickly, however, for the gases bred by the blazing timbers were overpowering. Within an hour the 100ft., 200ft., and 300ft. levels were all thickly crowded with smoke. But the lessons taught over two years before were stern ones; and no matter how great the danger, prompt action had to be taken. No dilly-dallying was permissible. The danger was acute—none denied that; therefore, the management called for volunteers to go below, and no one but a volunteer was allowed to risk his life. No one was *ordered* to descend, yet the result was splendid unanimity in everything that was done; and the firemen, both those of the town and those of the mine, were promptly on hand. The officers were allotted various tasks in the sections, and the

aim of all was, first to confine the fire, and then to extinguish it. The first only proved possible. Again was an open cut (Baxter and Saddler's this time) of immense value in tackling the troubled area. The heart of the fire was directly under the cut, and several worked-out shafts were available for distributing the water. Water and sand and steam were brought into play. All surface machinery was stopped, so that every available drop of water could be utilized. General Manager Stewart and his officers led the attack below ground, and where they themselves could not go they did not ask the men to venture.

where they themselves could not go they did not ask the men to venture.



"GENERAL MANAGER STEWART AND HIS OFFICERS LED THE ATTACK BELOW GROUND."
From a Photo.

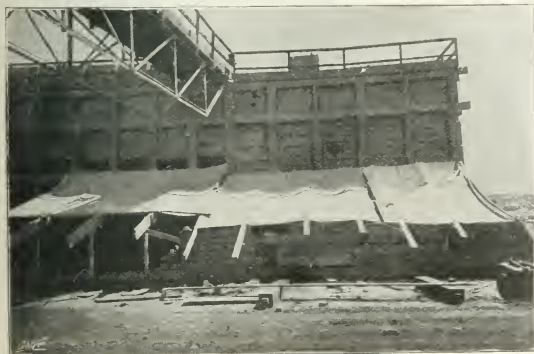
The writer has seen bravery in various shapes—on the battlefield, in a railway smash, in a shipwreck—and yet he asserts that heroism greater than that shown by the workers at Block 12 fire could not be. Death from burning, or suffocation, or falling ore stared every man who went below in the face. There was no wind above ground, so the smoke and fumes hung about the workings heavy and foul. Into these gases the men had to penetrate, carrying with them lengths of piping or hose, or bags of sand and mullock. Part of the fire could at times be seen. An attack would be made on the point for a moment, and then the holder of the hose would have to run far back for a mouthful of comparatively fresh air. More time was spent in inhaling air than in actual work. To remain in some spots more than a minute was to court death. But bit by bit the work proceeded. Hundreds of thousands of gallons of water were thrown on and around the conflagration from every side. The untouched portions were made safe. But at a cost—a frightful cost!

Three men lost their lives in the fire, from suffocation. Nearly 100 others were for a time lingering on the borderland 'tween life and death—some for half an hour, others for several hours. As they laboured, men dropped down like logs, stupefied and senseless, and had to be dragged out of danger by their gasping comrades. Some recovered in a minute or two on reaching a clear drive. Many had to be helped to the surface, where four doctors were on continual duty for two whole days and nights. A temporary hospital was erected of canvas and Hessian to contain about eighteen patients. This soon proved much too small, however, and its size was doubled. Saddening and

heartrending it was to see strong, brawny miners brought to the surface in the arms of comrades and chums. Some looked already like dead men; others, just what they were—men in a bad faint or fit. Others arrived from below literally "drunk" with the fumes, and in their delirium eager to fight all and sundry; or babbling hysterically of green meadows and running brooks. Managers, bosses, miners, all were alike affected. A number had, after a prolonged stay in the hospital, to be sent home disabled. But many, in half an hour's time, were ready and anxious to go below again. Those who had mates underground would not remain idle while they were in danger. Time and again the same men were overpowered by the terrible "CO₂" and hospitalised, until the medical men earned much abuse by absolutely forbidding any "fumed" man to return to anything but surface work. Yet a few did venture below, in the face of this prohibition. All grievances against the company were forgotten. "We must save the mine," was the motto of each; and well they acted up to it. All were fighting for their daily bread, but that alone did not inspire them. Rescues, deserving of the V.C. or Albert Medal, were accomplished, but the heroes' only reward will be in historical recollection and in the small gratuity presented by the company—and quickly "melted." So effective was the work accomplished that within three days the fire was virtually hemmed in and under control; then the blocking-up was more leisurely and thoroughly carried out.

For a couple of months afterwards the fumes in the mine were so powerful that the men were at times dazed and overcome. For over a week a doctor was always on the mine and was seldom idle. Nearly twelve months afterwards a party of men clearing out an old shaft near the fire area had a narrow escape from death, and were rescued only at great risk.

Block 12 fire—like Block 11—still burns away merrily in a limited section, fed by its own fumes, the gases in the ore, and the charcoaled timber. When it will be a thing of the past is beyond human ken. Sad to say, both these tremendous and apparently perpetual subterranean fires are originally believed to have been the work of incendiaries. There are many indications in that direction, but although suspicion, especially in the later case, rested on certain men, evidence of guilt could never be produced.



THIS IS THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL FOR EIGHTEEN PATIENTS WHICH WAS ERECTED AT THE SURFACE. FOUR DOCTORS WERE CONSTANTLY ON DUTY. [Photo.]

Cyclist v. Tiger—For Dear Life.

BY DR. Z. E. BIRASKY, OF ESSEC, SCLAVONIA.

A curious meeting—An excursion—M. Gilbert sees a bicycle and borrows it—A lonely ride—Sighted by a tiger—Desperate attempt to escape—A long and thrilling chase—And how finally the cyclist escaped.



THE winter of 1896 found me in the Himalayas, partly on pleasure bent and partly on a mission of scientific research. My work done in those regions, I proceeded to Nagpoor via Lucknow and Allahabad. I took lodgings in a bungalow owned by some clean natives; and

gone during his long and eventful walk. In China he had been nearly killed by the mob, having sustained several severe wounds in the back.

The day of our strange meeting being none other than December 25th, we agreed to spend Christmas Day together, and arranged a little trip into the country, ordering a palanquin for this purpose. The bungalow shikari was instructed forthwith; our outfit including a small tent, with some coolies to carry our baggage. We started off as early as possible in the morning, and went in an easterly direction from Nagpoor to Raepur. I determined to push farther on, and eventually encamped near a small village called Aring. We soon learned that formerly tigers were very frequently seen in this locality.



DR. Z. E. BIRASKY, WHO TELLS US ABOUT HIS FRIEND'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

From a Photo.

the morning after my arrival was aroused by hearing a commotion in the courtyard below. I gathered that someone speaking French was trying to make himself understood by the natives. Marvelling that a European should find his way to this place so soon after me, I hurried down and went towards the excited gentleman. At first he paid no attention to me, probably thinking I was one of the natives; but his amazement when I accosted him with "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" was quite comical.

I found that the new arrival was M. Henri Gilbert, a man of about forty, very energetic and intelligent. He told me that he was on a walking tour round the world with a view to achieving a record, which should bring him fame and money. He had started from Paris on his self-allotted task in 1893, and undertook to return to France in time for the exhibition of 1900. At the time of our meeting, M. Gilbert was on his way from the Chinese frontier to Bombay. I was extremely interested in his account of the many adventures he had under-



M. HENRI GILBERT IS A BRAVE AND RESOLUTE MAN, OR HE WOULD HAVE GIVEN UP THE RACE.

From a Photo. by C. L. Thévenet.

The scenery round about was exceptionally beautiful, and my companion and I were enjoying a very delightful day. About noon we went out for a little stroll, and on our way back to the tent were astonished to see on the veranda of a bungalow a first-rate safety bicycle of a well-known American make. Now, we could not

An hour or so later Gilbert said he was ready to start off on his ride. Feeling really afraid that something would happen to him, I suggested that I should accompany him, each of us taking turns to ride. But he laughed at this suggestion, and so lying down to rest I wished him good luck on his little trip. Off



"WE WERE ASTONISHED TO SEE ON THE VERANDA OF A BUNGALOW A FIRST-RATE SAFETY BICYCLE."

believe that these natives were so far advanced in civilization as to indulge in bicycle rides; but while I was debating the thing in my own mind, Gilbert said he was anxious to know whether any Europeans were staying in these parts. I went slowly on towards the tent, however, leaving him to make inquiries. In about half an hour my friend came back, and said that an English party had arrived in Aring from Nagpoor; he added that the owner of the bicycle had given him permission to go for an hour or two's ride.

I confess I felt a little astonished. I asked M. Gilbert what he wanted the loan of the bicycle for, and where he thought he could go in this outlandish district, where it was more than possible ferocious animals were roaming at large. He declined to pay any heed to my warning, however, declaring that he was exceedingly anxious to go for a cycle ride, it being over two years since he had mounted a machine. I did not press my objections further, not wishing to interfere with his enjoyment. After lunch we inquired of our coolies whether tigers and leopards were numerous in the district, and we got the satisfactory answer that they were not. And yet, we were told, not a year passed without the larger carnivora committing depredations in one village or another. Our informants warned us particularly to avoid a certain nullah or water-course close by.

he went in the direction of the bungalow to procure the coveted bicycle, calling out as he disappeared that he would be back in an hour. Soon after his departure I noticed with a feeling of uneasiness that he had left his revolver on a chair in the tent.

I fell off to sleep after my friend had gone, and on waking found that it was past five o'clock—nearly four hours since he had started. I inquired of the coolies if they had seen him return; but they knew nothing about him. I grew uneasy, and straightway went up to the bungalow; but he had not returned there either. The young gentleman who owned the bicycle told me that M. Gilbert had taken it away about one o'clock, since which time nothing had been seen of him. I was now really at my wits' end to know what step to take, not knowing in what direction he had gone. Hastily returning to our tent, I sent the coolies out in all directions to search for the missing man. After an absence of about two hours they returned, saying that they could find no traces of him or the bicycle.

Thus and his continued absence thoroughly unerved me: I was in a perfect fever of excitement. I now concluded that he had been attacked by some wild animal or else had lost himself in the jungle. At last, inactivity being intolerable, I took one of our escort and went out myself in sheer desperation. The darkness of night had now commenced to fall, with a gleam in which it was quite impossible to distinguish anybody. It was, I should explain, imperative that I should lose no time in returning to Nagpoor, as I wanted to proceed on my journey to Bombay that night.

After going about a mile through the jungle a straight road appeared before us, and simultaneously I saw—although not very distinctly—a moving body advancing towards me. My anxiety became more and more intense, because I could not determine whether the object was my missing friend or some ferocious animal. I thought the best course was to call out as loudly as possible. Accordingly, I and my companion shouted vigorously, and the next moment I was immensely relieved to hear in reply the voice of my missing friend Gilbert—though it alarmed me not a little to notice how feeble it sounded.

A few minutes later M. Gilbert was alongside us on the bicycle. He was in quite a deplorable condition when I touched him—cold as ice and quite unable to articulate. I urged him to make some reply to my questions, but without success. He appeared quite demented and in a state of collapse. I lifted him off the machine and led him to our tent, with the assistance of the coolie who had accompanied me. Here I gave him some ether, which I always take with me upon my travels. Meanwhile the young Englishman who lent M. Gilbert the bicycle had come over to our tent, and shortly afterwards our friend was sufficiently recovered to give us a coherent account of his terrible adventure, which substantially is as follows:—

"I left you about one o'clock in high glee, the machine running beautifully. As I glided along the jungle paths the excitement of cycling under such conditions raised my spirits to quite a frantic pitch. After going some little distance, I suddenly found myself in a delightful open glade, which was one mass of verdure and flowers. Here I dismounted from the machine, and, placing it against a bush, selected a nice spot on which to rest. Then, taking off my hat, I sat down and had some refreshment. The open space I speak of was surrounded on all sides by thick jungle. As the afternoon sun was now streaming down upon my face, I sheltered myself under the shade of a wild banana tree. Straight in front of me there was

a small watercourse, in which some pools of rain-water still remained. As I sat there contemplating the beautiful scenes on every hand I was gradually overcome with sleep, and stretching myself out at full length, I prepared for a little nap. Suddenly I heard a curious sound in the bed of the watercourse, as though some animal were moving."

At this part of M. Gilbert's narrative, the coolies, who also were listening in the tent with us, cried out, "The nullah! the nullah! where the tigers drink water."

"Yes," continued Gilbert, "the nullah. When the dry, crackling sound reached my ears, I lifted my head drowsily and looked towards the spot. Evidently some large animal was making its way out of the jungle, and presently it came into sight at the water's brink. I can assure you that my heart almost ceased to beat, and a dull, heavy, paralyzing pain appeared to seize the whole of my body when my gaze rested upon the fierce and wicked head and long, lithe, striped body of an immense tiger—I should judge that he was about thirty yards from me.

"Whether he detected my presence I cannot say, but he remained motionless for some time, his majestic head raised, and his great eyes glistening like phosphorescent balls. I think that had he come towards me at that moment I could not have offered the slightest resistance, being quite unable to move. Growing a little more collected as the moments sped by, however, I attempted to nestle in under the shade of the bush in order to hide myself—never, of course, taking my eyes from the huge beast before me. It seemed absolutely impossible for me to think of escaping by means of the bicycle, for it was at least twenty yards from me; and how could I possibly reach it and make my way to the high road without attracting the notice of the terrible animal, who in two or three bounds would be upon me?

"My mind was torn with agony as to whether I ought or ought not to make a dash for the bicycle and life. I knew that, once astride the machine in safety, I could outdistance the tiger. Then another thought occurred to me—I fancied that, if I remained perfectly still, the tiger would drink and then go away into the jungle again. At one time I wondered if he could hear the thumping of my heart-beats; and my mouth was so parched and my tongue so stiff that I was in mortal dread lest I should make some incautious sound. And I was entirely unarmed. To add to my terror, I imagined that the tiger had not been satisfied with the result of his previous night's prowling, and so had come down to the water in the hope of waylaying additional prey.



"THE TIGER STOPPED SUDDENLY, HIS GREAT EYES FIXED ON THE SPOT WHERE I LAY."

"Presently I saw him drop his beautiful head and begin to lap the water. As he raised his head again, I knew that one single false movement on my part must inevitably attract his notice. Following every movement of the huge monster with terrible anxiety, I was at length relieved to see him apparently about to return into the jungle whence he had come; but, alas! some little bird moved in the bushes around me, and the effect was instantaneous. The tiger stopped suddenly and wheeled round like lightning, his great eyes fixed intently on the very spot where I lay. He paused for a moment, and then, to my indescribable horror, commenced to creep slowly in my direction. As the dreadful creature advanced, I saw him carefully inspecting every branch and leaf in his way, now and then stopping altogether and squatting like a gigantic cat. Probably he had by this time scented me. At any rate, after another short pause, he continued to advance upon my hiding-place in the same cautious manner.

"Presently he got so close that I was only able to distinguish his movements by the crackling of the leaves and twigs as he crept along. The agony which I now endured grew quite intolerable. Not only was my heart beating as if it would burst, but my brain felt as though it were on fire. I now felt that my case was quite hopeless. 'Nothing,' I said to myself despairingly, 'can save me from a dreadful death.' And

yet—so quickly does the brain work in such cases—only a mere fraction of time after these despairing thoughts, I conceived the desperate idea of making a dash for the bicycle! I noticed that the creeping tiger was at this moment only about fifteen yards from me.

"Leaping to my feet, I fairly hurled myself in the direction of the bicycle. I threw myself upon it, and with the impetus so gained began to glide swiftly along—even before my feet touched the pedals—literally racing the tiger for dear life. The very instant I got fairly under way I heard the huge beast make his first leap in my direction. Notwithstanding the dreadful emotion which I suffered in that awful moment, my control over the machine was complete and my movements sure. At one time it seemed to me as though I were travelling as fast as the very wind itself; and as the moments sped by and I found myself still intact, a little confidence was restored to me, and I plodded on with growing hope. The pace was quite terrific for a time. Needless to say, I was driving the bicycle frantically and recklessly.

"Suddenly the frightful thought occurred to me—*What if some part of the mechanism gives way?* I did not, however, relax my efforts, thinking that if I succeeded in putting fifty yards between myself and my dreadful pursuer, he would have little chance of overtaking me. In order to show the imminent peril I was in, I may say

that the fourth leap of the tiger brought him to within about six yards of my back wheel, and although I was going as fast as a first-class bicycle can travel, a sixth leap almost brought the claws of the monster within striking distance of my back tyre.

But still I pedalled away desperately, my heart nearly bursting and my legs working like fury.

"As I began to realize that I was gaining a little, my exertions were redoubled, I knowing well that any slackening of pace, or an extra leap or two on the part of my terrible foe, would put an end

to the race and my life almost simultaneously. Having gained a little, I glanced round, and saw that the tiger was still coming on, and at a great pace.

"Just at this moment I saw in front of me another straight road opening before me. You may judge of my terror, however, when I tell you that as soon as I had turned into this new road I beheld, lying right across my path, a huge tree that had fallen through decay. I charged the obstacle headlong, and, just before crashing into it, I leapt from the machine and scrambled over recklessly, feeling certain that the tiger was gaining. It goes without saying that I literally threw myself into the saddle again with frantic energy, and pedalled away from the inexorable monster. I heard the tiger leap over the fallen tree, and, sick at heart, I realized that if the chase lasted much longer I should have to give up.

"Greatly to my relief, however, a short distance in front on my left I saw yet another road, and a ray of hope came to me as I noticed a steep descent. Driving the bicycle with all possible speed, I entered upon the descent like an arrow, and a minute or so later put fifty or sixty yards between my pursuer and myself. I was pretty well done for, however—so much so, that at one time I felt I must fall out of the saddle.

"A little farther along I looked round, and the tiger was nowhere to be seen; evidently he had given up the chase. And yet I was by no means filled with the joy which you might imagine, the fact being that I was too utterly



"A SIXTH LEAP ALMOST BROUGHT THE CLAWS OF THE MONSTER WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE OF MY BACK TYRE."

exhausted to harbour any decided emotion. Then another fearful thought struck me. Evidently I had lost my way altogether, and I reflected helplessly upon my condition in the event of my being benighted, situated as I then was, in that tiger-infested wilderness.

"But luckily, just when I had almost given up all hope of seeing you again, a Hindu woman appeared on the road before me, and in answer to my inquiries indicated the road to Aring. Following her directions for about two hours, I suddenly beheld you in front of me, thus ending my exciting ride for life."

While M. Gilbert was recounting this terrible experience I was much pained to notice the various acute emotions depicted on his face. At one time it grew quite yellow, and every limb of his body trembled as though he were smitten with ague. When he had quite recovered, M. Gilbert assured me that he owed his life entirely to the splendid machine he rode that day. What a fine advertisement it *would* make!

Mrs. Martin's Cure for Caterpillars.

By N. LAWRENCE PERRY.

You may remember the "Laffan" telegram about the farmers in the Catskills blowing horns and things under the trees to bring down the destructive caterpillars. Well, here is the first full descriptive article on this extraordinary subject, illustrated by snap-shot photos, taken by our own Special Commissioner, and proving once and for all the absolute truth of the telegram.



HE first day of June last was a typical American summer day. Ashton, in Greene County, New York, presented a typical American farming scene. Above the hamlet towered the hemlock-covered sides of the majestic Catskill Mountains. Below and around it the valley was resplendent with the picturesque profusion of fruit and maple orchards and corn and meadow land. In fields adjacent to the snow-white wooden farm buildings groups of toiling men and grazing cattle completed the pastoral picture. Mrs. Arthur Martin, emerging from her home to wind the conch-shell horn that would summon the tillers to their noonday meal, paused on the threshold to survey, not the landscape, but the progress of a terrible blight that had already rendered the foliage sickly and scanty and threatened its speedy ruin.

The trees about the house and those in the orchards beyond were slowly, but surely, succumbing to the voracious leaf-eating siege of thousands of green worms or tree-caterpillars. Trees which, but yesterday, were gorgeous in their summer green, now stood naked to the boughs. Farmers anxiously, almost constantly, watched the destruction of their carefully-nurtured crops of sugar maple and fruits, and sighed over their own maddening impotence. Only three years previously the plague had descended upon them, and all the remedies which a brilliant army of American scientists could suggest were tried in turn, but to no avail. The next year, and again the next, came the worms with the same result—the practical destruction of the tree crops of that vast and fertile region.

So Mrs. Martin, coming out of her home to wind the dinner-horn, looked up into the trees and sighed. Then, pointing the dinner-horn upward and outward she blew a long, piercing blast. Then an amazing thing happened, which before many hours was to be flashed all over the world by the always accurate and enterprising Laffan News Agency. Before the roaring echoes of Mrs. Martin's horn had ceased, the ground at her feet was thick with big caterpillars, lying motionless and apparently dead. They had fallen from the tree above her. Astounded beyond the power of words to describe, Mrs. Martin sounded the horn again, and once more hundreds of green caterpillars fairly rained from the tree. Mr. Martin and his men, plodding homeward from the field, stopped dumfounded at the worm-covered grass, and listened wonderingly to the housewife's tale. Experiments with other trees had the same surprising result. The afternoon was devoted entirely to similar tests throughout the farm. Armed with a motley



THE TREES ABOUT THE HOUSE WERE SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, SUCCUMBING TO THE SUGAR MAPLE IN THE CENTRE HAS BEEN KILLED BY THE CATERPILLARS.

From a Photo.



"SHEETFUL WITH A NOBLE COLLECTION OF HORNS AND DRUMS, THE PROCESSION WENDED ITS WAY FROM TREE TO TREE."

From a Photo.

collection of horns and drums, the procession wended its more or less musical way from tree to tree. Inevitably each yielded up its hosts of destructive caterpillars into bed-sheets spread below; and sheetful after sheetful was consigned to the bonfire. In three hours the farm was declared rid of the thousands of insects that had seemed so hopelessly entrenched there only that morning.

The news of the discovery spread like wildfire. Other Catskill communities applied the experiment and rejoiced. Musical instruments commanded a premium, and many of the people impressed into playing them could hardly hum a tune. Real music-loving and sensitive folks generally had a ghastly time. A country correspondent telegraphed the news to the New York newspapers. From New York it spread throughout the United States, and finally to England, exciting the risibilities of a vast but incredulous reading public. Americans detected in the story the fine Italian hand of the newspaper writer or "Press agent" employed to advertise a summer resort, whilst Britishers suspected either a Yankee lie or a woful evidence of Yankee gullibility; and, finally, scientists of both lands sniffed at the "yarn" as too simple to be interesting and too foolish to warrant denial.

But now, only a few months from the day of Mrs. Martin's unwitting experiment,

these same scientists—or some of them at least—are studying the phenomenon with interest, for investigation has shown it to be true. Professor Slingerland, the official entomologist of New York State, has been made aware of the marvel; and it is not unlikely that the subject will soon engage the solemn attention of that mighty bureau of dignified investigators, pamphlets, and red tape—the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The writer, at the especial instance of *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*, journeyed from New York to the Catskills; and an exhaustive canvass of the stricken region—a vast area, including not only Ashton, but other large villages such as Hendersonville and Windham—convinced him of the implicit faith the local farming folk place in their remedy. From clergymen to dram-sellers, through the whole gamut of the country population, there came in the simple words of

unvarnished truth the unvarying testimony of a discovery, confounding, by the very simplicity of its utility, the involved pedantic dogmas of the wise.

The most rational theory advanced in explanation of this wonderful and hitherto unheard-of efficacy of music to rout the tree pests is that the insects are shocked into insensibility by the



"THEY FOUND THE REMEDY PRACTICAL ENOUGH IN THE CATSKILLS—HERE WE SEE HORN-BLOWING AT CLOSE QUARTERS TO SAVE THE APPLE-TREES."

From a Photo.

air vibrations produced by the horns and drums. The accompanying illustrations, reproduced from photographs specially taken in various sections of the stricken region and at random, show the method employed so effectively to redeem the trees, and the extent to which branches were denuded before Mrs. Martin's horn delivered her husband and his neighbours from their caterpillar bondage.

Although her discovery came too late in the season to admit of as thorough a test as could have been desired—the tree-caterpillars having now passed into the cocoon state, and so ceased to exist for all practical purposes—enough was accomplished to convince the most pessimistic farmer. In Greene County alone many acres of valuable sugar maples have been saved through the prompt application of the "noise" or "music" process; although earlier in the summer the State entomologist declared in a letter that after three years of constant study and experiments he was unable to suggest effective means of combating the invaders; Paris green, arsenical spray, and kerosene had all been tried in turn, but with little effect.

When Mrs. Martin's happy discovery was first heralded among her neighbours in Ashton, they grasped at it in sheer desperation, for the trees of the town had suffered severely from the worms, and there were many who believed that all the trees would ultimately be destroyed. By ten o'clock on the morning of June 2nd the town of Ashton was a veritable Bedlam let loose. Conch-shells and fish-horns sounded on the morning air; the boom of bass drums and the shrill shriek of fifes shattered the silence on all sides; and the roar of a bass horn and several trombones awoke the echoes far and near. Mr. Thomas A. Gerald, a wealthy farmer, hired boys to climb the trees and beat drums among the branches. This proved so effective that worms were literally gathered up by the bushel and cast into the fire.

Meanwhile it had begun to dawn upon the town folk of Windham, three miles away, that something must be the matter up in Ashton. The long-drawn-out roars of horns, the clanging tintinnabulations of the bells, the booming of drums, and the screaming of conches seemingly betokened either a public calamity or a season of great rejoicing. When it got to be noon, with no cessation of the noise, about half of Windham's male population harnessed horses and waggons and drove to their neighbouring town to see what the mysterious uproar was about. Soon they were hurrying back home to impart the valuable news to their fellow-citizens; for Windham also was suffering seriously from the blight.

Former Assemblyman Edward A. Coles, whose home is in Windham, evinced much interest in the new remedy, and it was finally decided that the local band should turn out and make a thorough test of the merits of the discovery. Accordingly all the members of the band that could be got together proceeded to the school-house yard, where the trees were suffering greatly from caterpillars. The worms, which look very like ordinary caterpillars, were resting in bunches



"THE INSECTS ARE SHOCKED INTO INSENSIBILITY BY THE AIR VIBRATIONS PRODUCED BY HORNS AND DRUMS"—WINDHAM BAND AT WORK.

From a Photo.

around the upper parts of tree trunks, when the band and its accompanying citizens arrived in the school-yard.

"Now, then," cried the leader, "'Old Lang Syne'—softly." As the band slowly breathed forth the old Scotch song (those who were present say) the caterpillars began to move their bodies in perfect time to the music. The band played faster; faster moved the caterpillars; and then, ere the last note had died away, the caterpillars began to fall from the tree by hundreds. Then the band played a stirring march, with similar effect. The worms fell in blankets or newspapers which were laid under the trees; and were then cast into the fires built for the purpose.

Until the noise of the drum and the single

blast of the horn were tried, many were present at the test who believed that the caterpillars were charmed by the music; many believe it to this day. As a matter of fact, however, it has been substantially proved that the caterpillars are rendered *unconscious* by the throbbing, pulsating sound waves. It has also been found that the sounds of some instruments produce far better results than others. Why this is so is yet to be determined. By far the most effective instruments for this purpose are the conch, the bass drum, or the trombone. The human voice yields no results, and the report of a gun brings but mediocre success. And yet after all this is no more wonderful than the recent experiments with spiders and a piano tried by an eminent British biologist, whose name escapes the writer at the moment. Fantastic and extravagant as it may sound to the non-scientific, Beethoven pleased the spiders, whilst Wagner upset them horribly!

But to return to Windham, and its music-stricken caterpillars. Among those who were present at the test in the town were Edward A. Coles; Dr. P. Stanley; Township Supervisor Barlow, of Ashton; Ira Partridge; O. R. Coe, of Coe's Mountain House, and many other citizens of repute. Another very successful test



HOW THE WINDHAM BAND SAVED THE TREES—"THE WORMS FELL IN BLANKETS OR NEWSPAPERS LAID UNDER THE TREES."

From a Photo.

by four men with drums and horns was made upon the grounds of the Pleasant View House in Windham a few days after the test at the school-house. Since that time acres of trees have been saved by means of musical instruments.

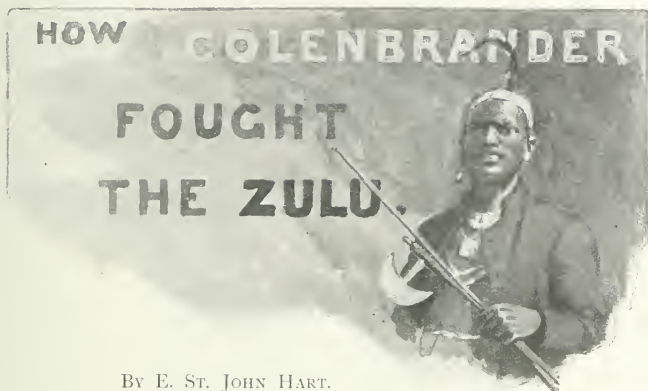
Next year the Catskill farmers will be prepared to test the method on a more extensive scale. Hundreds of conch-horns will be imported into the mountain towns, and an organized effort will be made to drive the pests from the face of the earth. No one who has not visited the Catskill region since the invasion of the pests three years ago can possibly grasp the full significance of the discovery. Thousands of acres of valuable sap-bearing maple trees, once seemingly doomed to destruction, may now be spared; and, besides, the apple crop will surely be saved. These two things mean a livelihood to the majority of Central New York farmers.

The forest worm and tent caterpillar appeared in Central New York three years ago. The creatures are of a greenish hue, with a white stripe on the back, and two brown stripes along the sides. They only attack apple, maple, cherry, and plum trees. Trees visited by the worms die inside of a year, unless great pains are taken to remove them before they ruin the leaves.



DESTROYING THE CATERpillars BY FIRES BUILT FOR THE PURPOSE.

From a Photo.



BY E. ST. JOHN HART.

The following experience occurred in the extraordinarily adventurous career of Mr. Johann Colenbrander, whose splendid courage and great influence with the natives enabled Mr. Cecil Rhodes to make peace with their leaders in the Matoppo Hills, and so end the late rebellion in Matabeleland. It was to Mr. Colenbrander's hazardous pioneering and prolonged residence at the Court o. Lobengula—at the risk of his life—that the easy conquest of that country was mainly due.



NE midnight in the spring of the year 1881, in Ebanganomo, Northern Zululand, the cry went forth: "*Za hliwa zinkomo!*"—"The cattle are being raided!" That was enough.

If the cattle—why, then the women followed, as a matter of course. Only, as the cattle were more valuable than the women (for with cattle you could buy women), the cattle were mentioned, and the women—understood. It was the usual Zulu tocsin.

In a moment all was commotion in the Royal kraal of Usibebo, King of the northernmost division of Zululand. Torches flashed throughout the dark alleys of the kraal like fireflies in a Mexican cane-brake, and watch-fires flared, and great chiefs bawled into random space, inquiring whence the news came, only to learn that it had been brought in by runners from the southern border. And each chief, having shouted the dire tidings, dived into his hut in search of weapons and war gear.

Usibebo's borders had been raided by an enemy, and the frontier guards driven in—which was a polite euphemism for saying they

had been caught asleep. About eight that evening the enemy had killed seven men, captured two or three dozen women, and, worse than that, considerably over a hundred head of cattle. Hence this wild excitement, this fierce activity, and mad rush for arms; hence these panting couriers, who had covered the twenty to thirty miles from the scene of the engagement in about six hours.

At Mr. Colenbrander's house, some two and a half miles distant from Ebanganomo, the alarm was given as soon as in the Royal kraal. The news went partly by runners, and partly on the voices of men shouting one to another across the intervening distance. Usibebo's white-man friend, or ally, or Induna, to whom had been given command of the mounted men, in view of such emergencies as the present, saddled up on the instant, and, with a few followers, galloped over to the kraal. To him, Usibebo—coming out of the kraal in the darkness, at the head of as large a war-party as could be got together at the moment—called out: "How many have you got with you, Johann?" (for among the natives Mr. Colenbrander was always

called by his Christian name, when not addressed by some sobriquet indicative of his prowess: to which the latter replied: "I have fourteen horsemen with me. Hadn't time to muster the rest! How many have you?"

"I have mustered a hundred and fifty in Etanganamo," replied Usibebo. "We'll pick up more as we go along. Let us hurry!"

And there was every need for hurry. The raiders must be intercepted at any cost before they recrossed the border. There were urgent political reasons just then why Usibebo should not commit an act of war, even in self-defence, beyond his own frontiers. And so, while the horsemen rode ahead, scouting to right and left, and acting as an advance-guard, the main body swung along at a march that covered thirty miles in half a night.

Raising circling clouds of dust, they tramped forward over hill and dale, for they were making a bee-line across country; and from the towns and kraals on the line of march, and from distant villages to either side of it, panting warriors came running to join the band of the avengers, till, when day broke, Usibebo found himself at the head of seven hundred men, and at the edge of a wide valley, beyond which flowed a river.

Colenbrander and the horsemen had pushed ahead, and were a mile and a half in advance of the main body; and as the mists that herald the dawn in that part of the world came circling up from the wide valley to the heights whereon they had halted, they saw far below them a small party of three hundred men, driving before them women and cattle in the direction of the river and the frontier that lay beyond.

And now, while the "Wild Dogs"—the name bestowed on Usibebo's followers by the other peoples of the Zulu nation—are thirsting to

"wash their spears" in the blood of the enemy who have dared to raid and ravish them in their lairs, it may be as well, for the benefit of those who have not the history of Zululand at their fingers' ends, briefly to explain how this warfare came about.

When the Zulu War of 1879 was brought to a conclusion by the capture of King Cetewayo

at the end of August of that year, an arrangement for the partition of the country was made by the commander of the British forces in the field, which was termed—one might almost think in a spirit of irony—"Sir Garnet Wolseley's Settlement." So efficacious was this settlement that it was followed by four years of the most sanguinary warfare that even Zululand had known. Briefly, the country was subdivided among thirteen kinglets, eight at least of whom were animated by feelings of jealousy and hatred against two of the total number.

One of these two was John Dunn, the famous white Zulu chieftain, who had been recognised as a chief by Cetewayo, and who, having done yeoman service on the side of the British in the late war, had been confirmed in all his possessions and privi-

leges at its close. The other was Usibebo, one of Cetewayo's most northern Indunas, and a very powerful one. Having fought against the British most loyally for his King, on the latter's defeat, capture, and (what was then supposed to be) permanent deposition, he transferred the same loyal allegiance to the British Queen, in whose name he had been elevated to an independent kingship.

The other kinglets—or a majority of them—influenced by Cetewayo's two brothers, Ndaduko and Zewetu, were jealous that one of the divisions of their country should be under a white man, albeit his own subjects were devoted to him;



THIS IS JOHANN COLENBRANDER, THE FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTER AND WARRIOR.

From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.

and, also, they looked down upon Usibebo, for, as his territory adjoined Tongaland, it suited their purpose to profess to believe that he was not of the true Zulu race—a calumny which has been accepted by some English writers.

Usibebo to the full reciprocated the hatred felt towards him by a majority of his neighbours, and he remarked to Colenbrander, on one occasion: "Call me a Tonga, do they? Very well, I'll show them what a Tonga can do!"—which he eventually did, though unfortunately, as it proved in the end, to the undoing of all concerned.

John Dunn saw the storm clouds gathering, and naturally desired to strengthen the only chieftain who would be likely to prove his ally in the time to come. It was largely by his recommendation that Colenbrander first sought the kraal of the northern Induna: but, once his visit became an accomplished fact, all else was determined by the sincere friendship which sprang up between the two men.

Though not much more than a youth, Colenbrander was the finest horseman and, with the exception of John Dunn, the finest shot in South Africa: and he had acquired a great reputation among the Zulus and white colonists as a mighty hunter, a fighting man, and a trader. He had played a man's part in the recent campaign, as a member of the famous corps of Natal Guides, and—again, with the above-mentioned exception—he knew more of the Zulu language, character, and customs than any white man living.

Though perfectly reckless with regard to his own safety, he instilled a wise circumspection into the political dealings of his Zulu friend, and it was by his counsels that Usibebo restrained his natural desire to march against those whom he knew were in secret preparing to attack him.

As the event proved, Colenbrander was prepared to shed his blood in his Zulu friend's quarrel: but he had also other interests to serve. He had invested his all, and had been given by Usibebo almost exclusive trading rights in his country; so, in striking a blow for the northern King, he was also defending his newly-established home and all his future prospects of making a livelihood.

Colenbrander's party of mounted men had received no reinforcement during the night. Usibebo's seven hundred had been so punished by the strenuousness of that night's march over almost impossible country, and by the pace at which that fiery chieftain had brought them along over the last sections, that they lagged, halting and leg-weary, a mile and a half in the rear.

The valley was from six to eight miles in width, and strewn with rocks and boulders, affording excellent cover to a retreating enemy, if not attacked at close quarters. The descent into the valley would have been pronounced impracticable for horses by a cavalry expert. It was not as steep as the wall of a house, but there was very little to choose between it and the roof. Also, fourteen men to three hundred were odds calculated to afford food for reflection—to the fourteen; but it is not on record that they reflected. They just slipped down that awful declivity without dismounting from their hardy Basuto ponies, at the usual rate of speed of falling bodies, and on reaching the bottom—though not without casualties—they rode hard to head off the enemy, Colenbrander knowing that if he waited for Usibebo's command to crown the heights they would probably escape.

Other raiding parties had got away unscathed, and now the great thing was to intercept and punish them this side of the border. Having headed the raiders, Colenbrander wheeled his men and charged, firing at the enemy point-blank, and killing thirteen of them almost at the first volley. At once the rest, scattering like spilt shot, either dropped behind stones, whence they opened a brisk fusillade, or ran for the river, firing and stabbing viciously as they ran. This, of course, made it impossible for the mounted Zulus and Colenbrander to hold them, and so the skirmish resolved itself into a number of isolated individual combats, in which the fact of being mounted on sure-footed Basuto ponies alone gave the "Wild Dogs" any advantage.

Colenbrander headed off three men trying to make for the river, and shot two of them from the saddle. He had to keep circling about them all the time, as a moment's halt involved the risk of their taking pot-shots at him, and at close range they proved themselves excellent marksmen. The third man he galloped down, as he wished to take him alive to Usibebo; feeling sure, from his knowledge of native usage and dialect, that he would be able to prevail upon him to speak and divulge the number of the forces and the names of the regiments arrayed against the northern King.

This man, in view of what followed, deserves a somewhat detailed description. He was apparently about twenty-six years of age: about Colenbrander's own height—that is, 5ft. 6in.—but much heavier, and possessed of a well-built frame, corded all over with muscle. He was bull-necked and bull-headed, with a protruding, broad forehead, high cheek-bones, big eyes, drooping jaw, and a magnificent set of ivories. Like all Kaffirs, he had a



"COLENBRANDER HEADED OFF THREE MEN AND SHOT TWO OF THEM FROM THE SADDLE."

well-greased skin, which meant no catching hold of him. For decoration he wore a cock's feather stuck in his head, to show that he was on the warpath, and a tunic which had once been worn by a soldier of the 60th Rifles. It had been taken as spoil from one of the battlefields during the recent campaign. He was an Induna's son and a great warrior, as was afterwards ascertained; but, at the moment, Colenbrander was less intent on these details than the fact that he was riding down a heavy, ugly, sinister looking Zulu, with great thighs and biceps, who bade fair to prove an awkward customer to tackle.

The two had got into a ravine, and were quite alone; there were several of Colenbrander's "boys" round about, killing and getting killed on their own account among the stones, but none were in view. The Zulu had been manoeuvred round a rock on to a bit of a steep slope in the ravine, and could not get away, as, which ever side he tried to dodge, Colenbrander turned and blocked him, till at last he stood

still, quite close to the white man, who, of course, could have shot him easily any time in the preceding ten minutes. Colenbrander was in the saddle, but, owing to his enemy being almost on top of the slope, and the former's horse a pace or two down, their bodies were almost on a level.

The disconcerted raider had his battle-axe and one long-bladed assegai in his hands. He swung the battle-axe about idly, but in a manner that boded mischief, and kept his eyes on his foe, who, though he had his rifle (a sporting Martini) at full cock, resting over his arm, could not disarm the quarry now he had ridden him to a standstill; and none of the "boys," who should have supported their leader, turned up to help him out.

All the time, Colenbrander was getting colder and colder, till at last he felt he *could not* shoot him—it would be too cold-blooded. He thought

to himself: "I can't take my eyes off him with those weapons in his hands, for fear he'll go for me; and to kill him would be cold-blooded murder," so, using the language he knew so well, he said: "Drop those weapons, or I'll have to shoot you!"

"No!" the man answered. "If I drop my weapons, you'll kill me!"

"No, I won't; I only want to take you to talk to Usibebo."

"Then Usibebo will kill me if I am taken to him," was the answer, given with an assurance springing from a knowledge of native warfare, in which—unless white intervention is forthcoming—quarter is seldom given or any degree of mercy shown.

"If you'll drop your weapons and come with me to Usibebo, I'll see to it that no harm comes to you!" Colenbrander rejoined; but the man still said "No," and still continued to swing his battle-axe to and fro, much as a vicious horse switches his tail when his ears are laid back, the whites of his eyes showing, and his whole

being concentrated on the wish to make things unpleasant.

Colenbrander incautiously took his eyes off the savage for a moment, and glanced up to see if he could discern any of his "boys" coming to his assistance; and that moment the Zulu—who had been all the time completely at the white man's mercy, had the latter chosen to shoot—struck a murderous blow at his head with the battle-axe.

Colenbrander must have seen the shadow of it, for half instinctively he threw up his left arm, on which the gun-barrel rested, to fend the blow; but in the act of so doing, his finger must involuntarily have pulled the trigger, for the rifle went off, the bullet harmlessly cutting the air. The wooden shaft of the axe broke against his arm, but the blade cut through the brim of his felt hat, silk pugaree, and the side of his head, in front of the ear, laying open his cheek to the bone. The force of the blow half-stunned him, and he fell off his horse and down the rocky slope among the stones, where, for some seconds, he lay, feeling half dead, and unable to make an effort to get to his feet.

In falling, he had tried to save himself with his gun-stock, and partially succeeded, but the stock broke off short with the force of the impact.

He had still the barrel, with the lock attached, in his hand, and could have used it as a pistol, had the idea occurred to him in time. But the Zulu grasped his assegai and rushed at him, and so he had to decide on the instant whether he would try to get up and run away, or try to shove a cart-

ridge into the gun—or use the barrel as a club. But even had Colenbrander been on his feet he would have had no chance of getting away—booted and spurred as he was—among the loose stones; and when he tried to struggle to his feet he failed. It had all to be decided in a flash. As the Zulu sprang forward to stab, aiming at a point between the base of the neck and the collar-bone, whence the blade would have penetrated to the heart, Colenbrander clubbed the rifle-barrel and struck at man and descending assegai for his life.

The blow must have swept the point a bit aside, as it only struck the collar-bone, and, glancing off, slipped down under the tunic, gashing breast and chest to the hips, where it stuck fast in the cartridge-belt. Colenbrander immediately seized hold of the shaft of the assegai with both hands, knowing that as the Zulu tried to draw it out to stab him again, he must, of necessity, pull him on to his feet. The Zulu tried to wriggle the weapon into his opponent's body, but failed, owing to the latter's iron grip on the stick; then, in making a tremendous effort to pull it out, he pulled the white man on to his feet.

Both men—who fought with the grim silence of bulldogs, having other use for their breath than shouting—now had hold of the shaft of the assegai, which had come out of the tunic, the two pairs of hands touching, and being tightly clenched on the slender stick. But as the Zulu had the upper grip, he tried to force the assegai downward so as to stab the other, who was at the point end straining every nerve to frustrate the



"CLUBBED THE RIFLE-BARREL AND STRUCK AT MAN AND DESCENDING ASSEGAI."

attempt, and at the same time trying to break the weapon where the iron joined the wood, so that he could use the blade as a dagger.

Both men were covered with Colenbrander's blood: two severed veins in the side of his head were bleeding in different directions, and so blinding him that he could only see out of one eye, and as he presently commenced to feel faint, his grip somewhat relaxed, and the assegai was drawn violently through his hands, cutting them, though, fortunately, not deeply.

The Zulu, once again complete master of his own weapon, raised it above his head with both hands, preparatory to stabbing downwards with all his force. But in the same instant Colenbrander locked his arms round his opponent's body with a fearful strain, so that they were breast against breast, and so fended the blow with his head. The point cut right on to his skull. Three times more did the Zulu make desperate efforts to stab him through the shoulders or back, and each time Colenbrander fended with his head and took the blow on his skull, which soon presented a horrible appearance.

Fortunately, the Zulus are very bad at wrestling, while Colenbrander was good at this, as at most athletic pastimes. Had it been otherwise, his chances would have been small, his adversary being much the stronger and heavier man.

Owing to faintness and loss of blood, Colenbrander knew he could not hold out much longer, and, collecting all his energies for one supreme effort, he succeeded in tripping his man, and not only came down on top of him, but was able to lever his feet and shoulder against some stones that he could not be shaken off; and then he gripped the Zulu by the throat until the savage rolled up the whites of his eyes.

In one of their many struggles previous to this Colenbrander had managed to thrust his enemy once slightly in the chest with the assegai: and now, getting off him, he took the weapon—for it was a matter of life and death to himself to kill the man when things had come to this pass—and drove it, as he lay there, into his left side, thinking it would find his heart. As a matter of fact, however, the blade only cut through the rifleman's tunic which the Zulu wore, and then passed under and between his back and the ground.

Having done this, Colenbrander scrambled dizzily to his feet and looked for a moment at his prostrate foe as he lay on the ground gasping and shamming death. Then he went over to his horse, which, partly because of fatigue, had been standing there quietly all the time—the only spectator of this Homeric combat.

Colenbrander was very anxious to get out of

that ravine, for fear more of the enemy might be lurking about, and, besides, he wanted to get to water, which he had seen before the fight began. He gathered up his reins loosely, put his left foot in the stirrup, and was in the act of throwing his leg across the saddle, with the whole of his back exposed to what he thought was a dying Zulu, when he suddenly felt the burning sting of an assegai being driven into the back of his neck at the base of the skull. He knew at once there was but one thing to do, and, letting all go, he dropped over the other side of the horse on to his hands and knees. The next moment the Zulu was upon him, trying to cut through his neck as they struggled together on the ground almost under the horse's belly.

Then, from that day to this, Johann Colenbrander could not remember what happened next. The madness and blind exhilaration of battle which comes to some natures must have gripped him, and he must have attacked with the irresistible onset of the hurt lion or the man battling for dear life. He remembers nothing until he found himself struggling with his adversary breast to breast, both on their feet, his arms locked around the Zulu, pinning the latter's arms to his side. Colenbrander had the assegai in his hands, and was trying to drive it into the man's back. But the point of the weapon had got bent and would not penetrate the Zulu's tunic; and while Colenbrander was endeavouring to cut through the stout cloth with the edge, the Zulu was doing all he knew to bite him. At last Colenbrander succeeded in driving the weapon home; the Zulu fell backward—as a man would fall backward on a sword—dragging his adversary with him, and the assegai, driving right through the native's body, would have impaled the pair of them together as they went down, had it not been that the now much-bent point turned against the white man's stout moleskin tunic.

The life-and-death struggle was at last at an end. The victor, after waiting for a moment, to recover breath, with difficulty freed himself from the death grip of the vanquished. Then he clambered—he hardly knew how—on to his horse; but had only ridden a few yards when he met two of his "boys," who should have been with him, but had been doing some fighting on their own account among the stones.

"Ah!" they said, when they saw their leader, and a shocking spectacle he presented. "What is the matter? How bad you look, Johann! Have you had a fall?"

"Yes," he replied, feebly, "I've had a fall. Come and look at the place where I fell!"

The two turned back with him, and when they came to the gruesome scene of the fight,

they put their clenched hands to their mouths, in the manner of the natives, and uttered low sounds of astonishment.

"And now," said Colenbrander, who was on the point of fainting from loss of blood, "take me to water"; and on reaching it he lay down on the edge of the bank with his face in the river, and, with the pugaree from his hat, bathed and poured water over his terrible wounds. This done he took one long drink, and then fainted dead away. The "boys" remained by him, continually pouring water over his head, and protecting him, for the opposite bank of the river swarmed with hostile savages; and when Colenbrander opened his eyes it was to see Usibebo and his seven hundred firing down on the enemy from the heights above.

The King at once ordered his friend (who bound up his own head so as to bring the cut edges together) home, and thither he rode slowly, attended by a boy Usibebo ordered to accompany him. Arrived at his own place, Colenbrander set a little humpbacked Hottentot boy, who acted as servant, to powder up a lot of blue stone, which he piled up over his wounds, and then drenched them with over-proof rum, for he was afraid of blood-poisoning, the assegai having been in the Zulu before he himself received his final wounds from it.

Probably never before had a white man met a Zulu in hand-to-hand combat on such unequal terms and come off victor. Colenbrander's skull was fractured, and he had nine serious wounds, any one of six of which—all either on the head, at the base of the skull, or the back of the neck—was sufficient to cause death in an ordinary man.

There was no surgical aid obtainable, and were it not that the famous pioneer was in the pink of condition and as tough as whipcord, he could never have survived the terrible mishandling to which he had been subjected. But the marvel of his partial recovery was exceeded by the marvel of its rapidity, for on the *eighth* day after his return to his house he was again in the saddle and on the warpath; though he

was unable to wear a hat, and had his head swathed in bandages.

I have said *partial* recovery advisedly, because for months and almost years afterwards the wounds at the base of the skull and on the back of the neck gave him an infinity of pain and trouble, and to this day he has absolutely no feel-



"WHEN HE APPEARED IN FRONT OF THE IMPIS THEY SHOUTED OUT HIS KAFFIR NAME AND CRIED HIS PRAISES."

ing in those parts or in any portion of the scalp. But when he again appeared, hatless and head-bound, in front of the impis, they shouted out his Kaffir name, "*Sigawuli Semtenkulu!*"—"the feller of big trees"; and they cried his praises, and that of his gun, with a thunderous cheer all along the line. And thenceforward there was not a man of the nation who would not gladly volunteer to follow him to the death; for among a people who worship force he had been fiercely tried—and proven.

What I Saw at the Snake Dance.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

Our readers' attention is specially drawn to this article, which is remarkable for three things:

(1) The extraordinary nature of the Moki Snake Dance itself; (2) The intimacy of the author with the Indian priests; and (3) the difficulty and danger involved in the taking of these striking photographs by the Author.



From a Photo.

THE WAGON LIBERATEE ON ITS WAY TO THE MOKI COUNTRY.

[Copyrighted.]

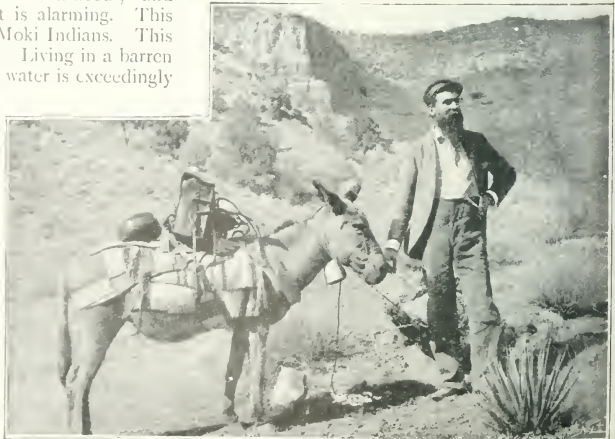
fraternity conducting the ceremonies, are admitted. For several years, however, I have visited the Moki and, cultivating their friendship, have prevailed upon them to allow me at four different times to see all these inner and secretly conducted ceremonies, some of which I will here-in describe.

The Moki, who call themselves



In the State of Arizona there occurs a wonderful ceremony among one of the aboriginal people (the Moki), which is as thrilling as it is repulsive, fascinating as it is hideous, and attractive and exciting as it is alarming. This is the Snake Dance of the Moki Indians. This dance is a prayer for rain. Living in a barren and desolate country, where water is exceedingly scarce, the best gift of the gods is water. Indeed, abundant rains are a necessity of life. Light rains have I seen the wonderful festival, and each time with increased interest. Part of the ceremonies are performed out of doors, but most of them are conducted in underground, secret, ceremonial chambers hewn out of the solid rock. And to these chambers no persons, not even the Moki themselves, unless they belong to the special

Hopituh, the People of Peace, occupy seven villages, which are located on three immense mesas, or table-lands of rock. Every other year this wonderful religious ceremony may be seen in



From a Photo.

THE AUTHOR READY FOR WORK AT WALPI.

[Copyrighted.]

five of the villages; but as it occurs on the odd years at two of the villages, and on the even years at the other three, it may be witnessed either twice or three times each succeeding year.

Our third illustration shows the east side of the town of Walpi, perched high on the easternmost of the three mesas. While not the largest town of the seven, it is the best known and most important, being visited more than any of

the only mode of access being by climbing the outer ladder and then dropping through a trapdoor in the roof. In cases of attack, the outer ladders could be hauled up out of the way, and the houses thus became primitive fortresses. The only windows used in those far-away ages (and some of them still remain) were strips of mica or selenite.

Each village is divided into *fratres*, or families, and each has its own organization and cere-



A MOKI VILLAGE.—“THE TERRACED HOUSES ARE BUILT UP FROM THE VERY EDGES OF AWFUL PRECIPICES.”
From a Photo. Copyrighted.

the others. It occupies the “nail” of this great “finger” of rock, which is thrust out from the main rocky plateau right into a sandy valley. Through this valley runs a creek, dry in summer, but sometimes a raging torrent during the brief rainy season. Near this creek the Mokis have their cornfields—patches of fertility wrested by stern labour from a barren-looking desert. The village itself is the queerest collection of terraced houses, built of small pieces of eroded sandstone found on the summit of the mesa, and plastered and laid in mud. So narrow is the mesa at its point that the terraced houses are built up from the very edges of awful precipices, down which the children learn to look without fear almost from the very hour of their birth.

The houses are from one to three stories high. In olden times, before the influence of the white man was felt, there were no doorways leading into the houses on the “ground floor”;

monies. Two of these fraternities, the “Antelope” and “Snake,” perform the snake dance. For nine days prior to the open-air ceremony, these two fraternities descend to their secret, underground *kivas*, and there, with the profoundest reverence, decorum, and dignity, they pray, sing their religious songs, recount the deeds of their traditional ancestors, and chant the dramatized songs which recount the earliest days of their national existence. No ordinary Moki can be prevailed upon to approach anywhere near these *kivas* whilst the symbol which denotes that the ceremonies are being conducted is displayed.

Indeed, he believes that his profaning foot will immediately produce the most awful effects upon his body. At one *kiva* he will swell up and “burst”; at another, a great horn will grow out from his forehead. When I first entered a *kiva* in which the ceremonies were taking place

I was worried in this way, but I told my Moki friend that I was willing to run all risks. When, at length, the day arrived on which the snakes were to be added to the kiva, the friend, Kopeki, the snake-chief, was especially concerned on my behalf. He said: "So far things since I have not found any fault, and you have not been harmed in the river, but to-day we wash the snakes. You will surely be in danger if you go, among the 'elder brothers.' Putting my own mind to little body, I go. Kopeki has inspected dig in the summer. Then I said, 'dig solemnly.' Kopeki, your opponent is a Moki one; you will not find it easy. But be of no — and, taking his thumb I gave myself a 'dig' with it upon a wild pocket book which I carried in my vest pocket. 'Do you feel that?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied. 'And you sabbie white man's stomach is made of boiler-iron, and I can eat some boiler-iron now. I no hurt!'"

With a merry twinkle in his eye, that showed he appreciated the joke, he said, "Mabbe so! You no hurt, you come. And I see."

Each kiva has its altar belonging to its own particular history, and these altars are made of different coloured sands, skilfully outlined upon the floor by the deer bones of the animal priest. The various places admirably seen in the accompanying photo.

The making of the altar is a sacred affair. The sands are gathered with great ceremony by the leading men



"LOOK! THE SNAKE CHIEF, WAS ESPECIALLY CONCERNED ON MY BEHALF."
From a Photo. Copyrighted.

of the fraternity and are prayed over, smoked over, and sprinkled by the chief *shaman*, or priest. The sand-mosaic is that portion that looks like a Turkish rug in the illustration. The border represents the world's boundaries; the four zig-zags are the lightnings, male and female—the symbol of the antelope fraternity. Everything is sexualized with the Moki. There is a masculine and a feminine for the clouds, the rains, the winds, the storms, the rivers, everything. Around the sand-mosaic standards and crooks are placed, and to them feathers are attached. These latter are prayers, *bahos*, and are used in the various secret ceremonies for ritualistic purposes.

The next photograph we reproduce is a portrait of the chief figure in the Walpi snake dance celebration. This is Wiki, the antelope chief. For many years Wiki has been importuned to allow himself to be photographed, but never would he stand even a moment before the camera until he permitted me—his friend—to take this portrait of him just as he was entering the kiva, a few minutes before the open-air dance occurred. He is a noble old fellow, kindly-spirited, brave, coura-



"THESE ALTARS ARE MADE OF DIFFERENT COLOURED SANDS, SKILFULLY OUTLINED UPON THE FLOOR BY THE ARTIST-PRIEST."
From a Photo. Copyrighted.

geous, and yet as tender as a little child. To those who think an Indian has no character — no moral nature — let me tell of an attempt made to bribe Wiki to allow the snake dance to be given as a "show" at an agricultural or some other "fair." Five hundred dollars were offered the old man as a bribe; for it was generally believed that if *he* would place no obstacles in the way, many of the other members of the antelope and snake fraternities could be induced, for a monetary consideration, to go through the ceremony at any place indicated. When Wiki told me of it tears came into his eyes at the idea of

the insult, which he indignantly repelled. It would be as easy to get the Archbishop of Canterbury to run a wheelbarrow race at Barnum's as to induce Wiki to allow the sacred snake dance to be performed as a spectacle for money.

There are different snake altars, but only one—that of Walpi—is a complete one. A mystic bunch of feathers, called a *tiponi*, is necessary to make a fully-equipped altar, and only at Walpi has the snake fraternity one of these. At Oraibi the chief objects of the altar are the warrior gods, here reproduced, figures of the greatest sanctity to the reverent Moki. One of these gods is of stone and the other (to the right) of wood. They have numberless *bahos*, or prayer-sticks, and feathers fas-



THE CHIEF FIGURE IN THE WALPI SNAKE DANCE—WIKI, THE ANTELOPE CHIEF. [Copyrighted.]
From a Photo.]

—more so than to see the ceremonies, which I had already four times witnessed in the kivas of other villages. So, for several days I watched for an opportunity to steal into the kiva with my camera when the priests were away. They never

leave the kiva entirely alone; but I knew that the old chief, Emeritus, was nearly blind, and that, if I could get down the ladder unobserved, I could accomplish my purpose within. Six times I essayed the attempt, and was stopped each time; but on the seventh I succeeded in getting down, planting the camera (I had guessed the focus beforehand), and removing the cap before the fierce yell of the outwitted watcher was heard above.

But I was in no hurry. I knew the enraged



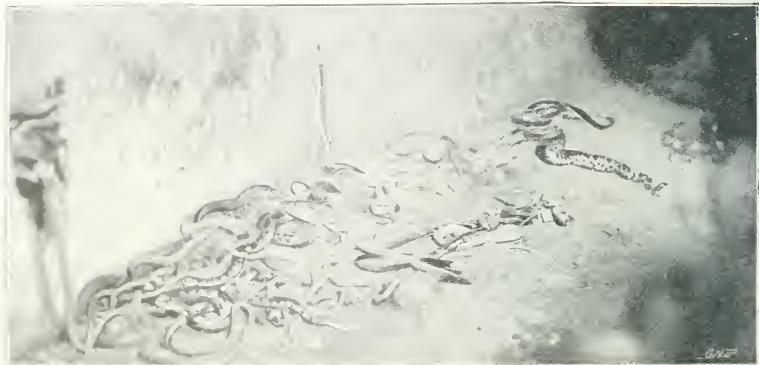
AT ORAIBI THE CHIEF OBJECTS OF THE ALTAR ARE THE WARRIOR GODS—FIGURES OF THE GREATEST SANCTITY TO THE MOKI. [Copyrighted.]
From a Photo.]

warrior, was not a member of the snake fraternity, and, therefore, he would not dare even to step on the top of the kiya—much less to descend. So I consulted the long time respiratory necessity because of the little light that penetrated down the ladder way into the underground room. Then I nonchalantly ascended to the stern of abuse which I knew awaited me above.

I ran very different risks, however, when, at Mochungiro, I photographed the snakes, here reproduced. As I lay before you, it, nine days

condition, are all the members of the fraternity, some thirty all told. In the centre of this number I was permitted to take my place.

After a few words of prayer from the chief priest, some of the others began to shake small rattles which they held in their right hands. At the same moment the other priests began to sing in a low, soft tone of voice. As soon as the song commenced, those who were attending the jars where the snakes were kept thrust their hands into the writhing, wriggling mass within, and each drew forth two snakes. Covering the



THE SNAKES AT MOCHUNGIRO BEFORE THE SNAKE DANCE.—IT WAS TAKEN IN THE UNDERGROUND "HOLY OF HOLIES," AND SHOWS THE SNAKES AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN WASHED. (Copyrighted.)

of water ceremonies transpire in the underground kiya, and the open-air dance is the public ceremony which practically winds up the period of worship. The most thrilling of the secret performances is that of "washing the snakes." It takes place at noon on the *moito* day. The snakes are regarded as the "elder brothers" of the Moki people, and, as the hideous reptiles are unable to wash themselves, it is incumbent upon the Mokis to assume their "elder brothers' and fit them for the presence of the gods.

I have been admitted four times to witness this exceedingly interesting, but dangerous and exciting ceremony.

At a given time the chief priest of the snake fraternity, with three of his assistants, takes his seat around a large bowl, which is filled with water brought from a spring supposed to possess special virtues. To their right, at one end of the underground chamber, is the altar, and at the other end several earthen jars, in which are kept the snakes that have been gathered during the past few days. Filling up the middle of the chamber, and squatted upon the floor in a nude

jar, they handed these to the priests who sat around the bowl; the singing continuing all the while. As soon as they received them, the washing priests dipped the wriggling serpents again and again into the water. During this time the song had been increasing in power, until now it was at double forte.

All at once, without any warning, the washing priests threw the snakes over our heads across the room upon the sand altar. Simultaneously half the priests ceased singing, and burst out into a blood-curdling yell—"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!" The whole scene was startling in the extreme. To see the snakes crossing before my eyes, the powerful voices singing to their full extent, and the fearful shrieks bursting upon my ears at the same moment—all this made my heart stand still and every hair upon my head rise. But in a moment all was still again! More snakes were brought to the wash-bowl. The singing and rattling again began at a pianissimo, increasing with gradual crescendo to double forte, while the snakes were being washed. These processes were repeated, again and again, until from 150 to 200 of the snakes

were washed. Two priests stood by the altar stirring the snakes into the sand and the paraphernalia which surrounded it. But two men find it somewhat difficult to handle twenty snakes, much less from 100 to 200. Consequently, ere long, we who were sitting in the centre of the room felt the dreadful reptiles crawling in and out and around our feet. But as it was no place for the "pale-face" to show fear, he put on as brave a face as he could and joined in the song and yell.

As soon as the snakes were washed all the priests except one retired to prepare for the sundown dance. It was in their absence that I dared the sacrilegious proceeding of making a photograph of the "elder brothers," who had

a-wa-la-na-lei, some arrows, and a bow, from the string of which horsehair and prayer-feathers are dependent. Eight of the antelope priests are seen in line ready to march. At the head is Tu-bang-o-in-ti-wa, the venerable chief. On his left arm is the *tiponi*—the palladium or standard of the fraternity. In one hand he holds a bag of sacred meal, with which everything is sprinkled, and in the other (all the antelope priests carry one) a rattle. The zig-zag stripes on the bodies of the antelope priests represent their symbol—the lightning—and the cloud streak is painted just over the mouth, from ear to ear.

With stately dignity they leave the kiva and march to the *kisi* in the centre of the plaza.



ANTELOPE PRIESTS IN LINE READY TO MARCH—THE LADDER DESCENDS TO THE SUBTERRANEAN SANCTUARY.
From a Photo. Copyrighted.

now become almost quiescent in a pile against the wall. It must be remembered that this underground chamber receives no light except that which comes through the ladder-way in the roof. Consequently, the exposure of my plate upon the snakes lasted for two or three minutes.

About two hours before sundown the spectators who wish to witness the dance begin to assemble. Soon the house-tops and every available inch of room is occupied. Just as the sun sets the antelope priests leave their kiva, form in single file, and solemnly march to the dance plaza, in the centre of which a small cotton-wood bower called the *kisi* has been erected.

In the photograph the ladder descending to the dark recesses of the kiva is shown, and on the upper portion of this ladder are the

In front of the *kisi* a roughly-hewn plank is laid over a hole. This represents Shi-pa-pu, the entrance to the underworld, where the "lesser divinities" of the Mokis have their home. As each man reaches this board he sprinkles a little of the sacred meal upon it, and stamps on it as forcibly as he can, in order to wake the gods of the nether world to the fact that the prayers and petitions of the Moki people are about to be offered in the snake dance. The photograph next reproduced shows the *kisi* with the antelope priests circling in front of it, and also the sprinkling of the sacred meal. The bodies and legs of the priests are nude, but around their loins are finely woven cotton scarfs, beautifully embroidered in black, red, and green. The Mokis have been growers of cotton from time immemorial, and are fine weavers. After



THE SNAKE PRIESTS, FOLLOWING THEM FOR AN ANTELOPE—PRIESTS CIRCLING BEFORE IT AND SPRINKLING THE SACRED MEAL.
From a Photo. Copyrighted.

cooling four times before the kisi the antelope priest stands in front of it, with their backs towards it, and, singing and rattling, await the coming of the snake priests from their kiva.

A hush falls upon the assembled spectators as the snake priests form in line and solemnly march to the kisi. Look at them as they approach with dignity and seriousness. It is an intensely solemn ceremony to them—pathetic in its very intensity of pleading with the gods for the rain without which life itself would be impossible. We may lament their benighted condition, but must respect their earnest prayers.

They advance to the kisi, circle before it, and, with their backs to it, await the coming of the snake priests. The snake priests then form in line and solemnly march to the kisi. Look at them as they approach with dignity and seriousness. It is an intensely solemn ceremony to them—pathetic in its very intensity of pleading with the gods for the rain without which life itself would be impossible. We may lament their benighted condition, but must respect their earnest prayers.

likewise sprinkled. The tiponi is deposited between the two lines, and the chief antelope priest and snake priest make obeisances before it and offer certain prayers. Now the main song begins. It is a prayer. Look at the earnest faces of these poor savages as they pray. They link arms, each man holding his snake whip in his right hand, and raising the right foot in a peculiar swinging manner. They advance one step and retreat one with perfect rhythm; the weird, thrilling song continuing the while. The antelope priests also join



THE ANTELOPE PRIESTS FORM IN LINE TO ADVANCE TO THE KISI.
From a Photo. Copyrighted.



"THE WHOLE IS A COMBINATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WHICH, ONCE WITNESSED AND HEARD, IS NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN."
From a Photo. Copyrighted.

in, and add effect to it with their rattlings. The whole is a combination of sight and sound which, once witnessed and heard, is never to be forgotten. Ten or fifteen minutes this continues. In the rear view of the snake priests here presented one may discern peculiarities of the ceremonial costume. The body is nude, but painted in white splashes on both shoulders down the back, and down in front. Dependent from the waist behind is a fine fox-skin. Around the neck are strings of coral and shell-beads with turquoise, silver, and stone ornaments. The snake whip is composed of two sticks, to which large feathers are attached, and on the ends of these smaller feathers are tied by means of native cotton strings. These whips are handed down from generation to generation, and are objects of great reverence, not only to the snake priests, but also to all the Moki people. But now the most exciting part of the ceremony is to take place. All at once, at a signal

from the chief priest, the snake men break up their line into groups of three, and the first advances towards the kisi. In this, some time during the afternoon, the washed snakes have been placed in a large *olla*, or earthenware jar. Stooping down, the first of the group puts his hand into the kisi and receives from the warrior priest inside a writhing, wriggling rattlesnake. Placing this in his mouth, he holds it with his teeth so that the head of the reptile is one or

two inches away to the left, while the remainder of its body writhes and twists in violent contortion to the right. This man is called the "carrier." As he rises to his feet, the second



"THE TWO ADVANCE IN AN AMBIGUOUS, PRANCING MANNER AROUND THE PLAZA."
From a Photo. Copyrighted.

man of his group—the "hugger"—places his right arm over the carrier's shoulder; and thus the two advance in an ambling, prancing, and yet perfectly dignified manner around the plaza, followed by the third man of their group, who is called the "gatherer." When two-thirds of an ounce is made the "carrier" throws the snake out of his mouth on to the ground, (perhaps on his way, takes his turn, and, as soon as possible, receives another snake from his kin. While this has been going on, the other groups have received their snakes in similar manner, so that by this time the plaza is full of these dainty, ambling snake priests;

of the priest! Here, though the photograph is imperfect in other details, and the snake-carrier is barely on the plate, fortune favoured me; and the careful observer will recognise the awful flat head of this dreaded reptile—the *crotalus confluentus*, or prairie rattlesnake. I have seen some priests come into the dance with tiny, baby rattlesnakes in their mouths, the whole body and tail covered and nothing but the head protruding between the carrier's lips.

Exciting scenes sometimes occur when the gatherers attempt to pick up some especially active rattler, made vicious by his rude throwing upon the ground. At one celebration I saw



FIG. 10. THE "GATHERER OF THE PRIEST!" THE CAREFUL OBSERVER WILL RECOGNISE THE AWFUL FLAT HEAD OF THIS DREADED REPTILE. (Copyrighted.)

while the emphyse priests still remain in line singing and rattling as before.

But what becomes of the snake thrown upon the ground? As soon as it falls, the "gatherer" advances, gives it a little stroke with his snake whip, and, as the reptile seeks to wriggle away, he stoops down and seizes it.

It can well be understood that with this process continuing until all the snakes have been brought out from the *kisi*, it becomes a wonderfully thrilling, exciting, and fascinating scene.

Next we have a photograph of which I am exceptionally proud. Never before or since has a photograph been made which clearly and unmistakably showed a RATTLESNAKE in the mouth

the gatherer seek to pick up a small *crotalus cerastes*, or horned rattlesnake, known to the cowboys as a "side-winder," on account of its moving away sideways, keeping its broadside towards the observer instead of moving in the usual serpentine way. On this occasion, the moment the snake fell to the rock it coiled itself ready to strike. With a "swipe" of his feather snake whip the gatherer tickled the reptile so that it uncoiled and started to move away. But, far quicker than the quick action of the man who now sought to pick it up, the creature coiled again ready to strike. Again and again this coiling and uncoiling took place, and the gatherer in vain sought to capture the angry reptile. An old woman standing by with



"A LINE OF WOMEN AND GIRLS, EACH HOLDING A TRAY FILLED WITH SACRED MEAL."

From a Photo. Copyrighted.

a tray of sacred meal came and sprinkled it, expecting, doubtless, that such treatment would render the *crotales* tractable. But not at all. I watched the proceedings until I became so nervous at the evident and growing fear of the priest, that, grabbing a handful of meal from the old lady's tray, I rushed into the sacred circle, and fairly dusted the astonished snake before the priests or anyone else could interfere. Kopeki, the chief priest, seeing my sacrilegious act, and fearful lest my presence should make the whole ceremony of no effect, rushed up to the snake, and, thrusting aside the

gatherer, gave the snake one vigorous "sweep" with his whip, and in a moment unconcernedly held him in his fingers.

At one end of the circuit made by the snake priests is a line of women and girls, each holding a basket or tray filled with sacred meal, as shown in the next photograph. As each carrier, higger, or gatherer passes by, the women take a pinch of the meal, breathe a prayer on it, sprinkle a little to each of the six world-points, and then some upon the dancer. Each snake also is sprinkled, so that a good deal of sacred meal is used before the ceremony is over.

As soon as all the snakes have been danced with, the chief priest steps a few feet away, describes a circle upon the ground with the sacred meal, which is used in all Indian ceremonies, and then, giving a signal, all the priests who have snakes in their hands or mouths rush up to this circle and throw the reptiles therein. What a hideous, writhing, wriggling, rattling mass it is! The photograph here reproduced fails adequately to represent it. But the careful looker will see the snakes in the pile, while priests are advancing to throw in more; and the second antelope priest is coming to sprinkle



AFTER THE DANCE—"ALL THE PRIESTS RUSH UP TO THIS CIRCLE AND THROW THE REPTILES THEREIN."

From a Photo. Copyrighted.

together with the sacred water. Then all the snake priests stand closely round so that none of the snakes can escape, and the chief priests offer prayers over the reptiles. These are next sprinkled with sacred meal, and all the Mokis assembled on the plaza spit towards the pile of writhing reptiles. This is not a sign of disgust, but of fraternity and brotherhood (strong sign). When this has been done, each snake priest with a rapidity that is startling stoops down and grabs hold of as many of the

reptiles as he can seize with both hands. He then turns round and dashes with incredible speed down the steep and precipitous trail into the valley below. There, with gentle reverence he deposits the snakes, breathes a prayer over them, and, disrobing himself of his ceremonial kilt and feathers as he returns, runs back to the scene of the dance. One of these steep trails is shown in our next photograph. It is the S.E. trail on the east mesa, leading from Walnut to the valley below it. And though this shows a very precipitous trail, there are eight or ten others leading from this mesa, several of which are even more difficult. I was once on one of these trails when the snake priest, with his handy fall of writhing reptiles, dashed down past me like a shot. I was glad to squeeze out of the way close to the wall so as to afford the native, with his burden, all the room he desired.

Three questions naturally occur to the spectator as he thinks over what he has seen in this dance. These are: 1. As the snake dance is a prayer for rain, does the rain come in seeming answer to the prayers of the Moki? 2. Are the priests never bitten while handling

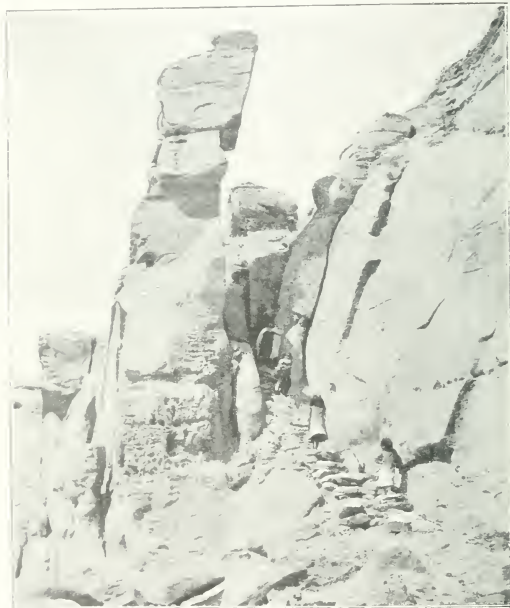
these dangerous reptiles? 3. And if they are bitten, what is the result?

In answer to the first question, it must be confessed that rain does generally appear very soon after the snake dance. The latter part of August, when the snake dance occurs, is the rainy season in this part of Northern Arizona, consequently the snake priests are wise in planning their dance at this time of the year.

As to why the participants in the dance are not bitten is quite a question. There are a

variety of answers. While, now and again, a priest is bitten, it is so seldom as to have led many people to the belief that the snakes were "defanged." I am certain, however, that this is an error, for I have examined the snakes both before, during, and after the ceremonies, and have found them with fangs untouched and the poison glands active and full. Then, too, in the case of the priests who were bitten, although an antidote was used, they still showed the effect of the bite. I am satisfied that much of the freedom from injury is owing to the fearless and at the same time gentle manner the priests have while handling the rattlesnakes.

From what I have said in answer to the second question it is apparent that the Mokis have a rattlesnake-bite antidote. What this is the white man does not know. None—even of the Mokis—except the chief snake priest and the oldest female member of his family, are permitted to know the secrets of its elements and preparation. But that it is effective many Mokis and white men can testify. Priests have been bitten, the antidote taken, and in a few days (after but slight inconvenience) the bitten men were as well as ever.



THESE ARE SEVERAL SUCH TRAILS WHICH ARE USED BY THE SNAKE PRIESTS TO CARRY DOWN AS MANY SNAKES AS HE CAN CARRY TO DEPOSIT THEM.

From a Photo. Copyrighted.

Hunted as a Murderer.

BY EDWARD WALTON.

The author tells how he suddenly found himself in an awful predicament, wrongfully accused of the murder of his mate in Australia, and the narrow escape he had of falling into the hands of rough—very rough—justice. The race for dear life and the man-hunt form a thrilling episode of Colonial life.



MORE than five years ago—that is to say, during the month of January, 1894—a murder was committed in a certain part of Australia. I do not propose to say precisely in what part, nor do I intend to give the real names of any of the parties who were concerned in the matter. I will only say that a considerable number of people *think* they know who committed the deed of blood; but only two men and the Almighty know who really did put an end to the life of Jack Mills as I will call the unfortunate victim. The two men who know are Ed. Campbell—to give him a fictitious title, supposing him to be still alive—and myself. The man whom a host of squatters, dealers, and miners were, and I presume still are, convinced is the murderer—the unfortunate wretch whom they chased for miles, and would certainly have slung up on the nearest tree if they had captured him, is, I regret to say, the author of this unpretentious narrative.

I first came into contact with Campbell in the goldfields, where I was trying, with a host of others, to pick up a fortune. Our claims were quite close together, and as we were both Englishmen we soon struck up a friendship, which I thought was quite as genuine on his side as it certainly was on mine. We often smoked together and chatted during the evenings about the old land, and when we became confidential, we each learnt that the other had the same ambition as himself, namely, to scrape together a little money, and then return to England to live in comfort. My friend's real name was rather a curious one, though it may have been assumed. His native town, he told me, was Cheltenham; more than this I do not care to say. He was a well-built man of more than medium height, with large,

yellowish moustache and plenty of fair hair. I never heard his exact age, but I should say it must have been about thirty-five.

Neither of us had any luck to speak of at the goldfields, so when I received news from England that an uncle of mine had died and left me a little money, the tidings were most acceptable. Campbell and I had become firm friends by this time, and, after talking the matter over,

he advised me to start sheep-farming on a small scale and try to work my way up. I replied that I couldn't do it by myself, as I lacked experience, and asked him to join me, because he seemed to have done everything and to have passed through all sorts of experiences in his time. He reminded me that he could contribute nothing to the partnership beyond goodwill and his assistance; but I, with foolish generosity, perhaps, said that this was all I required, and begged him to join me. In the end he did, and for some time things went quite smoothly. We happened to start during a good season, and at the end of the first year I was more than satisfied

with results. Over and over again I congratulated myself upon my luck in meeting with such an energetic partner. There was only one flaw in his character, looking at the matter with Western eyes: he never lost an opportunity of getting drunk. I must confess that I could afford to look upon this failing with a lenient eye, as I was not an exceedingly temperate man myself; besides, he was several years my senior. Nevertheless, all things considered, there were times when his language and conduct disgusted me.

At Christmas time we decided to take a holiday, so we left the place in charge of a couple of hired hands, and rode towards a town some sixty miles distant. I little thought at the time



MR. WALTON, WHO WAS WRONGFULLY ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF HIS MATE.

From a Photo. by H. Forshaw, Oxford.

that I should never set eyes again upon my property. I remember that journey well: the heat was almost insupportable, as it generally is about Christmas, and the grass was burnt up miserably. However, we were both in good spirits, my partner especially so, as it was a long time for us to use his own words, "since he'd had a good sport." At any rate, I know we were both very glad to reach the town and get

evidently it was no business of mine to interfere with his affairs.

Late that night I came across my partner again. He was in the bar, talking and drinking with a man whom I hadn't seen before; indeed, I subsequently learnt from the stranger's own lips that he had only reached the town that afternoon. Campbell seemed himself again, and when I entered he introduced me to his



"HE INTRODUCED ME TO HIS COMPANION, JACK MILLS."

into the comparatively cool shelter of the hotel, away from the heat, the dust, and the insects.

The first incident—I might call it the opening scene of the tragedy—occurred on the 30th of January. It was evening, and I was sitting in the veranda smoking to keep some of the flies at bay, when Campbell came up yesterday, and fell heavily into a chair. At first I thought he'd been on the drink, but I found that I was mistaken. He was greatly agitated, and couldn't help showing it.

"Halloo, Ed!" I exclaimed—we both rejoiced in the same Christian name—"What's wrong?"

He started a bit when I spoke, as though he hadn't noticed me before. When he replied, he didn't look in my direction, but for all that I could see that his face was pale, and I began to get a little excited also. His voice was a bit shaky when he replied, "Nothing much, old chap. I feel the heat a bit to day."

Though I hadn't the true cause for suspicion I knew this wasn't true, especially when I noticed him striking match after match to light his cigar, which always went out again the next instant. I saw that he was terribly upset about something, and finally I concluded that the best thing I could do was to leave him alone, as

companion, Jack Mills. He was a jovial, hearty character, this new-comer, and I put him down at once as a thoroughly good fellow.

We talked together for some time, and again there was nothing to arouse my suspicion, for Campbell and Mills seemed as friendly as possible. The next scene occurred early on the following morning. My partner came up and asked me abruptly when I was thinking of moving towards home. "In two or three days," I said, adding, "Are you in a hurry to get back to work?" He didn't give me a direct answer, but said something about wanting to know, so that he could fix up his arrangements. Almost in the same breath he asked me if I could let him have £20. I hadn't that amount to spare, and he must have known it; but, as he was very pressing, and as I had always trusted him entirely, I let him have £8, though it left me rather short. He took the money eagerly, and I never saw him again all day, though I met Mills towards evening.

Two more days passed, and nothing noteworthy happened. I thought of going home the next day, and spoke to Campbell about it. He seemed quite ready to go that day if I wished, but I wanted to stay a few hours longer,

as there were some races to be held close by, and I wished to see them. There were a good many men in the town that day—a fact I have good cause to remember. They included men of every class, good and bad, "white" men and rogues, though the latter, I fancy, were in the majority that day. I rode to the course with Campbell, who seemed somewhat sulky and preoccupied, and I could hardly get a word out of him. I wondered what could possibly have come over him, but, like a fool, it never once occurred to me that the change of his manner dated from the sudden arrival of Jack Mills.

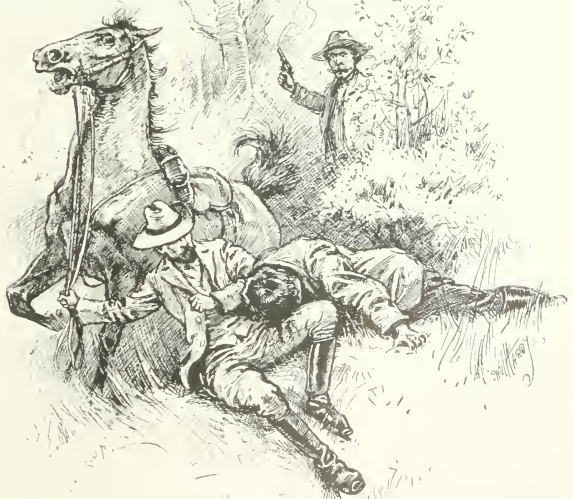
We found the latter on the course. It was a broiling afternoon and the sport was very tame indeed, so I determined to return before it was over. My partner as well as Mills and myself had just had a drink together, and when I proposed moving Campbell seemed rather unwilling. Mills, however, was ready to accompany me, so Campbell said, "Look here, Ed, you and Jack go on, and I'll follow later and meet you at the hotel." The end of it was that we two rode off together, while Campbell stayed behind. I looked back once more, and then I saw him standing by himself in the sweltering heat, looking after us eagerly. Even at the time I thought this anxiety was more than a little strange.

We stopped at the outskirts of the settlement, and walked our horses into a shady patch of bush, where we dismounted and sat down under a tree to smoke. My horse was young and restive, so I pulled the bridle rein over his head and held it all the time I was sitting there. It was a wonderful piece of luck this: had I not done it I should certainly have been hanged that night as a murderer. We talked for some time, until at length we heard the voices and shouts of the men coming back from the races. I can hear those sounds yet; to me they are like a hideous dream. We talked about the country and its prospects, and the news of the world generally; but, funnily enough, I don't think Campbell's name was mentioned once by either of us. Mills was a ready talker, and introduced the greater number of subjects, while I did the greater part of the listening. Poor fellow! He little

thought that he was speaking his last words, and that his hours on earth were numbered.

They often say that a man has a presentiment of coming peril, and this is a saying which I believe to be perfectly true. Somehow I thought after a time there was someone behind us coming up silently on the other side of the bushes; and at the same time my horse threw up his head suspiciously, sniffed at the air, and snorted. A horse is a better judge of such things than a man. "Is anyone there?" I asked my companion, nervously. He just glanced round carelessly, and then replied, "I reckon not." These were the last words he ever uttered.

How vividly the events of the next few moments linger in my mind! Mills and I were sitting side by side, his arm touching mine, when he suddenly moved. Hardly had he done so, when there came the sharp report of a revolver from the bush immediately behind. Heavens! how I started and cried out! Two other shots followed at once in rapid succession. At first I thought that I was shot myself, though I had felt nothing. Mills leaped high into the air, just as if a powerful electric current had been sent through his body, and then he settled down right against me in an awful heavy and dull fashion—a mere inert heap. I heard a crashing sound from the bush. I looked up, half-dazed, and



"HE SETTLED DOWN RIGHT AGAINST ME—A MERE INERT HEAP."

saw my partner, Ed. Campbell, standing there, his face a horrible sight, pale as death, and with eyes half starting from his head. He was holding a still smoking revolver in his hand. The next instant he disappeared, and I could hear his shouts as he ran towards the open.

Mills was dead. He had been shot in three places, but this was the least horrible discovery. He had fallen against me, and *his blood was mixing all over my clothes!* I had on white cord breeches, and these were rapidly becoming a ghastly sight, but I was still clinging to the rear of my horse, though he was kicking and plunging with might. The other horse, belonging to my dead companion, had galloped off, frightened at the first shot.

All this fearful tragedy was the work of a moment, though it takes time to narrate. I heard wild and angry shouts of "Murder!" "Where? Where?"—"Who is it?"—"Get round the bush, boys."—"Don't let him escape." Naturally I worked upon the first impulse. They would have no mercy upon me if I were found like this, with the corpse lying at my feet and my clothes blood-stained. I could not possibly clear myself; and these impulsive, rough-and-ready men would not require any further proof of my guilt, but would assuredly string me up on the spot. I sprang on to my rearing horse, and almost before I realized what I had done I was crashing through the bush, my heart throbbing as though it would burst, and the atmosphere all round me apparently as red as blood. I soon reached the open. Several men came galloping down from the left. I fancy I recognised Campbell, but cannot be sure. At all events, I heard the traitor shout, "There he is, boys!"; and thereupon I instinctively made a furious dash for liberty and life out to the open plain on the right. The sun was setting and the darkness would soon fall. There were a hundred human bloodhounds taking part in the man-hunt. Luckily my horse was fresh,

and my pursuers had not my awful desperation to assist them. Besides this, I knew my own innocence, and felt that God would assist me in getting clear away from the deluded avengers. I was a good rider. I lay along my horse's neck and raced for life.



"I LAY ALONG MY HORSE'S NECK AND RACED FOR LIFE."

Suddenly three men shot out from the curving horn of the bush at the right and tried to intercept me. I raced as hard as I could, not sparing my horse, and he proved the fastest. Luckily these three were unarmed, or they could easily have pulled me up or shot me dead. If my horse had stumbled in one of the numerous holes it would have been all up with me. But, thank God, he never stumbled once. He seemed to know how much depended on his fleet and sinewy limbs, and he rushed on like the wind. Not all the men were without weapons. I heard several sharp reports, but the shots were fired by excited men riding wildly, and they whistled harmlessly by.

During that terrible ride I could only think of one thing. If I were caught and hanged, how terrible it would be for my old people, when they came to know that their only son—the boy

they had been so proud of—was a murderer, and had met a felon's ignominious death. This thought helped me as much as anything in my desperate struggle for life. After a time—hours it seemed to me—I reached the bush again, and my pursuers were out of sight. How I thanked God when I saw the darkness coming up, and knew that the night would soon cover my head-long flight! But again I heard the relentless, avenging voices behind me. Sometimes they seemed quite close, sometimes indistinct and far away. But I knew that they were following, and my poor horse was growing very distressed. It became painful to listen to his dreadful "roaring."

But some good angel was fighting on the side of the innocent man. Presently I came out again on to the open plain. My horse was very leg-weary now, and he was beginning to stumble. Suddenly I discerned a shanty standing out in the dim light, with a stable hard by, at the side of which a horse ready saddled was standing. I rode up as noiselessly as possible and slid to the ground, shaking all over with terror and excitement. I pulled out my knife and severed the hitching strap, but a man, attracted by the thud of hoofs, came running out from the shanty. He was a clergyman and, of course, the owner of the horse. At the same moment my leading pursuers, frantic with vengeful excitement, broke from the bush not a couple of hundred yards away. Their horses were very much spent, and they were lashing them as hard as they could. I tried to moisten my parched lips. "They're hunting me for a murderer, and I'm innocent," I shouted, as I fell into the saddle and rode off at breakneck speed. My new mount was a great, long-striding bay, who covered the ground at a glorious rate. Rapidly my pursuers lessened and finally disappeared.

I had now committed a capital offence, and a deliberate one at that. I was guilty of horse-stealing—a crime, practically, as great as the one imputed to me. It hopelessly branded me, for the avengers would think that the man who could steal a horse would have no compunction about killing a man, and so would be more certain of my guilt than ever. But necessity compelled me to the act, and all's fair in war. I feel sure that could I have more fully explained matters to the clergyman, he would have felt bound by the religion he professed to

consent to exchange horses so as to aid my flight. But, again, there would have been the question: Would he have believed my story?

Presently the welcome night enveloped all, and I was safe for the time. I need not narrate all the details of my flight. Suffice it to say that I never set eyes again upon any of my pursuers. I pushed on and on, by careful stages, until I came to one of the great cities. Here I shaved off my beard and moustache, and generally altered myself as much as possible, after which I took the train to the coast. Before this, I may mention, I had turned thief again by compulsion. I entered a farmer's house, when he was out working, and stole some clothes. I dressed myself in these (they were very old things), and buried my blood-stained riding breeches. Before I entered the town I sold the parson's horse. After all, he had mine. A short time after reaching the coast I obtained employment on a merchant vessel, and the sea has been my living ever since, on and off. I shall never again see my little sheep farm, and I suppose also I shall never meet my partner—the Judas who would have seen me hanged for the crime he had himself committed. Soon after I returned to England. I went to a church—I hadn't been in a place of worship for years—and, strangely enough, the following passages came in the evening psalms: "For it is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend." These words brought tears to my eyes, and at once brought back Campbell and his diabolical treachery.

Why he killed Jack Mills I shall never know. Whether he aided my flight at all by drawing off the pursuers on a wrong track I cannot tell; but I think it probable, as he could not have desired to see me hanged, even though I knew him to be the guilty man. The truth may have come out by this time; he may even have confessed, and paid the penalty for his crime; but this is unlikely. I daresay he is still free, and perhaps prospering on my little property.

I still feel far from safe. The world we live in is very small, and I am constantly afraid of meeting someone who took part in that awful hunt. The fear is probably a foolish one, as I have changed a good bit in the interval, and the affair has probably been forgotten long ago.

The Queerest Passion Play in the World.

BY L. FRANKLIN PAGE, JUN., OF DENVER CITY.

The author describes the amazing scenes he witnessed with his own eyes in the haunts of the Christian devotions in New Mexico, and illustrates his paper with snap-shots taken at considerable personal risk. The cactus-lined garments, the heavy crosses, and the terrible rigours of self-flagellation.



MOST OF us know that once in ten years the Passion Play is given at Obregon, Ariz., by a devout set of Mexicans, in recognition of traditional customs, in defiance of the laws of the United States, which are enacted a tragedy which is forbidden by law, but which it is absolutely impossible to prevent. Among the Mexicans there is a sect known as the Penitentes, a very devout branch of Catholics, mainly remarkable on a count of the extremes to which they resort. These Mexicans in the United States are a mixture of Spanish, Indian, and white races—though they all claim to have sympathized with Spain in the last war.

Among them are intelligent men who have acquired some wealth, sheep and cattle, but the great majority lead a precarious existence herding sheep. No white man could endure the monotony of tending sheep in this country, because his reason would not stand the strain. But for \$16 per month and four quintals of flour, coffee, bacon, and black beans, a Mexican will watch a herd for weeks at a time and be "as happy as a clam in high water."

It is people of the sort who are "Los Hermanos Penitentes"—the Penitential Brothers—and the origin of the sect was brought to this

country by the Jesuit priests in the sixteenth century.

Until the time when railroads came through the country the order flourished with large membership, and the practices grew wilder and sterner each year. But the advent of serious-minded Yankee settlers and devoted missionaries with churches and schools proved a check on the more extreme Penitentes, and they conducted their rites in remote mountain places, where they felt they would be free from interference.

The order now has less than one thousand members, and he who would see the services must make a tedious trip far from the railroad, and then exercise great caution to keep out of their sight, as they resent intrusion, and will resort to force if disturbed by white people. During the greater part of the year the chapels or "Moradas" of the Penitentes are deserted, but with the advent of Lent they renew the ceremonies and processions which lead up to the climax of Holy Week.

The writer started from Clayton, New Mexico, a small town on the Gulf Road, and rode all day across the hot, dry prairies, on which the only signs of life are herds of cattle, plenty of antelope, and hosts of shrill whistling curlew. We knew the danger of exciting the Brotherhood, but we determined to see, and photograph,



AMONG THEM ARE INTELLIGENT MEN WHO HAVE ACQUIRED SOME WEALTH. THE PICTURE SHOWS THE HOUSE OF A RICH DEVOTEE.

From a Photo. by the Author.



THE AUTHOR "DETERMINED TO SEE, AND PHOTOGRAPH, ALL HE COULD OF THE CEREMONIES."
From a Photo. by Hastings, Boston.

all we could of the ceremonies. To that end we had literally armed ourselves to the teeth. We dressed like Mexicans to attract less attention, and hid the camera under our coat.

Ascending a hill, we unexpectedly came upon the scene of action, and never shall we forget the sight. It was late in the afternoon of a hot, clear day; not a breath of wind stirring, and the absolute quiet was awful. Below us stretched a small valley, whose side-hills were scantily covered with a growth of scrub oak and pine. The little stone chapel was at the head of the valley; and about 500ft. away on a small knoll, representing the Hill of Calvary, was erected a huge wooden cross. Grouped about this, kneeling devoutly,

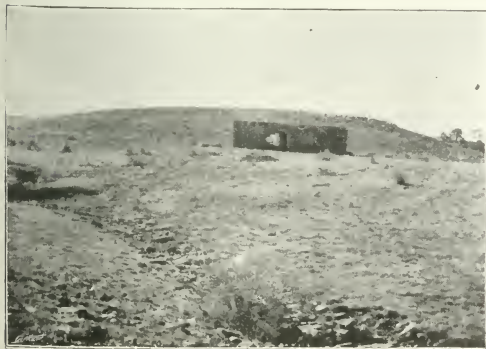
were perhaps fifty people, and when they began to chant the "Miserere" in a melancholy wail the effect was wonderfully weird. When this ceased, the "Procession of Cross Bearers" left the chapel. Only men take part in the actual ceremonies, though women are present. The crosses are large wooden affairs, and weigh over 200lb. each. Those doing penance frequently conceal their faces with black cloths, and the officers may be known by the filets on their heads. The procession is headed by a piper who plays an unearthly wail, which sends shivers down one's spine. Then comes a brother walking backwards and bearing a crucifix. He



THE "PROCESSION OF CROSS-BEARERS." THE MEN WEAR GARMENTS LINED WITH THORNS.
From a Photo. by the Author.

is followed by the comrades, who are naked, except for short cotton trousers. These occasionally are *lined with cacti, and bound tight* to make the suffering more intense. The reader of prayers is among their number. At short intervals they stop to make the Stations of the Cross.

Arriving at Calvary, the cross-bearers lie at full length with the heavy beams on their backs, while the piper plays shrilly and the others pray. Then the procession returns to the chapel, the men going inside for meditation and the women remaining outside. These pilgrimages are kept up during the day. The climax of the ceremonies occurs in the afternoon, however, when the chief enters the chapel and comes out with the victim: who is to impersonate Christ. In some places he is a volunteer, and in others he is chosen by lot. Calvary has been freshly prepared for him, and he walks to the spot, lies at full length on the now recumbent cross, his back to the standard, and his arms outstretched. Then attendants take stout rope and



"THE LITTLE STONE CHAPEL WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY."
From a Photo. by the Author.

less the arms and legs of the Penitente to the cross, loading him so tightly that the sinners actually sink cruelly into the floor; but not a sound is heard from the martyr. It had actually become customary to make these holy people to the cross, but public opinion had wrought the change, and only in very remote Old Mexican towns does an actual crucifixion now take place.

passed, and we felt we *must* interfere in the name of humanity, when, about half an hour after the cross was raised, the chief gave the order to lower it. The bonds were loosed, and the blood began to circulate freely in the veins of the ex-crucified; but the victim was now limp and unconscious. Then, following the story of the Passion, a few women gather about the cross, wailing dismally, and imperson-



THE CRUCIFIXION AS MR. FRANKLIN PAGE SAW IT. "ALL THE BROTHERHOOD WRAPPED IN SILENT PRAYER."

However, some victims of the crucifixion have survived the ordeal, and shown their scars as evidence. Long ropes are fastened to the head of the cross to steady it, and other brothers then raise it to an upright position. As its base rests the excavation, the whole mass slips down with a thud which must cause excruciating pain to the victim; but he never utters a complaint. The cross is then maintained in its position by ropes, and by some loose stones thrown into the hole.

It being dangerous to approach too close, the writer of these lines was unable to secure a photo of the actual crucifixion. The silence was maddening—no sound of bird or insect in this desert land, and all the brotherhood wrapped in silent prayer. Some were lying on masses of dreadful prickly cacti. All the officers wore crowns of thorns, and some were fastening themselves with the prickly Spanish bayonet plant. It seemed as if we could not endure the strain. Hours seemed to have

ating Mary and Martha. The body is next wrapped in a cloth, and borne to a cave in the foot-hills. The general crowd then returns to town to a lively tune from the piper. A chosen few, however, remain to apply restoratives and resurrect the victim. In the days of spiking these remedies had no effect, but now the honoured one quickly recovers, and by evening will walk about the town, the most important one of the inhabitants. Then follow a big dance and a feast, and the majority settle down to a semi-civilized life. Many of these Penitentes are voters in the City of New Mexico.

The procession of Flagellants we did not witness, having arrived too late; but they march over cacti and prickly pear with bare feet, and wear nothing but short cotton breeches. Then they lash their backs with thorns and the blood trickles down in streams. I was told that two men died of blood poisoning, the result of self-inflicted scourges.

The Saving of the "Cotopaxi."

By GERALD HAND.

The scene is the ever-turbulent South American Republic of Ecuador. The insurgent freebooters descended upon the cable station, where the author was an operator, with the view of intercepting the Government gunboat, and seizing her commander. But they were baffled by Mr. Hand and his resolute colleagues, and the "Cotopaxi" was saved.



It is somewhat hard for anyone living in a civilized country to understand the revolutionary element which seems to pervade the very atmosphere of a Spanish-American Republic, and though the incident I am about to relate is common enough in those regions, yet it would be difficult to associate it with any other locality than the one in question. The

exigencies of life in these countries, save through an occasional paragraph in the daily Press, announcing a change of Government here, a revolution there, an assassination of an official somewhere else, and so on, until the mind is filled with vague wonder as to what class of people these South Americans can be, and what sort of countries they inhabit.

Some nine years ago, having passed through the usual curriculum sufficient to qualify as a first-class cable operator, I accepted service in the Central and South American Telegraph Company of New York, which controls a network of cables from Texas, in the United States, to Buenos Ayres, in the far Argentine; and I left England on a five years' contract. After having served in various stations on the western coast of South America, I one day received orders to report myself for duty at Santa Elena, in the Republic of Ecuador.

As it was here that the incident of this story took place, it will be necessary to give some idea as to its location. Those who have travelled by the fine steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Com-

pany from Panama *en route* to southern ports will remember, just before the Guayaquil River is made, rounding a long, narrow neck of land jutting out into the sea, and rising to a considerable eminence at its farthest point. On this hill is a lighthouse, a guidance to vessels making for Guayaquil; and this small peninsula is commonly known as Santa Elena. Strictly speaking, however, the



THE AUTHOR, MR. GERALD HAND, WAS DEPUTED TO WARN THE "COTOPAXI."
From a Photo.

habits, manners, and customs of the South American people; the Constitution of its Lilliputian Republics; their chronic poverty and stupendous dignity; their incessant squabbles amongst themselves and with their neighbours—all these go to make this vast continent stand unique in many respects among all other nations of the earth.

The public generally know but little of the

name applies to the province in which this headland is situated. Close down on the shore, and facing a beautiful semi-circular bay, stood the cable station where, until further orders were received (so ran the official memo.), I was to be quartered.

I had not been long stationed in Santa Elena before I became posted in all the past and

Guayaquil; line down," and then proceeded to take an easy chair on the veranda, and enjoy the reflective smoke of a cigar. His work was over for *that* day at all events. A subsequent test showed a clean break, and long habit had taught us where to look for it without flurrying ourselves. It was too late that day to make a journey up the line, so we who were off duty



THIS IS THE CABLE STATION OF SANTA ELENA WHICH WAS RAIDED BY THE "MONTENEROS."
From a Photo.

present politics and general condition of the country. That is generally the first thing that one *does* become acquainted with in such places. I learned among other things that a noted insurgent leader,* whose head was worth any amount of money to the Government, had successfully evaded the national troops and was quietly organizing an army—or, more correctly, a wild, armed rabble—in the next province, preparatory to marching overland on Guayaquil, the principal port of the Republic. Now, this was a matter of considerable moment to us, especially as, besides our two submarine cables north and south, we had a land line of 120 miles connecting with Guayaquil, and an outbreak of any kind usually meant the cutting of the wires up-country by the insurgents so as to intercept Government telegrams. This entailed considerable delay and expense in repairing the lines and as in such cases we ourselves had to patrol each section on mule-back until the break was discovered—and that over a rough country, under a tropical sun—the news was generally of a most disagreeable kind.

This, then, was the trend of events when one day, shortly after noon, the man on duty at the first station announced, laconically: "Lost

disposed ourselves comfortably, and speculated as to what was happening in the interior. We were not to be left very long in doubt, however.

Not very long afterwards a faint cloud of dust on the distant pampas denoted the arrival of strangers, and a pair of field-glasses were promptly brought into requisition. "The 'Monteneros,' boys," said the chief (Mr. John Milne), excitedly, and then all was bustle and confusion. Long habit had again come to our aid, and whilst one of us untethered the horses in the corral, and sent them scampering over the plain, the others gathered together the firearms, money, and valuables of all descriptions and buried them in a pit at the back of the house which was always kept handy for such emergencies.

Hardly had this bit of business been satisfactorily concluded than, with a deafening halloo and a flourish of nondescript rifles, a body of mounted men rode through the gate of the corral and up the path to the house. Leisurely dismounting, they tethered their animals to the nearest posts and proceeded to regale themselves with bread and meat, which they carried in their saddle-bags, washing down the food with deep draughts of "Canea," or native spirits.

These, then, were the "Monteneros," of whom there were about one hundred; and a more

*There used to be a secret about his identity. He is General Alfaracero, President of the Republic of Ecuador.



"WITH A DEAFENING HALLOA AND A FLOURISH OF RIFLES A BODY OF MOUNTED MEN DROVE THROUGH THE GATE."

ragged and motley crew of cut-throats it would be hard to find. The term "Montenero," in Ecuador, is applied to those who assist in a revolution for personal gain; they are soldiers and yet not soldiers—freebooters would be the better term to use. Mounted on mules, or bronchos, and armed with anything from a "machete" and a lasso, to a Winchester and long cavalry sword, they roam the country in turbulent times robbing, murdering, and pillaging wherever they can with impunity do so. It was not, therefore, without some alarm that we witnessed their arrival and awaited their pleasure.

Their leader—the only one, by the way, dressed in uniform, and that was shabby enough—ascended the steps of the veranda and accosted Mr. Milne, our chief. Having introduced himself as a "colonel" in the army of General Alfaro, the insurgent leader, he proceeded to question us as to the movements of the Government gunboat, *Cotopaxi*, which, he had heard, had left Guayaquil and was due to arrive in Santa Elena Bay that night. He politely informed us that that was their reason for honouring us with a visit. Yes, they were going to wait till the *Cotopaxi* arrived, take advantage of the commander coming ashore to make him and his boat's crew prisoners, then

board the vessel, capture her, take her up to a northern port, and there hand her over to the insurgent leader as a valuable adjunct of war. This was all told us in a calm, every-day sort of manner, as though it was a matter of no concern whatever, and the issue could only be one way. Nevertheless, we stared at the cool effrontery of the man.

The *Cotopaxi*, a steel-armoured gunboat of 600 tons, mounting Krupp quick firers, to be taken by a ragged crew such as this? Impossible! And yet the fellow knew what he was talking about, and seemed to understand the whole situation. He had also been well-informed. Only that morning, just before the line was cut, we had

received a message from Commander Bayona, of the *Cotopaxi*, who was a personal friend of ours, saying he was leaving Guayaquil and would be down with us that evening. The gunboat, being of shallow draught, always anchored in front of the station and not more than fifty yards from the shore; and as it was the commander's custom to come to the station immediately upon anchoring, it will be seen how easily he could have been captured in the dark, and possibly done to death; for these fellows stopped at nothing.

Another comfortable reflection, on the other hand, was that, if the *Cotopaxi's* officers got any inkling of what was going on, they would immediately train their guns on the crowd ashore, and the station—and possibly also ourselves—being directly in the line of fire, would suffer considerable damage, if not utter destruction. It wasn't a cheerful problem to think out, and yet something had to be done. Apart from other considerations, Bayona was our friend, and we were not going to have him walk into a trap like this—into the very arms of the cut-throat "Monteneros"—if we could possibly prevent it. Meantime the sun was getting lower and lower. Evening was approaching; another hour, and it would be dark, and then—

The "Monteneros," who did us the honour

of tramping through every room in the house and annexing any little knick knacks that attracted them, had retired outside, and lay stretched on the ground smoking their cigarillos. All of them appeared quite contented with themselves and the rest of the world. It was a peaceful scene enough, and yet there was in the background the shadow of the grim tragedy about to be enacted.

However, not to draw the narrative out to an unimpressive length, this is the plan we finally



THE MEN IN THE CANOE RACE TO THE BEACH TO AVOID BEING SEEN.

decided upon. A close watch was to be kept, and immediately the gunboat's lights were directed toward the point two of us (the chief, Mr. Milne, remaining behind to allay suspicion) were to slip out at the back of the house, and make a wide detour to avoid being seen. Then we were to race down to the lower end of the bay, take one of the native dug-outs which lay on the beach, paddle out beyond the reef, and intercept and warn the vessel's unsuspecting commander. It seemed feasible enough, provided we could slip away unseen.

By this time the sun had gone down, and as there is no twilight in the tropics, it was already dark. We were now fairly on the alert, and the tension of that hour's watch was really awful. Mr. Milne was priming the colonel in his own room with sundry "copitas" of whisky to keep him out of the way. The silence, save for the subdued buzz of conversation from the "Monteneros," was unbroken.

All of a sudden I felt a pinch on my arm and a whispered, "There she is!" from my companion, Tom Stannage, whose portrait you will see in the group shown on the next page. I looked, and sure enough the steamer's green sidelight was clearly discernible over the dark waste of waters.

Quietly we moved away, creeping through the centre corridor out on to the back veranda, and through the fence into the bush. Then we raced for dear life—Tom Stannage and I. Falling headlong over stones and bushes—for there was no moon—we finally reached the lower end of the bay, ran a canoe into the water, got our paddles out, and worked as we never worked before to reach the reef in time. Silently, yet steadily, the paddles swept the water, the canoe fairly shooting along with the strength of our sweep. Thank God! at last we had got round the reef, and here was the steamer coming along in great style.

But—"Good heavens!—this big hulk is not the *Cotopaxi*! What can be wrong? This is a cargo boat." Such

were the exclamations of both of us, but we hadn't time to say more. Swiftly the steamer, whatever she was, drew close alongside us, now making for the bay. A shout from my companion, and we could hear the telegraph from the bridge ringing off the engines. A rope ladder was thrown down, and after making our canoe fast we clambered up on to her deck.

She proved to be one of the "Kosmos" steamers bound from Guayaquil to our bay for orders. You may be sure our appearance

startled the skipper, a good-natured German, whom we had met some time before.

But our story startled him still further. Asked by us if he had seen anything of the *Cotopaxi* on his way down, he said that Bayona's orders to leave had been countermanded at the last minute, and the commander would not sail for another twenty-four hours—a piece of information that was welcome indeed. On the strength of our story, the captain lay outside the bay until morning to await developments. He lent us one of his boats, however, and the crew pulled us ashore at a place called Ballenita, about six miles above the station.

From here we obtained horses and set off up-country to Juntas, the centre of the telegraph line, where an instrument was connected with Guayaquil; and we had hopes that that section of the line was as yet untouched. Arrived there, we put up for the night, and next morning, our surmise being correct, the first message through to Guayaquil told all that had happened. Never did the clicking of the Morse instrument sound more welcome! In less than half an

hour the Government officials had been acquainted with the news; the *Cotopaxi* received orders to remain in the river; and our mission was done.

Now for the sequel, which proved disastrous for our friends, the "Monteneros." Disappointed at the non-arrival of the *Cotopaxi*, they hung around till next morning and then left the neighbourhood. Three days later, however, whilst endeavouring to form a junction with the main body of the insurgents, they ran into an ambush of Government troops sent to intercept them, and those who were not immediately shot down were taken back to Guayaquil as prisoners for execution. The colonel was amongst the killed—so we afterwards learned.

An important official document was received by the manager of the station some time afterwards, conveying the thanks of the Government for our "courageous, meritorious, and praiseworthy action," and no doubt it is still in his possession. I had hopes of the Grand Cordon of something being conferred upon myself for my share in the transaction, but in this I was disappointed.

The author,
Mr. Hand.

The chief operator,
Mr. J. Milne.

Tom Stannage, who
went with Mr. Hand.



Mr. Martin.

Columbus, a
native boy.

THE STAFF AT THE CABLE STATION OF SANTA ELENA. THESE ARE THE BRAVE FELLOWS WHO SAVED THE "COTOPAXI." [Photo.]

Adventures in Search of Wild Cacti.

By F. A. WALTON.

The Editor of the "Cactus Journal" tells us all about the strange adventures, tragic and comic, which he and his brother-collectors encountered during a journey of twenty thousand miles in search of different varieties of the singular cactus plant. And Mr. Walton illustrates his article with many remarkable photographs of quaint cacti—some of them curious freaks of the vegetable world.

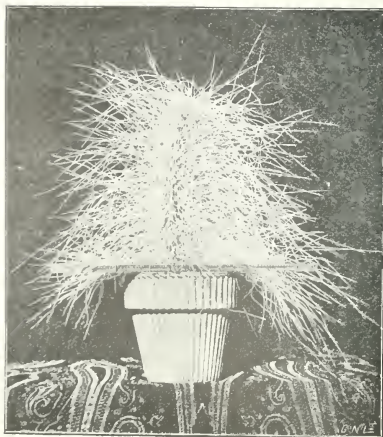
POSSESSING one of the largest collections in England, and wishing to make it still more perfect, I decided to go to the native home of the cactus—California, Arizona, and Mexico—and there on the spot find out the best way to cultivate these quaint plants. So on January 7th, 1899, I left Liverpool for New York by the Cunarder *Servia*; thence I went direct to the great city of St. Louis, where there is a Cactus Society and a very good collection of cacti in the Botanical Gardens. The president of the Cactus Society, Mr. A. A. Kneuschmidt, and Professor Trelease, the director of the Gardens, were kindness itself, giving me all the information at their command, and letters of introduction to the prominent botanists and cactus collectors in the West. After spending a few pleasant days at St. Louis I took train to Kansas City. Then, after passing round the southern end of the Rocky Mountains, through New Mexico, we arrived at San Bernardino, Cal., where I met an old correspondent, Mr. A. H. Alverson, who is a very enthusiastic cactus collector. He took me out into the desert, and presently, for the first time in my life, I was in the midst of wild cacti. Cacti usually grow on very dry, sandy, and rocky deserts, on mountain sides, and are very difficult to get at on account of natural obstacles of varying degrees of danger and discomfort.

Mr. Alverson told me of many of his adventures in connection with cactus collecting. One of the most interesting was how he first found the variety known as the "Grizzly Bear." Mr. Alverson being known to many of the mine prospectors and hunters, they often gave him information as to the native habitat of new or rare cacti. On one occasion an old hunter told him of a wonderful white-haired

cactus, and ended by saying: "It has a beard all over it, just like yours!" Now, Mr. Alverson has a very long, grey beard, so he determined to go in search of its vegetable rival.

He had, however, to make three special journeys before being successful. On the first of these excursions, as he was climbing up a mountain peak, clinging to the rocks with hands and feet, and not being able to see a single step ahead, he reached up to an overhanging rock with his hand, and placed it right upon a sleeping rattlesnake! The instant he felt the reptile move he drew his hand back, but only just in time, for the next moment he saw the snake's head dart over the ledge. It was thoroughly aroused, and again drew back to strike at his face. The collector had no time to think; he could not retreat, as one false step would have sent him rolling down the mountain-side to certain death. He had a small botanical pick in one hand, and with this he dodged and fought the deadly creature, eventually killing it without being bitten.

On the second expedition, Mr. Alverson was crossing a valley between two mountain ranges, and was debating with the driver of the team as to whether they should stop and camp in the valley, or go on to the other side and camp on the mountain slope. Eventually the latter course was decided upon. This was a fortunate decision, for before they had time to camp a cloud-burst occurred, and so tore up the valley with its torrents of water that the configuration of the country was entirely altered. Had they remained in the valley another half-hour they must have been washed away. These cloud-bursts are very frequent in these mountain and desert districts, and form a great danger to travellers. However, my friend's perseverance was rewarded, for on the third excursion, after being almost baked



THE "GRIZZLY BEAR" CACTUS FOUND BY MR. ALVERSON.
From a Photo.

by the sun and parched for want of water (for a change), they came to a mountain peak rising out of the sandy desert, and there he found his "Grizzly Bear."

The old hunter had not exaggerated its white beard, for some of the hair-like spines measured roin. in length. I myself obtained some of these rare and curious plants. I also found another, as different as possible, for it had hardly any spines: and instead of the usual purplish red flower, this one bears beautiful white blossoms $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. across. I have christened this "The Bride."

After a few days I went to Los Angeles, on the Pacific Coast, and from there to San Diego, the most southern town of American California, where I found some very fine cacti. One day, when out cactus hunting in the hills a few miles from the town, having a coloured man to help me, and a wagon in the road below to bring away



"I HAVE CHRISTENED THIS 'THE BRIDE.' THIS PLANT IS A MERE SLAB, WHILE THE FLOWER GROWS ON THE EDGE."
From a Photo.

the spoil, I was digging up a large "Nigger-head" cactus, and nearly caught hold of an immense centipede, about 8 in. in length. My assistant called to me to come away and leave the formidable insect alone; I first killed the venomous-looking thing with my trowel, as I thought, but, to my surprise, one half ran one way, the other half the other.

Near San Diego I saw a very strange lot of monstrous cacti, which I photographed and christened "The Phantom Army." The plants were a kind known as "The Elk's-horn" cactus, grafted upon an upright-growing kind. The illustration will speak for itself as to their grotesqueness. From San Diego I wished to go down to Lower California, which is a Mexican province, and a peninsula six hundred miles long and about fifty across. It is very thinly populated, and has never been thoroughly explored botanically, mainly on account of the



"A VERY STRANGE LOT OF MONSTROUS CACTI—"THE PHANTOM ARMY.""



DOES ANYBODY THINK THAT THE CORD-WOOD CACTUS BEARS AN AGREEABLE FRUIT. [Photo.]

difficulty of transport, there being very few roads.

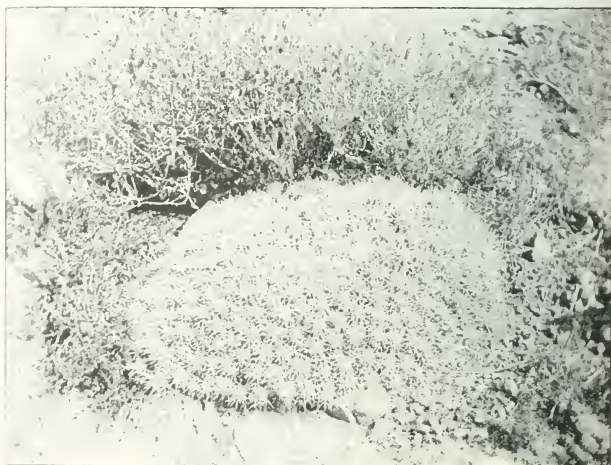
A botanist contemplating a visit to Lower Cali-

fornia usually takes a small sailing ship and coasts round the peninsula, stopping at the different ports and islands. These coasting trips, however, have usually been very unfortunate. Professor Purpus lost his ship through the anchor dragging when near the coast. Professor Anthony has also lost two vessels in a year through being wrecked upon this coast; and Captain Porter, of San Diego, had his vessel burnt by Indians last year near Tiburon Head, in the Gulf of California, he and his mate being both killed. Indeed, it is thought (because no remains were ever found) that they were

probably eaten by these Indians, who are reported to be still cannibals. I was able to obtain a number of extremely rare cacti collected by Captain Porter, which he had sent home by a coasting steamer whilst on his last trip.

The inaccessibility of Lower California was rather discouraging, but yet I decided to visit this Eldorado of the cactus hunter; and so I took the steamship to Ensinada. Quite close to the landing-place here I found what we in England consider an important variety — the "Cord-wood" cactus. It is called by the natives Sour-Petijaga, on account of a pleasant acid taste which the fruit has. There is a little coasting steamer belonging to an English mining company, who own nearly all worth owning of Lower California; and this boat makes periodical trips down the coast, calling at various ports, and also at some of the most important islands. At the extreme end of the peninsula, near Cape St. Lucas, grow some enormous cacti; they measure 50ft. in height, and some are 5ft. in diameter, having many branches, and being even larger than the "Cereus Giganteus," of Arizona.

I obtained many very rare cacti from this region, among which was a very fine clump of the "Marine" cactus, which bears bright yellow flowers and grows close to the seashore, as its name would imply. On my return north the Customs authorities at San Diego asked what I wanted the plants



[From a] "A VERY FINE CLUMP OF THE 'MARINE' CACTUS."

[Photo.]

for, because since the war everything imported into the United States is subject to duty. I replied: "To look at, of course!" This, however, did not quite satisfy them, so I had to explain that the plants were for scientific purposes before they would pass them. I then arranged to go on a trip to the desert with Dr. C. A. Purpus, a German botanist, who was staying at the time with Professor Brandegee. The latter, with his wife, Mrs. K. Brandegee, probably know more about the flora of California than any other persons in America, spending, as they do, their whole time and much money upon a grand herbarium of their own near San Diego. I arranged to meet the doctor at Ramona, about forty miles from San Diego, he undertaking to provide all the equipment necessary for the trip, including stores. He drove up to my hotel early one morning with a fine young Californian, 6ft. 3in. in height, as driver of a pair of strong mules, harnessed to a typical Californian waggon. On making inquiries as to provisions, I found that they consisted of a fitch of bacon, a quarter of a hundredweight of brown beans, and some biscuits. Now, these I thought rather meagre fare for a ten days' trip into the desert, for although bacon and beans are very sustaining, one may have too much even of a good thing. I therefore added some tinned provisions and fruit, which I purchased at a little town called Julian, some twenty-five miles farther on, and situated upon the ridge of a mountain pass 5,000ft. above sea-level.

We passed over this ridge and through a cañon to the small mining town of Banner, which was the last of civilization we saw for some time. The scenery was now grand in the extreme, and why the waggon did not smash up as we went jolting over immense stones in the dry bed of a mountain torrent was quite a marvel to me. We pitched our first camp about ten miles beyond Banner, after going forty-five miles over a grand mountain road, and descending to a desert plain about 2,000ft. above sea-level. It was nearly dark when we encamped, and then I found that, although it was intensely cold, the doctor had provided no tent. So we had to sleep on a cart-sheet, wrapped in our rugs. I could not sleep at all at first owing to the cold, and then, besides, the "coyotes," or mountain wolves, serenaded us until day-break. Later on, however, we had a fire burning cheerily, and found the frost had been so severe that we had to put the water-bucket on the fire before we could thaw enough to make the coffee. However, we soon forgot the cold, for by nine o'clock the

sun was so hot that we were glad to take off our coats and waistcoats to keep cool. All day we travelled over the desert, occasionally descending a cañon to a lower level.

But the cacti! Yes, they were there by the thousand. We saw many kinds, but decided to refrain from collecting until we had reached the limit of our trip, filling up the waggon on our return journey. We camped out several nights, and in the morning were careful to shake our boots before putting them on. Once I was about to put my foot in, when a great black scorpion crawled out with his tail turned over his back, and showing his sting ready for business. Then, again, the great tarantula spiders would have a look at us, and suddenly pop into their nests, closing the ingeniously-contrived trap-doors. These spiders often measure 6in. or 8in. across. They did not seem very aggressive; but if, however, you *do* get a bite, its effects last a long time. We also saw a number of rattlesnakes, but they soon made way for us. At last we reached our destination and began to search in earnest for cacti. To my great joy I lighted upon an immense cylindrical "Hedgehog" cactus—the largest I had ever seen. I decided to take it back with me, but Dr. Purpus objected, saying it was too large. I took



DR. C. A. PURPUS, THE GERMAN COLLECTOR, WITH AN IMMENSE "HEDGEHOG" CACTUS. (Photo. From a)

a photograph of him standing by the strange plant.

After some difficulty we got the waggon close to the cactuses, and soon had the plant upon the ground. It was 5 ft. 6 in. long, and weighed between three and four hundredweight! The sides of the waggon were very high, so I mounted and got it, first passing a strong cart-roped round the cactus itself. The doctor and Stockton, the driver, lifted the ends. With a great deal of exertion we raised it to the top of the wheel, and rested it on the edge of the waggon. We even finally linked the chain singly, and it now rests in one of my own cactus boxes, where it has some flowered and bears more the course for its long journey.

While camping that night near some natural hot springs we were scared by the howling of a puma, or mountain lion. The mules tried their best to break away, but we double roped them. The fierce beast kept howling all night; and I woke up once, feeling the sleeping bag, used by Dr. Purpus, being forcibly dragged from between Mr. Stockton and myself. I had been dreaming of the lion, so instantly cracked my revolver, and called out to the doctor, who calmly replied: "It's all right, Mr. Walton: that too has been lying between you two." He did not know what a close shave he had of receiving a bullet, for the night was dark and I could only see an indistinct form leaping over the end of the sleeping bag, and I merely imagined it was the lion attacking the doctor.

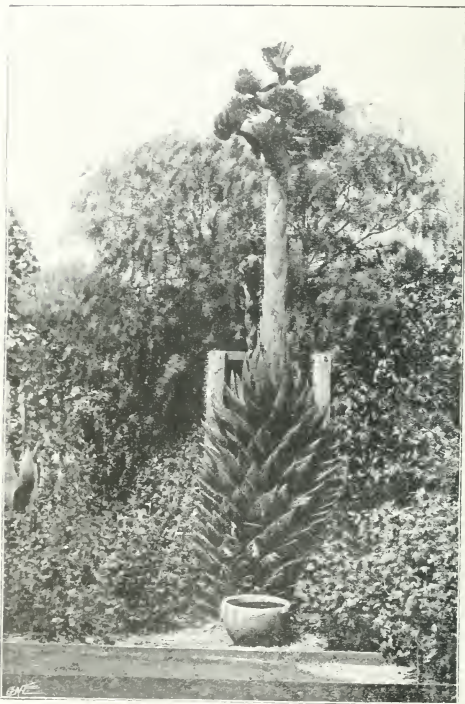
The next illustration shows an "agave" in flower. These plants are often called aloes, but *Agave* is for those are purely natives of the Old World. The bowl in front is an old mortar

used by the Indians to grind their corn in. This illustration gives some idea of the luxuriant vegetation; for although a great part of California is a desert, on account of the small rainfall, yet in those places where irrigation can be used the vegetation is simply marvellous in its richness and variety.

Dr. Purpus was splendid company, and told me many anecdotes of his experiences when cactus-hunting. Once, when walking up a small, narrow cañon that had a rivulet running down the middle, he found, after going some considerable distance, that it

was impossible to proceed, as the rocky walls had closed in until the river filled up all the space between. He turned round to retrace his steps when, to his horror, he saw four large diamond rattlesnakes right in his path. They would not move, and he could not go the other way, so he had to tackle them in grim earnest, eventually succeeding in killing all four—although his only weapon was a comparatively slight stick.

A kind of prickly-pear cactus grows near the sea-coast between San Diego and Los Angeles, and occasionally some abnormal forms are found. The usual form of the branch is a simple oval or round, but I made a collection of some of the more abnormal forms. The most beautiful and peculiar is depicted in the next illustration. I call it "The Ladies' Frill"; but, although it looks so graceful, it is armed with cruel spikes, each one being barbed, so that if once they become attached they usually break off and leave their points in the flesh, and cause great irritation. When in Baja, Cal., I was trying to cut off a joint of the cord-wood cactus, when the knife suddenly slipped and



From a Photo. by J. C. Brewster. A HUGE AGAVE IN FLOWER.



THE "LADIES' FRILL" IS A NASTY THING TO HANDLE.
From a Photo.

my hand crashed against another branch. At once I felt that a spine had broken off in the

thick, and fully five-eighths of an inch long. It was a mystery to me how it could have remained so long hidden.

Before leaving San Diego I tried to get some boatmen to take me to the Coronada Islands, but could not prevail upon any of them to do so, owing to the myriads of rattlesnakes that abound there. I tried to convince them that as it was early spring the snakes would not be lively—in fact, would probably be in their holes; but I could not alter their determination. These islands are uninhabited and almost unvisited, although so near to a large town, and I thought probably I might procure there some hitherto unknown species of cactus; for several of the islands near the coast possess species of cacti peculiar to themselves.

After travelling about California for some time longer I went south by the Southern Pacific Railway, stopping at various points for a day or so. But it was not until I reached Tucson, in Arizona, that I saw the "Cereus Giganteus." I photographed some young giants at the University Gardens, where they had the best collection of "Opuntias" I had seen, many of the plants being quite large bushes. I made several excursions to the mountains near Tucson, and found numbers of "Cereus Giganteus" of all sizes—from a few inches to 60ft. high and 2ft.



[From a] "I PHOTOGRAPHED SOME YOUNG GIANTS AT THE UNIVERSITY GARDENS." [Photo.]

knuckle of my middle finger, but the skin had slipped over it, and I could neither find nor extract it. This spine gave me great trouble for a whole month. It proved to be sharp and

thick! They grow on the southern slope of the foot-hills and look remarkably weird, some being branched, twisted, and contorted in the strangest manner. I tried to uproot a

Large plant of about 25ft.—as I guessed. Therefore, getting on the higher ground at the back, I began to sway it—the plant—gently at first, but keeping up the oscillation and increasing the swing, until, with an effort, I pushed it right over. It came down with a crash, and by measuring it I found it to be nearly 24ft. long and 18in. in diameter in the middle. There were several plants close by which were some twice this height.

Another strange cactus found upon the desert plain near the mountain was the "Fish-hook" cactus. It grows from 3ft. to 8ft. high, and from 18in. to 3ft. in diameter. On one occasion I found this plant very useful. I had been going alone all day in the blazing sun, and my water-bottle had been emptied some time.

My throat, too, was parched, and I had got some miles to travel before reaching the town. However, I cut a large slice out of one of these cacti and sucked the clear, cool juice that exuded from it. It had hardly any flavour, and I was afterwards told that it is regularly used by the Indians when crossing these deserts, which are the most arid in all the United States.

One of the Professors at the University of Tucson told me that scarcely 1 per cent. of Arizona is capable of cultivation, even under the best circumstances. It seems that all the best cactus country is almost equally dry and arid, for no other plants could possibly stand the continued drought and intense sun without being completely dried up. And even the cactus itself would soon be eaten up by the voracious animals if it were not for the protection afforded by its formidable spines.

I once saw some sheep that had been driven by habit to eat some opuntia branches. These animals were literally pinned together by the stiff spines, and were so swollen and bloated that the poor beasts must have long died had not the spines been removed by their owners. Sometimes, however, Indian and cow-boy monkeys will cautiously kick and scratch at the cactus, and then seek carefully among the sharp but harmless tit-bits—the small fruits that grow from spines.

From Tucson I went on to Nogales, on the borders of Sonora, in Mexico; and here I found a number of cacti differing considerably from any I had previously seen—notably one that looked like a huge pincushion; it grew in large clumps. I obtained one with fifty heads and about 30in. across. Here also is found the "Rainbow" cactus, covered with intensely bright red and white flowers. The stems are not above a foot high, and are covered with spines in rings or bands of red and yellow. After seeing all I could here I went to El Paso, at the north-west corner of Texas, and also on the Mexican border.

One day, after a very successful cactus hunt on the neighbouring mountains, I crossed a bridge over the Rio Grande del Norte into the



THE "PINCUSHION" SOCIETY GROWS IN FORMIDABLE CLUMPS.
From a Photo.

Mexican town of Warris. I bought a few curios and started back in a tram-car that crosses a bridge into El Paso. Here a Customs officer boarded the car and wanted to know what I had bought in Warris. Then suddenly he asked, "Have you got your health certificate?" To which question I replied by asking him if he thought I looked like wanting one. This rather vexed him, so he

replied, "If you've got one, then I don't want to see it; but if you *haven't*, then I want it most confoundedly." I found on inquiring that there was an epidemic of small-pox in Warris, and all passengers into American territory were obliged to show a vaccination certificate. To satisfy the officer I took off my coat and showed him my vaccination marks.

From El Paso I went into Mexico, and there, after stopping at several places and examining the local cacti, I came to the country where the prickly pear grows most luxuriantly. There are many kinds of *tunas*, as they are called in Mexico, some bearing small red fruit, deliciously sweet, and others having large yellow fruit. The native Indians make a sort of preserve with the red fruit, without using any sugar, as the fruit itself contains so much. I tried to get particulars, but they will tell no one the correct method. They also make a kind of crude wine from the fruit, which is derisively called "Vinde-Tuna" by the French who live in the city of



A CLUMP OF MEXICAN PRICKLY PEAR. (THE INDIANS MAKE WINE AND JAM WITH THE FRUIT.)
From a Photo, by A. Briquet, Mexico.

Mexico. A strong spirit is also distilled from the fermented fruit, and this stuff is very injurious if taken in large quantities.

The tuna grows more or less all over the country formerly governed by the Mexicans, especially where any of their Catholic mission stations have been formed. These plants are very different to the native cacti, and more resemble the varieties found in Palestine and the East. The joints are in some cases immense, and if it were not for the spines they would form a valuable cattle fodder, as they grow in the desert where nothing but a cactus could possibly thrive. Some of the ranchers, in times of drought, gather large quantities and burn off the spines so that the cattle can eat the plants.

Another cactus, which I found growing to a great height, and which is used as fences for gardens, is called the "Organ Pipe" cactus, on account of its

straight and varying length of stem. This forms perhaps the best living fence known, for the stems grow close together, and are armed with rows of short sharp spines, rendering it a physical impossibility for any man or animal to get through unless the plants are removed. This variety also bears fruit, which is much relished by the natives, although I found it rather sickly.

Mexico is the very heart of the cactus country, and I could have wished to spend a very long time there. I had to return soon, however, so my



THIS IS NOT A BURNED-OUT FOREST, BUT A GROVE OF "ORGAN-PIPE" CACTI.
From a Photo, by A. Briquet, Mexico.

which was rather hurried. Railway travelling in the country is fairly good, but dusty. I only saw three railway accidents, fortunately escaping without loss of life. The Mexican Indians, by the way, are not the most industrious or enterprising people I have seen, and are satisfied with very little.

On my return I engaged a man to assist me in picking a quantity of cacti at Jalapa, in the State of Vera Cruz. He had worked well for a Mexican, and on asking a friend how much I should pay him, I was told "not more than fifty centavos, or the equivalent of one shilling. I, however, gave the man a peso, or Mexican dollar, worth about two shillings. Upon this my friend declared that I had spoiled a good man for a week, as he would certainly not work

year of its growth, and the effort to support such a great mass—perhaps 30ft. high and all grown in a short time—is so great that the plant dies after ripening its seeds.

The method adopted is to cut out the young flower shoot when perhaps only a foot high, leaving a kind of cup. The sap to support the flower-shoot is still formed and runs into this cup. Every morning an Indian goes to each plant and sucks the milky sap out of the hollow cup, by means of a gourd having a tube at either end. This sap is then allowed to run into a pig-skin receptacle carried upon a donkey's back, and when full is taken home and fermented in tanks for a day or two. At first the taste is rather sweet and pleasant, but the Indians like their pulque best when it has been



"THE Maguey GROWS TO A GREAT SIZE, AND A FIELD OF THEM IS A VERY IMPOSING SIGHT."
From a Photo. by A. Briquet, Mexico.

again until he had spent all this money. My informant also told me that a Mexican can live well and get drunk on six centavos a day (about three-halfpence). The money would be spent as follows: Two centavos for tortillas, a kind of bread made from maize flour; two centavos for fruit, and the remaining two for pulque, the national drink of Mexico.

This pulque is made from the sap of the maguey or agave, wrongly called American aloe. The plant grows to a great size, and a field of them is a very imposing sight. Many thousands of acres are used for the cultivation of agaves, and every poor Indian grows a few round his garden or house. The plant sends up its tremendous flower-stalk in about the eighth

fermented about three days or even longer, when the taste much resembles a mixture of sour butter-milk and turpentine! This stuff is sold all over the country at about one centavo per litre; and two litres are enough to make an average man drunk, as pulque contains about 6 per cent. of alcohol.

I returned from Mexico through Texas to New Orleans, thence to New York, and by the Cunard ss. *Umbria* to Liverpool, after travelling over twenty thousand miles in search of my special favourites. I succeeded far beyond my expectations in getting a large number of rare and healthy plants safely home to England; and many of them are varieties never before seen in this country.



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

THE STORY OF A PET TIGER

BY COLONEL F. T. POLLOK

The story of a pet tiger, acquired by an officer in India under exciting conditions. Twice the handsome and faithful creature saved his master's life, but the second time it cost him his own. Selim, the pet tiger, was buried in a pathetic little grave, with a headstone bearing an appropriate inscription.

SOME thirty-five years ago I was wandering about in search of game in the South Mahratta country, my sole companion being an aged Mus-sulman shikaree. About tiffin-time we came to the remains of what had formerly been a cantonment, for there were portions of bungalow walls still standing. The ancient roads and the compounds were now all overgrown with jungle and spear grass, excepting a small inclosure, which was tolerably clear, and in the centre of this space I noticed a grave. I asked my attendant whose remains it covered, and who looked after it and kept it in repair in the midst of such a howling wilderness.

"Sahib!" said he, "it is the grave of a tiger, who saved the great Lord Sahib's life by sacrificing his own. It is in my care."

"A tiger!" cried I; and leaping over the low wall I examined the sarcophagus with much interest. One side had a marble

slab and an inscription in Hindustani, Mahratti, and English:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SELIM,
A TIGER,
WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THE DEFENCE OF
HIS MASTER,
J. O.
"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

Choosing a spot, I sat down and begged my companion to relate all he knew. He vouched for the truth of the following narrative, which I here repeat as if it had been told in the first person singular by the very officer whose life the pet tiger saved; for, although the shikaree brought out the main features clearly, he wandered a good deal in relating this extraordinary narrative:—

"When I was a subaltern, I was stationed at Dharwar, Kolapore, and other places in the Southern Mahratta country. Being fond of shooting, I explored the whole country, and in time got to know almost



COLONEL POLLOK, WHO CAME ACROSS THE
TIGER'S GRAVE. [Photo.]



I ENJOINED MY COMPANION TO RELATE ALL HE KNEW.

every inch of it. I had in my employ a young Mussulman shikaree, named Mohammed Lauff. (This man was the actual narrator.) He was about my own age, and in time we became inseparable.

One day I had been out shooting in a hilly and rocky district. I did not expect to come across any larger game than pea-fowl, so I was carrying my smooth-bore, loaded with No. 2 shot, while the shikaree carried my double rifle. I had just rounded a sharp bend in a narrow pass, when I came suddenly face to face with an enormous tiger, who was worrying a little one of his own kind and kin. On the impulse of the moment, I fired point blank into the big fellow's evil countenance. The unnatural brute dropped the youngster, and with only a ricochet against rocks and boulders (showing that his ocular powers were the worse for my visitation) he disappeared before I could get hold of my rifle. I found one youngster dead, but the other—a noble specimen I had resented, was only slightly wounded. Him I picked up: he was then the size of a squirrel pup of six months old.

As it was getting dark just then, and the place was by no means favourable for a encounter with an enraged tigress should she return to the scene and find one of her hopefuls dead and the other a captive, I beat a hasty

retreat. I took the little brute home. He was too dazed with the mauling he had received to bite or scratch, but nestled up to me in a way most unusual with even the smallest of felines. I had his wounds carefully attended to, and put Selim (for so I christened him) in among a litter of puppies belonging to one of my Poligar dogs. The other four pups were smaller than the stranger, but as they clustered together in their bed of straw I put Selim between them. He went to sleep at once, and two of the puppies crawled right on the top of him. When the mother returned, she did not notice anything unusual. I was rather fearful of the result of my experiment, as she was particularly fierce, and I half expected that she would rend the poor little stranger the moment she saw him; but I did not know what else to do.

When I entered the godown early next morning I was delighted to find that the big dog had been licking the little tiger's wounds, and that all her youngsters were amicably disposed towards their new foster-brother. The mother seemed to single out the little feline, either on account of his superior size or his stripes (she herself was brindled), I couldn't tell, and to bestow more care on it than even on her own progeny.

When Selim's wounds had healed and he had been weaned I took him into the house and fed him principally on bread and milk. He used to sleep on a mat in my room, but very often, I fancy, he missed the warmth of his foster-mother, and would creep into my bed and nestle close up to my side. Thus time went on, and in the course of a couple of months he would follow me about like a dog. He and the pups would still have grand games together, and, of course, Selim would knock the others about, but not viciously.

As he grew bigger I found him rather a nuisance in bed, and tried to tie him up, but he whined so piteously I could get no sleep, and had to let him loose. In time I got him to sleep at the foot of my bed, instead of alongside. When he was about nine months old my detachment was relieved and I was ordered back to Poona. As I rode at the head of my men Selim trotted alongside, he and my Arab horse being fast friends. On arrival at our headquarters the rumour had gone ahead that I had a tame tiger, and a great crowd of natives assembled to see us march past.

For some time after my arrival at Poona no

restraint was put upon Selim; but at last the Brigadier wrote that he had heard I had a dangerous pet, and ordered me either to destroy it or fasten it up. Destroy my loving Selim I would not, and to tie him up was almost impossible, but I barred up the old zenana part of the bungalow, and in it during the day poor Selim lay in durance vile. But on moonlight nights, when everybody was asleep, many a gambol had I with the tiger, my dogs, and my horse, all together.

"Troubles broke out before very long in the South Mahratta country, and I was able to give valuable information about the remoter parts of the district where the disaffected were assembling; and having a knowledge of Mahratta and Hindustan, I was soon appointed assistant political agent. Through my knowledge of the country and people, I made it very hot for the insurgents, and, before long, I was the best-hated man in the whole province. My life was attempted more than once.

"Selim was now about a year old. In size he equalled a large panther. He had never tasted raw flesh. I fed him on bread and milk principally, and occasionally gave him some well-cooked meat and potatoes in the form of Irish stew. He threw amazingly, and was a fine big beast for his age, with a coat like velvet. He still slept in my room, but no longer on my bed, as he had a comfortable charpoy (native bedstead) for himself.

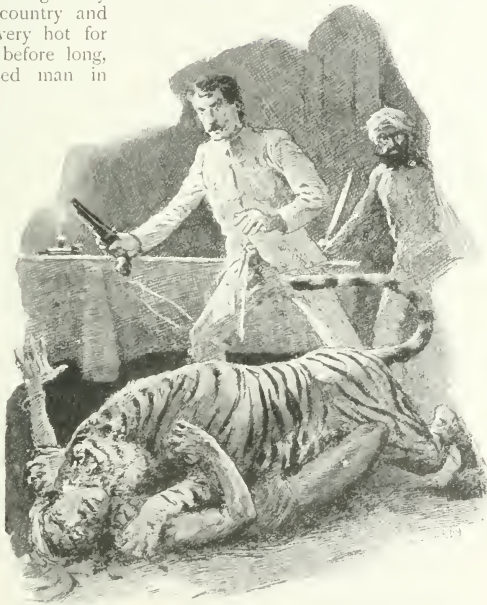
"One night, as I lay asleep, I was awakened by a loud growl and a spring. I leaped out of bed, and then it became evident that Selim had seized somebody or something, whom he was worrying right royally. My guns were fastened to the bottom of my bed by a chain that passed through the trigger-guards: and the ends of this chain were safely padlocked by a letter-

lock, which no native could pick. I had to take this precaution, for the natives in that part of India are expert thieves, and have been known to steal a sheet from under the sleeper. As the tremendous scuffle went on, punctuated by screams of pain, I lit a candle, and seized a double-barrelled pistol which I kept under my pillow. Then, on looking round, I found my usually gentle Selim with every hair on end, furiously shaking a naked savage who was covered with grease—presumably the better to elude capture after he had done his assassin's work.

"It was no easy task to remove the enraged young tiger, whose blood was now up, and whose glaring eyeballs denoted the passions within. My native guard, however, secured the would-be murderer, whilst I managed at last to pacify my saviour. And 'saviour' Selim certainly was, for the midnight intruder afterwards confessed he was one of a gang sworn to take my life. But under promise of secrecy and pardon, he divulged the names of his confederates, and I soon had them all in gaol. The man himself only recovered after a long and severe illness from the injuries he had received. He had been fearfully mauled. That was the first time my pet had ever tasted blood, and occasionally afterwards he would stalk an animal on his own account, but would desist if sharply spoken to and called away.

"Soon after this sensational incident I raised a corps of Bheels and harassed the enemy so persistently that they gave in, and in six months after my return all was quiet again, so I resumed my sporting habits.

"There were reports of a man-eating tiger. Selim was now nearly three years old, and so



"I FOUND MY GENTLE SELIM WITH EVERY HAIR ON END, FURIOUSLY SHAKING A NAKED SAVAGE."

big that one day, not knowing that he was out, and seeing a huge tiger bounding towards me, I lay on the point of firing at him. After this I provided my pet with a gorgeous collar decorated with fluttering blue ribbons. I had occasionally been on the trail of the newly-discovered man-eater, but he had always baffled me. One day I was walking along in the very place where I had rescued Selim. The shikaree and my beautiful pet had loitered behind, whilst I was picking my way amongst the rocks and peering into the bushes. Suddenly I stumbled, and as I did so, some large animal sprang clean over my back, and would have seized me by the head but for my fortunate fall. As it was, he took the shining cap off my head! I had fallen on my face, and my rifle struck a rock; both firearms were broken off short. I was absolutely helpless. I drew my shikar knife, determined to make the best fight possible against my mysterious foe. The tiger (for it *was* a tiger, and even turned out to be the dreaded man-eater) had been carried forward by the impetus of his spring, but he turned sharply and was making for me, when with a magnificent bound Selim sprang upon the man-eater and seized him by the throat.

Now, the latter was much larger than my pet, but was evidently old, and moreover had but one eye and a partially damaged paw. Selim, though smaller, looked double his usual size, with every hair on end. He was a creature of extraordinary beauty—blue-eyed, blue, and with a coat of pearly dazling brilliancy. The struggle between the two tigers was perfectly appalling. I was almost frantic with excitement.

"I called to Luff to bring up the gun,

and he hastened to me, but the two were struggling so violently, and were so huddled together, that I was afraid to fire for fear of injuring my devoted pet, who was now fighting for my life. Selim never relaxed his first inexorable grip. The older beast struggled desperately, growling and gurgling in a truly awful manner, but the younger was surely throttling him, and he was nearing his strange end. I could hear rumbling sounds in his throat as, with a last expiring effort, the man-eater got his two hind legs under Selim, who was then above him, and, with one vigorous backward kick, ripped up his stomach and almost disembowelled my poor pet. I screamed aloud in utter horror and grief. But, dying though he was, Selim would not let go. He held on with the tenacity of a bulldog, and my usually mild and playful companion was now a fiend incarnate, and would *not* loosen his grasp until the last signs of life had left his foe. And this moment soon came. Blood poured from the man-eater's throat, and dyed his gorgeous stripes. Suddenly he stiffened and, with a last kick of his hind legs, expired. Never for a moment had he a chance of life while that

terrible grip was on his throat. At length Selim let go, and fell over on his side. I told the shikaree to bring water in my hat, and I half lifted the faithful dying creature on my knee, blubbering like a child over him. While Selim feebly licked my hands and face we poured water down his throat, but in less than five minutes his gallant spirit had fled. Poor Selim was dead, after saving my life for the second time. He was indeed 'Faithful unto death.'



"SELIM SPRANG UPON THE MAN-EATER AND SEIZED HIM BY THE THROAT."

Snow-bound on the Highland Railway.

By D. D. CAIRNIE.

A Thurso gentleman shows that we need not go to Canada or Norway to see the snow-plough at work on the railway. How the Highland Company fights the great snow-drifts.



IN a recent number of this Magazine there was a photograph of a snow-plough clearing a railway line in Sweden, and the Editor remarked that it would be of interest to all travellers. But we do not require to go so far from home as Sweden. In "Bonnie Scotland" you can see the same thing almost any winter. Very few have any idea of the difficulty some of the Scottish railway companies have in carrying on traffic during that season. The most casual observer must have noticed the long rows of sleepers set up on end, sometimes row behind row, at intervals all the way from the Perthshire Grampians to the shores of the Pentland Firth. These form striking objects in the landscape, and are always a puzzle to those who see them for the first time. Their purpose is to break the force of the "blizzards" that sweep the Highlands, and to prevent the snow from drifting on to the railway. Here and there, too, you may see corrugated iron erections sloping right down to the rails, and having the same object in view. But in spite of this, the line is more or less blocked nearly every winter.

When a snow-storm comes on pilot engines carrying snow-ploughs are run over the more exposed parts, and they keep the line clear so long as there is not much drifting. Here is such an

engine, with one of the smaller wooden ploughs attached in front. It has just forced its way through a wreath, scattering the snow in blocks on either side, and the men are "digging her out," prior to attacking another wreath. But a much more formidable plough is attached to a six-wheeled bogey goods engine, which weighs with the tender ninety-two tons. The wheels are small, the better to grip the rails on the steep inclines.

On the northern portion of the line, especially in the more exposed parts of the country, the heavy snow-falls and the furious winds render the task of keeping the line open a most difficult one. The light powdery snow, together with earth and sand, is driven into the cuttings, quickly filling them. To be brought to a standstill on a bleak moor, probably far from any habitation, is not very pleasant. Yet passengers have been imprisoned thus for twenty-four hours on the Highland Railway. To attempt to leave the train so long as the storm rages would simply mean to perish on the lonely moor or hillside. So you have to make the best of it. If you are of a robust constitution and of a cheerful disposition, and in no hurry to reach the end of your journey, you may even enjoy the novel experience.

The most serious feature, however, is the want of food, for there are no dining-cars on this line. Should there be any game in the van, however, it is utilized; and it is not at all unusual for Christmas hampers to be opened and their contents cooked and eaten before the engine fire.

If when the storm abates there is no prospect of the train getting forward, the passengers are assisted to the nearest house — probably a shepherd's or a gamekeeper's. These folks lay in a stock of provisions for themselves before the winter sets in, and the snow-bound passenger is always sure of a hearty Highland welcome, plenty of good oatmeal cakes or porridge, and,



IT HAS JUST FORCED ITS WAY THROUGH, SCATTERING THE SNOW ON EITHER SIDE.
From a Photo.



"THE 'COMMON-SENSE' OF US IS ALWAYS GIVEN A HEAVY HIGHLAND WELCOME."
[From a Photo.]

way I add, some real "mountain dew." If only finds the train still blocked, you can retire to your carriage and tuck yourself in your rugs.

It was during the great storm of 1895 that the endurance of travellers was tried to the utmost. A friend wrote me as follows: "I left home at 2 p.m. on Monday, having a walk of seven miles to catch the train at Dunkeld. As the morning mail from Perth did not stop at Dunkeld, I had to take a goods train to Blair Atholl and wait there. It commenced snowing shortly after I left, and by the time I arrived at Dunkeld the snow was making walking very uncomfortable. I caught the train all right and found my way to the guard's van, where a big fire of a time made things comfortable. About 4.15 p.m., however, the train came to a sudden stop. This was at Pitlochry station. The guard said the line was blocked in front, and he could not say whether there was any chance of our getting on again or not. After a few hours the railway company thought there was a chance of our pushing on, for the mail had been sent on from Perth.

The mail was stopped for several hours at Ballinluich, and considerably after midday came on to Pitlochry. Here I got

aboard, expecting that the worst was over, only, however, to be again stopped at Blair Atholl. Here we stayed the whole afternoon, unable to get any information from the officials. (We found afterwards that telegraphic communication had been interrupted.) Train after train had been sent on from Perth, and the crowd of passengers got larger and larger. Some went back again to Perth; but most of us, anxious to get on, waited in hopes of something turning up. The waiting-rooms were soon packed, and until late at night we tried to keep up our spirits by an impromptu concert; but, alas! with little result. The proprietors of the hotel came best out of this block, but the prices charged made it impossible for most of the passengers, who

were chiefly of the poorer class, to take advantage of the hospitality. I found instances of women and little children spending the night in the railway carriages—and that night was a cold one, too.

"Next morning the first inquiry was, 'What chance of getting on to-day?' We learnt that the great block to the north of us was on the Moor of Dava, near Forres, and there *was* a chance of getting on that day. You may guess how pleased we were when, in the afternoon, a train came from Perth and we got aboard. As we went north, the enormous banks of snow on



[From a Photo.]

"THE MAIL WAS STOPPED FOR SEVERAL HOURS."

[Photo.]



"THE ENORMOUS BANKS OF SNOW ON EITHER SIDE SHOWED HOW THE STORM HAD RAGED."
From a Photo.

either side showed how the storm had raged, and the sight of a south-going train, laden with surfacemen, who had been clearing the line, made us think that all was over.

"When Inverness was reached, however, we had another 'damper.' 'Caithness line still blocked; don't know when it may be opened. Come back in the morning, and we will see what can be done.' Fortunately there was ample hotel accommodation here, and we spent a very comfortable time. Next morning we were met with the intimation that the Caithness line was still blocked, but that a train would be sent on about midday on the chance of getting through. A few hours' wait at Helmsdale (during which one of my companions slipped on the platform and broke his arm), and then we started on the last stage of our journey.

"Delays were not over yet, however, for we were stopped again at Forsinard, perhaps the bleakest-looking spot in the British Isles; but by this time we had got into that frame of mind which took everything philosophically, and we waited calmly on. At last the sight of two engines returning from the fray, covered with snow and ice, led us to hope that now at least all was over, and at midnight we had arrived at our journey's end, firmly convinced that travelling during a winter storm in the north is by no means the most delightful thing in life."

During the first three months of that same year the Sutherland and Caithness section was blocked no fewer than eight times, sometimes only for a day or two, it is true, but at other times for over a week. Altogether it was closed for about thirty-five days. I remember a train got through late one Saturday night, bringing us eight days' newspapers. Is it to be wondered at that even in the Sabbatarian north there was a marked absence of the male element from "ordinances" next day?

The wreaths which formed on the railway were miles in length and sometimes 24ft.

deep. The workmen stood in four tiers shovelling the snow upwards from one to the other. Near the county March there was a wreath 20ft. deep and five miles long. It took a hundred men a week to cut through it. Two trains were entombed in it for several days, and a train sent with provisions for the men got snowed up on the way.

The mail-bags were sometimes carried over the block, and on one occasion several gentlemen were allowed to accompany them. This is how one of them describes his experience: "We got various tips from post-office men and plate-layers as to the best way to get through the deep snow. The chief of these was to tie your trousers tightly round your boots with strong string, which you bring round under your foot like a stirrup. Thus equipped, a line of



From a "TWO TRAINS WERE ENTOMBED IN IT FOR SEVERAL DAYS." *[Photo.*

went down with a mail-bag on his shoulder, struggled through the deep snow in the early morning from the one engine on the north side of the block to that on the south side of it. If you did not break through the crust of the snow, nothing was easy to do; if you did, you went down three or four feet, and had to haul yourself up 200 or 300 feet as you could.

"It was very picturesque, and striking to come to a hundred men working in the snow in that empty spot, turning it up in square blocks, each about 140 lb. weight, on to the railway cars. They looked like black silhouettes in that barren, snow-bound region. The railway goods slept in the van, which contained refreshments for the men. His remark that 'freak in the snow' does not describe about what we had to put up with here was certainly true. He was afraid he might find the climate at Helmsdale 'too good for him' when the block was run through and he had to leave the hills!"

A day or two previous to this a couple of us determined to try to reach the block. This we succeeded in doing after about sixteen miles' wading through snow, sometimes sinking to the waist. It was hard work, but we felt amply repaid in securing a few photos., some of which illustrate this article. About a hundred and thirty men had been attacking this wreath, with scarcely a break for *two months*. They seemed pretty tired of it. No sooner was the block cut through than the snow filled it again. Worse than that, the alternate frost and thaw had frozen the snow into solid ice, which stood in walls, in some places towering high above the railway carriage. When on the top of the snow, you could hold on by the telegraph wires. Between these icy walls there was barely room for a man to pass, and there manholes were cut in these into which you could retreat when you got into trouble.

The men were supposed to provide their own dinner, but the company stowed their refreshments in the shape of bread, cheese, and whisky. Fortunately, just at this spot there was a surface-frosts' house, and the good wife kept a blazing peat fire all day, where the men could occasionally dry their clothes and get a drink of something warm. At that time there was not much

snow, but a week or two previously the inmates found one morning that they were fast prisoners. The house was covered—doors, windows, and even chimneys. They had to dig their way out, throwing the snow back into the house. Before a fire could be lit the chimney had to be cleared, and that was done by getting on to the roof and pushing the snow down the chimney into the kitchen.

But the most interesting sight to us was seeing the powerful snow-plough at work. And that brings us to the last of our photographs. "What does it represent?" I have often been asked. "Is it a geyser?" No, the snapshot simply shows snow in blocks of from



THE POWERFUL SNOW-PLUGH AT WORK SCATTERING BLOCKS OF SNOW LIKE AN ENORMOUS FOUNTAIN. [Photo.]

7 lb. to 10 wt. being tossed 30 ft. or 40 ft. into the air. That is why the men are cowering before it.

Previous to a charge into a wreath, a couple of powerful engines with snow-plough in front are run back about half a mile. A signal is given for the workmen to retire to a safe distance, and then the engines dash at full speed into the wreath. The photograph shows with what result. One object in the foreground was a bush on which the camera was focused, but such was the impetuosity of the charge, that long before the engines reached it the photographer had bolted, leaving the camera to its fate. Some of those present declare that the photographer was felled to the ground with one of the blocks. He cannot say. All he remembers is a sudden darkening of the sky, a roaring, rattling noise, and a dull thud, followed by an utter blank. Later he found himself on the other side of the fence.

How We Fought the Runaway Islands.

BY FRANCIS H. E. PALMER, LATE SECRETARY TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE DROUTSKOY-LUBETSKY (EQUERRY TO H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA).

Left in charge of the Prince's estates. The alarm that the islands had broken loose and were drifting down to the mill, where they would inevitably dam the river and cause widespread ruin; and the long and fierce battle which Mr. Palmer fought with his amazing foe. With actual photographs and sketches done on the spot.



One who has not spent a six months' winter in Russia can realize the sense of relief that is felt when the frost at length gives way to spring, and it is possible, after months of artificial heating, to throw open the windows and drink in the warm spring air.

I was enjoying that delight one afternoon at the end of April, 1895, after a long and wearisome journey, when my reveries were suddenly broken in upon in a very unexpected way. For many years secretary to the above-named Russian noble and great landed proprietor, I had been asked by him to undertake the temporary administration of his estates during the illness of his chief land agent. This duty I gladly assumed, both from a sincere desire to render a service to the Prince in a moment of emergency, and also because of the insight it would give me into the conditions of life in one of the remote districts of rural Russia, of which so little is known in England.

For months all had gone smoothly and had not called for any great anxiety on my part, but now the expression on the face of the farm bailiff, who hurried unceremoniously into the room, showed me at a glance that some serious catastrophe had occurred.

"What is the matter, Linskoff?" I exclaimed. "Has a fire broken out?"

"No, Baren; not a fire, but something far worse, I am afraid—*The Frenchmen's Graveyard has broken away, and is sailing down on to the mill!*"

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"The Frenchmen's Graveyard sailing!" I repeated, in utter amazement. But for my knowledge of the absolute sobriety of the man, I should have suspected that an extra glass of vodka had somewhat perturbed poor Linskoff's faculties.

"For Heaven's sake, Gospodeen, come at once," he urged. "Something *must* be done immediately, or the whole country-side will be flooded by the morning!"

Hurrying with him to the end of the garden



MR. PALMER MAKING A PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION. SHOWING THE MILL, THE ONLY OUTLET OF THE RIVER UPON WHICH THE ISLANDS WERE DRIFTING. (The Author.)

that overlooked a lake lying below, an extraordinary sight met my eyes. The lake, about two miles long and half a mile wide, had hitherto had a clear, unbroken surface, except in its shallowest portions, which in summer were covered with many acres of the loveliest white and golden water-lilies that I have ever beheld. At this moment, however, it had undergone a marvellous transformation that positively made me rub my eyes and ask myself if I were not gazing at some extraordinary mirage. The entire centre of the lake was



FIGURE 1.—THE ISLANDS WERE TWO OR THREE ACRES IN EXTENT, AND COVERED WITH LARGE BUSHES.

scattered with islands which seemed to have sprung miraculously into existence. Several of these were two or three acres in extent and covered with large bushes, and even well-grown willow trees.

"But where on earth did these islands come from?" I exclaimed, still hardly able to believe my own eyes.

"They are sections of the Frenchmen's Graveyard," replied Ljnskov—"the marshy land at the head of the lake, you know. There was a sudden storm this morning and the 'graveyard'

broke away and has been sailing down with the wind all day, while the *Gesgodden* was absent. By the morning they will reach the mill and then—*that's about half the estate all butted!*"

A rising mist was quickly advanced, and I soon investigated the same mystery, but by no means allayed my fears, for I

clearly saw the imminent danger that had so greatly alarmed the farm bailiff.

If the reader will glance at a good map of White Russia he will see the little town of Post-avy, situated about fifty miles by road from the station of Swent-siany, on the line from Königsberg to St. Petersburg. About fifteen miles from Post-avy is the estate of Mankowitchy, in a charmingly picturesque and well-wooded

country, traversed by numerous shallow rivers. One of these widens out on this estate to the dimensions of a lake. At the point where the river enters this lake lies, or rather used to lie, some fifteen acres of what was believed to be marshy land—part of it solid enough for the rough grass and herbage upon it to be harvested in the hot summer weather, when the lake was low, but extremely dangerous to walk over at other times.

During the retreat from Moscow—according to the local peasants' tradition—a large number



FIGURE 2.—THE WAY THE MARSHY LAND BROKE AWAY AND SPLIT UP INTO ISLANDS. From a *Ukta*, by the Author.

of French soldiers, together with their baggage-waggons and the treasure chest of their regiment, were lost here, having been lured to the spot by patriotic but treacherous guides. Hence the name for these meadows of "The Frenchmen's Graveyard." The formation of this marsh was very curious. During long ages the débris of the forest that had been blown by the wind upon the lake had accumulated there, and seeds falling upon the floating, half decaying mass had taken root and, growing luxuriantly, had helped to bind the whole together. Attached

the Prince's estate would be irretrievably ruined by the inundation that would follow; while the low-lying peasant lands around would be flooded far and wide, bringing misery and starvation upon hundreds of families.

And yet, what power could arrest the progress of a weight so enormous as such masses represented? What engineering skill, even had I possessed it, could avail to avert the catastrophe—above all, here, in this remote spot, where I had no help to rely upon save that of perhaps the most backward and primitive peasants



THE KIND OF MEN UPON WHOM MR. PALMER HAD TO RELY FOR HELP.

From a Photo. by the Author.

to the land on one side by the roots of the trees and bushes, all the rest of the "meadows" thus formed were simply floating like an enormous raft, and completely filled up a bay in the lake, about fifteen acres in extent. The fastening to the land had evidently been gradually giving way, and at length on that memorable morning, aided by the wind and the flood from the melting snow, the whole mass had floated off and was now slowly, yet steadily, approaching a mill at the river's only outlet from the lake. Naturally the mass broke up; and there was something almost majestic in the progress of these islands—slow and nearly imperceptible though it was.

At that moment, however, it seemed to me rather like the inexorable hand of Fate; for well I knew the ruin and disaster that must follow if all these acres of floating land—from three to four feet in thickness—should reach the mill and choke up the only outlet which the river had. In that dire event a valuable portion of

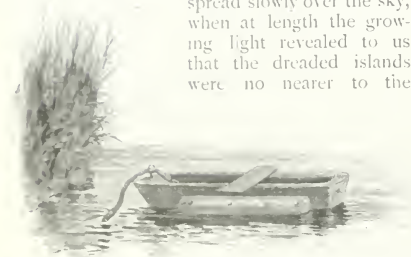
in Russia? Never shall I forget the night of anxiety that I spent—most of the time rowing round and round the strange, relentless, floating monsters that loomed in the dim light of the waning moon. The peasant women were soon thronging the banks, wailing aloud, the men standing in stolid, despairing silence waiting for the coming disaster that seemed so near and inevitable.

Before dawn, however, something like a ray of hope entered my mind. The wind had completely changed, and was now blowing strongly from the south-east. It was difficult to judge in the semi-darkness, but it seemed to me that the islands were no longer advancing. The nearest was now about two hundred yards from the mill. Would it, I wondered, be drawn on by the current, which, practically non-existent in the lake, here began to make itself felt? Or would the wind, which was now in exactly the opposite direction, prevail? It was an agonizing moment, for this particular

island was one of the largest; and well I knew that if once it entered the current no power on earth could prevent the disaster that must follow.

It was a weird situation—one that haunts a man for a life-time. The moon sank behind the forest, and all was plunged in impenetrable darkness. Our boats went circling round and round the floating islands, the men now bearing lighted *Andshims* or torches of pine-wood, whose smoky flame only served to make darkness visible, and cast a lurid light upon the anxious faces of the rowers who had so much to

Drawn at last! How thankfully we hailed that roseate glow that spread slowly over the sky, when at length the growing light revealed to us that the dreaded islands were no nearer to the



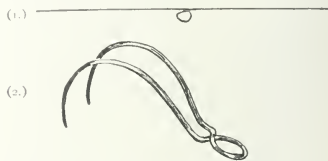
A SKIFF OF NATIVE RUSSIAN BOATS, SUCH AS THE PEASANTS USED WHEN HELPING MR. PALMER.

mill than when the moon had disappeared. The wind was blowing fiercely, and the peasants to both unstable *Isdaks* were forced to beat a hasty retreat to land. Soon we could see that the invaders were unquestionably being driven back, the bushes and trees that grew so fearfully upon the larger islands acting as effectively as the sails of a ship.

Satisfied that there was now no immediate danger, and thoroughly worn out with anxiety and fatigue, I hastened home to snatch a few hours' rest, and reflect on what had best be done. The advice of a practical engineer was evidently necessary, but how could I communicate with one? And, above all, how could he reach me in time? I was over fifty miles from the nearest station; and some peasants whom I had sent to Swentsian two days previously returned, completely baffled, to inform me that the roads in that direction, as generally happened in the spring and autumn floods, were utterly impassable. And I knew from past experience that they would remain so for a fortnight at least. Yet it was a question of hours at most!

The plan I at length resolved to adopt did not evince any extraordinary genius on my part, but it proved altogether successful, and excited

considerable attention—for, though similar accidents had occurred before on other lakes in the district, no one had ever thought of adopting my system of combating the difficulty. Moreover, in those cases the floating islands



(1) HOW THE IRON WAS BENT FOR THE HOOK. (2) THE HOOK WAS SO MADE THAT THE HARDER YOU PULLED IT THE DEEPER YOU DROVE THE PRONGS.

had been far smaller, and had not threatened any serious danger.

An examination of the lake showed me that at one side the water, now in flood, covered some twelve or fourteen acres of low-lying waste land to the depth of about 4ft. This land, I knew, was left nearly dry during the summer season. Now, most of the floating islands were less than 4ft. in thickness; so that if it were only possible to force our extraordinary enemies to station themselves over this spot and keep them there, all immediate danger would be over. The now subsiding water would soon leave them stranded, and—at least until the autumn floods—powerless for further mischief.

While all the rope on the estate was being rapidly collected, I had a couple of iron hooks



SHOWING HOW THE HOOK GRAFFLED THE SPONGY SOIL OF THE FLOATING ISLANDS.

of very large size prepared by the village blacksmith, of a form which I thought would hold best in the spongy soil of the islands. When all was ready, we commenced by attacking one of the smallest of our foes within reach of its intended destination. It was about twenty yards in length and ten in width, and conse-

quently represented a floating cargo of about two hundred tons. One end of the rope was attached to a team of oxen, whilst the other—to which the two hooks had been fastened—was conveyed in a boat to the floating island. The hooks were then firmly planted among the tangled roots of the bushes; the brave, gaunt little, long-horned bullocks tugged and strained at their quaint square collars, and, at first almost

the soft yielding mud at the bottom of the lake; and this so retarded their movement that even with a stiff breeze it was almost imperceptible. But the main difficulty still remained: how were we to bring them within reach of our persuasive ropes?

The manner in which this was accomplished was, perhaps, the most interesting part of the whole operation. A number of sacks filled



THE PEASANTS AT THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED WINCHES HAULING IN THE ISLANDS.
From a Photo. by the Author.

imperceptibly and then more rapidly, our first prisoner of war was dragged landwards, and twenty minutes later safely stranded upon the gently sloping submerged ground.

So far, the experiment was successful, but it was soon evident that oxen, from the nature of the ground, could not be employed any longer. Some rudely constructed wooden winches were therefore placed in the best strategic positions, and with a party of peasants, working for dear life at each, one by one all the islands within reach were drawn into position and successfully disposed of. But, unfortunately, these islands were only a very small portion of the whole; the others were scattered all over the lake, many of them nearly a mile away. Happily for me, the wind had dropped, and for the first ten days of our labour our enemies made but little headway. Still, the wind might rise at any moment, and the monsters, reassembling once more, would then resume their dreadful march, with all the havoc that it threatened, upon the mill—the one perilous point which I was bound to protect by every means possible.

In order to keep the more dangerous islands prisoners stakes were driven through them into

with stones were placed upon a raft by the side of each island that we intended to operate upon, and then tied to ropes, the other ends of which were fastened to the island itself by hooks embedded in the tangled roots. The stakes were then removed, and, so long as the wind was favourable, the island was permitted to drift more or less in the direction of its ultimate destination. The moment the wind changed, men stationed in boats for the purpose threw the sacks of stones into the lake—where, sinking into the mud, they almost completely arrested further progress. They were improvised anchors, in fact. When the wind resumed its favourable direction the sacks were raised one by one and replaced upon the raft.

From the number of the islands and their position all over the lake the wind was almost always more or less favourable to the navigation of some of them. The z'g-zag course we had to make them pursue was as interesting as a game at chess. It was complicated yet more by numerous shallows and mud-banks in the lake itself, upon which the islands were partially stranded from time to time. But by closing the sluice-gates at the mill I had the water



THIS SHOWS YOU HOW THE ISLANDS WERE MANŒUVRED ROUND SHALLOW PLACES. THE LATTER ARE MARKED BY FLAGS.

maintained at the highest level possible; and the shallows were marked as soon as discovered by flagposts as a danger-signal to be carefully avoided.

Our long battle with the islands began at the end of April, and it was not until the end of September that the last of our doughty enemies was finally brought to port and safely stranded. Many were, of course, far too large for

it to be possible to remove them entire, and these had to be cut across into sections with spades and axes—a most laborious and tedious task, owing to the half-perished reeds with which the soft soil of the islands was held together.

Even the capture and final stranding of the islands, however, by no means represented all the work to be done. We had to keep our prisoners from escaping with

the ensuing autumn floods; and this could only be done by planting a triple row of stakes along their outer edge so as effectually to hem them in. This was a difficult operation, as the peasants had no idea how the work was to be accomplished.

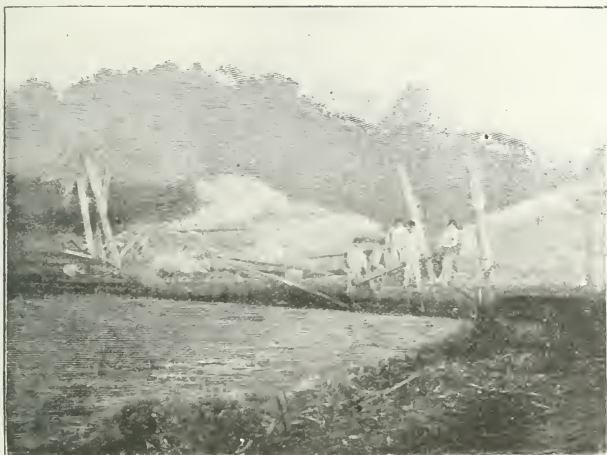
At length I got a very primitive, but thoroughly workable, hammer constructed from my own drawings by some of the more intelligent among



WHEN THE ISLANDS WERE CAPTURED, THEY HAD TO BE KEPT PRISONERS BY MEANS OF LINES OF STAKE-PILE-DRIVING HAMMER ON LEFT.

them. This was then placed upon a raft which could be floated to any spot where the stakes required to be driven. The hammer itself was a solid piece of *doub* (Russian oak) clamped with iron by the village blacksmith. It weighed when

peasantry firmly believed were the spirits of the unhappy French soldiers who found their graves in the mud of the lake below, still haunt the islands in their new position. But, doubtless, they will forsake them when they



HERE WE SEE THE DÉBRIS OF A LARGE FLOATING ISLAND, WHICH WAS BROKEN UP BY A STORM
From a Photo. by DANGEROUSLY NEAR THE MILL. *[the Author.]*

complete about a hundredweight and a half, and was worked by eight of the most sturdy peasants by means of a rope passed through a pulley.

With this work our labour was completed, and the island invaders which had so strangely broken in upon us were securely shut in. Indeed, as so often happens, they actually proved a blessing in disguise. The land to which we had navigated them had been useless, whereas it was now converted into a valuable meadow of about twelve acres, and is improving year by year. The Frenchmen's Graveyard is at rest at last, but the will o' the wisps which for years had nightly played over these floating meadows, and which the

have become completely converted into ordinary meadow land.

Of course, careful search was made, both on the islands themselves and also at the bottom of the lake, at the spot they had originally covered, for any relics of the retreating French army. All that we found, however, were a cannon-ball and a few rusty bayonets, and fragments of what had evidently been military baggage-waggons. But even these sufficed to show that the peasants' tradition was founded upon fact. Whatever else may be there—including, perhaps, the legendary "treasure chest"—lies hidden in the thick mud at the bottom of the lake.

A Bedroom Battle With a Python.

By CLAUDE MANNING (CORNUBLA ESTATE, MOUNT EDGCUMBE, NATAL).

An exciting incident of life in the Coast Lands of Natal, telling how an old man had a life or death fight in his tiny bedroom with an enormous snake. The author had the python taken to his house and skinned.



AM the manager of a large sugar estate on the Coast Lands of Natal.

The following amazing narrative of an encounter with one of the giant luggs which infest the dense canebushes on this estate was related to me a few days ago by Mr. Fildes, who has rented a few acres from the company I am associated with during the last twenty-five years.

To render the adventure I am about to submit to the public more lucid, it should be mentioned that the hero of the story is an old and somewhat feeble man of over sixty years of age; also that he has entirely lost the sight of one eye, and has consistently led an absolutely hermit-like and solitary life in the wild fastnesses which abut on the huge jungle that stretches for miles along the Indian Ocean. Mr. Fildes maintains a precarious existence by keeping a few fowls, and these have at times attracted civet-cats, pole-cats, the great Kaffir mongoose, and a variety of other vermin and reptiles from the depths of the jungle and heavy canes which surround his small cottage. In fact, his life during the long period that he has resided here has been one of incessant warfare with the prowling and predatory enemies which are for ever descending on his small flock of poultry. He has passed through the most hair-breadth escapes, and many of his adventures would vie in absorbing interest with any of those which have appeared in the columns of this Magazine. But to proceed with the incident now in hand.

"There," said Mr. Fildes, as I rode up to his door and my horse shied at the form of a great python which lay stretched before me, terrible even in death—"there lies one of those huge snakes which have lately nearly cleared my poultry-yard; and this may be the very one which caused the mysterious disappearance of my poor little quail a few days ago."

On my remarking how white and unstrung he appeared, Mr. Fildes at once related to me the following extraordinary adventure he had passed through, only a few hours previous to my arrival—a purely chance one, by the way:—

As you probably know, I have lost many

fowls lately, and on one occasion, not a week ago, a python visited that small chicken-house, and devoured six pullets. The reptile's broad trail to and from the building was plainly visible in the damp sand, and led to the thick scrub in the valley. My poor little faithful dog also disappeared suddenly, and I felt sure that she had fallen a victim to a snake—either a boa or a black mamba. I was naturally very much upset, and for several nights past have slept uneasily, not knowing what each hour might bring in the way of some sudden attack.

Last evening, about nine, I was reading, when I was startled by hearing a great outcry amongst the fowls which roost in the mulberry trees just outside my door. I lit my stable lantern and rushed out, not waiting even to take a weapon. The night was intensely dark; rain was steadily falling, and the wind soughed dismally amongst the mulberry branches overhead.

I raised the lantern, and peered into the blackness above me. The feeble light flickered and quavered, casting dark shadows hither and thither, as the flame bent before the rushing wind. I could see nothing, however, and was greatly puzzled to account for the disturbance, as snakes and other vermin seldom visit me before the early morning hours. Suddenly, with a great outcry, the fowls above me took wing, and for a few minutes there was an indescribable babel of shrill voices—the rushing sound of pinions overhead, and the metallic clang of the galvanized iron roof of my house as the terrified birds lit on it in scores. Still I could see nothing, and a dead silence followed. The uproar had ceased as suddenly as it had commenced; only the southing of the chill south wind, the steady patter of the rain on the fallen leaves, and the cry of some far-off night bird relieved the intense stillness which now reigned. I began to feel very uneasy, and was in the act of returning to the open door, which now loomed black before me a few paces off (the incoming wind had apparently extinguished the light I had left burning on the table), when with a loud flop something fell from the trees right in my path. The next instant the rays of my lantern flashed on the dark form of a

monster snake as it glided noiselessly away into the inky blackness beyond. Cautiously I advanced, and saw that the reptile was passing rapidly between two large water-casks which stand a few yards to the left of my door. In the excitement of the moment, not thinking of the risk I ran, I laid the lantern on the ground, and seizing the serpent by the tail, began to haul away for dear life.

I am not a strong man, I know, but I confess I was astonished to find how feeble my strength was when pitted against that of my scaly foe.

My attempt to prevent the creature's escape between the casks was utterly futile! I was rapidly drawn along, and very soon had to leave go my hold. I ran back to the lantern, picked it up, and rushed into the dining-room for my gun, which always stands ready

loaded in a corner. With it in my hand I hastened outside, and rapidly quartered the open space beyond where the barrels are. Up and down I went cautiously, yet quickly, the lantern well in front, and the gun at full cock.

Not a sign of the python could be seen, however, and in utter bewilderment I noticed that there was no spoor on the wet sand. The huge serpent had apparently vanished mysteriously into the black depths of the heavy scrub before me, leaving behind no trace of its departure. I was utterly nonplussed, and as I stood there, uncertain where to go or what to do, the melancholy, weird cry of a "bush baby" echoed through the aisles of the great forest before me like the wail of some lost spirit. An involuntary shiver ran through my frame, and, for the first time for years, I suddenly realized the utter loneliness of my life and its surround-

ings. Overpowered by this feeling, I went back to the house, thinking that I should neither see nor hear anything more of the python—at least that night.

On entering the living room, I fancied I heard a slight rustling from somewhere in the darkness beyond me, but as the light revealed nothing, I came to the conclusion that a rat must have scampered across the floor at my approach. It was now late, so after a careful survey of the dining-room I passed into my bedroom, locking the door behind me. I had commenced to undress, and was sitting on the bed, still racking my brains to account for the strange way in which the python had escaped, when something—an inspiration, perhaps; I cannot tell exactly what, unless it were a whisper from merciful Providence—some-

thing seemed to tell me to get up, and search the dark corner behind a large tin box, which is at the head of my bed. The former was in deep shadow, and it was only when I closely approached it that the flame of the candle lit up the dark recesses behind it. Then—great heavens! what did I see? A huge, shapeless mass, coil upon coil—there lay the monster serpent within four feet of where my head would have rested in sleep! The great hungry reptile raised his flat and hideous head as I approached, and glared at me with a cold, deadly stare that looked absolutely demoniacal in the feeble rays of the candle.

Almost paralyzed with horror, I gazed for a while at the death which lay before me in its most ghastly form, while my hand, trembling like that of a drunken man's, caused the light to dance madly to and fro around the grim



"I LAID THE LANTERN ON THE GROUND, AND SEIZING THE SERPENT BY THE TAIL, BEGAN TO HAUL AWAY FOR DEAR LIFE."

form which lay in the dim shadows beyond. Suddenly the python raised his head higher, and more threateningly than before, and immediately the long, quivering tongue, which now shot forth, broke the spell which had sat so heavily upon me.

I staggered back to the corner of the room where I had most fortunately laid the gun, and leaving the handle on the table near the bed, I again approached the great reptile. Finding that his retreat was in deep shadow, I held the light in my left hand, while with my right I thrust the gun-barrels forward till they nearly touched the dreadful coils: then I pulled both triggers. The roar of the double discharge in that confined space was almost deafening, and

describe. I have but an indistinct recollection of leaping hither and thither, to avoid the onslaught of the huge python as it dashed around the small room in its agony, overturning chair and table in its mad rush; while every now and then I would get in a blow with my keen blade. More than once did I almost fall within its ponderous coils, and I recollect making a wild spring on to the table just in time to escape the cavernous jaws which lunged viciously at me. Finally the monster weakened, and I was able to deal him such a slashing blow on the neck that the sharp steel cut right through the tough skin into the vertebra. This practically ended the fight, and in a few minutes more I lay gasping for breath on the bed, utterly



"THE BEAST ATTEMPTED TO HED AROUND THE SMALL ROOM IN ITS AGONY, OVERTURNING CHAIR AND TABLE IN ITS MAD RUSH."

the thick smoke fairly blinded me. Recovering myself I started to the wall behind me, and seized a long and heavy bush knife, which was hanging there. All this was but the work of a few seconds, but those seconds were almost fatal. For the wounded, enraged reptile was only a few feet away, lashing most furiously around him, whirl upon whirl, while a perfect fountain of blood spouted upward from the great rent which the double charge of shot had torn in his side.

Then ensued a scene I am powerless to

exhausted, and covered with perspiration from head to foot. The reaction was so great after the struggle was over that I could only see the writhing, though lifeless, form of my dead foe through a kind of yellow mist.

It was only after a stiff tot of brandy that I was able to stagger to the dead reptile, and haul him outside, as you now see him, and let the cool, fresh night air into the stifling atmosphere of the little arena wherein I had fought the biggest fight of my life.

The Dance of the "Seises."

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

How Seville choir-boys dance before the High Altar three times a year in mediæval costume. So delighted was Lord Rosebery with this exhibition that he ordered a local artist to paint the strange scene for him at a cost of £1,000.



NE of the special sources of ridicule in the proceedings of the Salvation Army has been its adoption of the dance as a religious exercise. But, whatever we may think of the particular form it has taken up, we shall only prove our ignorance by seeking to deny that the religious dance has almost as remote an origin as any other form of religious ritual.

Every savage who can boast of any sort of creed includes some kind of dance among his devotions to his deity. The Egyptians, the Romans, the Greeks, all danced, as much as they prayed, in honour of their gods. And, after all, if the Supreme Being is the type of Harmony, and you admit music as an accessory to worship, why exclude the dance? It is certain that the Early Christians took this view. Saint Basil urged his disciples to dance on earth in order to fit themselves for what he conceived was one of the chief occupations of the angels in Heaven. Many bishops used to lead the holy dance around their altars. A tradition, supported by an apocryphal gospel, asserts that, after the Last Supper, the Apostles joined hands and danced round our Lord, the which, according to Jewish customs, is by no means unlikely.

The propriety of the religious dance was hotly contested at various epochs in the history of the Church. A council prohibited the practice in 692, but it was still very general in 1617. Saint Augustine was against it, but Saint Chrysostom took part in it. In the sixteenth century the dance was accompanied by a solemn game of ball in many French churches, and in 1683 it was the duty of the senior canon to lead a dance of choir-boys in the Paris Cathedral.

Nowadays the custom has almost died out, though where it has survived it is held in very high consideration. The Abyssinian Church still adheres to it; there is a popular dancing procession of pilgrims at Echternach,* in the Duchy of Luxembourg, every year; but the most picturesque and celebrated is undoubtedly the dance of the *Seises*, which takes place in Seville Cathedral three times a year—during the octaves of the Immaculate Conception and of Corpus Christi, and at Holy Week.

A legend attributes the origin of the dance of

the *Seises* to an incident at the time of the invasion of the Moors. The priests of Seville Cathedral, having been warned of the danger, were engaged in removing the Host and concealing various holy images and precious jewels. A band of Moors, who had been dispatched to loot the cathedral, paused to watch a country dance which was being executed outside by a number of children. These, realizing the importance of every instant of delay, went on dancing with all their might, forgetting their alarm and their weariness, and thus the priests obtained a respite, which enabled them to secure their treasures. When better times came it was determined to perpetuate a religious dance in the cathedral in commemoration of this incident. From time to time sober prelates have sought to discontinue the dance, but it has struck so deep a root in the hearts of the Sevillians that it has continued to survive every censure and every obstacle.

I enjoyed the privilege of witnessing this unique dance several days in succession, during the octave of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin (Dec. 8th), and I shall always look back upon it as one of the dreamiest and most fascinating, yet fantastic, scenes I have ever beheld. Seville Cathedral is in a chronic state of restoration. Just now the high altar, in front of which the dance has been held from time immemorial, is surrounded by planks and rubbish heaps, where I have seen workmen lounging about with cigarettes in their mouths. All the cathedral services are therefore transferred to a large side chapel, known as the *Sagrario*, which does duty as parish church. This is large enough for an imposing display and the accommodation of a numerous congregation, about which the less said the better.

The ceremony is looked upon too much as a sight, and besides heretic tourists, who may be expected to jostle and giggle anywhere, there are fat women in mantillas who bark the shins of the devout with their camp-stools, and ubiquitous street urchins who fight their way to the front, with yells of laughter, burrowing through legs and scattering petticoats. When I entered the Psalms were being chanted in the carved stalls of the choir at the back of the church. I made my way diplomatically up to the rails of the altar, where a youth in a surplice was engaged in kindling the sixty-four large candles, which soon emitted a blaze of light,

* A complete account of this remarkable festival, illustrated with photog-aphs, appeared in our issue of May last.

number of all the more effective by the reflection of the silver crucifix and countless silver images.

At the back and sides of the altar were immense crimson curtains with wide stripes of gold galoon, reaching right up to the roof, and heightening the effect of the brilliant altar with its magnificent blue cloth, richly embroidered with gold. A few staghorn cushions of blue and gold brocade were dotted about within the rails, and there were two rows of benches, draped with crimson and gold, facing each other immediately in front of the altar. A row of huge silver candlesticks, with candles over 5ft. high, guarded the altar rails, but the body of the church was shrouded in dim, religious darkness, which, as at a theatre, rendered the great spectacle all the more conspicuous and impressive. It would be impossible to conceive a more imposing effect.

Various ecclesiastics—mostly clad in violet—emerged from a door near the back of the altar, and made their way solemnly down to the choir, kneeling, as they passed, to the Host, which was set up in a gold monstrance above the image of Our Lady upon the altar. Among them was the Cardinal Archbishop of Seville, a divine of surprisingly youthful appearance, with a scarlet train eight yards long. Then came the thurifers, clad in cloaks of faint, mysterious colours, and of exceeding softness and thickness. A huge hood hung down to their waists, which were girt with long silken cords. The incense was kindled: great gusts of blue smoke formed above the censers, broke gently into exquisite grey curls, and immediately diffused themselves, as if by magic, into that penetrating perfume which overpowers the senses by a veritable odour of sanctity. Surely no accessories could be more perfect for the dramatic, yet essentially religious, performance which was about to take place.

Two monster silver candlesticks were now borne in by youths in red, who held them before the altar with a motion as if presenting arms, and then carried them off to the sides. Then the heavy red curtains on the north side of the altar were drawn back, revealing the desks and seats

of the orchestra. Two of the *seis* boys were grouped beside the conductor in the most artistic attitudes imaginable, and looked amazingly dreamlike through the incense in the dim light. Slowly the musicians assembled, just as in a theatre, lounging, gossiping, twanging their stringed instruments to get them into tune. The conductor was a typical Spanish priest, all shaven and shorn, ruddy, and with deep lines around the mouth and eyes.

At last the performers filed in—two rows of five from either side of the altar; they made slight genuflections, and ranged themselves on their knees in two rows before their benches. As the clergy streamed up from the choir and took their places within the rails—the Archbishop on his throne, the others wherever there was a vacant space—I had ample opportunity to study the boys and their costume.

There were ten of them. The word *seis* means six, and refers to the six principal boys, who enjoy the title and emoluments of *seises*, the four others ranking merely as supernumeraries. All were dressed in blue* silk coats with wide stripes of gold galoon and puffed sleeves of Philip and Mary's period; short little capes, which twirled about vigorously in the movements of the dance; laced collars; streamers at the back of the arms; scarves across the breast; white silk shoes and stockings. Under their arms they carried blue hats with white feathers, adorned with gold galoon and having the brim turned straight up in front—almost the fashionable lady's hat of the present day. One might have thought it a ballet of young cavaliers in an opera.

* At Corpus Christi the blue is replaced by red throughout the costume.



FIG. 17. THE BOYS WAITING TO GO IN TO DANCE BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR.—"ONE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT A BALLET OF YOUNG CAVALIERS IN AN OPERA." [Photo.]

The organ struck up the overture of the sweet, simple *seis* music, as if to give the keynote. Almost before the last sound had died away the orchestra of stringed instruments took up the tune, and a number of priests in outdoor dress, crowded at the north end of the altar, began the strange, old-world song of the *seises*. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the character of the music in words, but I have succeeded, with some considerable trouble, in obtaining the score, which has never hitherto been correctly or completely published. It is certainly not the usual conception of sacred or even of classical music. Still less is it, as I heard an ignorant Yankee in the crowd protest, a variety jingle. Perhaps the nearest approach we know is to be found in an opera comique as opposed to an opera bouffe. This, however, gives a very poor idea of its character, for it is in reality the typical accompaniment of the mediæval mystery plays—tender yet cheerful, simple but affecting, and at all times bewildering.

more or less minor, yet the vivacity predominated over the pathos, and the general effect was inspiring rather than melancholy. There were abrupt alternations from *forte* to *piano*, and one noticed various little tricks of voice which showed that they had been very carefully trained.

After the singing had proceeded for some little while the boys all made a little bob to the altar, and, turning round facing each other, proceeded to put on their hats, adjusting the elastic at the back with some care. Then they began to sway to and fro very gently, still singing, and insensibly the dance began. It would be wearisome to describe all the figures, though it was anything but wearisome to look on. The dance may best be described as a sort of pavane, and it called up vague recollections of the minuet. One step, two steps, very slowly forward, until the two rows closely faced each other; then one at each end executed a pirouette and swept away, while the others danced back to

THIS IS THE MUSIC TO WHICH THE BOYS DANCE THEIR "QUAINT MEASURE"—TENDER, YET CHEERFUL; SIMPLE, BUT AFFECTING.

ing. It must be heard a great many times in order to be understood.

It was striking enough upon the organ, but when the violins and voices began, it was almost uncanny. While the priests sang the boys stood in two rows facing the altar, with their feathered hats under their arms. Then the priests ceased and the boys took up the strain. Their voices were often unpleasantly shrill and even out of tune, but their gorgeous surroundings and fantastic appearance would have carried a far less perfect performance through; it was all

their original positions, forming a kind of square. The pirouetting was, perhaps, the most graceful part of the performance, executed with boyish vigour, and sending capes and streamers flying in the air. They certainly kept better time with their feet than with their voices.

Presently they began to use their castanets, not with the professional rat-tat-tat-clap of the Sevillian *flamenco* or gipsy-dancer, but with a rippling sound far more appropriate to the rhythm. Now the dance grew faster and more



THE DANCING BOYS ATTENDING A REHEARSAL OF THE STRANGE CEREMONY IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

[Photo.]

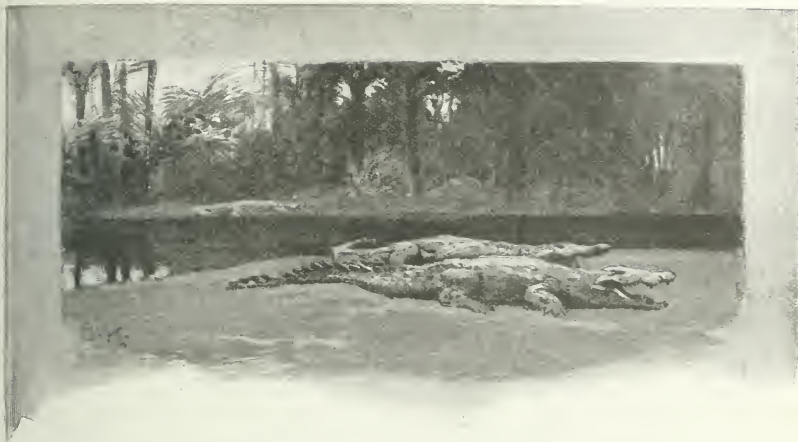
varied—a *chissè-croisé* was succeeded by a circular figure, in which the dancers followed each other round and round, swaying their bodies as they rattled their castanets, and sang rhymed couplets to “the glory of Mary and her Conception, her Con—, her Con—, her Conception,” in the soft, slovenly accent of Andalusia.

The finish was abrupt and uneventful, like a speech without a peroration. It was as if the conductor or the Archbishop had suddenly grown tired of the performance and given the signal to conclude it. The boys doffed their cavalier hats and sank upon their knees, the organ struck up what seemed a continuation of the *seis* tune, and the sight-seeing portion of the congregation fought for the doors. But there still remained an impressive exhibition, well worth remaining to behold. As the priests to the right of the altar renewed their chant, small children on either side of the Host began to

move slowly, almost imperceptibly, along a semi-circular wire.

No hand could be seen at work, and it needed but a small stretch of the imagination to fancy that a miracle was in progress. At first the curtains moved no faster than the minute hand of a clock, but as they advanced it became almost possible, by watching them very closely, to detect their motion. Meanwhile the whole congregation fell upon their knees in adoration, and the singers cast furtive glances to watch for the final eclipse of the Host by the closing of the curtains.

At last they had met and the music ceased as if by enchantment, frozen in the middle of a word and a bar. A few prayers followed; the Archbishop rose, made the sign of the cross in bestowal of his blessing; and a canon advanced to announce that all who had been present to the end were entitled to an indulgence of eighty days by order of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.



Captain Howell's Exploit.

By BASIL TOZER.

How Captain Wilfrid Howell tried to save the life of a West African missionary's wife by swimming the swift and treacherous Ribbi River. The exploit was performed under a hail of bullets, and Captain Howell was seized by a crocodile in mid-stream.

THE following was received from the lips of one who actually witnessed Captain Howell's exploit: "After adopting the profession of a civil engineer and spending four years or so in South America, Mr. Wilfrid Howell returned to England and worked five years in South Wales for the South-Western Railway Company. It was there that he first joined the Glamorgan Volunteer Artillery and commanded the Skewen Battery; and it was also in South Wales that he was granted leave of absence in order that he might go to Africa to make a survey for the construction of a new railway to be laid down on the West Coast. In October of 1897 he left England, and three months after he had reached Sierra Leone he found himself among the Kwaia people in the neighbourhood of Songo Town, which is about thirty miles up country.

"Already the Kwaias were showing signs of rebellion, and long before Howell reached their territory he had been warned not to enter it. But he seems to scorn all idea of there possibly being danger anywhere, or at any time. So, accompanied by a few native boys and only one white man, he fearlessly proceeded with his survey. Soon he reached, and afterwards crossed, the River Ribbi, which runs in a south-easterly

direction, and in due course he came to a town called Mabang, a town which lies, roughly speaking, ten or twelve miles west of the Rotofunk station. Night after night—I happen to know this for a fact—Howell's little party was surreptitiously attacked by small bands of natives, or, as they are called out there, 'war-boys,' but by day he still continued to make his survey, being anxious, if possible, to finish the work without being obliged to apply for military assistance.



THIS IS CAPTAIN WILFRID HOWELL, WHOSE HEROIC DEED IS HERE DESCRIBED.

From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

So matters continued until about noon of May 3rd, when a native schoolmaster suddenly appeared in the distance, rushing wildly towards Howell's camp. That the new-comer had good cause for alarm was quickly made evident, for no sooner was he within carshot of our friend than he began to gesticulate excitedly, and to shout out to Howell and his companions to fly for their lives. It appeared that only a few hours previously five American missionaries in Rototara had been massacred and brutally mutilated, and that the band of rebels who had committed the atrocious outrage were even then hastening towards the Howell camp.

"I myself saw them at their fearful work not three hours ago," the poor fellow gasped, almost distraught with terror, as he sank prostrate to the ground close to Howell's feet: "I myself saw them, and I saw, too, the remains of their victims: so fly now, don't stop to take your goods, don't delay a moment longer, but grab the first boat that the swamp beyond us and make direct for Songo Town—take your life, then—good-bye!"

Howell told me afterwards that even then he would not have believed the man's seemingly incredible report had he not known him personally. Indeed, I found out subsequently that Howell himself had at that time just been spending a fortnight with the very missionaries who were murdered. Three of them were ladies, I discovered, and it had been Howell's intention to stay with them longer: had he stayed he would, in all probability, have shared their fate. This comparatively insignificant outbreak, I may mention here, was the beginning

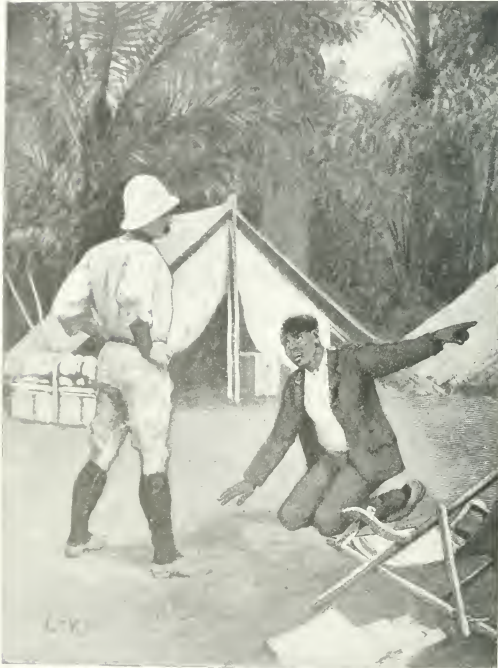
of a very serious rebellion, not so much among the Kwaia people as among an even more warlike tribe, who, I believe, are commonly known as the Great Mendis.

"Captain Howell is a man of prompt action, and in a case of emergency he quickly makes up his mind what to do and what not to do, the latter decision often needing more forethought than the former. Upon the present occasion, therefore, his native carriers, having nearly all deserted him as soon as they heard of the uprising, he hastily concealed underground his theodolites and other valuable instruments, and having then and there signalled to his remaining companions to follow him, he made straight for the Ribbi River again. Upon their all reaching the opposite bank in safety, Captain Howell set to work to destroy all the canoes, and when this was done he and his companions started off across the great lagoon which stretches away from the river bank.

"As subsequent events proved, he had done exactly the right thing, but had done it not a moment too soon, for within an hour after he

had left his camp the native 'war-boys' came down upon it in their hundreds, ready to massacre every living soul they could find. Fortunately the place was by that time completely deserted, so that the raiders were forced to content themselves with pillaging and then burning all that was left of the camp itself.

"At last, on his coming into Songo Town again, and finding the people there already demoralized, Captain Howell, exhausted though he was, determined to push on to Waterloo, the



"I SAW THEM AT THEIR FEARFUL WORK NOT THREE HOURS AGO," THE POOR FELLOW GASPED.

second largest town in the Colony. This he did as soon as he had dispatched to Freetown several swift runners to inform the Governor there of what had just occurred at Rotofunk, and to ask for military assistance. Then, anxious to meet the forces which he knew would be ordered out soon after his messengers had reached their destination, he went in search of the railway track to Waterloo, and, finding upon it a loose trolley, proceeded down the track until he came in sight of the train conveying the troops to Waterloo. This train he quickly boarded, and in a short time it steamed into the station.

"Arrived at Waterloo, Howell did not let the grass grow, but with much difficulty succeeded in raising a body of eighty volunteers, all of them good men and true, as well as intelligent

supposed to have been, but had escaped from her assailants and fled into the bush. Instantly a special force, consisting of thirty volunteers, twenty-five Frontier Police, and twenty-five of the West African Regiment, was dispatched under the command of Captain Marescaux, with orders to rescue, at any cost, the unfortunate lady from her perilous position.

"Now, I must particularly draw your attention to the fact that this attempt was likely to involve considerable loss of life on both sides; moreover, that our men about to make it would be forced to face the dreaded hidden dangers of bush-fighting, a species of peril which certainly is enough to demoralize the best-trained of European troops, to say nothing of newly-recruited West African natives."

Now for a more personal narrative:—



From a)

THE BARRACKS, SONGO TOWN—CAPTAIN HOWELL'S OBJECTIVE POINT.

[Photo.]

and active. Within two days he had partly trained these men, and had established among them a sufficient amount of discipline to render them efficient for fighting purposes. The troops which had been sent to his assistance consisted, he now discovered, of the Frontier Police, commanded by Captain Cave, and also of some new recruits from the Great Mendis (the very tribe that had risen in rebellion) for the West African Regiment.

"By means of forced marches they all of them quickly reached Songo Town; but no sooner had they arrived there than authentic information was received to the effect that Mrs. Kane, the wife of the superintendent of the Rotofunk Mission, had not been massacred with the rest of the victims, as she was at first

"At last, towards the end of a long and tiring march, we sighted the glistening surface of the now famous River Ribbi, and presently came alongside it at a point where its breadth exceeds 150yds. and its depth 35ft. Hardly had we arrived there when a rattle of rifles between 200yds. and 300yds. beyond the opposite bank, followed almost instantly by a whistling shower of bullets over our heads, warned us that the enemy had opened fire, and almost at the same moment we discovered that all boats, canoes, and rafts upon our side of the stream had just been destroyed or cut adrift.

"How was our little force to be landed upon the opposite bank in order that it might pursue and disperse the enemy, and ultimately rescue

the only one thought? But one way presented itself, and when that way was we all of us called to a moment, for it was obvious that one or more of our men must swim the crocodile river, in which so many whirlpools and undercurrents were clearly discernible, even from where we stood, and bring back at least one of the boats which we could see moored along the opposite shore. Then the question passed quickly from mouth to mouth, Who would go? Who would risk—nay, in all probability fling away—his life in an attempt to swim a broad, swiftly flowing river full of whirlpools and tangled currents, and, worse than all, *contaminated with crocodiles?*

There was a call was made for volunteers, and our answer was raised in reply. These men, so cold under ordinary circumstances and in open fight, so reckless even in hand-to-hand warfare when blows are struck in return for blows received, and the thought of death and of being forgotten in the rush and excitement of the hour—not one of these ordinary dared-dead kinds, I say, could summon courage enough to enable him to face in cold blood that which would most likely end in a horrible form of death in the middle of a river, smooth upon its surface but turbulent enough beneath.

Then, of a sudden, a commotion was seen to be taking place in the centre of a small group at the end of a line of men on the very shore of the river, and a moment afterwards a report spread through the ranks—a report which I could scarcely believe until I saw Captain Winifred Howell, divested of all clothing, spring into the water and, amid protests and exclamations of disapproval and dismay from a dozen or so of his friends on shore, begin to swim out into the stream. A few dozen of his powerful comrades soon carried him out of earshot, however, and then, somehow, I seemed to realize for the first time that the enemy were still being at us, and that here and there our men were dropping in ones and twos and threes, though on our side had kept up an irregular but incessant fusillade whilst preparations were being made for the act of heroism that I had just witnessed.

Howell must have been fully forty yards from our shore. I should say, before we became aware that the enemy had discovered our tactics and began to fire at the swimmer. Fortunately a man's hand makes a very small target, and when the target is bobbing about in mid-stream it becomes exceedingly difficult to hit. A small clump of brushwood upon the opposite side of the river was now pointed out to our men, and upon this clump they were ordered to concentrate their fire as much as possible. This spot,

it so happened, lay in a line exactly over the swimmer, so that now Howell's position became one of even greater peril than before. Yet, not for an instant flinching from his self-imposed task, or, apparently, thinking of turning back, he bravely struggled onward.

"At any moment, as he must himself have known full well, he might be sucked down into an unseen whirlpool, or dragged under by a crocodile, or shot either by the enemy, on purpose, or by his own men, by accident. None of these thoughts, however, if he indulged in them, seemed to disconcert him in the least, and by the time he was half-way across the river I could barely discern him, for his head had become outlined against water rendered temporarily of a dull, leaden hue, owing to a passing cloud.

"Instinctively, therefore, I raised my glasses, and a moment later I could clearly mark the swimmer's every stroke. His face, I could see now, looked stern and resolute, and he did not seem to be fatigued. Steadily, but slowly—how slowly he himself must have realized with terrible vividness—he drew nearer to the opposite bank. And what a long way ahead of him that bank still seemed to be! Would he—could he—ever reach it? More than once I caught my breath as I marked the scores of tiny white splashes that so incessantly disturbed the apparently sluggish surface of the water round and about him. These splashes, I knew, were caused by bullets, many of which kept flopping into the water unpleasantly near his head.

"Now he had covered fully two-thirds of the distance. Assuredly all danger must be over; assuredly he would reach the shore in safety; and in my excitement I almost shouted, as though by so doing I could cheer him on. I can see it all now as plainly as if it were taking place once more, and can almost feel the great lump that rose in my throat and the choking sensation that came upon me as with horror and dismay I suddenly noticed the slimy snout of a full-grown crocodile travelling swiftly along the surface of the water barely five yards behind the heroic swimmer.

"Suddenly the snout vanished, and hardly had I time to realize how hopeless my friend's chance really was of ever reaching land again, when I saw Howell quickly turn right over on his back, with a sort of jerk. Instantly I knew the crocodile was attacking him. Twice Howell dived, and twice again I caught a momentary glimpse of the huge reptile, the whole of the monster's back being once distinctly visible. Then to my great surprise and intense relief Howell came again to the surface, and though



"I SAW HOWELL QUICKLY TURN RIGHT OVER ON HIS BACK—INSTANTLY I KNEW THE CROCODILE WAS ATTACKING HIM."

now he looked scared and seemed to be terribly exhausted, he swam bravely onward, and the crocodile was seen no more.

"I tell you it was the closest thing I have ever seen. I could have shouted like a boy when I saw our friend at last emerge from the water and limp feebly up the opposite bank. Then, though the crocodile's teeth had cut deeply into his right thigh and only just missed an artery, Howell set to work to search for a canoe fit to row back in. All the craft we had seen from the other side of the river proved, however, to have been purposely rendered useless by the enemy, who still kept volleying us at irregular but frequent intervals. Rain, too, had now begun to descend in torrents, so that for a little while Howell could not be discerned at all.

"As a fact, he was endeavouring, during the

whole of that interval, to repair one of the boats, but finding at last that his efforts were in vain, and that neither by hook nor by crook would he be able to get hold of a navigable canoe, he calmly sat down to rest, in spite of the bullets which were still whistling about him, and to staunch, as well as he could, the blood still flowing freely from his lacerated limb. At last, feeling slightly stronger, and seeing that no good was to be done by his remaining where he was, he once more faced the horrors of the river by swimming slowly back to us, this time, fortunately, without being attacked. The congratulations that were showered upon him on his return I need not trouble to tell you about. What he needed far more than congratulations, however, was medical aid, and this we soon obtained for him, for that very night the entire expedition returned

to Songo Town for reinforcements, and thither Howell and other wounded men were conveyed by bearers.

"At first it was feared that Howell's leg would have to come off, as in eight cases out of ten the bite of a crocodile brings on blood-poisoning, but in the end the operation was not performed. Mrs. Kane, the American missionary's wife, was never heard of again. Most likely, poor woman, she died in the bush. Had it not been for Howell's prompt action in the first instance, however, every white man in his own camp, in Songo Town, in Waterloo, and most likely also in Freetown, would have been massacred, so sudden and so totally unexpected was the uprising. Howell, of course, raised the alarm in all these towns, and so gave the inhabitants ample time to fly, or to take measures for their own defence."



THIS SHOWS THE KIND OF ROAD THROUGH THE CORDILLERA HILLS WHICH HAS TO BE NEGOTIATED BY THE PILGRIMS. [the Author.]
From a Photo. by

ever, in five-cent notes, each worth about a half-penny in English money. These imposing documents, whose intrinsic worth is out of proportion to their elaborate appearance, are intended for distribution among the beggars who naturally come in hordes to reap their annual harvest. Other pilgrims again—in this case of the pastoral class—offer sheep, goats, or cattle to the Virgin; and it is essential that these animals shall be of a pure white colour, gorgeously decorated with flowers and ribbons. After the formal presentation these offerings become the property of the priests.

The village of Caacupé is situated in the Cordillera Hills, and our second photograph shows the road over the Cordillera through which one has to pass on the way from Asuncion, the capital to this Paraguayan Mecca.

And truly Caacupé is one of the prettiest

villages in all Paraguay. Its population is about 3,500. There are, however, very few well-built houses, and it is only within the last four years that some of the wealthy families of Asuncion have built dwellings of the better class there.

Our next photograph shows us the great objective point in the village. This, naturally enough, is the church, which stands in a spacious plaza. This edifice is out of all proportion to the size of the village, being a large and fine structure capable of accommodating more than 1,500 people. A kind of corridor runs all round the sides, and this on the night of December 7th is brilliantly illuminated by countless candles, kept alight and re-

plenished by hundreds of pilgrims, who sit round the church all night for this express purpose.

Now and again these fervent pilgrims burst into a weird kind of chant, the effect of which from a distance is strange and almost unearthly.

There are some quaint and beautiful anecdotes told as to how the healing powers of the Virgin of Caacupé were first discovered, and also



"THE GREAT OBJECTIVE POINT IN THE VILLAGE."—A CROWD OF BEGGARS WAITING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH FOR FOOD AND FIVE-CENT NOTES. [the Author.]
From a Photo. by



THIS WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THE ANXIETY OF THE PILGRIMS TO PROCURE VESSELS OF THE HOLY WATER. [the Author.]

being a snap-shot of some of the devotees going to fetch the sacred water. All persons favoured by

a water-holder have to drink from the same jug, and the pilgrims are deeply offended if their offer is refused. I chanced to come suddenly upon a friend of mine who accompanied me to the Caacupé Festival for the first time last year, and noticed that he was looking thoughtful and melancholy. I asked him what the dickens was the matter with him, whereupon he shook his head and said, disgustedly, "Too much water!"

These visits

that a greasy pole has been rigged up for the benefit of the children, at the top of which are



AMUSEMENTS AFTER THE PIOUS DUTIES—CHILDREN CLIMBING A POLE FOR PACKETS OF SWEETS AND FIVE-CENT NOTES. [the Author.]

to the holy well are also lutely *de rigueur*; and the photograph at the bottom of the preceding page shows a number of the water-carriers and also a distant view of the village church. In the background you will notice some cattle, which are probably intended for presentation. A still more animated spectacle is presented by the accompanying snap-shot, which depicts a scene at the Virgin's Well.

Apart from the purely religious aspects of the festival, there are always amusements of various kinds, such as dancing, dice playing, and other games of chance. Nor are the youngsters forgotten, as may be seen in our next photograph.

Here it will be seen

Odds and Ends.

These photographs are said to attain a high standard of interest and "out-of-the-wayness." This is because each is selected from among hundreds, and shows some remarkable phase of Nature or human life in the Wide World.



1.—A DESCENT OF THE FAULHORN—"THE FACE IS SO TREMENDOUS AN AIMSET TO TAKE ONE'S BREATH AWAY."
From a Photo. by [Gehr. Wehrli.]

them as they draw nearer to the valley. Anyone who has ever descended the Faulhorn in this way will be able to testify to the delirious excitement of the run, the pace being so tremendous as almost to take one's breath away. The Faulhorn is a mountain of 8,000ft., rising between Lake Brienz and Grindelwald. From the well-known Bear Hotel in the last-named village the Faulhorn may be climbed in four or five hours. A guide is quite unnecessary, and the journey is well worth making, not only on account of the superb panorama of the Oberland thus gained, but chiefly on account of the terrific glissade on sledges depicted in our photograph.

Public attention being so concentrated of late upon the Transvaal Republic, the accom-

panying photograph cannot fail to excite interest, as illustrating the "primitive" methods of the Boer authorities. The photo. was sent in to us by a well-known and respected citizen of Johannesburg. He writes as follows: "This shows you the way in which the Town Council of



OUR first photo. this month shows a very interesting Swiss scene, which will recall memories of delightful holidays spent in the "Playground of Europe." It shows a couple of sledges descending, at break-neck speed, the mile or so of hard snow near the summit of the Faulhorn. You will notice that the "captain" of each sledge is a typical Swiss guide, powerful in physique, prudent, and far-seeing, and never likely to run the least risk. His heels dug into the snow act either as brake or steering-gear, as may be desired; and additional steering-gear is provided by the stout stick which the young man in the right-hand sledge is using oar-fashion. All the party are provided with shawls; but in a very few minutes they will have to discard



2.—HOW THEY FILL UP HOLES IN THE SUBURBAN STREETS OF JOHANNESBURG.
From a Photo.

Johannesburg—formerly called the Sanitary Board (it fills up holes in the streets of the densely populated suburb of Braamfontein, some years ago there were brick works in the neighbourhood, and in order to extract clay the brickmakers dug large holes in the ground. Owing, however, to the rapid extension of the town, and the consequent rise in the price of land, they were compelled to go farther afield for their material. The Sanitary Board were in no way abated when roads were required and the only way forth that the holes were to be filled in. Accordingly, thousands of tons of all kinds of rubbish and coal, collected from Johannesburg dust bins, were deposited in the pits, as may be seen in the strip-shot. Whether the health of the inhabitants of this suburb will benefit by these surroundings is a matter that remains to be proved.

The photo. here seen is a typical view of one of these numberless booths whose annual appearance in the streets of Mexico City announces the Christmas season. It is to the wandering keepers of these stalls that the tourist does out his *centavos* in exchange for startling pottery or grotesque clay figures, when the price has dropped from two dollars to twenty five cents—*—* But so cheap to you alone, señor. The gay varnished jars hanging in the foreground are *pinatas*, the Mexican equivalent for the Christmas-tree. They are clay jars decorated with tinsel and tissue-paper, and some of them are dressed to represent animals or human figures. Every night on nine days before Christmas a *pinata* is broken in all the houses

where the festival is being properly observed. The jar is filled with sweets and fruits and hung in the entry. Then the children are blindfolded, and each in turn armed with a stick, and allowed to strike at the elusive *pinata* as it wobbles and bobs about in answer to jerks on the suspending string. But at last a lucky blow shatters the brittle earthenware, and thereupon follows a mad scramble after the goodies that come showering to the floor among the excited little ones.

A Christmas-tree in German East Africa forms the subject of our next illustration. Ask a thousand little German children what is their greatest Christmas joy, and a thousand eager little voices will answer in chorus, "The Christmas-tree." The accompanying photograph represents part of the

Christmas Day celebrations in German East Africa. Our black friends have gathered together to keep the festival quite in the best Teutonic style. Here are many children of all ages learning the mysterious delights of the Christmas-tree. The little babies with shiny brown limbs adorned with bead anklets and bracelets



THE GAY VARNISHED JARS ARE THE MEXICAN EQUIVALENT FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TREE. [Photo.]



From a

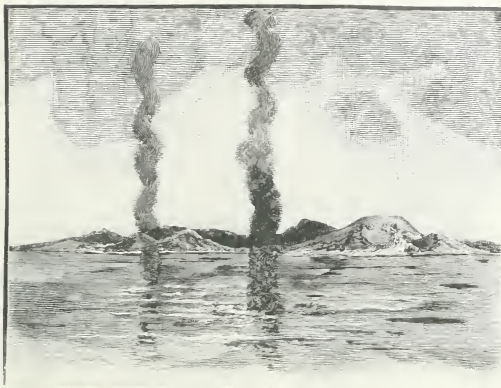
4.—A CHRISTMAS-TREE IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

[Photo.]

gravely suck their thumbs — for babies are the same all the world over — in amazement and innocent wonder at the novel scene. The German residents, whose hearts turn at Christmastide to the Fatherland with a singular yearning, have done their best to keep up the old custom far away in a strange land, where the fir with its sweet, aromatic scent, drawn out

by the warmth of the room and the numerous candles, is not obtainable. This Christmas-tree has been set up out of doors, and consists of an elegant palm; the tropical sun is shining upon it in lieu of candles. An angel's head carved out of pith and with feathery white wings surmounts the tree instead of the usual wax head with silver wings. A native doll is seen half-way down the central stem; while on the other branches hang bead necklaces and other ornaments; quaint animals, jingles, and cakes for the little ones; and large coloured glass balls which form the delight of German children, and are so prized by the blacks. Instead of the "angel's hair," as the Germans call the mazes of gold, silver, and copper thread which they wind in and out of the branches in glistening festoons, the African tree has strings of beads. The palm itself stands on a table covered with a white embroidered cloth, on which are laid tropical ferns and the flowers of the beautiful white mangrove.

It is not a couple of smoking volcanoes we see in the next illustration. We have here a view of Lake Nyasa, in British Central Africa, with two



5.—TWO COLUMNS OF SMOKE RISING FROM LAKE NYASA—THE NATIVES STUFF THEM INTO BREAD! [Photo.]

colossal columns of the Kungu fly rising from the surface of the water. We are assured by the courteous secretary of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa (a mission doing magnificent work and well-deserving of the most generous support) that the natives living along the shores of the lake esteem these flies as a great delicacy; and when these

extraordinary smoke-like columns of insects rise, as we see them in the photo., they are beaten down and gathered up for food. They are then pounded up into cakes and made into a kind of bread. But fancy one's bread consisting of a mass of pounded flies! The secretary of the U.M.C.A. goes on to say: "We had quite a large cake of this 'fly-bread' sent to us from Nyasaland, but it gradually disappeared after being handed round for inspection at various public meetings."

Here we have a photo. of "Rolling Motion Square" at Lisbon, which I think is quite interesting enough to find a place here. It represents a curious optical illusion. If you look at the pavement it appears to be an undulating plane. This is due to the painting, or rather staining, on the pavement, as the square is in reality perfectly level. It has a very peculiar effect when one is walking over it, and one is always either catching one's feet instinctively against the ground, or lifting them much higher than is necessary. In the foreground you can see a Portuguese gentleman, who is doing the former.

The next photograph shows a remarkable ascent



6.—"ROLLING MOTION SQUARE" AT LISBON. From a Photo.

of a hot-air balloon in San Francisco. It was taken some two or three years ago, at a place of amusement in that city. It shows the balloon just after leaving the ground, the parachute is just underneath the balloon. A cord reaches up from the trapeze ring to the top of the parachute, operates a triangular slide knife, which cuts the parachute from the balloon when the aeronaut wishes to descend. A sand bag attached to a line from the top of the balloon turns the balloon over,

after the weight of the parachute and balloon is removed, and thus causes the speedy descent of the balloon. The moment the balloon is over bags, so that the smaller will escape quickly after the parachute is cut loose. The photo shows the aeronaut hanging by his teeth. This is probably one of the most daring feats performed by a parachute. There was a very strong wind blowing on this occasion, carrying the balloon to some extent from side to side. The balloonist hangs from a short strip attached to the center of the trapeze. He starts from the ground hanging by his hands, so as to break the force of the sudden jerk when the balloon first ascends; but as soon as he is well started, he hangs by his teeth, leaving go his hands, and hanging there until he attains a height of 500 to 1,000 feet. It illustrates a danger of the parachute which is seldom thought of—namely, that of being struck by some object falling from above. Here a heavy sand bag, weighing about 20 lbs., is seen in mid air, to the left of the parachute. It became entangled in the ropes in some way, and after the balloon had ascended a short distance it broke loose and fell, passing within a few feet of hitting the balloonist. Had it done so, it must surely have dashed him from the trapeze, hanging as he was only by his teeth.

Following is, of course, a dangerous occupation, and there are few parachutists who have not had some accident during the course of their career. The aeronaut here shown hanging

by his teeth is Mr. E. Markeberg, and he has had some very narrow escapes indeed. A sad accident that happened to him on the day following that on which our photo was taken resulted in such serious injuries as to confine him to the hospital for four months. He was making a night ascension, followed by a searchlight. The start from the ground was successfully made, but in making the parachute descent he landed between two houses close together; and the parachute collapsing failed to support his weight, with the result that he was precipitated some considerable distance to the ground below. It was a long time before he fairly recovered from the injuries he received.

Mr. Markeberg's most thrilling adventure, however, and from which he escaped without a scratch, was the time his balloon caught fire and burned. This was rather more than two years ago, in San Francisco, and the exciting incident was seen by the writer. Just as the monster hot-air bag was cut loose, it was seen that the lower part was on fire, having caught from the "filling flame." A shout of warning went up from the horrified spectators, but the aeronaut had already left the ground. What a situation for him—a huge burning balloon above him, with nothing between him and death but the parachute, which might catch fire at any moment from the falling

fragments! Soon the whole balloon was aflame, though still ascending. It sent down showers of sparks on to the aeronaut, who, however, dare not cut loose until he had gained a sufficient height to enable his parachute to open before landing. At length he cut himself loose, and with his parachute landed across some telegraph wires, leaving him hanging some 15 ft. from the ground, from which position he was



71. THE AERONAUT HERE ASCENDING, HANGING BY HIS TEETH—NOTICE THE SAND-BAG FALLING. Original Photo. by C. Von Bergen.

fragments! Soon the whole balloon was aflame, though still ascending. It sent down showers of sparks on to the aeronaut, who, however, dare not cut loose until he had gained a sufficient height to enable his parachute to open before landing. At length he cut himself loose, and with his parachute landed across some telegraph wires, leaving him hanging some 15 ft. from the ground, from which position he was

speedily rescued. Of the balloon there was not a particle left.

Probably one of the saddest and most peculiar balloon accidents ever recorded was that which occurred at Blair's Park, Oakland, Cal., on the afternoon of July 6th, 1897. On this occasion a



8.—A TRYING WASHING-DAY.—“THE OLD LADY HAS BROKEN A HOLE IN THE ICE AT THE EDGE OF THE LAKE.” [Photo.]

hot-air balloon ascension and parachute descent were to be made. All was ready, and just as the balloon was cut from its mooring and had cleared the ground, a six-year-old boy was seen by the horrified spectators to be clinging to the weight rope. He had, in a child-like fancy, caught hold of the line, not thinking of the consequences. After being carried up a distance of 1,000ft. he lost his hold, and fell from this awful height to his death below. The balloonist himself did not know of the child dangling at the end of the line until apprised of the fact by his assistant below, who, through a megaphone, advised him to ride the balloon down and not cut loose. He then did everything in his power to coax the lad to keep his hold, and he would be all right, but in vain. The body fell a mile and a half from where the ascension took place.

A winter scene in Wermland, Sweden, is next depicted. If circumstances render it necessary for you to spend a winter in the country districts of Sweden it is advisable to lay in a liberal supply of underclothing. When the cold weather has once fairly set in washing-days come few and far between. A glance at the accompanying photo.

will at once explain the reason for this. The old lady has broken a hole in the ice at the edge of the lake, and evidently means business. Let us hope that she is not liable to frost-bite, for in a very few minutes the clothes she has just rinsed in the icy water will become fringed with icicles—as, indeed, you may see for yourself. The useful mangle is unknown in these parts, and the garments are relieved of their excess of moisture by being smartly beaten with thin slabs of birch wood. Nothing can be dried out of doors, and, as the double windows of the houses can only be opened for a few minutes at a time without reducing the temperature of the rooms to freezing-point, the drying forms by no means the least objectionable part of the business. Swedish women are accustomed to hard work, but even they must look forward with feelings akin to dread to a “wash” performed under such trying conditions.

The enormous spider seen in the next photo. we reproduce is found in the dense jungles of Chota Nagpur, and is known to the Indian villagers by the sinister name of *bash makra*, or the “tiger spider.” They are very much afraid of it; and no wonder, seeing that men have been killed by its poison. The missionary who took the photo. tells us that he has himself seen men covered all over with dreadful and seemingly incurable ulcers, caused by the bite of this fearsome insect. Its poison is so virulent that the flesh affected will not again form properly. The specimen seen in our illustration met his death in a very curious way. He was running around



9.—THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER OF CHOTA NAGPUR—VERY POISONOUS AND BELIEVED TO BE NEW TO SCIENCE. [Photo.]



THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. [Photo.]

after he had been captured, looking, in his usual playful way, for someone to bite, when he found himself being gently but firmly urged into a taste of alcohol. He objected strenuously, of course, but it was of no avail, and the fiery spirit speedily put an end to his destructive existence. This spider usually lives in decaying trees, and is even said to capture and kill small birds. Additional interest is given to the photo, by the fact that the authorities of the Natural History Museum, who recently had the spider submitted to them, announce that it is entirely new to science, and they have looked for information concerning it.

Russian religious devotion as witnessed in the East forms the subject of our next vignette. The Russian and Siberian moujik is the most religious of men. However poor and humble his home may be even though he may not have the wherewithal to purchase clothing sufficient to cover his nakedness — yet, in some corner of his abode will always be found the glittering and often expensive *ikon*, or image, of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. This *ikon* serves continually to remind the devout Russian of his faith; and before and after every piece of bread he eats, or every glass of tea he drinks, he crosses himself reverently and murmurs his prayers. It is interesting to be in a small Russian village on some saint's day. In every church of the Greek Catholic denomination there are numerous richly painted and enlaid pictures of the saints. When the saint's day comes round the pictures

are taken from the church and carried by the eager and willing peasants through the streets to the accompaniment of much singing and devout acclamation. Not infrequently, however (for the truth must be told), this intense religious devotion is followed by bouts of drunkenness; the average Russian moujik possessing a capacity for vodka that is simply tremendous.

This is a Japanese procession or festival. Heathen processions are usually a combination of religious ceremonial: an Oriental "Barnum's parade"; a Sunday-school best attire is donned; the

"tea-fight"; and a general holiday. Work is suspended; the



THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. [Photo.]

THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. [Photo.]

THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. [Photo.]

THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. THE "SAINTE" OF THE RUSSIAN VILLAGE. [Photo.]

air is stifling with the dust of crowds and the powder of crackers; and the streets resound with the tinkling of saucers on bowls, drawing attention to the charcoal-heated pans that are swimming with dainty morsels. Drums of all sizes draw the public into the meshes of the peripatetic vendors of miscellanies. You see, the fizz of powder-crackers frightens the hovering demons into space. The procession includes all sorts—even soldiery; and also boys with their faces painted like tattooed Maoris, and perhaps their necks in *cangues*, or chains in fulfilment of a vow. Peaceful citizens—old and young, rich and poor, plump and slim—all march abreast in solemn state. Sometimes, as in the photo., a fantastically disguised person into whom the demon has been invited to enter stands on a raised platform, which is escorted in state through the streets. The shrill bagpipe note of the native flute and the hollow and ceaseless clang of the native cymbals are music to the native ear. The procession takes several turns by day around the city, and at night repeats the performance. After dark the many-coloured, multi-shaped lanterns combine to give a very picturesque, though weird, effect.

The *bastinado* is the favourite corporal punishment of Persia, and no one, however

couple of ferrashes. A turn of the pole tightens the loops and brings the feet into position, soles upwards. This done, a large bundle of supple willow wands about 5ft. to 6ft. long and an inch in diameter at the thickest part is produced, and three or four ferrashes seize a wand each, and at the word "*bezan*" (strike) from the head ferrash (*ferrash-bashi*) they apply these, with more or less vigour, to the bare feet of the culprit. Stick after stick breaks over the feet or the pole, according to the extent of the bribe promised to the ferrash-bashi: the victim meanwhile crying out to Allah, and Mohammed, or cursing the cause of his ill-luck.

A hundred sticks or thereabouts are generally used at the ordinary beating. These, as I have said, are broken over the feet or the pole, according to the amount of the bribe given. In cases where a goodly sum is forthcoming the punishment only causes the receiver a few days' tenderness; but a really severe beating, in which a great many more sticks are fairly broken over the victim's feet, will reduce the soles to a positively mangled state, and keep the man off his feet for months. Yet so great is the love of money among these people that they invariably prefer to "get sticks" rather than to pay a fine. As a rule punishments in Persia are necessarily severe, because leniency



[From a]

12.—THE DREADED BASTINADO PUNISHMENT IN PERSIA.

[Photo.]

high his rank, from the Prime Minister downwards, is exempt therefrom; all are liable to "get sticks." The punishment is generally administered by the "ferrashes," or body-servants, of the provincial governor of the district. The culprit is first thrown on his back, his feet being looped to a pole held horizontally by a

on the part of the local governors is misconstrued immediately into weakness. In the southern provinces especially, where governors are constantly being changed, it is remarkable to note the quieting effect on the people of the cutting off of an unruly head or two; or the bricking up of a few thieves by the roadside.



TIME HANGS HEAVILY ON THE PRISONERS' HANDS.
(From a Photo.)

One of the "sights" recommended to visitors by Haveland is the large gaol, which is far more easy of access to strangers than prisons usually are. The inmates spend most of their time in a common room, or a large courtyard; and as the Spanish law does not authorize hard labour, except in extreme cases, time hangs heavily on the prisoners' hands. Many of them bring out their mattresses from the dormitory, while others go about and play at cards, or share the food which kind friends outside may have brought them. There is a sort of tank in the centre of the yard adorned with a number of plants, and this affords a little relief to the general appearance of squalor. Clothes are pinned out there and hung up on strings to dry. The life is like a continual monotony, and those who are in touch with the happy-go-lucky spirit of the place probably have a very good time. Other prisoners, however, are exposed to much ribaldry and brutality. Those who come out of custody are by no means welcome, and are either surrounded and hustled, or else exposed to all sorts of rude cries. It will be noticed that many are hiding their faces to avoid being photographed.

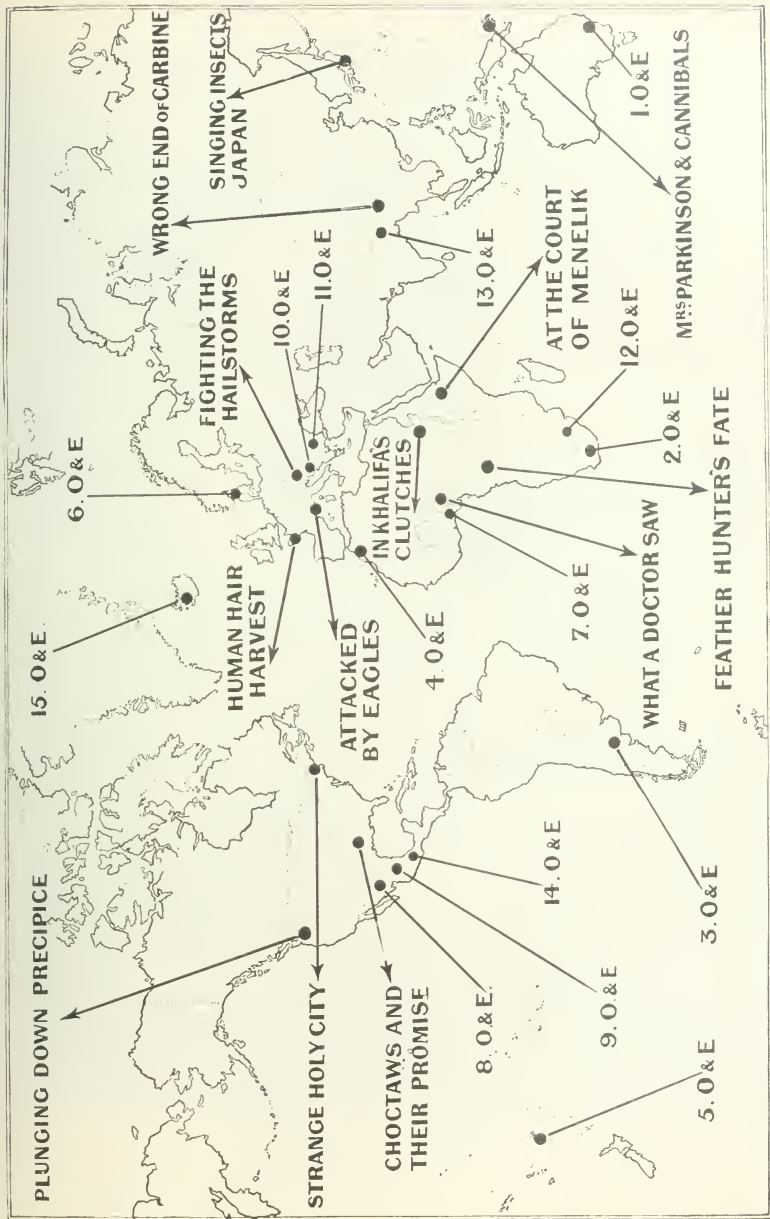
At the foot of Mount Tamalpais, the high peak of the range overlooking San Francisco, lies the village of Mill Valley, where many of the wealthy citizens of the great Pacific Bay spend their summer. Eccentricities of architecture are to be met with here on

every hand, and the accompanying photo shows the length to which some of these people have gone in the endeavour to surpass their neighbours in the building of curious dwelling-places. This queer, cool, and cosy little house is built in a big redwood tree, and is 50ft. from the ground, being reached by a bamboo bridge or gangway spanning a rocky cañon. It is Japanese in style, and was built by Japs under the supervision of the owner, Mr. George Marsh. The house, with its thatched roof, consists of two rooms, and the living trunk

about which it is built goes straight through the centre of it.



14. "THIS QUEER HOUSE IS BUILT IN A BIG REDWOOD TREE 50 FT. FROM THE GROUND."
(From a Photo by) (Chas. Weidner, S.F.)



THIS NOVEL "MAP CONTENTS" SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE—YOU WILL NOTICE THAT EVERY CONTINENT IS REPRESENTED IN THIS NUMBER.



THE TORPEDO HAD BEEN LOWERED, AND A FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION FOLLOWED, THE 'ISMAILIA' HERSELF BEING BLOWN INTO TWO PARTS."

(SEE PAGE 429.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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No. 22.

*In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman.**

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

VIII.

WHILE this change was being made I received the congratulations of the gaolers and prisoners, and (February, 1896) was escorted out of the prison by two guards to enter upon a new industry which had in it as much of the elements of success as would accompany an attempt to squeeze blood out of a cobbler's lap-stone. I had not forgotten Shwybo's fate.

On my reaching Khartoum, Awwad el Mardi had not yet arrived. It was the month of Ramadan, and as all transactions were in abeyance until after sunset, I was not allowed to land until Awwad arrived to hand me over officially. I was left alone on one of Gordon's old steamers, moored at the spot where the victorious Sirdar and his troops landed to conduct the burial service where Gordon fell; and during the hours I had to wait gazing at the ruined town and the dismantled palace—which saw the martyrdom of as good a man and soldier as ever trod this earth—I ruminated over his and my own blasted hopes.

I shall not pretend to call to mind all the thoughts which surged through my brain as I paced alone over the shell and bullet splintered deck; but you can imagine what they were when I reflected that I was the only European in the Soudan who had fired a shot for Gordon, and was now a captive in the hands of the successor of the Mahdi, gazing at the ruined town which, just eleven years ago, we had hoped to relieve, and rescue its noble defender. I should be ashamed to say that when Awwad did at last come I was not in tears. I

felt more acutely than I did when first taken to Khartoum to be "impressed," and still more acutely than when I was hurriedly bundled into the old mission to start the salt-petre works. For the first time since my captivity I had been left absolutely alone. I was sitting on one of that fleet of "penny steamers" which, had Gordon not sent it down the Nile to bring up his rescuers, might have saved him and the Soudan in spite of the wicked delay which resulted from the attempt to make a theatrically impressive show of an expedition intended to be one of flying succour to the beleagured garrison and its brave commander, who had been praying for months for the sight of one single red-coat. Gordon, I had been told, towards the end, called the Europeans together in Khartoum, and told them it was his opinion the Government intended to sacrifice him; therefore he recommended them to make their escape. A deliberate attempt to sacrifice him could not have succeeded better.

Escorted out of Prison.

Melancholy Reflections.



"I WAS LEFT ALONE ON ONE OF GORDON'S OLD STEAMERS, MOORED WHERE THE VICTORIOUS SIRDAR AND HIS TROOPS LANDED."

Neurotic in
Despair.

What wonder, when such thoughts as these and many others had been afflicting me for hours, that when Awwad came just as darkness was setting in, the darkness of night had also settled upon my mind? He, believing that my chains were the real cause of my depression, ordered that they should be exchanged immediately for lighter and smoother ones; for the anklets and chains given me by Idris were rough in the extreme.

After being officially handed over to the Government of Khartoum, the question arose as to my quarters. I was offered lodgings in his house, but I had already experienced life amongst his Baggara bodyguard, and begged not to be allowed to live in the same place with Naloum Abbajee and Sirri—the former lodged at Berber, with whom I was to work. We were given the house of Ghattas, an old slaveholder, to live in. It was one of the best houses left standing in Khartoum, and located in an upper floor, which was taken possession of by Naloum Abbajee as head of what I might call the "gold syndicate"; while Sirri and I shared the ground floor. In the East the West is reversed: you climb to the garret with your rising fortunes, and descend with them as they fall, to the lower floors. Instead of having Saier or Baggara guards to watch me, Awwad gave me some slaves from the Beit el Mal as guardians; and they had, in addition to watching me, to perform the household duties. They were, in fact, my servants.

After the evening prayers Awwad called together the employés of the arsenal and my guards, and explained to them that I was no longer a Saier prisoner; that my chains were left on only to protect the Government people from taking me; that I was "beloved" of the Khalifa, and was to be treated as his friend; and that if anyone treated me differently, he would be sent to take his place in the Saier. Then, taking me aside under the pretence of giving me instructions from the Khalifa, Awwad said, "I am your friend: do not be afraid; if you cannot find gold and silver, tell me of anything else you can do, and I will see that the work is given you, so that you may not be sent back to the Saier." Awwad, being then a perfect stranger to me, at first caused me to have suspicion in my mind as to the genuineness of his creation; but he was a Jaalin, and I trusted him.

We were told to get to work at once with the alloys of precious metals. As engineer, I had to design and superintend the construction of the furnaces to be made by Hassan Fahraani (the party who also supplied the crucibles.

Our first furnace crumbled to pieces after being started, and a stronger one had to be made. Then the crucibles gave out.

To Coax
Gold from
Stones.

We did all we could to coax gold and silver out of those stones, and obtained some extraordinary results.

We added earth, common salt, salt-petre, oxide of lead—anything and everything—to the split stones in the crucibles. Sometimes we found the crucible and its contents fused together! The only thing we actually found which gave an idea that we were working for metals was a small, shiny black ball, very much resembling a black pearl; and this Hamadan at once took possession of and carried off to Abdullahi, telling him that it only required time for us to succeed. Hamadan, being our chief, was much interested in the work—doubtless looking forward to the day when part of the contents of the crucibles should find its way to him. But our experiments were destined never to be finished. About April, 1896, rumours first, and then precise news, reached Omdurman that the Government troops were again advancing. Then came the startling news that Dongola had been taken, only to be followed by the news of the capture of Abou Hamad.

The fulminate factory presided over by Hassan Zeeki had run short of ingredients; and the stock of chlorate of potash ordered from Egypt not having arrived, it was believed that, now the troops held all the country between Dongola and Abou Hamad, it would have no chance at all of getting through. Abdalla Rouchdi, the chemist of the Beit el Mal, had, with Hassan Zeeki, failed to produce chlorine—as also had others; therefore we were ordered to experiment at once in this new direction. Nahoum was sent over to the Beit el Mal to collect all appliances, chemicals, and anything else he chose to lay his hands upon. Our establishment was growing, and Hamadan was delighted at having under his charge people who were to do so much for Mahdieh. But the chlorine required for the production of the chlorate of potash refused to appear. Our laboratory was a dangerous place to visit, for we had jar upon jar containing mixed acids, and explosions were the order of the day. Nahoum had a lively time, deaf as he was. Once, and once only, Hamadan made pretence of understanding our experiments. He took a good inhalation from a vessel which had in it a mixture of various acids with permanganate of potash. He was almost suffocated, but was also much impressed, and told the Khalifa what devoted adherents he had when we would work in such a poison-laden atmosphere. There

The
Factory
Runs
Short.



"HE TOOK A GOOD ENEMY STRIKE, AND WAS DEBILITATED."

arms and ammunition. His son, the Sheikh ed Din, was sent on a round of inspection of stores and arsenals, and discovered that a large quantity of the powder had caked with the absorption of moisture; that other large quantities were of very poor quality; and that the powder-stores in general were not as he thought they were.

Dire Threats. The Khalifa threatened to cut a hand and a foot off both

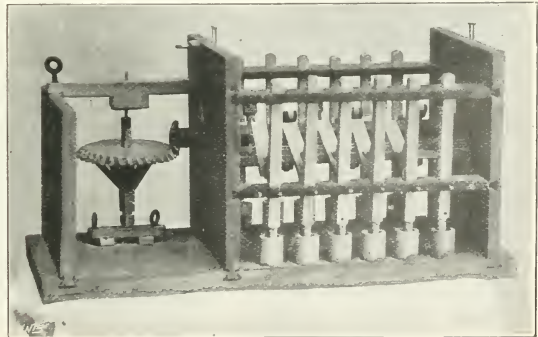
Abd es Semmieh and Hassan Hosny, the directors of the factory, if they did not work the powder up again into a good explosive. Awwad, as the head of the Beit el Mal, came and asked if it were not possible to make some sort of machine for pulverizing the ingredients for the powder; the work was then being done by hand. I tried to interest Nahoum Abbajee in the work, as it was about time we got clear of our alche-

was good reason why I should do all in my power to keep Hamadan interested and hopeful of grand results.

Onoor Issa had sent me word by a messenger from Berber that he was at that town with letters and money for me, but had been detained by the Emir; he hoped, however, to be able to get away very soon and arrange my escape. Then the consignment of chlorate of potash put in its appearance—about twelve hundredweight, I was told; and Sirri, getting hold of a small sample, we showed it to Hamadan to prove that we were just succeeding with our experiments. He was satisfied, as was also Abdullahi, and we were told to continue our great work.

But the tales which were coming in every few days were causing no little anxiety to the Khalifa. None of us believed that the troops were coming across the desert in "iron devils"; and it was some time before we understood that a railway was being built. But then we could hardly believe this. Whatever the "iron devil" was, it behoved the Khalifa to look well to his

mists' establishment on some excuse or another; otherwise I foresaw trouble if Sheikh ed Din should inquire too closely into our work. But Abbajee thought he had had quite enough of me in connection with experiments and machinery, and decided to be out of the affair altogether; he thought his life had been in enough jeopardy already. Sirri elected to remain. I invented a powder machine on the principle of the old German "dolly" toy.



THIS IS A PHOTO. OF THE POWDER-MACHINE MODEL WHICH MR. NEUFELD CONSTRUCTED TO HOODWINK THE KHALIFA.

News of Letters and Money.

At a banquet a few weeks, assisted by
 A Banquet for Models. The head of the carpenters,
 in making a model, which worked
 beautifully, and when it was shown to the Khalifa,
 he was so delighted that he ordered my chains to
 be removed. The materials were put in hand at
 once, also the beam which was to lift and

then to fall the gun
 carriage. But just then
 it was discovered the
 machine would not be
 made to my dimensions.
 I knew this
 when I designed it,
 but hoped that some-
 one would have been
 smart enough to try and
 find one large enough
 to provide the beams;
 and so they would be
 useless. Osta Abdallah
 and Khalid Hassanein
 followed me, and hearing their
 positions were in
 danger of being taken
 by me, went to the
 Khalifa, and told him
 that it was their
 opinion I was only "fooling" with him. They
 also suggested that Awwad el Mardi was a friend
 of the Government, and was helping me on this
 machine. But Yacoub, who was present,
 supported me. In the course of the interview,
 the Khalifa said that he had heard that in my
 country women and children make cartridges
 with machines, and as I must know all about it,
 I was to make him such a machine while the
 powder mill was being constructed.

Ten Years
 in Chains. For six years I had been so chained
 that it was only with
 effort I was able to raise my feet
 from the ground in order to shuffle
 from place to place; the bars of
 iron connected with the anklets
 had limited the stride or shuffle to
 about ten or twelve inches. When freed
 from all this I ran and jumped
 about the whole day long like one
 possessed. But the sudden call
 upon machines so long unused
 resulted in a swelling of the legs
 from tips of ankles; and this was
 accompanied with most excruciating
 leg pains. I had just got the
 drawings ready for the cartridge-
 machine when I was compelled to
 the top. The Osta Abdallah

and Hassanein another chance to approach the
 Khalifa, and again they suggested that I was
 "fooling." Awwad was sent for, and, in reply
 to the Khalifa, said that he believed I was
 doing my best, and would certainly succeed.
 He went on to say that, had he not believed in
 me himself, he would never have recommended

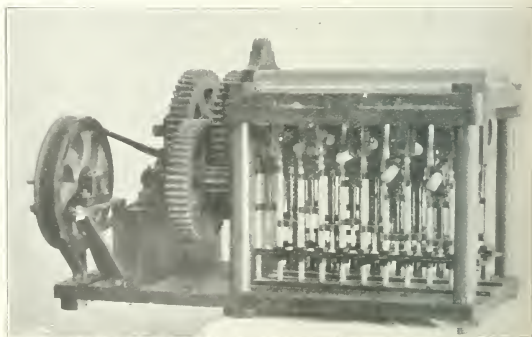
the Khalifa to employ
 me on such important
 works. Yacoub again
 took my part, and said
 that whoever did not
 assist me, or hindered
 me, would be con-
 sidered an enemy of
 Mahdieh. Although,
 as he admitted, he did
 not understand the
 machines, yet in his
 opinion "there must
 be something in the
 head of the man who
 invented them, and he
 was better employed in
 the arsenal than idling
 his time in the Saier."

Awwad also
 Neufeld as
 Engineer. declared that
 if Osta Ab-

dallah and Hassanein had not and could not
 find the materials for the construction of the
 machines, he believed that I could make
 another one with such materials as they had.
 This decided the matter—both machines
 were to be proceeded with; but the Khalifa
 agreed to my being put into chains to pre-
 vent my escaping; and on the thirteenth
 day of my freedom the chains were replaced.
 Being unable to move from my house, the
 joiners with a lathe, their tools and matériel,



IN THE FOREGROUND OF THIS PHOTO STANDS OSTA ABDALLAH,
 CHIEF ENGINEER OF KHAROUF ARSENAL.



DETAILS OF THE GREAT LATHE MACHINE WHICH THE KHALIFA ORDERED
 ME TO MAKE. [Photo.]

were sent to me, as the Khalifa wished the machine to be completed as rapidly as possible. Abdallah Sulieman, the chief of the cartridge factory, was then employing upwards of fifteen hundred men, and the Khalifa wished to release them for fighting purposes.

My efforts to obtain either the original models or photographs of them not having so far been successful, I have had models of the machines made here in Cairo. Those interested in mechanics will discover for themselves the mechanical defects and unnecessary complications introduced into them. I was working under the supervision of fairly good mechanical engineers, so that defects might not be made too glaring. Some were detected and rectified; but the main defects were not seen, being beyond the powers of calculation of

model was being made I occupied myself in selecting the metal required; and in doing this I laid hands upon everything which Osta Abdallah required for the ordinary works in hand.

I appropriated the paddle axle of one "Helping" of the steamers, as I said I required this to be cut with eccentric discs; and I did my best to smash the best lathe with it, so as to give me still more time. But the lathe stood the strain, and four or five discs were actually cut in the axle; it would have taken them another year to cut the remainder at the rate the work was progressing, and probably four years to make the machine; and then when it was finished there would have been an accident, and some people would have been killed or maimed, for that paddle axle

Ticklish
Work.

"Helping"
the Khalifa.



THE FIGURE WITH THE WHITE DRESS IS OSTA HAMAIDA, HEAD CARPENTER IN THE KHARTOUM ARSENAL.

From a Photo.

Abdallah. And Hamaida, who could and did see them, was enjoying the pranks being played. The various ideas I had picked up while associated with Gordon's old corps were now standing me in good stead. When the model of the cartridge-machine was taken over to Abdullahi, instead of being pleased with it he was furious: Berber had been taken! He cried, "I want cartridges, not models." Orders were at once given that I should be taken from my house, kept at work all day in the arsenal, and locked up at night in the arsenal prison with the convicts employed there as labourers. To gain more time I insisted upon a full-sized wooden model of the cartridge-machine being first made for the metal-workers to work from. Yacoub had given orders that all the material and labour of the arsenal was to be put at my disposition. While the wooden

would have come tearing through the machine with the first revolution. I was taking a fiendish delight in destroying every good piece of metal I could lay my hands on under pretence of its being required for the machine; the copper and brass I appropriated interfered considerably with the production of the cartridges, and the skilled workmen I kept employed delayed for months the finishing touches to the new powder-factory on Tuti Island. But there could be no going back now; Abdallah Sulieman was my sworn enemy, but I knew that the more I destroyed under his own eyes, the less risk there was of his going to the Khalifa again to induce him to believe that the whole of my work was, as he called it, "shoogal khabbass"—all lies; for Abdallah himself would get into trouble for not having discovered it before all the damage had been done. While

all seemed a collecting material for the conditions, but the answer was one lot of metal cut up from it was discovered that some mistake had been made either in length or thickness; and it was always a mistake in being cut too short and the thought that another raid had to be made for the strength, while still engaged in this futile labour the steamer *Safia* was brought up and beached opposite Mokran Fort for repairs.

But, instead of being allowed to settle in a cradle running the whole length of her keel, she was supported only on two keels, consequently her bow and stern floated away. All the boats were at this time in the charge of the Beit el Mal; and when

Osta Abdallah mentioned the *Safia*, and said it was impossible to repair her, Awwad el Mardi, leaving the Khalifa's displeasure at such a time, asked me if it was not possible to repair her.

Talking with us a number of men accompanied with Osta Abdallah, we accompanied the boat, and declared that she could be repaired. Awwad was pleased, and I was appointed superintendent of the work also. My superintendence consisted of making fuel and smoking surreptitiously.

News was coming each day of the most alarming description for the Khalifa. Tales of big gunboats

coming to recapture Khartoum, and the railway creeping forward, loaded him on collecting everything under his possession. All stores were hurried over to Omdurman. A hundred and fifty to two hundred men were sent over to destroy the houses, mosques, and other buildings in Khartoum as the Khalifa was determined to leave no stone unturned for any troops who succeeded in reaching there.

Looked upon with suspicion.

I was looked upon with the greatest suspicion, as there was no concealing, try as I might, my anxiety to glean every bit of news possible about the expedition; and I was also in a fever of excitement expecting the return of Onoor. Each day was bristling with opportunities for escape, provided there was a man with a camel ready for me on the opposite shore. With the dozens of boats and hundreds of men employed in transferring the arsenal to the other side of the river, a successful escape was assured; but Onoor never came. Towards the end of November, 1897, I was taken over with the last of the arsenal material to Omdurman, and

put into the Saier prison only until, as I was told, a house could be got ready for me in the Beit el Mal, where we were to complete the powder and cartridge machines.

When I returned to the Saier in November, 1897, it was as a visitor, and a distinguished one at that. I was told that I was only to remain there until my quarters in the Beit el Mal were ready for occupation, when I was to leave the prison and continue the construction of the powder and cartridge machines, to the completion of which the Khalifa and Yacoub were looking forward with no little interest and anxiety.

"A Dangerous Person."

But once inside the gates of the Saier, Osta Abdallah and Khaleel Hassanein determined to keep me there, and succeeded in doing so. When Awwad el Mardi again interested himself on my behalf, these worthies succeeded in persuading Yacoub that Awwad's interest in me was sure evidence of his sympathies with the Government; and their schemes ended by Awwad also being sent into the prison, with dire threats of what would



"WE EXAMINED THE BOAT, AND DECLARED THAT SHE COULD BE REPAIRED."

happen to him if he attempted to hold any intercourse with me.

It was perhaps a week after entering the prison that Umm es Shole came in to say that she had seen and spoken to Onoor Issa, who had not left Omdurman — the same Onoor whose return I had looked for so anxiously during the time of the transfer of the arsenal from Khartoum, when each day bristled with opportunities for successful flight! Fearing he might play me false, and hand the notes I had given him to the Khalifa as an earnest of his loyalty to him, I sent off Umm es Shole, and told her to say that I had a few notes to add to the letters I had given him—would he, please, hand them to her?

Onoor at once suspected my reasons for sending for them, and replied that he was not pleased with my want of confidence in him. That he had a permit to proceed to Suakin for trade, but, having fallen under suspicion, he had so far been prevented from leaving, but hoped to be able to do so now any day. Upon this I again trusted him, and added the following to my notes, sending them out to him as soon as it was written :—

News from here (the Saier); Slatin knows Omdurman prison. From the Beit el Mal to Morrada along the river are six semi-circular forts with flanks. Each fort has three guns, but the flanks are loopholed for musketry only. The parapets are of Nile mud, and appear to be three metres thick. Most of the forts are situated close under the high wall. There is a similar fort at the north end of Tuti Island; two more at Halfeyeh, and the same number at Hugra, north of Omdurman. Two batteries near Mukran sweep the White Nile and the arm which skirts Tuti Island; and I have just heard that someone has offered to lay torpedoes in the Nile to blow up the steamers. Slatin knows more about the army than I do; Wad Beshir has come in from Ghizera with about two thousand men. Osman Digna, with a force of which I have not learned the strength, is at Halfeyeh. Onoor will tell you all about these troops.

Ahmed Fedeel is at Sabalooka (Shabluka); and his strength is better known to you than me. The white population left here is in the greatest dread of this savage rabble and their rulers, and pray God to deliver them out of their hands, and that you may save them from the fate of

the Jaalin. I pray you to keep this letter an absolute secret. There are traitors among your spies (this remark was confirmed a few weeks later). If the least inkling of my communications with you should reach the Khalifa's ears, it will be all over with me. Answer me in German, as no

one else here understands the language. It is a mistake to trust any Arab—civilized or uncivilized. Onoor is the only one who has brought me any news. He is the best man to go between us. In expectation of an early reply from you, I subscribe myself yours devotedly—and pray God He may enable me to join you soon. I have been moved from Khartoum to the Omdurman prison only until my house is ready in the Beit el Mal.



“UMM ES SHOLE CAME IN TO SAY THAT SHE HAD SEEN AND SPOKEN TO ONOOR ISSA.”

The Khalifa has received news that steamers are coming to reconnoitre Khartoum.

It was not until the end of December that Onoor succeeded in obtaining permission to leave Omdurman; and then, hurrying to Suakin, he handed in my notes to the Commandant there, returning six months later with his thanks for the information given and money to keep me going.

It is passing strange how it was that my trouble in collecting information about the forts, writing to the advancing army, and giving what details I could should have given those on the way to Omdurman the impression that it was “Neufeld's forts” which were being knocked to pieces. Even my good friend—that King of War Correspondents—Mr. Bennett Burleigh, was good enough to tell me that he believed I had designed and constructed them. They were all the work, from beginning to end, of Yousef Mansour.

At the time I am speaking of the prison was filled with suspected sympathizers with the Government; the presence of Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi and Awwad el Mardi has already been alluded to. Hogal, who should have accompanied me on the expedition to Kordofan, was also a prisoner; but it was three months before I was able to steal an interview with him—about the time of the anniversary of my capture.

And then I learned, at almost the hour of my release, the real history of my capture. Our circle of “Government people” was added to daily;

Onoor is Suspected.

But is Not Thanked For It.

Learns the Real History of His Capture.

most of the most interesting additions being a party of sixteen or sixteen spies, amongst whom were Warrak, from Dongola; Abdalla Mahdawi, from Merawi; Ajail, from Kassala; and others from Suakin. They had been furnished by other spies. I have forgotten the names of the traitors, but it is of little moment now, as, on the occasion, the betrayed settled up their accounts on the taking of Omdurman. The names of the traitors were Dongolawi—perhaps the only sample of slaves on earth who have no honour among themselves.

Whatever may have been the excitement and anxiety in other parts of the world concerning the Sirdar's advance, we had our share of both in Khartoum. Strange tales had reached us of offers of assistance sent to the Khalifa to resist the advance of the troops. Shortly before I left Khartoum a field gun had arrived from the south as a present for the Khalifa; it was accompanied by a limited supply of ammunition—these cartridges carrying a shell in the same way as the rifle carries its bullet. One of the cartridges was sent to the Khartoum arsenal, to see if others could be made like it. Various

tales were told concerning its origin, but as the gun must have been taken at the capture of Omdurman its real history has no doubt been traced.

It was only when I met in prison Ibrahim Wad Hamza, of Berber, and Hamed Wad el Malek that I learned from them what had transpired when the King of Abyssinia sent an envoy to the Khalifa asking his assistance against the Italians. The envoy had been brought to the Khartoum arsenal to inspect it, but I was not allowed to speak to him. An arrangement had been come to by which the Abyssinians were to open up trade routes from Gallabat, and send in so much coffee and other articles of food monthly, in return for the promised assistance of the Khalifa in attacking the Italians; but the contributions or tribute were paid for a few months only, as another envoy came with offers of assistance against the advancing armies. He was the bearer of a tricolour which he asked the Khalifa to fly, as the troops might not fire at it. The conferences, as was the case with all conferences between the Khalifa and strangers, were held privately; but at the end of the last conference the Khalifa gave his reply in the presence of the Emirs and others. Handing back the flag he said, "My mission is a holy and religious one; I trust to God for help and success; I do not want the help of Christians. If ever I required the help of man, the Mohammedan boy Abbas is nearer and better to me"—and with this he waved off the envoy and his companions. The only construction we could place on the concluding sentence was that the Khalifa wished everyone to understand that, sooner than accept the help of a Christian power he would surrender to the Khedive—and this, of course, meant never, for he was looking forward to the day when he would erect his scaffolds in the Cairo citadel, and haul up the Khedive and "Burrin" (Lord Cromer) as his first victims. To the Sudanese, Lord Cromer, or "Burrin," as they mispronounced Baring, held the same relation to the Khedive as Yacoub did to the Khalifa.

From the day Mahmoud started until the arrival of the victorious army in Omdurman I was pestered with questions day and night. The Mahdists wished to know whether the advancing troops belonged to the sheik who sent the troops for Gordon in



THE FIELD-GUN WHICH HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO DEFEND THE
Khartoum Arsenal.

1884; those against Mahdieh wished to know if they belonged to the other sheik.

From the Arabic papers which found their way to Omdurman, the Soudanese had learned that there were two "tribes" in England each led by powerful sheiks—one, the sheik of 1884, and the other the sheik who had said that when he started there would be no coming back until he had "broken up" (smashed) Mahdieh. To the Mahdists, it was the troops who "ran away" who were coming again. To the "Government" people it was immaterial which "sheik" was in power; British troops were advancing, and that was enough. At night our circle would sift and discuss all the tales we had heard during the day; and, although we were filled with hope, anxiety and fear got the better of us on most occasions.

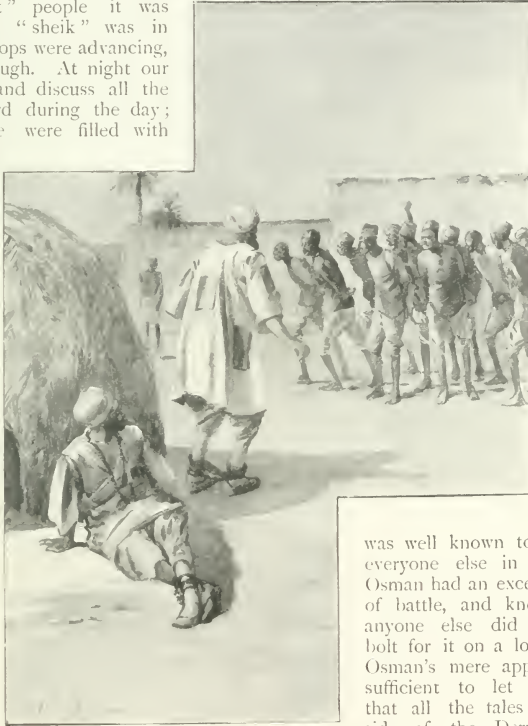
When Mahmoud was sent off his instructions were to wait at Metembeh and do all in his power to harass the troops as they crossed the river. If strong enough to attack them, he was to do so; but if they were stronger he was to retire gradually to Kerreri, where an old prophecy had foretold that the great battle was to take place. Mahmoud disobeyed these instructions, and crossed to the east bank, upon which the Khalifa sent him orders not to remain in a zareeba or trenches, but to attack the infidels in the open.

Hardly had the excitement caused by Mahmoud's defiance of the Khalifa's orders died down when the news came that he had attacked and annihilated the English Army. But other news than this followed on its heels. We learned the

truth from a band of about thirty-eight blacks wearing the Egyptian uniform; they were Dervishes taken at Dongola and Abu Hamad, and drafted into the army. At the Atbara they deserted back to the Dervishes, but, suspected of being spies, they were sent to the Saier. The whole truth came out when Osman Digna came back to Omdurman to report to the Khalifa.

"What news have you brought me, and how fare the faithful?" inquired Abdullahi. "Master," replied Osman, "I led them to

Paradise." Now, Osman had been doing this at every battle for years, and the Khalifa's patience was exhausted; he wanted victories, and not pilgrimages of his best troops to the next world. "Then why did you not go with them?" retorted Abdullahi. "God," replied Osman, piously, "hath not ordained it so; He must have more work for me to do. When that work is finished, He will call me." It



"WE LEARNED THE TRUTH FROM A BAND OF BLACKS WEARING THE EGYPTIAN UNIFORM."

was well known to the Khalifa, and everyone else in the Soudan, that Osman had an excellent eye for a field of battle, and knew an hour before anyone else did when to make a bolt for it on a losing day. Indeed, Osman's mere appearance was quite sufficient to let people understand that all the tales of victory on the side of the Dervishes were false; and it was useless for the Khalifa to try any longer to conceal the

truth. But some explanation had to be given for the terrible rout of his army.

It was all the doing of an outraged Deity. Mahmoud had disobeyed the orders transmitted through Abdullahi by the Prophet—and this was the result! As other stragglers came in, extraordinary tales were told of enormous steamers with enormous guns which fired "devils" and

Great News from the Front.

An Outraged Deity.

colleague. The description probably referred to the boats, which I gathered, had ricocheted all over Mahmoud's camp, playing terrible havoc.

On the fall of Dengela a Mograbin (from Tigris) named Nowraani, had offered for services to Arabah as a maker of torpedoes, and with these he said he could blow up every boat on the Nile. His offer was refused at the time, as the Khalifa said it was his intention to capture and destroy boats for himself; he did not wish them to be destroyed, but the tales coming from him about the Atbara fight showed that something must be done to secure them. Abdallah and Hassanein undertook to make a "boom" of chains across the Sabalooka (Sabalooka) pass; and for the purpose almost every scrap of chain in Omdurman was collected. Their plan, as described to me, was as follows:

The chains were to be laid across the stream, their ends made fast to the banks on the opposite banks of the Nile. To prevent them from sinking to the bed of the stream, a series of large wooden buoys had been made, and these were to be fixed at intervals along the boom. It had been calculated that the buoys would, with the weight of the chains, be sunk just below the surface of the water, and also keep the chains in a series of loops. These loops were intended to entangle the paddles and propellers of the gunboats, and, while so entangled, Mansour's picket men were to shoot everyone on board, and then, releasing the boats, bring them on to Omdurman. That was the arrangement. Explored in the arsenal at the time was a man named Mohammad Burrai—a Government carpenter, and a bitter enemy of Mansour and the others; he was intrusted with the attaching of the buoys at the fixed points in the boom. A few days after the boom was sent down the river, and, while I was "practising" the drilling on at the gates of the prison, I received an interesting patient. It was Burrai, bound up wrapped up in cloths as to make him unrecognizable. He told me first of the arrangements made for the boom, and how he had succeeded in destroying it.

The chains had been laid over the stream of boats anchored in the Nile from bank to bank, and Burrai had fixed the buoys to them. But instead of making the boom fast at these points, he merely slipped the rings round the boom so that the buoys could not turn one end to the other. The wind was given to slip the boom off the boats. The rings, with the force of the current were carried to the centre of the boom, and, with the

resistance offered by them to the stream, the cables snapped and were lost. Burrai's object in coming to me will be divined: having been employed on the construction of the boom, he might, when the English arrived, be shot as a Mahdist, and he wished to tell me, as a "Government man," what he had done, so that I could speak up for him. This I promised to do.

There were no more chains left with which to make another boom, but those terrible boats must be stopped from coming to Omdurman, and Nowraani now was sent for to explain his project again. He proposed to take two large tubular boilers, then lying at Khartoum, cut them in two, fill them with powder, seal up the open ends, and fire them by electricity as the boats passed over them. Sirri, the former telegraph clerk at Berber, was asked to design the electrical apparatus, but he pleaded ignorance of such things.

I was next sent for to give my opinion as to the feasibility of Nowraani's plan. It was explained to me that each half of the boilers would contain thirty cantars (a ton and a half) of gunpowder. So it was mines, and not torpedoes, the man wished to make; however, the name "torpedo" was always used. I replied that I had heard, as Nowraani said, of torpedoes being used in the sea for the destruction of great ships, but had never heard of them being used in rivers, and I doubted his ability to make them. The Khalifa was not satisfied with my answer, and sent word that he believed I could assist in the making of them, but would not. To this, again, I said I should be only too pleased to help Nowraani in his work, but what he proposed to do was very dangerous and risky, and I felt sure that the only result would be an explosion while the torpedoes were being made; and that, while I did not mind being killed myself, I would not like to meet the Prophet responsible for the lives of others. Perhaps I made a mistake in putting forward religious scruples, for the Khalifa never believed in my conversion; he took it for granted that I refused to help, and told the Saier to load me with an extra chain and bar.

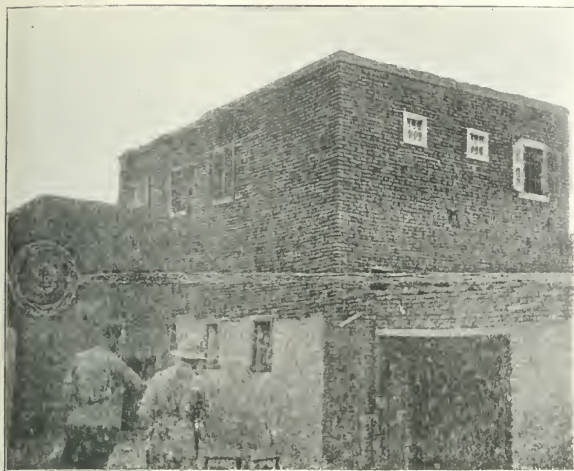
Nowraani insisted that his plans were feasible, and a small experimental "torpedo" was ordered to be made; Mansour, Hassanein, and Abdallah superintended the work, which was carried out in almost absolute secrecy. When finished, the mine was taken over to the Blue Nile, made fast under a boat, and exploded. The result was most satisfactory—the boat being blown to matchwood, and a large column of mud and

To Destroy
the
Gunboats.

"What do
You Think
of the
Plan?"

A Slight
Mistake.

Exploding
Mines.



THIS IS A SNAP-SHOT OF THE KHALIFA'S HOUSE IN OMDURMAN.
By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

water thrown into the air, which was more impressive, evidently, than the destruction of the boat.

The "torpedoes" were ordered immediately, and men kept working night and day for their completion. The boilers were cut in two, plates fitted to the open ends, wires and "strings"—as it was described to me—fitted to mechanism in the interior; and in maybe a fortnight's time I learned that four big and one small torpedoes were fastened to gyassas ready to be lowered into the stream, while others were being made. Again I received a visit from Burrai: he had to assist in the laying of the mines, and wanted to know from me how they might be rendered useless. From his description of the wires and lines running in pairs, I came to the conclusion that electricity was to be the medium for their explosion—especially as Burrai's instructions were to take charge of these lines, pay them out as the torpedoes sank, and make the free ends of the line fast to posts which had been fixed on the land just south of Khor Shamba. I told him that if either wire or

string of the pairs of lines was broken the torpedoes could not be fired, and suggested his giving a hard tug to one of the lines as soon as the "barrel," as he called the mines, had been lowered to the bed of the stream.

What happened we know; how it happened we never shall. Burrai was seen on the *Ismailia*, which towed down the stone-laden gyassas with the torpedoes. The gyassas were to have a hole knocked in them, and the boat and torpedoes allowed to sink gradually. One torpedo had been lowered, and a frightful explosion immediately followed. The boats with Nowraani and between thirty and forty men were blown to atoms. The

Ismailia herself was blown into two parts—the stern floating a few yards down stream and sinking there. Burrai was picked out of the water with the whole of the flesh of the calf of his left leg blown clean away, and also the flesh from his ribs on the left side. He lingered for seven days, asking repeatedly for me, but all that I was allowed to do was to send him carbolic acid for his wounds. I was not allowed to go and see him. To all inquiries as to how the accident happened he could, or would, only say that all he did was to pull in the slack of the lines to prevent their becoming entangled.

Sorry as I am for poor Burrai's death, I cannot consider that I am in any way to blame for it. I can only think that some system of fuse, or detonator, had been fixed to the "torpedoes," and that the very action I had suggested to render them useless had exploded them. About the time that the mines exploded Onoor returned—or, at least, I got news of his return, by receiving the letter and money he had brought from Suakin.

(To be continued.)

The Human Hair Harvest in Brittany.

By CHARLES GÉNIAUX, OF PARIS.

Many persons have heard of the extraordinary markets held periodically in different towns on the Continent of Europe, to which women and girls come to sell their hair for money or goods; but we believe no actual snap-shot photos. of the traffic itself have ever been taken—or, if taken, have ever been published. Obviously the vendors do not care to be perpetuated in this manner, and M. Géniaux himself had more than one narrow escape from the infuriated ladies who were selling their tresses to the itinerant merchant-barbers.



THE traffic in artificial hair is a big business. It is interesting in itself, and quite a readable article might be prepared as the result of an interview with an extensive dealer in human hair in London or any other great city. This information, however, is accessible to any journalist who cares to go and get it, and I cannot here mention it forms no part of this paper which deals rather with the very fountain-head (the joke is not intentional) of this curious industry.

I visited one of the great Paris *coiffeurs*, and he made the startling statement that "when they reach a certain age—say, forty or fifty years—generally the ladies in Paris use artificial hair, particularly those who wear their hair in twists, or who affect the archaic style. Why," he said, "do you know the price of a single kilogramme (one kilo) of first class hair—hair that has been well chosen, and prepared? Well, sir, I do not sell it under a thousand or eighteen hundred francs, according to colour, texture, and general beauty.

"And," he continued, "thanks to the life of high pressure which we lead in these modern days the demand is becoming greater and greater."

With these interesting statements still ringing in my ears, I left the *coiffeur* and resolved to find out for myself the origin of those mountains of human hair used by the wigmakers of Paris.

Luck was soon to satisfy my curiosity, for not long afterwards, in the course of a journey through Brittany, my attention was arrested by certain conversations on the subject of a sale of hair. I was told that the peasant women round about had their hair cut off periodically not only in the merchants who went shearing from village to village. I made inquiries without fruit at first, and soon found out that one of the most important of these markets was about to be held in the month of June at the Fair of St. Fiacre. I felt overjoyed, and expressed by my informant my intention of taking photos. of every phase of this strangest of markets.

My friend looked amused. "You had better take care what you are about," he said, warn-

ingly, "for both the merchants and their customers are perfect savages, jealously guarding the secret of their queer traffic." But a still more startling statement was to come. "They have already fallen upon one of your artistic colleagues and completely smashed his camera."

I felt surprised, and said so. "Tell me all about it," I said.

"Oh! it was at St. Jean Trolimon, in the peninsula of Penmarch. M. G. Roluchon, who is the author of many well-known works, renowned throughout France, was desirous of photographing a similar scene. Well, one morning he arrived at the fair, alone on a tricycle. Dismounting close to the Calvary at Tronoen, he commenced his preparations by establishing his dark room. He was congratulating himself upon the prospect of obtaining excellent and striking photographs, when suddenly the girls and lads fell upon him with sticks, gave him a tremendous drubbing, and smashed his apparatus all to bits. There appeared, however, to be something more in this than mere aversion to the camera, for M. Roluchon discovered that he had been robbed, when he made his escape bruised and breathless."

Of course, this account did not sound very encouraging; but, on consideration, I found that the spice of danger made the venture still more attractive. I made up my mind that I would run away, however, in the event of my being attacked, as my friends would never forget it if they learnt that I had been engaged in a ridiculous scuffle with a lot of women.

Well, anyway, this particular day finds me blithely climbing the hill on whose summit is held the famous Fair of St. Fiacre, which is attended by practically the whole agricultural population of the Morbihan.

In the centre of a large plateau is a round chapel. A few walls, some courtyards, two or three farms, and a little timber on the limit of the far-reaching horizon. Such is the battlefield on which the agricultural interests of the entire Department array themselves. Also, young men come from far and near to this fair to offer their services and hire themselves as labourers

to the farmers. They look picturesque enough, these fellows, as they flock in together, holding in their hands long peeled twigs. As soon as a farmer has hired one of them, the young man breaks his willow stick as a sign of the engagement, and from that moment he enters the service of his new patron.

But do you know what the maidens, and even the old women, are doing in the meantime? Why, they are busy exchanging their hair for articles of clothing and miscellaneous sundries dear to the feminine heart! I must now set down accurately and in detail all I saw and heard during my undoubtedly perilous mission. Talk about a sheep-shearing station in Australia! Why, it is nothing to what I saw. First of all, however, a word of explanation is necessary.

In England, this extraordinary traffic would be almost impossible; and, in consequence, very little human hair is exported into Paris from Great Britain. But, on the other hand, picturesque Brittany furnishes almost one-fourth of the entire consumption in the capital. Now, why is this? Well, it is mainly because the Breton women wear as head-covering a close-fitting linen cap, which entirely hides the hair with the exception of two flat bands which pass over the forehead and down to the ears. Now suppose for a moment that these Breton caps were replaced by ordinary hats or bonnets. Well, if this innovation took place, the traffic in human hair would simply become an impossibility, as the deficiency in hair would be apparent to every passer-by. Thanks also to

the prevalence of the cap, the Auvergne and some districts of Normandy likewise furnish a considerable supply of human hair.

The peasant women seem to have reasoned the matter out something in this way: "As our large heads of hair are not seen, and as they have a certain commercial value, why should we over-weight our brains with them, especially when honest merchants come along to buy our hair on such advantageous terms?" And, goodness knows, cash is scarce enough among the Breton peasants.

It is no wonder, then, that the travelling hair-shearers and merchants put up at St. Fiacre, attracted as they are by the certainty of being able to shear practically the whole population of women and reap a very fine harvest of human hair.

I may remark, before going any further, that the merchants are not nice persons, or polite; and their language, as a rule, is abominable. Probably by way of violent contrast to the city hair-dresser, who affects distinguished manners and curls his moustache with tongs, the hair-cutters I saw were unshaven and slovenly in their dress. They have adopted as costume the ugly blouse of Normandy, which exhibits an increasing tendency to invade the rural districts of France, and makes it impossible even to guess at the birthplace of the wearer. As head-gear, the merchant usually wears a wide-brimmed felt hat, whilst a few of them wear straw boat-shaped ones. I felt rather curious to know the former occupations of these gentry,

for, from the way in which they went about their business, I gathered that they were not born hair-cutters. One man I questioned, however, flew into a furious rage, and as the English colloquialism has it, nearly "flew down my throat." The second was a gentler person. He confessed that he was a potato merchant during the winter. Rather prosaic, wasn't it?



1.—THE WIFE OF THE CHIEF HAIR-SHEARER HAGGLES WITH HER CUSTOMERS OVER THE QUALITY OF THEIR HAIR. (By the Author)

At length I

was fortunate enough to be well received by the best-known of them all, a comparatively intelligent man, without whose assistance it would have been impossible for me to obtain the snap shots reproduced in this article. Whilst actually writing these lines I have open before me my note-book with this entry, in the hand of my friend, the chief hair shearer:—

M. Gérard, Chémoulin.

Xu Chémoulin Grande, au Carenton (Morbihan).

Without any appearance of conceit he said to me: "I am a kind of celebrity in my own line, *Monsieur*!" he went on, excitedly. "How many heads of hair have I shorn? Perhaps a hundred thousand or more!"

He was ruffled & comic person. "Since my childhood, he went on, moved almost to tears, "I have been at work—snipping, snipping, snipping, snipping," and he accompanied each word with an appropriate gesture. "My father was a village barber

yes, an ordinary barber! He was one of that kind who just clapped a wooden bowl over the skull of a peasant, and cut off all that hung below it. When I joined the regiment—the inevitable regiment—I was entrusted with the shaving of the heads of the conscripts, and after obtaining the rank of master hairdresser, I returned to civil life, as you find me. Up to that hour I had cut off much hair, but not a lot. Ah! what want! But suddenly one day a great light broke in upon me. I conceived the idea of selling the hair I acquired, and this started my career as a mercantile hair-shearer.

GM. "But it was a great idea!"

I have said above that my new friend started without concert: but as he related the moving story of his career, he appeared to swell with pride, and he wound up his recital with the assurance of a successful general.

My friend was accompanied by his wife; and as this Madame Gérard was extremely useful to him in his extraordinary business. By the way, I remember that all the shearers likewise had their wives with them. It became evident to me later that they mistrusted themselves, feeling certain that come they would not be clever

enough to deceive the country lasses to the shameful extent usually practised.

My first photo. represents the act of bargaining, or haggling. In the large courtyard of the farm you see vehicles crowded against the wall, the horses reversed in the shafts eating hay off the front seat of the cart. Right in front, on a low wall, Madame Gérard has arranged remnants of lurid stuffs, shawls, kerchiefs, and an infinite variety of odds and ends—quite as attractive to ladies as the ones at the end of this number. Madame holds between her fingers a print, which she is handling with studied carelessness for the benefit of an old woman with white hair, who is simply burning to exchange her hair for the gaudy stuff, as it would make her such a fine apron. It is a grand comedy, this. They talk, those two, they discuss, they haggle. Presently a group of farmers' wives standing by join in the animated debate. In a corner at the



MADAME GÉRARD CRITICALLY EXAMINES A HEAD OF HAIR—NOTICE ON THE RIGHT FROM A PHOTO. THE ARTICLES FOR BARTER. [By the Author.]

left of the photo, a young girl, bareheaded, is awaiting a favourable moment to come forward in her turn. I must beg my readers to examine closely the caps of the women in my snap-shots. You will notice the two bands of hair underneath the white linen on the forehead, but all the rest is so scrupulously hidden that he must be remarkably clever who could tell a woman with her hair on from one who has just been shorn by the merchants.

In my second photo. the dealer's wife is callously grasping in both hands the dark tresses of a peasant woman. The latter, however, is

quite willing to offer her superb hair in exchange for that piece of cloth, which her eager hands will not let go. A right royal array of woollen and cotton stuffs is set out upon the wall one above the other, and their white tickets, ostentatiously bearing preposterous prices, are well displayed. I would specially draw the attention of WIDE WORLD readers to this trick of the dealers. The utility of the price-ticket is indeed obvious. A shawl worth, perhaps, a franc or two, impresses the peasant vastly if it be marked 25fr., and the trick costs nothing save cardboard and ink. The result is, that in giving up to the women a few yards of stuff, a couple of kerchiefs, or what not, the rascals appear to be paying royally for their victims' hair. Nay, I have seen even worse things than this, for some of the victims were actually forced to pay a cash surplus over and above their hair, in order to obtain what they coveted—a still more gaudy shawl, or else some English cloth, which is in high favour with the poor peasants of Brittany. The following is a specimen of the dialogue I heard:—

"I should like that red shawl, madame."

"Well, show me your hair," answers the female bargainer, "and we will see what we can do. Yes, indeed, we will see what we can do."

The old woman forthwith takes off her cap and lets down her hair, spreading it out and displaying her extraordinary wares to the best possible advantage before the cold eye of the purchaser.

The latter seizes it (rather brutally, I thought), feels it, weighs it in her hand, and then pulls it to judge of its strength. Then, as a matter of course, she depreciates it, finding fault with its colour, texture, coarseness, etc.

"Heavens! it is worth nothing. It is too short," and so on, and so on.

Finally Madame Gérard declares she doesn't care for the hair at all. More bargaining. Then madame (it is a beautiful, if fantastic, comedy) appears to relent somewhat, and at last she cries, indifferently: "Well, give me forty sous and your hair, and you shall have the shawl."

"You're joking," exclaims the woman, pitifully.

"No, I'm not, indeed," is the reply. "I'm perfectly serious. And even then I shall lose by it—on my honour."

And so the cunning dealer manages to get out of the silly woman the entire commercial value of the shawl, thus obtaining her beautiful hair for nothing—hair which brings in at least fifty francs per kilogramme to the rascally merchant. Moreover, later on, when sorted and "manufactured," it is worth thirty times that sum.

When the bargain has been struck, M. Gérard himself appears upon the scene, bustling and cheerful, well knowing that his flinty-hearted spouse has arranged the more unpleasant part of the business.



3.—A BARGAIN HAVING BEEN VERBALLY ARRANGED, M. GÉRARD COMMENCES ON HIS HARVEST. HIS CUSTOMERS RANGE FROM BABIES TO OLD WOMEN.

From a Photo. by the Author.

"Sit down on this chair, my good woman," he says, with ludicrous benignance, "and let us cut off your terrific shock of hair. I am quite sure it is too heating for your head."

Then the good man proceeds to work up quite a pretty indignation. He gently chides the woman, and perhaps ends up by saying, "Are you not indeed *ashamed* to let it grow so long?"

My third photo. shows Gérard actually at work, with a large pair of scissors. He cuts so closely that the scalp shows white on one side of the poor victim's head. As the scissors snip away he throws the hair at intervals on to a large handkerchief or white cloth which is laid upon the ground. Also, he leaves a deceptive fringe all round the victim's head, which he is careful not to shear off. At this stage the patient looks like nothing so much as a Capuchin monk, the head being one huge tonsure. The illustrations will instruct my readers in the primitive methods of M. Gérard



AN OLD FARMER CUTS FARMER'S WIFE IN THE HANDS OF THE HAIR CUTTER—HER SERVANT STANDS WITH HER CAP ON THE RIGHT. [By the Author.]

and his colleagues. They cut off with a few snips of the scissors even the most troublesome locks of hair. I saw Gérard myself take hold of a strand of hair in his left hand and tug at it violently, half tearing it out by the roots and leaving it. The whole scene is a marvellous exhibition in what women will endure for the sake of personal finery—finery which they cannot afford to purchase in the ordinary way.

In order to insure the success of these snapshots, my friend the dealer had hired two ill-favored old hags out into the daylight. Sitting stooping on their chairs, with their heads drooping forward, the peasant woman submitted patiently to have her hair positively torn out piecemeal.

A fairly old farmer's wife is seen in the above snapshot and from motions of tongue, as well as a gesture, she has missed the end of the scissors of the barber. On the right of the photo, and with another old woman, kneeling to her, stands the other wife of the farmer. Here, naturally, we get

another curious glimpse of the industry, and we see that all the country women do not act in this way solely for money, but actually seek relief from the weight of their superb heads of hair.

I consider it necessary to give the accompanying photo., if only for my own credit, and in order to give you some idea of the difficulties which beset me in the fulfilment of my perilous task. First of all, notice the two walls, the farther of which is close upon 14ft. high. I had tried to penetrate into the

yard where the hair-cutters were plying their scissors, but the moment the women set eyes upon me I was shrilly insulted and hustled out.

I made up my mind, however, that I would not be beaten. I am young and agile, and so resolved that I would run round the outer inclosure, scale the high wall, and from this point of vantage take snapshots of the interesting scene within. But, alas! I had not reckoned on the pebbles and large stones with



THE HAIR HARVEST IS FULL SWING. THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS STONED. [From a Photo.] NOTICE THE GIRL ON THE RIGHT WAITING HER TURN. [By the Author.]



6.—AN AVARICIOUS MOTHER ABOUT TO SELL HER CHILDREN'S HAIR.

From a Photo. by the Author.

which I was bombarded, and all because the girls got angry at the sight of my all-recording camera. Indeed, without good old Gérard's assistance I might have come away positively injured. Certainly I should not have obtained a single snap-shot. But the worthy dealer helped me down from my perilous perch, and I took the photos. scattered throughout this article as best I could.

I do not know the weird vocabulary of Breton insults, but the mother of the little girl seen in photos. Nos. 6 and 7 made my ears positively ring with her furious howls. First of all, she hid her children in her skirts. Then I pretended to go, but suddenly turning round, I secured a snap-shot of the little girl with her cap off, and her pretty, fair hair tossed over her shoulders (No. 6). The poor little thing was crying. Probably some instinct had warned her of the barbarity of this custom. Her mother, however, was eager for gain, and well knew that children's locks, more especially when

golden, are worth most of all. And so she bartered the child's hair for a piece of cloth. The two little maidens of five and six were very tiny, but, all the same, they were dressed like grown-up people, and had to submit to the common fate. Notice on the right the unintelligent faces of the peasants. So long as the country folk remain in their present condition of ignorance, this strange traffic will continue.

In the photo. shown below the mother is covering the scalp of her shorn little one with a *résille*, or coarse net, while the child herself looks very disconsolate. Until they have made their first Communion, the little girls of Brittany all inclose their hair in nets.

One of Gérard's rivals is depicted in the next photo. He has set up a sort of tent on poles, and in its discreet shade he sets out his bait,



7.—THE CRUEL DEED DONE—COVERING THE LITTLE GIRL'S SHORN HEAD WITH A NET. *[By the Author.]*



THE AUTHOR'S UNFORTUNATE VISIT TO THE TENT WHICH HE TAKES FROM A VILLAGE TO VILLAGE. *[By the Author.]*

Of course it would be more correct to speak of his merchandise—shawls, fichus, kerchiefs, and a number of other things. When an unfortunate victim, excited by curiosity, falls into his hands, she does not emerge until she has been shaved to the scalp. One woman I saw with my own eyes receiving as the price of her hair a kerchief hardly worth seven sous—to say nothing about the insults which the dealer heaped upon her concerning her hair.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the scene was at its strangest. At least a hundred women of all ages, with many children, beset and surrounded the hair-dealers. Nearly all were bare-headed, with their hair flying all over the place. On the ground was a pitiful heap of hair of all colours—black, white, brown, and golden, in an infinite variety of shades. One woman confessed to me that she came back every two or three years to sell her hair, which grew again very quickly; and I could not help comparing this interesting peasant to a sheep being periodically shorn.

Some days later, as I was passing through Avannes, my attention was suddenly attracted by a man mounted on a mule. He was fixing over a door the most curious-looking sign I have ever

seen. It consisted of a long pole, with an enormous shawl of gaudy pattern fastened to it. The design of blazing red and yellow compelled attention, no matter what one's business was. But what attracted me most and aroused my curiosity was the long tress of hair which was fastened to one corner of the shawl. But my last photo. will explain this novel advertisement better than any description. I made my way along a tortuous passage, and reached a yard where some girls were apparently offering their hair for sale. I tried to take some photos., but decided instead to beat a hasty retreat. For the women shrieked shrilly at the sight of my camera, and threatened

me with personal violence. Yes, I had had enough of the hair harvest.



NOTICE THE "SIGN" HUNG OUT TO ANNOUNCE THE HAIR-SHEARERS—IT CONSISTS OF A GAUDY SHAWL WITH A TRESS OF HAIR BELOW. *From a Photo. by the Author.*

Attacked by Eagles in the Alps.

By M. ANTOINE NEYSEL, OF BORDEAUX.

Paragraphs about the extraordinary adventure of the postman, Gustave Silva, in the Maritime Alps, appeared in most of the European papers. As, however, the unfortunate man succumbed to his terrible injuries, it has fallen to the lot of M. Antoine Neyssel to give to the public, exclusively in the pages of "The Wide World," a detailed description of what is probably a unique experience. M. Neyssel was himself attacked by the fierce birds, and his unfortunate companion killed. Photographs of all the men are here reproduced.



M. ANTOINE NEYSEL, WHO GIVES HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HIS TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE. [Photo. From a]

THINK that many thousands of British and American visitors to the Riviera will be interested in this narrative, which may cause them in future to look with additional interest towards the beautiful mountains that look out upon the blue Mediterranean. The Maritime Alps of Eastern France are not often climbed by British tourists, and they are, I imagine, not likely to become more popular when the peculiar risk detailed in this story becomes known. The villagers now know that climbers on these peaks have to contend not only with avalanches, treacherous snow, loose stones, and all the other perils incidental to mountaineering, but also possible attacks from the hundreds of ferocious and powerful eagles who build their huge nests in the inaccessible crags.

I think it was in the beginning of last year with my friend M. Joseph Monand and I made

up our minds to spend the forthcoming holidays in the south-east of France. We were to commence by having "a good time" in Nice, which was to be followed by an ascent of the adjacent Maritime Alps. On the 1st of July we started from Bordeaux, arriving in Nice on the second day. Of course the "Paris of the South" was pretty empty, but we stayed a fortnight by its lovely shore, and on the 19th proceeded to Mentone. Here it was our intention to turn away from the sea into the mountains. We soon found ourselves at Sospello, a delightfully picturesque little village nestling at the foot of the stately Alps, which were at that time covered with dazzling snow. We stayed a day or two at Sospello to find a couple of really reliable guides, and also to collect information which might be of use. On the evening of the 22nd of July we had everything ready, from guides to axes. We were about to retire early, knowing that we would have to start at an unearthly hour in the morning, when,



M. NEYSEL'S COMPANION, M. JOSEPH MONAND, HE WAS HURLED BY THE 'EAGLES INTO A CREVASSE, AND FIVE DAYS LATER HIS BODY WAS RECOVERED. [Photo. From a]

to our astonishment, a villager came into the tent, far from the startling intelligence that a man had been attacked with great ferocity and nearly killed by Alpine eagles. When we heard this our two guides were about to leave us for the night. We all went out into the village, and found every man at his door discussing the strange news. I instructed the guides to make inquiries and report as soon as possible. A man attacked by eagles in the Alps! How very interesting it would be! Quite a thrill of excitement passed through us, and we all agreed to make a party of us intrepid explorers.

Presently our man came back and told us everything they could gather. It appeared that the postman, who had for years carried the mail to Sospello, Pizzo, Elmiers and Sospello, was crossing the Alps on the ordinary course of his journey, when he was suddenly attacked by a flock of eagles. He succeeded in defending himself with his alpenstock, but the onslaught was so vigorous and the number of his assailants so great, that he was shockingly beaten and mutilated in almost every part of his body. It was not owing to the darkness of the night and the violent wind which was blowing that he was enabled to make his escape alive. His back had been dreadfully torn, and he was lacerated all over by the beaks, talons, and wings of the powerful birds.

As the guides proceeded with their startling narrative, no doubt exaggerating things absurdly, Monand and I experienced the first sensation of awe and fear, particularly when we learned that we should have to traverse the identical route covered by the unfortunate postman. (How thought! Why remain any longer in doubt when we could go and interview the wounded man for ourselves? Yes, this was a course we heard, so we went at once to the place where the postman lay. The excitement in the pretty little streets was quite amusing to witness. Everybody was talking and chattering to everybody else, and it was easy to see that the villagers generally had so sensational an occurrence as a dinner. The man had been taken into a country carriage, and I can never forget the interesting spectacle he presented. Evidently he had not been long there. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and very stiffly and

stoutly built. He was not in bed, but lay unconscious on some chairs, beneath one of which a ghastly pool of blood had collected. His clothes, too, were in a shocking state, and altogether the unfortunate man appeared to have been almost torn to pieces. His face, particularly, was dreadful to look upon. While we were in the room he seemed to be regaining consciousness, and with it came intense pain. We saw we could do nothing, and soon left, much pained and horrified, and not nearly so keen on climbing as we had been. Next morning, however, things looked differently. We remembered first of all that we had never heard of such an extraordinary occurrence before; and next, we realized that we had bought our outfit and engaged the guides, who would probably want to be paid whether they went with us or not. Could the postman, we wondered, have fallen into a crevasse; or had he imagined the whole fantastic attack? Finally we compromised matters by resolving to push on, taking suitable arms with us.

That night my rest was disturbed by fearful dreams—no doubt consequent upon our visit to the unhappy postman. We rose before day-break in the morning, and, taking up our loads, sallied forth, meeting the guides in the main street. Then, at 5 a.m. precisely, we left Sospello behind and set off towards the stately mountains



THIS IS THE UNFORTUNATE ALPINE POSTMAN, GUSTAVE SILVA, WHO WAS ATTACKED BY EAGLES. HE DIED FROM HIS INJURIES IN SOSPELLO. [Photo.]

before us. Our way at first lay through a beautiful valley, now covered with mist, which shone like silvery vapour in the morning sunlight. Great fallen crags diversified the way, and the lower hills before us were broken by grassy slopes and massive rocks into beautiful expanses of light and shade.

I think we had forgotten all about the postman in the sheer joy of living. Higher and higher we climbed steadily, the odour of an Alpine morning in our nostrils, and keen with anticipation of unknown pleasures to come. At length we halted for a moment and roped ourselves together, in the way common to mountaineers in the higher regions. One of the guides then led the way; Monand and I were in the middle; and our second guide brought up the rear. Each of us carried an ice-axe, and we pressed steadily but cautiously higher and higher for another hour or two. By

this time we were at a very great height, and I frequently turned to admire the sublime panorama below. Soon, however, we encountered great masses of snow, which rendered our progress quite painfully difficult. Still we climbed upwards, until we reached what I may describe as a snowy track, which ran at the very edge of a dizzy crevasse. The situation is shown exactly in the accompanying photo. We walked on the very edge, because we found it easier to get a foothold there. At last we were about to climb the culminating peak, when suddenly the leading guide halted abruptly, with an exclamation of horror. Looking in the direction indicated, we felt instinctively that we had reached the spot where the ill-fated postman had been attacked by the eagles. There could be no mistake about it, for the terrible battle-ground was strewn with feathers and drops of blood. It seemed to us miraculous that the man could have escaped from the clutches of the infuriated eagles; or that, doing so, he was not hurled into the crevasse

on the left. Like a flash we realized that we had done a silly thing, pushing on here into the lonely wilderness of rocks and snow, not knowing what might happen to us, or whether we would return alive. Presently, however, we remembered that, while the unfortunate postman was alone, there were four of us, and each man suitably armed. Nevertheless, I must confess that the idea of being attacked by eagles up in this dizzy place was far from attractive—especially when one looked into the frightful crevasse below.

We had passed the spot, however, and were now mounting slowly once more, when suddenly we heard loud, weird cries apparently from the very bottom of the abyss on our left.

We stopped and listened a moment, breathless with fear and dread of coming evil. I leave it to my readers to imagine what our feelings were when the strange cries were again renewed, accompanied this time by a terrific and unmistakable flapping as of mighty wings! We ventured to the edge of the crevasse and peered into its depths. Far down we could see a whirling medley of immense and apparently infuriated birds, engaged in a terrific fight among themselves. Curious shrieks and grunts floated up to us, and we could see clouds of feathers, big and little, floating in the air. I had seen eagles fight in different zoological gardens, but little dreamed then that I should nearly meet my death on the Alps from the powerful talons and wings of these huge birds of prey. I seemed to realize at once that they would attack us. Most likely I had in my mind our recent visit to the maimed and disabled postman.

Round and round whirled the flocks of giant birds, and—horror of horrors! they seemed to be cir-

cling up and up towards the top of the crevasse.

"They are fighting among themselves now," we said, despairingly, "but when they get up here they will join forces and attack us."

We had firearms, but even if we fired at the eagles and killed some of them, how could we escape from the others, who might stun us with their wings and hurl us into the crevasse before we could reload? Moreover, the spot where we were standing was not the place where one could make a running fight. It was a mass of hard and slippery snow, seamed here and there with dangerous and treacherous crevasses, some of them half-covered with snow. For my own part, I thought it a hideous fate—to be killed on



VIEW IN THE MARITIME ALPS NEAR SOSPETO—NOTICE THE DEEP CREVASSE IN THE FOREGROUND. THE CROSS SHOWS THE IDENTICAL PLACE OF THE EAGLES' ATTACK. [Photo.]

the Alps, not indeed by an avalanche or a mountain-coming accident, but actually by a lot of falls? Indeed, all sorts of ridiculous ideas occurred to me in between the little prayers which I uttered. If I were in a jungle and pursued by some savage beast, I could either kill him or escape by flight. But here I could do neither. And yet, after these despairing thoughts, it occurred to me that perhaps after all the eagles might not see us, or, if they did, they might pass us by, being too engrossed with their own inter-tribal battle. My poor friend Mairand, however, apparently feared the worst. He strongly suggested having come at all, and said so. He also pointed out to me what a very dreadful fate it was to be attacked and killed by eagles. He saw many other foolish things, pardonable enough under the circumstances, but very irritating at the time.

The whining, circling, warping birds were now almost on a level with us, and we continually asked the guides what was best to be done, and whether they knew of any plan whereby the eagles—which appeared to be growing more and more numerous as they approached the surface—might be prevented from attacking us. Our guides—good, faithful fellows—told us again and again that the birds would not touch us, so long as they were busy with a fight among themselves. We thought this decidedly reassuring, and I then asked the guides if we should fire upon the birds in the event of their approaching too near to us. They warned us on no account to do this, lest it should bring the whole flock down upon us.

I was curious, by the way, to see how the whirling host grew more and more numerous. I supposed other eagles coming in the rock must have joined them on their way in. Suddenly (the flapping and straggling cries having become louder and more threatening) the eyes burst up, and around us, trailing

majestically and then darting at one another in fierce battle. I should think that by this time it was half-past eight. We had been witnessing the great battle of the birds for more than twenty minutes. The moment the eagles flew up and around us, the guides quietly cut the ropes connecting us, saying that in case of an attack each could manage to defend himself, and be independent of his fellow. We then turned cautiously back, with beating hearts. I say, "cautiously," but this only applies to places where it would have been certain death to have rushed headlong. Wherever possible, however, we simply raced over the frozen snow like maniacs. I look back with a shudder upon the terribly dangerous



"I HEARD A LOUD WHIRLING SOUND BEHIND ME, AND LOOKING ROUND, SAW THAT THE IRRITATED EAGLES WERE COMING ON AT US."

places we negotiated at railroad speed. We had only been descending some five or six minutes, when I heard a loud whirring sound behind me, and looking round, saw to my horror that the infuriated eagles were coming on at us. If I told you that we experienced any other sensation than one of absolute, abject terror I should not be telling the truth. I was the first to see the eagles, but I was quite unable to speak, and could only stand still and point

an avalanche. I heard a shot—I suppose Monand fired, but I did not: I do not know why. The attack was quite too dreadful for words. Speaking for myself, I remember that the eagles struck me with stunning force with their wings, their hooked beaks, and strong talons. Instinctively I struck out all round me with my alpenstock and axe, having dropped my gun as a useless encumbrance. Every part of my body seemed to be assailed simultaneously.



"AS I LASHED FRANTICALLY ABOUT ME, THE FIERCE BIRD SEEMED TO GROW MORE AND MORE PERSISTENT IN THEIR ATTACKS."

dumbly at our dreadful peril. Monand turned out braver than any of us, and bringing his gun to his shoulder he awaited the oncoming of our aerial enemies.

In another moment they dashed upon us like

It was a fierce struggle for life or death. Strangely enough, I remember nothing of what happened to my companions. I neither saw nor heard anything of them after the first great rush of the eagles. A remarkable thing, too,

was that after this first charge the huge birds seemed to grow more and more numerous. Perhaps they were transferred from other quarters. I remember feeling my hands wet with blood, but was not conscious of any great pain.

Naturally enough, all kinds of thoughts chased themselves like lightning through my brain. At one time I fancied that if I could only hold out for a few moments the eagles would retreat beaten. As I looked frantically about me, however, the fierce birds seemed to grow more and more persistent in their attack, screaming continually and whirling in the assault again and again. You would not credit the tremendous strength of their wings. I went staggering about like some drunken man, buffeted hither and thither by these strong and powerful weapons, and a blissful miracle I was not hurled to death on the crevasse.

I do not ask me how long this weird battle lasted. It may have been five or six minutes, or a quarter of an hour. I do not know. I grew feeble, and felt almost inclined to give up the struggle when the blood began to trickle down my face and nearly blinded me. I knew that every moment might be my last, and that I might be hurled into the crevasse. Strangely enough, the prospect did not appal me. From that time onward I defended myself almost mechanically, inclined every moment to give up and headlong.

I gave up thought to the guides and my poor friend Monand. If I am judged harshly for this I regret it; but I could not help it. All at once I heard loud, excited voices, but thought that these were merely fantastic creations of my own brain. In a moment or two, however, I could distinguish a number of men laying about them noisily with sticks, and beating off the snow. A number of the birds at once left me the attack of the new-comers, but three or four persistently persistent creatures remained circling round me head and striking savagely at me. I had a vague kind of idea that we were being

rescued—or, rather, that I was being rescued; and when this occurred to me I made a desperate dash downwards, racing and leaping blindly to get away from the cruel eagles. So far I remember what happened fairly well, but hereabouts my memory fails. I must have fainted. I regained consciousness at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and with consciousness came terrible pain all over my body. I tried to get up on my legs, but soon fell again.

I now thought of my friend and the two guides, and wondered what had become of them: I also marvelled who were the people I fancied I had seen on the mountain. While thinking these things over, however, two men came up behind me, lifted me up, and took me slowly and tenderly down to the village. On the way I asked what had become of Monand, but no one had seen him. The men who had come to our rescue were the villagers, who had followed our ascent through telescopes, as is frequently done in the Alps. They had seen us halt, and had wondered what danger we feared. I asked everyone what had become of my friend, but no one knew anything of his whereabouts, and at length the hideous thought came into my mind that he must have either been killed by the eagles or thrown into the crevasse.

My story is done. It pains me to tell you, however, that five days later the remains of poor Monand were found at the bottom of the crevasse. The body had been partly devoured by the terrible birds of prey. For myself, I was in bed for six weeks suffering from at least ten serious wounds in my head and back. The two guides escaped, and told me that when they last saw Monand he lay on the ground, on the very verge of the precipice, striving to keep the birds off with his arms. Before I left the pretty little village of Sospello I heard that the poor postman had died too, so that the eagles of the Maritime Alps can claim at least two victims.

How Herr Stiger Fights the Hailstorms.

By L. H. EISENMANN, OF VIENNA.

If you heard of men attempting to ward off hailstorms by shooting at the clouds with specially made cannons you would think the thing an idiotic joke. It is a very real fact, however, and the ingenious Herr Albert Stiger and his fellow-Styrians have saved thousands of pounds' worth of their crops from destruction by systematic bombardment of the thunder-clouds. There are fifty-six batteries near one town.



In bygone days people resorted to many curious devices to protect the crops from thunderstorms, and, as I will endeavour to show, some of these devices are still in use to this day in the mountainous regions of Austria. As pious folk considered thunderstorms were trials or punishments sent by God, or else acts of the devil, they naturally in the first place resorted to religious services or prayers. Special thunderstorm services were, and even still are, held in the churches: religious processions proceeded to the fields, and holy relics were taken into the vineyards. Then, again, thunderstorm chapels or crosses were erected on high mountains, and consecrated palm branches set up over the threatened crops.

It was believed that these consecrated objects would prevent the devil or witch sitting in the thunder-cloud from doing damage. Also, incense was burnt, or the peasants themselves burnt palm branches and even more evil-smelling things, such as horn and woollen rags, in order that the smoke and smell combined might drive away the evil spirit and his helpers.

Again, in other places, on the principle that "like cures like"—it was thought best to oppose the crashing of the thunder powers with noise—a custom which tourists may to this day observe in Styria. In this region, when the cowherds on the mountains, or their women-folk, see a thunder-cloud approaching, they make a frightful

uproar, ringing cow-bells, crashing boards together, and rattling chains.

In these curious fights with the powers that rule the weather bells play a prominent part; and in order to increase their efficacy they are consecrated, christened, and anointed. In some districts of Styria there are even special thunder-bells, which are rung only when a thunder-storm is feared. To this hour, such bells are found in many a Styrian village belfry, and are held in great esteem. Usually they bear inscriptions referring to the driving away of storms. Furthermore, they are adorned with portraits of certain saints reputed to be able to conquer thunder-witches. When the bell-founder was casting these bells, it was his duty to mix with the metal relics of the saints, consecrated palm twigs, and the like. No wonder, then, that such bells were so prized that occasionally large sums of money were offered for them, and even attempts made to steal them!

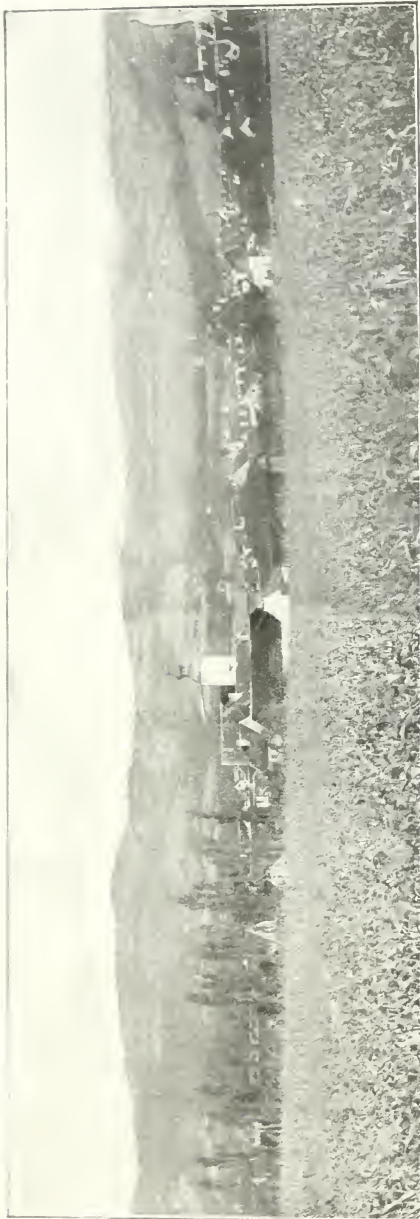


HERR ALBERT STIGER, BURGOMASTER OF WINDISCH-
FEISTRITZ, AND INVENTOR OF THE CLOUD-
BOMBARDING APPARATUS.

From a Photo. by R. Martinelli, Graz.

Despite the ringing, however, or perhaps actually because of it, hundreds of belfries were struck by lightning and the ringers killed. At last the conviction grew that the bellringing did more harm than good, and about the end of last century the Austrian authorities strictly forbade it. This caused immense excitement in the Alpine districts. The penalties inflicted were heavy fines and imprisonment.

At first the peasants still insisted on the bell-



GENERAL VIEW OF WINDSCH-PESTRITZ, IN SOUTHERN STYRIA. IT SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM HAILSTORMS BEFORE HERE STIGER CAME TO THE RESCUE—NOW IT HAS FIFTY-SIX CLOUD-SHOOTING STATIONS.

[Photo.]

ringing, and when the parish priests refused them the keys they actually took them by force. In out-of-the-way parishes the custom still lingers on to this day. In some places the country people were satisfied with the three short warnings allowed by the authorities; whilst in others they used to ring until the storm passed away. In Oetzthal, in the Tyrol, the sextons, to whom often fell the fatal task of ringing, were wont to protect themselves by putting on over their own clothes the priest's stole or surplice.

In other districts so-called weather horns take the place of bells. They are wind instruments of considerable size, and to increase their efficacy are consecrated with bell, book, and candle by the priests. When a thunderstorm is seen approaching these weird instruments are blown from the church tower or from a high mountain.

But if the sound of bells and horns was considered likely to drive away the thunder-cloud, how much more efficacious should be shots from rifles, guns, and mortars? Belief in the natural effect of a concussion of the air did not satisfy some of these good souls, who added on their own account a superstitious belief that such concussions would be increased by the use of consecrated gunpowder and projectiles. As the priests refused to bless either powder or missiles, however, the peasants actually hid them under the meat, bread, and eggs which were taken to the church at Easter to be consecrated. For in Styria, Carinthia, Salzburg, and the Tyrol, small mortars, known as "poellar," were used for shooting at the clouds. The authorities have repeatedly interdicted hail-shooting, just as they previously did hail-ringing, and recently the old custom was all but extinct, when, as I will now show, it received a new and really amazing impetus, being removed from the region of ignorant superstition to that of practical science.

Statistics show that in our own times thunderstorms have increased, both in frequency and violence—a mysterious fact which scientists are as yet unable to explain. There are many districts in Austria where the damage done by hail has grown greater and greater; and there are even regions where the harvest is wholly destroyed by it year by year. Naturally enough, then, the peasant farmers were only too ready to take up hail-shooting once more. It is said that the atmospheric pressure created by shooting prevents the formation of hail and disperses the thunder-clouds. Certain it is that the

[From 61]

experiments made in Styria during the last few years have been attended by extraordinary success. The originator of modern hail-shooting was Herr Albert Stiger, who owns extensive vineyards near Windisch-Feistritz, a little town in Southern Styria, where he made the first experiments. I am glad to be able to give you a photograph of this interesting man.

Solely with a view to seeing with my own eyes how the hail-clouds are fought with guns, I determined to go thither last summer. Herr Stiger is burgo-master of his town, and a very intelligent man into the bargain. He readily told me how he came to begin his attempts. Since the seventies, he said, plaintively, not a year has passed without one or more disastrous thunderstorm at Windisch-Feistritz; and during the last decade they became so terribly frequent and severe that almost the whole harvest and vintage were destroyed every season, threatening the farmers with positive ruin. In the spring of 1895 Herr Stiger's new American vines were so broken and bruised, that he asked himself seriously whether it would not be wiser to abandon vine culture altogether rather than attempt to replant his entire vineyard. But he is a man of stout heart, and he determined to try once more, this time covering part of his vineyard with wire netting. To cover the whole would have been too expensive. But now the thing was, how to protect the rest? And so Herr Stiger began to study the phenomena.

He noticed that every thunderstorm is preceded by absolute atmospheric calm, lasting from a few seconds to some minutes. During this time there is a most oppressive closeness. This period of stillness suggested to Herr Stiger the idea of destroying that calm, which appeared to be essential to the formation of hail; and he resolved to experiment with the aid of the old-fashioned hail-shooters. Believing that single shots from a single station would be of no avail, he set up small mortars on

different hills at distances of a third to half a mile apart.

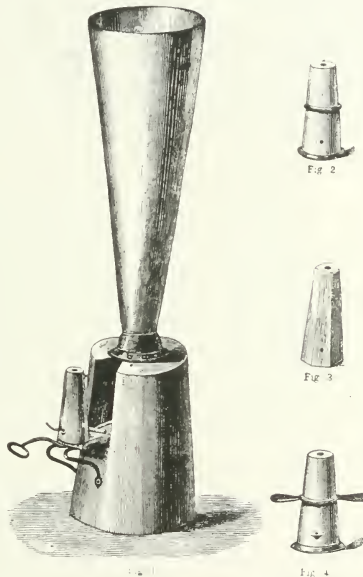
On June 4th, 1896, Herr Stiger made his first trial. Black clouds promising a severe thunderstorm were rolling up from the west; but, astonishing to relate, when simultaneously from the different stations a cannonade was begun and maintained, the threatening clouds stopped as if seized by a magic hand. Subsequently, on Herr Stiger's vineyard and its vicinity only light rain fell; whereas in the neighbouring mountains there was a regular cloud-burst, accompanied by disastrous hail.

This surprising result speedily became known. Other owners of vineyards were encouraged to establish shooting stations, and my British and American readers will be astonished to learn that hail-shooting is now carried on from no fewer than fifty-six heights near the town of Windisch-Feistritz. Here is a drawing of Herr Stiger's first apparatus, consisting of an oak block, a mortar, and a locomotive funnel.

At first ordinary mortars were used; but, afterwards, in order to increase the effect produced on the air, it occurred to Stiger to provide the mortars with big funnels. In the earlier stages these were old locomotive funnels, mounted on oak blocks a few feet high, and provided with an opening to admit the mortar. The inventor's example being

followed by many others,

however, before long the entire stock of old railway-engine funnels was quite exhausted. On this, Herr Stiger set to work preparing drawings of his own, and from them he had made what he called sound-funnels, of thick sheet-iron. These are now in general use among the hail-shooters. They are about 6ft. high, with a circumference at the top of over 2ft.; whereas, at the bottom they measure only 8in. The improved apparatus as now used in Styria is next shown. Inside the upper rim is riveted a strip of iron about 5in. broad. The explosion of the powder compresses the air in the funnel, and this air,



HERR STIGER'S FIRST APPARATUS, CONSISTING OF AN OAK BLOCK, A MORTAR, AND THE FUNNEL OF A LOCOMOTIVE—THREE MORTARS ON THE RIGHT.



THE HUT WHICH SERVES AS A STORE-HOUSE FOR THE TWO CANNONS, WHOSE SOUND-FUNNELS PROJECTED THROUGH THE ROOF LIKE CHIMNEYS.
 From a Photo. by F. Weitzinger, Marburg, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

making the inner rim, is driven to a con-
 siderable height with a rushing, whistling
 noise, shaking and vibrating the higher strata
 of the atmosphere. This noise sometimes
 lasts as long as twenty seconds, and can
 be heard a long distance away. It is said
 to be felt at an altitude of 6,000ft. or 7,000ft.
 It is essential that the sound-funnels be
 placed in a perfectly perpendicular position,
 an experience has shown that they produce
 no effect if directed *towards* the storm-cloud.
 It is essential, too, that the mortar and
 funnel should rest on a firm foundation of
 wood or stone; for the more firmly it is placed
 the greater is the effect of the shooting.
 Inside the funnel is a small pipe tapering
 upwards. This serves to keep the charge
 steady and to hold it together. Exactly
 under the middle of this pipe is placed the
 mortar, loaded with about 2½ oz. of gun-
 powder. Into each holder is inserted a slow-
 match, which sets fire to the powder and
 causes a detonation of quite extraordinary
 violence. There must be five or six mortars
 in each sound-funnel, so as to allow each
 one to be used again before it is used again.
 At Weitzinger's various forms of funnel
 were shown to me. I found those designed
 by Weitzinger himself. They are made of
 sheet-iron, and are 500 ft. high in the
 wall, and are made over 50lb. These
 contain more gunpowder than others, and
 it is easier to maintain them with paper, using a
 stick for this purpose.

I inspected several half-shooting stations

in the neighbourhood, and found them all on
 hills or elevated plateaux. One man suffices for
 each station. Besides the shooting apparatus
 itself, there have been built at each station
 little wooden huts in which to keep the
 powder dry. This is in order that firing may be
 continued during rain. In some places I ob-
 served a still better arrangement: the mortar
 itself being placed inside the hut, whilst the sound-
 funnel projected through the roof like a chimney.
 At those places which are particularly exposed,



INTERIOR OF THE ABOVE HUT, AFFORDING A CLOSE VIEW OF THE
 SOUND-SHOOTING CANNON AND ITS MORTAR.
 From a Photo. by F. Weitzinger, Marburg, specially taken for "The
 Wide World Magazine."



AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL BETWEEN MAN AND THE THUNDER-CLOUDS—AN EXHIBITION OF HAIL ORDNANCE AT VICENZA, IN ITALY. [Photo.]

and which have to begin the bombardment, there are two apparatuses in each hut, which render it possible to fire the more rapidly. This, by the way, appears to be of great importance. As soon as one mortar has been discharged, another is put into its place, and shot after shot fired till the thunderstorm has been dispersed. The accompanying illustration will give you an idea of the weird and amazing spectacle presented during one of these extraordinary duels between man and the thunder-clouds. Our picture shows an exhibition of hail ordnance at Vicenza, in Italy. You will observe that a priest is in the centre directing the operations. The fighting is conducted with such zeal that sometimes they fire more than a thousand

times from the fifty-six stations at Windisch-Feistritz, and since last summer the clouds have been bombarded no fewer than forty times; from which it will be gathered that huge quantities of powder are expended in the war with the weather-witches. The firing must be going on just at the moment of calm which precedes the bursting of the storm, or else it is altogether unavailing, as this seems to be the period during which the hail is formed. Herr Stiger, however, begins even sooner. He tells me that the magnetic needle of the telegraph apparatus is his best sentinel. This needle, as is well known, is very sensitive to all atmospheric changes. When there is abnormal electric tension in the air, such as always precedes a thunderstorm, the needle is very "jumpy," and that is a sign well understood by the cloud-fighters. Immediately a shot is fired from the



THE BOMBARDMENT COMMENCES—OPERATOR JUST ABOUT TO FIRE AT THE CLOUDS. [Photo.]

covered lattice, and the shells—good for general firing—went along the line, even through the air, by no way dark at that first commencement.

On the second day of my stay in Windisch-Feistritz I myself was fortunate enough to see the bombardment at work. In the morning it was fairly close without a hailstone in the neighbourhood. Towards noon, however, some heavy clouds appeared to the south-west, and rapidly rose higher and higher towards us.

Suddenly a dull shot was heard from one of the batteries, and a couple of seconds later it was answered from different heights. In less than ten minutes there was in progress a bombardment so terrific that it would have delighted the heart of any artillery officer. The preceding photo shows an operator just about to fire.

"Bang! bang! bang!" went the rounds all along the line. It seemed as though an enemy were battering the harmless little town. What a strange fight it was, to be sure! Going from station to station, I actually heard the whistling noise which is made by cannon-balls flying through the air. Of course, on this occasion it was caused solely by the compressed air being driven through the central barrels with great velocity and far up into the sky. The smoke, too, I could see at a very great height.

The result I am glad to be able to write as my actual eye-witness. Soon after the shooting had begun a dark veil in the dark clouds became visible, and a few moments later I could see through it the hills beyond. Presently it began to rain softly, but it was



A SHOOTING ALPINE WITH ONE APPARATUS NEAR WINDISCH-FEISTRITZ.
From a Photo, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

far from being the heavy downpour which usually accompanies thunder. In seven-teen minutes all the clouds had dispersed, and the sky again became one vast expanse of cloudless, azure blue. In the vicinity of the stations not a single hailstone fell; whereas, as I subsequently learned, only an hour's walk from them a violent and damaging hail-storm had raged. Although the experience of little more than three years is insufficient for conclusive opinions to be

formed, it is a remarkable fact that at Windisch-Feistritz there has not been a single hail-storm since the organized shooting began, although, before these strange battles were fought, there were many really disastrous storms every year. Furthermore, in the neighbourhood where there is no shooting, the hail has



SO EFFICACIOUS IS THE SYSTEM, THAT WHERE THEY CANNOT AFFORD PROPER APPARATUS THEY SHOOT THE CLOUDS THROUGH BARRELS—SCENE, A VILLAGE NEAR SALZBURG.

From a Photo, by C. Glichl, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

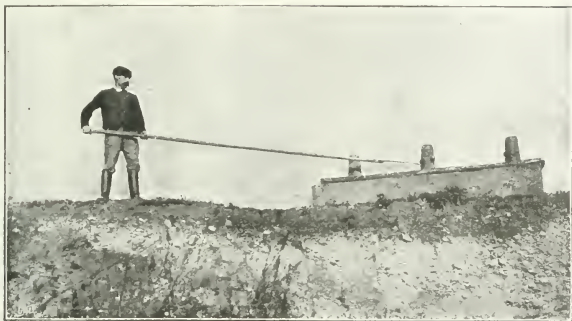
done great damage. It is at least an established fact that the storms have become less frequent and less violent than they were before the hail-shooting began. The more numerous the stations, the greater is the resulting efficacy. If, however, the bombardment of the clouds is carried on negligently, or begun late, the effect is less certain.

Then, again, single stations, having no connection with others, produce little or no effect. Indeed, Herr Stiger himself recommends connecting series of them, because if only a few shots are fired the resulting concussion is too slight to prevent the formation of hail.

The attitude of modern science towards hail-shooting is admittedly a sceptical one, but there are undoubtedly many *savants* of European reputation who admit the feasibility of dispers-

Particularly in Italy have the experiments excited lively interest, as that country has probably suffered more from hailstorms than any other in Europe. Not only does it happen that in a few minutes a hailstorm will destroy all the harvest for the year, but frequently it so damages the vines that for several years afterwards no grapes will grow on them. Moreover, as a rule, the Italian peasant-farmers are too poor to pay the heavy insurance premiums against such storms.

In Italy, however, Herr Stiger's system has worked wonders. On the 7th of August last a frightful storm of thunder and hail broke over Turin and its neighbourhood. Some communities at once resorted to their mortars, and gave the threatening clouds the warmest of welcomes. These enterprising people got off scot-free,



OPERATOR IN THE ACT OF FIRING AT THE CLOUDS IN A VILLAGE OF CARINTHIA—HE IS USING ORDINARY MORTARS.

From a Photo, by Sasshofer, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

ing thunder by means of concerted volleys. The theories are various: the opinion of some being that electricity plays a great part in the formation of hail, and that the shooting tends to diminish the electric tension, thus favouring the resolution of the clouds into rain. Others declare that the concussion of the air simply prevents the formation of the hailstones.

The results obtained at Windisch-Feistritz have induced other communities to try their hands at this extraordinary business, and the result is that so great has been the demand for sound-funnels that the Styrian factories can hardly cope with it. And wherever stations have been established and worked the people are loud in their praises of the beneficial effects.

whereas in other districts the vintage was totally destroyed.

Short as is the time since the inception of the system, there are now in Italy several thousand shooting-stations, and unions are rapidly being formed for the purchase of "hail-artillery." Very soon there will hardly be a vineyard proprietor left who has not turned himself into at least a temporary artilleryman, at the same time ceasing to pay the heavy hail insurance premiums.

At first the Italians used the Styrian apparatus, but now they have ordnance of native make. A short time ago an exhibition of hail-cannon was held at Vicenza, in order to decide which was the best model.

What a Doctor Saw in Hausaland.

By DR. T. J. TONKIN.

You cannot help being interested in and amused by Dr. Tonkin's lively narrative, which consists of the rambling recollections of a journey made by Charles Robinson, Canon of Ripon, and the writer across the basin of the Niger.



Canon Charles Robinson, now Canon of Ripon, was Dr. Tonkin's companion. From a Photo by H. S. Sainsbury, Bedford.



It has been remarked that it would be possible to travel from one end of Africa to the other with no resources beyond a medicine-chest and a musical-box. Now, there is something in that remark. There is a superfluous musical box. The medicine-chest would be quite enough. I speak from experience. I am by way of being a leech myself, and have done duty as an African hakeem.

It came about in this way. Some years ago the Rev. Charles Robinson, now Canon of Ripon, was commissioned by the committee of an association formed in London to proceed to West Africa with the object of acquiring the Hausa language. This language, which is almost a *lingua franca* along the great commercial trade routes of the Western Soudan, is also spoken by about fifteen million inhabitants of the Niger basin.

Canon Robinson received orders to study the language on the spot—in the interior of the country—and it was while wandering about with him in the capacity of medical officer to his expedition that I enjoyed opportunities of acquiring experience and sampling medical practice in some of the great Mohammedan States of West Africa.

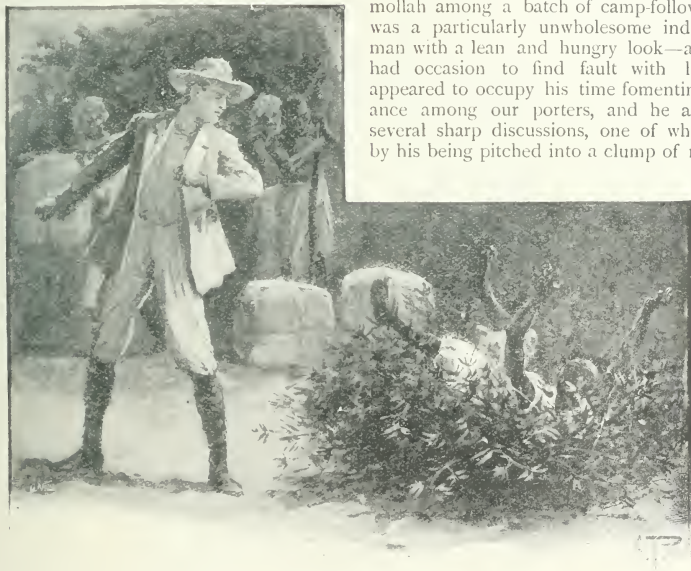
Allow me to introduce the States. Those particularly alluded to in the present instance are those composing the Empire of Sokoto. They are called the Hausa States. They lie in a bunch on the southern fringe of the great African desert. Under the name of Nigéria they have just been assimilated by the British Empire. In them people still live in that style with which the Book of Kings has made us familiar. They dwell in walled cities, wear loose flowing robes, and hold property in slaves. They were formerly Pagan, but during the last couple of hundred years have adopted Mohammedanism. They have their mosques and their mollahs. Now, the mollah brings us back to the subject of the article.

He is generally the doctor also. He is not a doctor by virtue of education or any special fitness, but by a sort of "Divine right." By the same sort of right, presumably, he is several other things into the bargain. He began by being a priest. To his priesthood he has super-added the crafts of accoucheur, schoolmaster, notary, apothecary, and undertaker. He is a many-sided individual. As accoucheur, he



THE REV. CHARLES ROBINSON, NOW CANON OF RIPON, WAS DR. TONKIN'S COMPANION. From a Photo. by Clarke, Cambridge.

presides over the introduction of infantile natives into the world. As schoolmaster, he superintends their youthful studies, and instils into their fresh young minds those ideas of religious intolerance and bloody-minded bigotry which are so characteristic of the Mohammedan nigger. As priest, he reads and preaches to the adults in the mosques; as notary, he writes their letters and transacts their more important business. As apothecary, he attends to the sick; and if they recover (in spite of him) he reverts to the priest again and organizes thanksgiving services on their behalf; or, if they die, he passes on to the undertaking business and "does for them" more or less decently. And he draws fees for everything. The profitable way in which the West African mollah contrives to keep in touch with the prosperous citizen at every turn and twist of his career has always commanded my respect.



"THE DISCUSSION ENDED BY HIS BEING PITCHED INTO A CLUMP OF MIMOSA."

His ways as a doctor are peculiar, but in some respects he resembles more enlightened members of the faculty. It sometimes happens that even a civilized doctor is baffled by the condition of his patient. He doesn't know what is the matter, so he calls it influenza. The native practitioner has a similar resource. He calls it "worms." He has what we may style a "worm

theory" on which he explains that wide circle of afflictions for whose vagaries he would otherwise be unable to account.

Toothache is caused by a worm, which has built a nest for itself in the interior of a tooth. Many forms of blindness are caused by worms eating the sight. Pain in the stomach is (sometimes correctly) ascribed to worms. A boil is a kind of animal worm-hill. Deafness is the work of a worm. I have known a man lose his nose, the roof of his mouth, and the best part of his throat, all through the machinations of a worm. Of course, there are exceptions, but according to native pathologists, almost every disease is run by a worm, and upon the death of that beast freedom from pain and recovery of health depend.*

My introduction to the West African mollah was a somewhat thrilling one. We were on the march; and on the eve of crossing a particularly inhospitable strip of country we picked up a mollah among a batch of camp-followers. He was a particularly unwholesome individual—a man with a lean and hungry look—and I soon had occasion to find fault with him. He appeared to occupy his time fomenting disturbance among our porters, and he and I had several sharp discussions, one of which ended by his being pitched into a clump of mimosa.

Thereafter I imagined that he kept his eye on me. It may have been only imagination, but sometimes I would look up and catch him regarding me with a scowl that you could cut; and I got it into my head that he was "laying for me." So I kept my eye on *him*.

* The reader will recognise the same idea in the Scriptural account of the death of Herod the Great.

Now, we were moving along in a valley between rocky heights, which were occupied by a small, but savage, tribe of cannibals, whose favourite occupation was obtaining meat and property from the valley road—no matter how. They would not attack a strong caravan like ours, but might certainly be relied upon to cut off stragglers if they got the chance.

Late in the afternoon of our third day in these regions, while following up the main body of the expedition, I came upon a porter down with the sun. I dispatched my attendant to the baggage master, who was about a mile ahead, to ask that as soon as they made camp he would send a runner back to me. Meanwhile I carried the disabled man into a nest of rocks and hid him. I also hid his load, which contained, among other things, about three hundred silver dollars. I then went down the road, jumped into the grass so as to leave no sign, and made an ambushade for myself as well as I could on the top of a piece of rock. The country was alive with niggers on

the spot for perquisitions. For two mortal hours I waited for that runner with eye on the stretch to detect the slightest movement of any widge within sight, and ear on the strain to catch the lightest word. At last he came; and lo! it was my friend the mollah. It subselytly transpired that someone else had been told to go, but this person had offered to do it for him—why, I don't know. At any rate, there he was, and I would have to make the best of him. I at once felt that I could best do this by treating him on the assumption that he had returned with the object of getting that ugly knife of his well settled between me and her. The sun was just setting. The blood glare of the western sky and a spike of volcanic rock furnished a strong background to the horizon; face of my companions. There-

no doubt he could see I was suspicious; I took no measure to conceal it. There was no need to. Each of us frankly regarded the other with great disfavour. I felt to a certain extent I was in his hands. We could not proceed by the track; that would certainly be watched. We must needs strike into the bush, and make our way over gully and grass as best we could. I would have no means of checking my friend *en route*. He might take the load and lead me bang into a nest of the amiable natives of the country, with whom he might, for all I knew, be hand and glove. Well, I reflected I could only do my little best to look after myself and leave the rest. After having seen the disabled porter well supplied with water—food there was in plenty attached to his load—I turned to the mollah.

"Now, my man," said I, "I've got to leave myself in your hands to some small extent, but I don't intend to trust you. You'll just pick up that load and walk in front of me till we come to the place where my companions are camped,

and if we arrive there safely, well and good. But if there is any crookedness, and you try to land me anywhere else, I'll do my best to see that you don't profit by the deal. Now, then, march." And I picked up my rifle and followed.

Meanwhile the sun had set. We drove stolidly ahead not in the least able to see where we were going—and sure only of our direction. We crashed through tall, reedy grass, crunched over stone and rock, and discovered inequalities of surface by suddenly arriving at the bottom. It was a task, but I kept my mollah in front. At last we wriggled through a mazy fringe of palms and found ourselves on an eminence. From that eminence we witnessed a remarkable spectacle. Right in front of us—in the distance—there rose out of the blackness a shadowy Will-o'-the-



TRAVEL IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BLACKNESS
A SHADOWY WILL-O-THE-

wisp-like column of lambent, luminous mist. For some minutes I wondered what the phenomenon might be. It was wonderfully impressive. Picture yourself surrounded by the stillness of an African waste. Now and then the mournful note of a night-bird. All around and above, blackness, save for stars. At one's feet the soft, sucking swirl of water, and beyond, rising out of the dense blackness which indicated the position of the background of hills, that weird, ghostly pillar of mist. For some moments it held me silent; then I realized what it must be. It was a friend. Away over the water, in a marsh at the foot of the hills, my companions were encamped. Their fire was concealed by the reeds, and my Will-o'-the-wisp was a dense column of smoke lit up by the flames beneath.

For the time I believe I forgot my mollah—but I soon recalled him. The eminence on which we were standing was the bank of a river. We could not see the water—we could only hear it swishing along among the reeds. It might be only 50yds. wide at this point, it might be half a mile—it had to be crossed. The mollah let himself in at the edge with a soft, gurgling plump: I followed, and found myself immersed to the armpits. Holding bandolier and rifle aloft, I did my best not to lose my guide, and I believe he did his best not to lose himself.

Sometimes we would come to a place too deep for us; then we would have to turn back a little and try again. At last, when we were somewhere about half-way across, we got entangled in a snag. The huge, snaky branches of that tree seemed to stretch in all directions. Turn which way you would you were brought up by a slimy arm; and what with the necessity of keeping one eye on the mollah and the other on the tree, together with the difficulty of seeing anything at all, I think I shall always regard getting out of that snag as one of the notable achievements of my life.

I should say that river would probably be 150yds. wide, and I should estimate the time we took to cross it at something under three-quarters of an hour. But we *did* get across, and about fifteen minutes later I had the satisfaction of conveying both money and mollah safely into camp. Of course, I may have been wrong in my estimate of my friend's intentions—possibly. I was; but he was a thorough bad lot. He subsequently headed a mutiny against us. Anyway, it is much better to be deceived by one's own fears than by a muscular mollah with hate in his heart, opportunity in his hand, and a blade as big as a hay-cutter in his belt. I always considered that I started level with my mollah competitors in Western Africa.

But to return. The range of remedial agencies at the command of the native practitioner is not wide. He has a few drugs and herbs, some of which are of value; but for the most part he pins his faith to washing, bleeding, firing, and the use of charms and spells. These things are not employed indiscriminately, but in regular order.

Let us suppose that a man is suffering from colic. He goes to the mollah and tells his story. "His liver and his stomach make trouble, and his pipes fight together, with violence and great rumbling voices. And as for his thews and sinews, their feet are swift to follow, till his members become drawn together—drawn together as a hand that is clenched. And his marrow writhes and twists in agony as a snake writhes and twists that is impaled on the blade of a spear." Very well, the mollah promptly produces a flat piece of bone or wood, on which he writes a few cabalistic sentences. This the purchaser quilts into that part of the shirt which overlies his stomach, and goes his way. It will be seen that he has been treated on the principle of amusing the patient while Nature heals. Probably the pain abates. If so, praise is ascribed to the writing on the tablet; if otherwise, the sufferer returns to the mollah. He is then told to wash the lettering off the charm and drink the water. More amusement: another fee. But occasionally this also fails to cure, and then he is bled, and, failing success at that, fired. But there they stop. If after firing the man's malady still proves obstinate, the probabilities are that he will be dismissed—with the gentle suggestion that most likely he has sinned against Allah, and is being punished. Who are the mollahs that they should fight against Allah?

Washing is a very old institution. Since the days of Naaman, the Syrian, it has been in repute as a measure for improving the condition of the sick. But the Oriental practitioner, fearing that if the general public should catch on to the idea and get into the way of washing themselves without advice a source of their gain would be lost, seldom loses an opportunity of investing the business with an air of mystery. This is done by ordering an incantation, or in some other way cloaking up the active agent. Thus all over the Mohammedan world certain forms of dyspepsia are treated by washing out the stomach at sunrise with a little warm blessed water.

It is much the same with ophthalmia. The doctor calls for the patient's calabash, writes on the inside a few sentences (it may be all he can write) referring to the merciful and compassionate nature of the Deity, and then orders that the

eyes be washed in that cald-bath thrice daily—at the rising of the sun, at midday, and at evening. And the eyes get well—eyes that had probably never been washed before in the whole course of the owner's existence; and the doctor flourishes amazingly and waxes fat to reason of the price of the writing in the talisman.

The operation of bleeding may be seen daily at the houses of nearly any town of size. The instruments used consist of a knife, such as made to made from an ordinary wrought iron nail by drawing and sharpening the point, and seven or eight horns. I have seen a man who was being treated in this manner with six horns attached to his back at one time! That looked queer; but the spectacle of a native, especially from the belt, who is having a headache cured by suction from the temples, and is in consequence fitted with horns in a more usual situation, is more than queer: it is distinctly uncanny, and suggestive of a sorcery and sulphurous environment.

Toothache is one of the ailments dealt with by him. It is treated by forcing red-hot irons into the cavity—to kill the worm. An extraction is a very terrible affair. The patient is seated on the ground and held still. His jaws are wedged open with a piece of wood. The operator then takes a small iron lever about the length and thickness of a pin. French call, through one end of it under the tines of the tooth to be removed, and with a mallet, strikes the other violently in a downward direction. It sometimes happens that the tooth comes out. Sometimes it does not; but, in any case, I should think it must have the blessed result of making the patient content with toothache for good and all.

But though the Nigerian mollah has achieved success in many directions, he has not yet successfully touched the question of lunacy. The treatment of lunatics when harmless is exactly the same as among other Islamized races. They are allowed to wander at their own sweet will, or someone at will, as the case may be, and

are rather treated with respect than otherwise. They are permitted to help themselves within reasonable limits (if such a term can be applied to lunatics) from the stalls in the market; and altogether have a rather good time. There are many impostors in this class. The dangerous lunatic is bound—like him whose name was Legion—with chains and fetters; and in any town of size many such may be seen, clanking, cursing spectres, wallowing in filth and dashing themselves against the walls.

One evening we had an amusing illustration of the confidence which is reposed in the medicine man and the things he is expected to do. It was close on sunset, and we had just pitched our tents in a most unproductive neighbourhood—at least, so far as getting anything to eat was concerned. We had absolutely

nothing in reserve except a little native rice, and were just settling down to the prospect of an unentertaining evening meal off that, when a man arrived in our camp carrying two fowls and inquiring for the doctor. The fowls were a great recommendation, and

he was speedily introduced to my notice. But he wasn't ill—at least, not bodily—though he was much disturbed in his mind. It seems he had two wives, an old one and a young one: and the younger one—his favourite, by the way—had taken it into her head to levant with somebody else, and what he wanted

was medicine to make her come back to him. That was all. I was fresh to the country at the time, and must confess that at the first blush I regarded the case as clean outside my powers. But, then, the fowls! Clearly they could not be allowed to depart; so I took counsel with Mr. Robinson. We talked the case over, and then called the man into the tent. We told him that we did not see our way to do exactly what he wished—we had not stocked that sort of medicine. But we would do our best to help him. He was suffering from constipation, was he not? Ah, yes! Well, we would give him some physic that would free him from that disability for at



"THE SPECTACLE OF A NATIVE BEING CURED OF HEADACHE BY SUCKLING FROM THE TEMPLLES IS DISTINCTLY UNCANNY."

least one day in the week and make him healthier, freer, and stronger to hunt after his wife during the remainder.

We gave him six croton oil pills, with instructions to take one every week. And he left the fowls!

Now, the native practitioner would have got those fowls in a more direct manner. He would simply have supplied the article the man asked for, guaranteed its efficacy, collared the fee, and roundly abused the patient if he ventured to return complaining of the uselessness of the

bound and slay the person who discharged it. There was nothing, a well-informed mollah once told me, that he and his co-frauds had not medicine for. There was a certain kind of medicine, he went on to explain, that would turn a man into a crow. I expressed eagerness to see it done. He said that the medicine in question was very expensive. I readily undertook to pay for it. Then it turned out that the subject had to be killed first. I therefore, with a diffidence which was pardonable under the circumstances, did not offer to submit myself to



DR. TONKIN PUNISHES A NATIVE MEDICINE MAN BY ADMINISTERING TO HIM FOUR CROTON OIL PILLS—
"I SAW THAT HE SWALLOWED THEM."

transaction. He is an unscrupulous person, is the Nigerian doctor. He will supply his customers with physic warranted to bring wealth to the poor, prosperity to the unsuccessful, courage to the coward—aye, and for a sufficiently liberal consideration, life to the dead into the bargain. He will mix lotions to harden your skin so that neither arrows, spears, nor bullets will penetrate it: and if you pay him enough and push him, he will stake his professional reputation on the production of a wash that will cause the Martini bullet or the pot-leg that is aimed at you to re-

the action of the medicine. But I could not see research and advance cramped by my cowardice, so I placed my services at the disposal of my informant, and professed myself ready and even anxious to kill him, to see if, in the interests of science, we could succeed in resolving a corpse into a crow. But I regret to say his stock of zeal was not equal to his fund of information.

My own position among these people was somewhat questionable. By most I was merely regarded as an exceptionally powerful sort of necromancer; and the efficacy of my opiates, purges, and emetics was attributed to superior

personal advantages. Possibly that had something to do with it. But I was to request. Even the mellids did not disdain to consult me: some of them even tried to welsch me. One, with whom I had many dealings—a man full of importance, years, and iniquity was injured whilst trying to cheat me out of purgative pills to sell in the market. He came to me complaining of constipation. I gave him two pills, each containing one drop of croton oil, and told him to take one at once and keep the other for future use. About a week later he returned and informed me that he had taken both of them at once, and without result. Now, it was cheek of him to tell me this, and I felt that though I could have put up with another example of his mendacity—because, of course, he had sold the pills—the cool impudence of such a carefaced attempt to rush me was too much. So I smiled, and said I was sorry my medicine had lied and shamed me before him, and I slapped my hands. Now, be it known that the drop of croton oil is a very full and sufficient dose for an average adult, so when my servant, who had appeared in response to my summons, brought me the pills and a calabash of water, I felt that if I administered four I should be giving my visitor, if not his desert, at least as bulky a proportion of them as I dared. He had these four—much smaller in weight, I must say, than I saw that he swallowed with no heed, nothing more of him for a week, and then, as chance would have it, a woman servant of his house came to foregather with a servant of mine.

"And how is the all-profitable one?" I inquired. "I have heard he hath been ill. Hath his mistress left him?"

The woman bowed herself before me.

"The woman is great, O mighty one: but God will move, he lives."

I think, perhaps, an emetic is one of the most useful pharmaceutical agents that a European can carry into the tropics. The native emetic is clammy and uncertain, whilst the almost

dramatic effect of ours is very impressive to untutored minds.

To a man who can compass such results as these what, indeed, is impossible? I happened to be engaged at the time in investigating the West African leper field. During the course of my inquiries I turned over some thousands of lepers, many of whom I presented with some small solatium either in the way of alms or treatment for their more urgent symptoms.

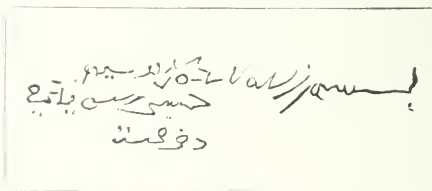
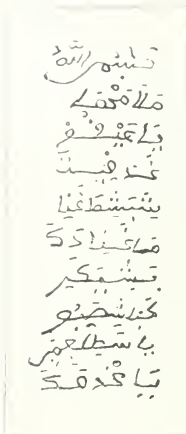
More usually the latter. The report got about that I was able to cure leprosy. It was bruited about throughout the length and breadth of the country. People travelled long journeys to get at me. One man was carried nearly two hundred miles, lying on the back of a horse, in the hope of receiving healing at the hands of the white *hakeem*. Some of my leper patients would have taken anything I liked to give them, and paid anything I chose to ask, if only I could have been induced to hold forth prospects of an ultimate cure.

If I had laid myself out to play the quack, I believe I could have cleaned up the Soudan from the mountains of Senegambia to the Nile. As it was, with the exception of lepers, I made everybody pay for

legitimate attendance. I first discovered the possibility of doing this in a town called Kaffi—where we had been on the road something like three weeks.

It was soon noised about that there was a doctor in the town, and on the second day a large

number of patients came for advice. They were of all ages and both sexes; and suffering from a variety of disorders—dyspepsia, epilepsy, consumption, ophthalmia, toothache, leprosy. One girl was brought along with the complaint that she had no sense. I was constrained to deplore the commonness of the disorder in my own country, and the lack of success that had hitherto attended treatment. Each of my patients formed the centre of a gaping crowd of interested onlookers, who listened to every question, nodded approval to advice, and helped with suggestions. It was wearing work.



"I FIRST TRAVELLED LONG JOURNEYS TO GET AT ME"—HERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF AN ARABIC NOTE FROM A NATIVE, ASKING DR. ESTLIN FOR TREATMENT.

After several hours of it I retired, having made no visible impression on the numbers of my patients. Crowds were left. Some waited patiently, but others continued to press their requests for treatment in a most urgent manner. At last one man seemed to have concluded that we wanted payment, for he went away and presently reappeared with a pair of fowls. Business was done.

By next morning the terms on which I might be successfully approached would appear to have been widely published, for dawn found our compound looking like a badly-arranged poultry show, and much excitement was being caused by the struggles and screeches of my prospective feathered fees. I set to work to see the patients at a fowl apiece, bird down. Each patient, after describing his symptoms, paid his rooster and received his physic; and everybody seemed satisfied. Everybody, that is, except our Arab cook, who, after I had been at work about an hour, remarked that if he had to cook all those hens he'd better start at once, or else he wouldn't get through with the job before we had to leave the country.

But everybody seemed willing to pay, so as we had fowls enough and to spare, I fixed a fee in money—500 cowries, and on those terms saw many people. When there was any difficulty in getting money I took payment in kind. Beside shell currency, I have taken rice, maize, dhurra, millet, yams, sweet potatoes, manioc, plantains, pawpaws, limes and dates, honey, milk, eggs, fowls, pigeons, ducks, red caps, coffee nibs, kola

nut, palm oil, sugar, rope, spear heads, native knives—in fact, I took anything and everything I could get hold of. The only article I ever refused was a hyena cub—not being quite sure of the rate of exchange.

With regard to acquisitiveness, the native doctor is built on the same lines, only more so. He is not particular what he gives for value

received. All he cares about is getting the money. The poor pay him in advance; the rich by results: and they pay him well. But notwithstanding this advantage, the path of the medico is occasionally rough. His position is sometimes even more risky than that occupied by his patients, which is saying a great deal; and his professional career often comes to a sudden and disagreeable end.

Treating a King, for example, is a perilous matter. The responsibility is as a rule shared among a large number. When a potentate lies in a serious condition, all the

doctors in the neighbourhood collect at his bedside and have a go at him, and if the event turns out ill, they find safety in numbers. It would, you see, in case of failure to cure, be comparatively easy to hang an odd doctor or two; but to swing the whole faculty would be an entirely different matter. It would take much time and rope, for example; but I believe it is occasionally done. This principle of protective consultations is, I think, not altogether unknown in our own land.



"EACH PATIENT, AFTER DESCRIBING HIS SYMPTOMS, PAID HIS 'ROOSTER' AND RECEIVED HIS PHYSIC."

The Singing Insects of Japan.

By YUI THEODORA OZAKI.

This article illustrates the dainty and fanciful quaintness of the Japanese in a wonderful manner. Insects in cages as singing "birds." With specially taken photos. of each kind and full descriptions by our own lady commissioner who lives in a ruined Buddhist temple in Tokio. Native poets sit all night listening to the tiny trills and deriving inspiration therefrom.



the love of Nature is the most prominent characteristic of the Japanese race. But it is not the general love of Nature as represented by mountains, sunsets, and such like, so much as the subtle, ardent passion carried

to a degree of intense emotion inseparable from the Western nature. It is called the *shinrai* (the passion for Nature), which opens the natural feelings to communion with the blossoming of cherry leaves and flowers, which delights to pause at the brink of darkness only to catch the opening of the convolvulus in the morning of the long season under the low fogs of the morning sun. Not most surprising and almost of all is the admiration of the Japanese for the charming summer insect.

Singing insects are loved in all countries, but it is only in Japan that the voice of insects have been appreciated and the music valued according to their different notes. The love of listening to these singing insects has for centuries been an important feature in Japan. They are cherished as late as the *kyōka* (waka and *haikai*) *Ryūkyūshū* (classical poems) which is the essence of this paper and the accompanying photographs.

In Tokyo, towards the end of May and the beginning of June little cages of exquisitely cut bamboo may be seen hung up in the verandas of houses, and in the cool of the dawn and at the close of evening days strange little whistles and trillings and trills proceed from these

cages and make the air resound with their music. Usually it is in the evening, after their baths, that the people go and sit in their verandas to listen to the singing insects which they have imprisoned there.

It was late one afternoon towards the end of

May, and I was moving from room to room in the quiet Buddhist temple which is my home. The hush that comes at the fall of twilight was on all the world, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a silvery trill, which filled at intervals the whole place. It was delicate and clear, like an etherealized bird's song, and yet of much smaller volume than a bird's note.

I called the priest's daughter, and asked her what it was I heard singing.

"That is a 'Suzumushi' singing," she replied; "come, and I will show you where it is."

She led me to the back of the temple, and pointed to the eaves of a cottage opposite. Looking across, I saw a tiny reed cage hanging up, and in one corner a small black insect, hardly discernible in the dim light.

"That is the insect you heard singing," said

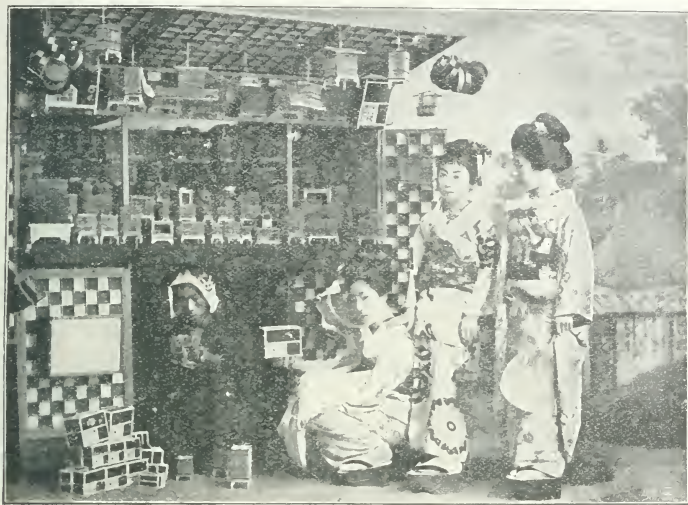
the priest's daughter. "It is called a 'Suzumushi,' and its voice is beautiful and cool. When we listen to it singing, however hot the weather is, we cannot help feeling cool. You would like to buy one? Then we will go to the next temple fair at Mita. There is sure to be a 'Mushi-ya' (insect fancier) there at that time."



YUI THEODORA OZAKI (SEATED) AND HER FRIEND.
From a Photo. by R. Maruki, Tokio, Japan.

In three days the next *en-nichi* of Mita came round—the 24th of May; and Riyo, the priest's daughter, accompanied by a servant and myself, wended our way with a lantern to the night fair at Mita. The whole neighbourhood seemed to have turned out to visit the fair, and the cheerful clatter of clogs appeared to lessen the gloom of

table in the form of steps, and others swinging gently on short strings from the top of the booth. The table rested on two small cupboards, opening with black and white chequered doors. Inside these compartments the insects were kept in fairly large cages, according to their kind. Under the table, between the two cup-



CHARMING BUYERS SEEKING SINGING INSECTS AT THE FAIR. "UNDER THE TABLE, BETWEEN THE TWO CUPBOARDS, THE INSECT FANCIER SQUATTED." [Photograph.]

the dark streets and made up for their want of light. In the distance the dull glow of hundreds of primitive oil lamps put up in front of the stalls set their smoky mark on the place where the fair was held.

We passed innumerable stalls, which I shall not attempt to describe here, as well as strange portable gardens of plants, trees, and flowers, and gold-fish nurseries. At last we came to a stall from which proceeded a shrill babel of insect sounds. Needless to say it was impossible to distinguish one insect's cry from another, for they all seemed to be chirruping and whistling and trilling one against the other in a frantic and bewildering way, so that I wondered how the "Mushi-ya" could sit so calmly beneath his stall waiting for customers.

While my two companions chose flower hair-pins at the next booth, I devoted myself to the insect stall. On nearer view I saw that it was quite one of the prettiest stalls of the whole fair. Innumerable cages of every shape that Japanese art or fancy could devise were displayed in tempting array—some arranged on a

boards, the insect fancier squatted, exactly as you see him in the photograph.

Fireflies are also sold with the other insects, and no insect fancier would consider his stall complete without a stock of these fascinating creatures. These are kept in a sieve, through the black gauze of which the living bits of fire shine and twinkle like emerald stars. The other side of the sieve's drum is covered with white calico. A small aperture, opening inwards like a bag, gives the man's hand access to the pretty prisoners, which are often dropped on the ground in their transfer from the sieve to the little paper bags which the buyers bring to carry them home in.

There were so many eager purchasers crowding round the little stall that I gave up the idea of buying the insect I wanted that evening. The insect fancier gave me his address, and next morning I made my way through many back streets to his dwelling. It was the never-to-be-forgotten chorus of insects that guided me at last down a little back lane to the spot at the end of a row of one-roomed cots. The cup-



YAGISAWA'S STALL, SHOWING HIS "SUZU-MUSHI" (INSECTS) TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM YAGISAWA'S STALL—PRICES FROM A PENNY TO TWO SHILLINGS.

From a Photo, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

boards full of insects, all shut up in their cages, were there, and the old man, opening one of the doors, soon found me a "Suzu-mushi" for four sen, and a pretty cage for it in the shape of a fan for fifteen sen, or threepence in English money. He told me that I must not hang the insect up in the draught, but in some cool, quiet corner, and that, furthermore, it must be fed on fresh cucumber every morning. I promised to follow his suggestions carefully, and carrying home my insect, hung him up in a corner of my room and waited for the serenade.

—(In for two days the "Suzu-mushi" was quite silent. In vain I put in slice after slice of cucumber; in vain I whistled and trilled myself at the bars of his tiny cage. He remained mute.

In despair I called for the priest's wife. "Which is the matter with the insect? It won't sing to me!" she heard me complain.

"Be patient," she answered. "The 'Suzu-mushi' is in a new cage and will not sing till it has accustomed to its new surroundings. It feels full of fear and cannot sing. Wait a little."

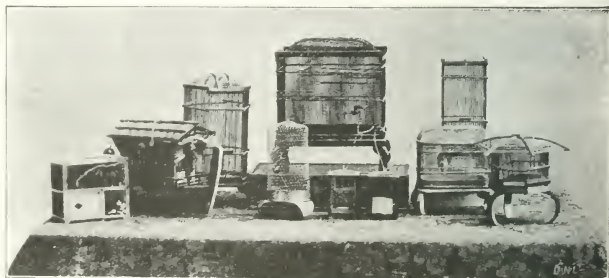
So I waited, and the next evening, when the cage was hung up, the little creature began to sing merrily, looking

away like a tiny bell, as its name implies. Till I presented the "Suzu-mushi" to a friend, who is going to carry it to England, I was serenaded every evening and awakened before dawn by its clear and merry song.

Now, the next problem was how to get a "Mushi-ya" and his quaint paraphernalia photographed for THE WIDE WORLD. The insect trade is at its height in June; and it was the beginning of July before I could find a good insect fancier free to give me a whole day. At last, however, with the help of a kind friend, I settled with the insect fancier, Yagisawa Fusakishi. He was to bring his stall and all his insects to the photographer, and the accompanying snap-shots are the result.

We next see Yagisawa's stall properly arranged for exhibition at the *en-nichi*, or temple fairs. The various cages may be easily discerned, as also the sieve full of fireflies in the foreground. Bunches of smaller sieves (in which the buyer sometimes carries home the fireflies) are seen hanging from both sides of the roof. On the right is the remarkable price-list—the list of insects for sale, written, of course, in Japanese characters; and, parallel with this, on the left, you will observe, is a large cage full of the insects called "Kirigirisu." These are for sale. The white patches on the cage are bits of cucumber and egg-plant stuck in between the bars. Under the stall between the cupboards sits the insect fancier, Yagisawa Fusakishi himself. He didn't like being photographed.

My third photo. shows you some typical



SOME TYPICAL CAGES FOR THE SINGING INSECT—TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM YAGISAWA'S STALL—PRICES FROM A PENNY TO TWO SHILLINGS.

From a Photo, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."



THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE INSECT FANCIER. "HE ALSO KEEPS A GOLD-FISH NURSERY."
From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

cages, taken at random from the stall, and they will give some idea of the fantastic taste which is brought to bear on this unique pastime. Notice the quaint shapes of the cages and the artistic delicacy with which they are made. The two little cages in the centre are made of a framework of wood covered with gauze. These are the cheapest kind, and cost about a penny each. The more elaborate ships and lanterns, however, would run up to a shilling or more. The large cage in the centre, ornamented with a silver moon and flying bats, would cost at least two shillings in English money.

In the next snap-shot we see Yagisawa, with his wife and child (a quaint little soul), at home just outside his little shop, if such it may be called. He also keeps a gold-fish nursery; and while the walls of his shop are all devoted to the insects and their cages, its floor has been converted into a shallow tank, where gold-fish glint to scarlet and gold as they dart hither and thither or rise to the surface after a seductive fly. Should a purchaser wish to inspect the various insects and cages which Yagisawa has for sale, he or she will have to cross a shaky plank across the tank, with the fear that at each step an unpremeditated bath among the gold-fish will abruptly end one's visit to the insect store. Yagisawa bows reassuringly till the visitor is seated on the edge of his room, and then he brings out all his treasures, and tells you with infinite patience all he knows about the different insects.

Yagisawa Fusakishi has a professional name by which he is known in his trade. This is

"Mushi-Kin," being a contraction of "Mushi-ya" (insect fancier) and "Kin-ya" (gold-fish). It is written in Japanese hieroglyphics on the two lanterns which hang in front of his stall, and the name informs the observant that he is a dealer both in singing insects and gold-fish. You will notice this in the second photo. reproduced.

On the right-hand side of the

stall, just underneath the terraced table where the cages are arranged, will be seen a list of all that Mushi-Kin has for sale, written, of course, in Japanese characters. Translated, the list reads as follows:—

- (1) Kajika; (2) Kutsuwa-mushi; (3) Kirigirisu;
- (4) Suzu-mushi; (5) Matsu-mushi; (6) Enma-korogi;
- (7) Kusa-hibari; (8) Kantan; (9) Kin-hibari; (10) Kanetataki; (11) Yamato-suzu.

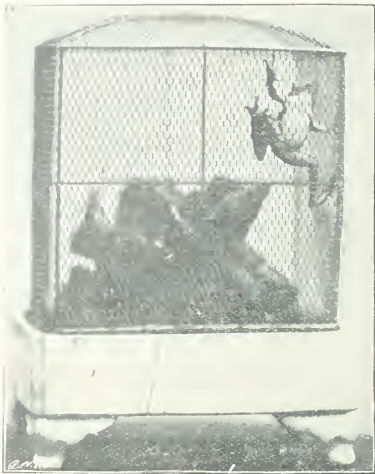
Now, a word of explanation concerning the different items on this list: No. 1, the "Kajika," is not an insect at all, although



1.—KAJIKU, THE SINGING FROG. HE MAY BE COAXED INTO SONG BY MEANS OF A BAMBOO FLUTE.

From a Photo. specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

placed in the same category and sold at the same time by the Japanese insect fanciers on an amount of its silver coin. The "Kajika" is a little frog of a greenish-black colour. Here he is



the "light fantastic". The derivation of the name comes from "Kawa-koika," which means river-stone, and the latter follows as an added touch of light to the frog, because a resemblance between the stone and the frog is a deer. It is found in the high valleys and in the neighbourhood of great running water. It has remarkable long, black, beady eyes protruding from its head, and the most peculiar of feet, its toes ending in a small round pad, as will be seen in the photograph. It is much esteemed for its long liquid cry, which is not in the least like the hoarse croak of an ordinary frog.

When domesticated, the "Kajika" is placed in a china or stone dish. The bottom of the dish is filled with pebbles and water, and a miniature rock placed in the centre. In the daytime the little pet generally remains in the crevices of the stone. An open walk leads on copper wire, one fits into the dish and keeps him prisoner so you see in the accompanying photograph.

In its natural state, the "Kajika" comes in the evening but the most fascinating spectacle is when he starts to answer a call at any time, by rubbing the 100 little red-tiny laminae that he has, however, the "Kajika" obstinately refused to take any notice whatsoever of its

master's invitation. The long jolting journey in the cupboard had probably disturbed its equanimity too much; but in the quiet of Yagisawa's shop, the frogs kept in the cages on the table in the background answered the flute-call at once. Yagisawa rendered its cry into these syllables: "Kiro-hiro-hiro-pio-pio-pio."

When the frogs are first taken they are cheapest, and can be bought for twenty-five sen (about 6d.). At this early stage of their probation they are very shy of mortal man, and sing very little in their exile. Time educates them, however, and, after a year or so, the insect fancier asks one yen (2s.) for each "Kajika," and the longer he has kept the frog the higher its price. Like good wine, it improves with age. Before I left the shop, Yagisawa with great pride brought out a frog which he had trained for seven years, and for which he asked three yen (6s.). It sang beautifully even in the presence of people to whom it had not become quite accustomed.



THE BEETLE'S HEAD AND THE "SING" IS PRODUCED BY RUBBING HIS WINGS TOGETHER.
2nd's Photo, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

In the photographer's

the "Kajika" hibernates, and Yagisawa showed me a jar full of tiny stones, which he provided for the frog's winter sleep. This jar fits into a covering made of thick straw rope; so that the frog is protected from all danger of cold, which would kill him.

No. 2. Next on the list comes the "Kutsuwa-mushi." "Kutsuwa" means bit, and the insect is so called because its cry is said to resemble a horse champing its bit — "gatcha, gatcha,



2.—THE KIRIGIRISU. 46 IN LINE A. (MATSUOBUKI).
From a Photo.

gácha." There are two kinds, one a yellow fawn in colour and the other a lovely pale green. The "Kutsuwa-mushi," by its vigorous chirruping, wears its wings away as the season goes on, as its "song" is produced by rubbing its wings together. As will be seen by the photograph, the "Kutsuwa-mushi" is a large insect.

No. 3 is the "Kirigirisu." This is a large insect also—something like a huge grasshopper or locust. They are said to have been introduced into Tokio by a man named Kojiro, who sent to his native province of Kadzusa for them. The "Kirigirisu" that come from Itabashi and Todagawa are the best. These are reputed to be larger, to sing better, and to be longer lived than those of other places. The artificially-bred



4.—THE SUZU-MUSHI, OR BELL-INSECT.
From a Photo.

No. 4, the "Suzu-mushi" (I

bought one of these myself, you remember), is perhaps the greatest favourite of all, and brings most profit to the insect seller. "Suzu" means a little bell, and its note, as I have said before, is like the clear, trilling tinkle of the tiny bell that is tied to the collar of a pet dog, or that hangs in clusters on the wand of a dancer. It is a black insect, and the Japanese liken its body to the seed of a water-melon. The poets of antiquity have likened the cry of this insect to



5.—THE MATSU-MUSHI, OR PINE INSECT. (Photo.)

the plaint of a lover in the absence of the beloved. There is such simile in the first chapter of the famous novel, "Genji Monogatari":—

Fain would one weep
the whole night long
As weeps the "Suzu-
mushi's" song,
Who chants her melan-
choly lay
Till night and darkness
pass away.

No. 5 on the fancier's list, the "Matsu-mushi," or pine insect, is so called because its cry is likened to the



6.—THE ENMA-KOROGI, OR KING OF HELL CRICKET. (Photo.)

wind singing in the pine trees. It is of a light brown colour and somewhat larger than the "Suzu-mushi."

No. 6, the "Enma-korogi," or king of hell cricket, is a large black insect of rather a repulsive appearance.

No. 7, the "Kusa-hibari" or grass-lark, very different in size and appearance from its ugly predecessor, is a small, fragile-looking insect. Its note is remarkably clear and piercing for so tiny a creature, and may be rendered as "hiri-hiri-hiri-hiri."



7.—THE KUSA-HIBARI, OR GRASS-LARK.
From a Photo.

No. 8, the "Kantan," is a whitish-green insect which sings only at midnight when most people are fast asleep. There is a curious story concerning its name. Kantan is a place in China, and in the Japanese classical dance of Noh, a very poor man falls into a deep sleep while cooking his meagre supper of beans. He dreams that being summoned to the palace he is made Emperor, and lives in all the splendor and luxury which belong to that exalted rank. But he awakes in a few minutes to find himself still in front of his pot of steaming beans. The insect is, therefore, so called because when its cry is heard most people are dreaming as deeply as the poor man of Kantan.



—THE KANTAN ONLY SINGS AT MIDNIGHT.
From a Photo.

No. 9, the "Kin-hibari," or golden lark, is an insect something like the grass-lark, only smaller and of a yellow colour, hence its name. Considering its size, the sound produced by the golden lark is surprising: "Hiri-hiri-hi-i, hiri-hiri-hi-i."

No. 10, the "Kanetataki," or bell-striker, is much larger than the golden lark. Its note exactly resembles the striking of a small temple bell far away in the distance: "Chin-chin-chin-chin."

No. 11, the "Yamato-suzu," or "little bell of Yamato," rings in the end of Yagisawa's list with its "ji-ji-ji-ji."

There are two or three insects which are well known in the market, but which are not on the list; but the most important and familiar ones are those I have described.

Although the insect trade itself, now such a booming one in Tokio, is of comparatively recent date, the Japanese have from the earliest times been fond to listen to what they call the "songs" of these insects.

Long years ago, indeed, picnics were made to certain places, undertaken for singing insects. The custom was to spend the whole night in one of these quiet spots. Mats were spread on the ground, and the people having taken their seats, could listen, drinking saké from a gourd, and

compose short poems at the moment of inspiration.

It is stated in an article in the *Jiji Shimpô* (1897) that the trade in these insects first began about a hundred years ago, and was introduced by a poor man, named Chuzo, a street vendor of food. One day, going his usual rounds, he happened to pass through Negishi—a suburb of Tokio beyond the Uyeno Park—and hearing an insect chirruping very sweetly he stopped for a long time to listen. He was so charmed that he returned day after day to listen to the song, till the thought struck him that he might easily catch some of these insects and carry them home. This he did; and, whenever he was able to do so, he went home early, and putting the insects in his veranda, sat and listened to the music that he loved.

The neighbours heard the insects singing, and, coming to Chuzo, asked him to sell them some. So many were the demands, that Chuzo was not slow to see that he might earn a good deal of money by selling them. Every evening he went out to find more, and next day would

carry them round to sell. In this way he sold some insects to a man named Kiriyama, a Daimio's retainer, who, placing the insects in a jar, forgot all about them.

The next year, however, he came across the jar, and, remembering the insects, opened it, and was

not a little surprised to see a host of insects just hatched. He sent for Chuzo, and they both decided that a good way of breeding the insects had been discovered. Hitherto, Chuzo had confined himself to securing the "Suzu-mushi," but he now set to work to catch others, such as the "Matsu-mushi," the "Kutsuwa-mushi," and the "Kantan." He took them to his friend Kiriyama, who found that the way in which he had unconsciously reared the first brood was successful with all the rest; and in this way the rearing and selling of singing insects first became a real trade.



10.—THE KANETATAKI, OR BELL-STRIKER.
From a Photo.



11.—THE YAMATO-SUZU.
From a Photo.

My last photo. was taken out in the street, just as the insect fancier was going home. The entire stall, with its numberless insects and cages, has been packed up into the two cupboards, one at each end of a strong pole, and now you see the whole "establishment"

But, since Kiriyama's time, the insect fanciers, by hatching the eggs in a forced temperature, arrange to sell them all at the same time, namely, towards the end of May.

Kiriyama's descendants carry on the business of breeding insects to this day; but the king of



YAGISAWA HAS HAD A GOOD DAY, AND IS NOW GOING HOME. HIS SERVANT IS CARRYING THE PACKED-UP SHOP.
From a Photo, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

shouldered by the man's servant. In the season insect fanciers may often be seen in the streets of Tokio carrying their peculiar wares in this way. The more prosperous the man, the more attractive is his stall, whether opened or closed. Our photograph represents a well-to-do insect fancier, Yagisawa Fusakishi.

At the present day there are thirty-six insect-sellers in Tokio. This was the number agreed upon by "the trade" many years ago.

In their natural state the different insects appear at various times during the summer. The firefly comes first, in the middle of May; in June, the "Kin-hibari," or golden lark; then the "Kirigirisu" (this is only a name, and therefore cannot be translated into the equivalent English). In July come the "Suzu-mushi" (or the bell insect) and "Matsu-mushi," etc.

insect breeders is now a man named Kawadzumi Kenjiro, who lives in Yotsuya. His nurseries supply most of the insects that are sold in the Tokio market.

In all cases it is only the male insect that sings, and therefore those who go out to catch the wild insects for singing purposes must keep the males separate; for in the event of pairing the male ceases to sing and dies.

The Japanese are very fond of their singing insects. Even the poorest student or labourer may, in the dingiest corner of a hot and dusty city, raise for himself visions of his far-away country home—of his native paddy fields and fragrant pine woods, and find at the end of the hardest day's work a sanctuary of rest and refreshment and coolness in the song of an insect which he has bought for a few sen.

What Happened to the Feather-Hunters.

BY WILHELM KÜLMANN, OF ST. PETERSBURG.

We think it will be pretty generally allowed that Herr Külmann's narrative illustrates in a remarkable and most thrilling manner the romance of trade. One looks with intense interest at the portrait of M. Serge Lilangoff, who was actually eaten by the Congo cannibals, and with equal interest at the portrait of the author, who survived as by a miracle. Nor can one withhold a tribute of sympathy from Herr Külmann on reading how, bleeding and dislocated, he gnawed himself free from the tree of death.



I happened more than ten years ago, but my impressions are as fresh to-day as they were then, and I feel sure they will always live with me. In the year 1888 I found myself in the employ of an important St. Petersburg firm, which had extensive dealings with the East. I was engaged as commercial traveller.

Now long after taking up the department, one of the partners called me into his private room and bid me to proceed at once to Beyrout to arrange a matter of business with a customer in whom little confidence was placed. I left St. Petersburg in June, 1888, and ten days later was at Beyrout, having travelled *via* Constantinople. I arranged the business matter satisfactorily, and on the 28th was contemplating an immediate return, when I received a cablegram from my firm asking me to proceed to Smyrna for further business. I left at once.

During my stay at this place the firm sent me written advices instructing me to buy large consignments of feathers. I gathered that the price of this commodity had increased enormously. I did my best to buy up all I could; but what was my surprise to see, only a few days later, one of the managers of the firm walking into my hotel in Smyrna. This was M. Serge Lilangoff, whose portrait I am glad to be able to show you. M. Lilangoff told me that I must prepare to start for Egypt with him immediately, as the firm required more and more feathers for which all hands appeared to be asking. "In Egypt," he said, "we can collect them before our rivals, and consequently ostrich fea-

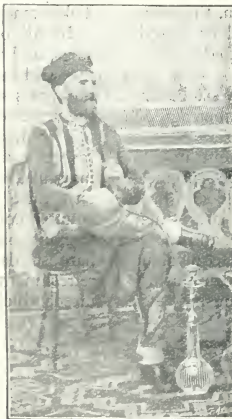


THE AUTHOR AND SURVIVOR, HERR WILHELM KÜLMANN.
From a Photo. by Snoboda, Smyrna.

thers, which now command quite fantastic prices."

As you may suppose, I was very tired, and felt by no means eager to undertake another long voyage after the journeys I had had. It was my duty, however, and I at once prepared to start for Alexandria with M. Lilangoff. We did not find what we wanted there, though, and so, without further delay, we passed on down into Nubia, staying over in Cairo but a day or two. It was terribly hard work, even making inquiries, because at that time the Dervishes were rampant, and we ran considerable risk of capture, if not death. Consider the fate of another German trader—Mr. Charles Neufeld. We collected a large quantity of feathers, however,

and dispatched them at once to our firm. Then we returned to Cairo for further advices. In due time we received a reply. The goods had arrived safely and had fetched a remarkable price; but instead of inviting us to return home (such is the cupidity of employers) the directors urged us to push on down into the centre of Africa—the Congo State, to be precise, where ostrich feathers were in great abundance and very easy to find—so we were told. A further despatch advised us that a large consignment of articles for barter was on its way. These things were the usual trifles, distributed among the untutored savages. There were glass bracelets, elegant tin rings, brilliant beads, lengths of brass wire, etc.



M. SERGE LILANGOFF, WHO WAS KILLED AND EATEN BY THE CONGO CANNIBALS.
From a Photo. by Snoboda, Smyrna.

From my point of view these new orders were decidedly heartening. I had worked very hard, and looked forward to going home and enjoying a period of rest. Instead, here we were about to risk our lives

if, not at the hands of savages or wild beasts, then at least through malarial fevers, and that without any respite in between. Mr. Lilangoff himself thought there must be some mistake, and suggested our disobeying instructions and returning to St. Petersburg. On thinking the matter over, however, I pointed out to him that after all there might be no danger, as traders were constantly passing to and fro in Central Africa. Moreover, I thought to distinguish myself, and make a little fortune of my own. We, therefore, prepared to push out south as far as the confines of the Congo. We engaged six negroes, who took service with

alone and helpless, and yet resolved to do our best "for the firm." I think we possessed the same spirit that animates the war-correspondent who determines to do or die for his newspaper. We knew nothing at all about the Congo natives; but we had a nebulous idea that they ate people.

We weakly begged our niggers to come on with us, but they refused stoutly, saying they could not risk their lives in this savage country. It was pitiful, the way we clung to those six blacks; and when they left us all the light seemed to die out of our lives. Lilangoff, I should explain, knew no Arabic; and therefore



ABOUKMAL, THE HEAD GUIDE, VOLUNTEERED TO GO WITH US—HE FEARED NEITHER SAVAGES NOR WILD BEASTS.

us on the strict understanding that they were only to go as far as Lado, the eastern boundary of the Congo territory.

It was on the 25th of September, 1888, that we left Cairo with a camel caravan, and after a continuous and most arduous march arrived at Damer, in Nubia. We had many very narrow escapes from the Dervishes, but merely to outline these would render my story unwieldy. Damer is not a pleasant place, and fearing attack we again pushed on after a rest of only two days. We reached Lado, by way of the White Nile, after thirty days' more or less continuous march: we were completely exhausted. On arriving at this weird place our guides, who had accompanied us from Cairo, left us. Now, imagine the situation. Neither Lilangoff nor I were much of explorers, and yet here we were literally thousands of miles from anywhere,

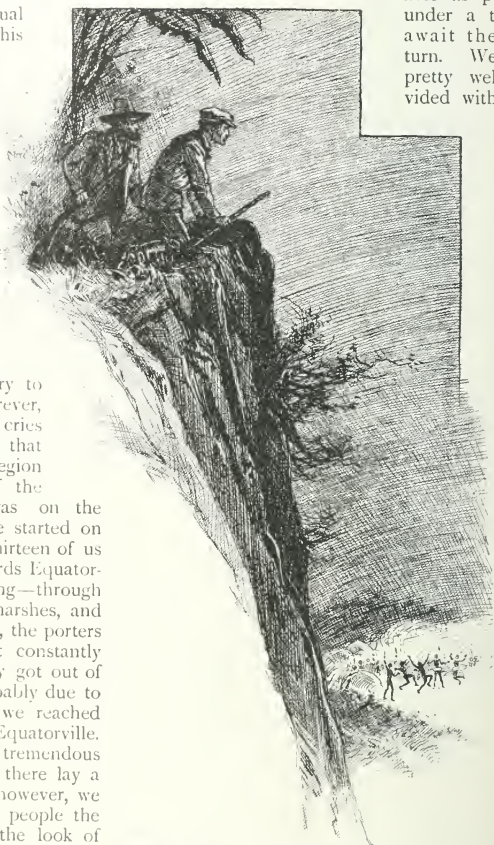
was ignorant of what I was saying to Aboukmal, our chief Egyptian guide. My companion felt sure, however, that we were in a serious mess, and he was for turning back at all risks. Poor fellow! He little knew what an awful fate the near future had in store for him.

Of course, if Lilangoff had persisted in returning I should have had to go back with him, in which case our long and arduous journey would have been taken entirely in vain. After turning the situation over and over in my mind, I resolved at length to push on to Equatorville, in which vicinity I knew enormous quantities of ostrich feathers were to be had. I thought that if it were impracticable to venture right into the heart of the unexplored Congo country, we might at least reach Equatorville and try and get something which would repay us for our trouble. Lilangoff, however, would not hear of my going

me alone, and at length he agreed to accompany me. Then, to our surprise (and to the credit of the "Gyppies," be it said), Aboukmal, the head guide, volunteered to go with us, declaring stoutly that he feared neither savages nor wild beasts. We were immensely relieved to have a third man with us, and we promised Aboukmal a very handsome present on our return. We decided to push on at once. Aboukmal left us, and presently returned with a number of native porters. Remember, this was at Lado. They were not prepossessing persons, being, in fact, savages of the lowest and most degraded kind; they were practically stark naked, and carried spears and clubs. Aboukmal told us that it might be advisable to go and interview the local King, an individual named Nakokola, and try and win his good graces. The suggestion found favour with us at first, but we rejected it on reflecting that His Majesty might feel obliged to dish us all up for breakfast. Then, having chosen ten of the savages as porters, we set off once more into the cannibal country. Of course, we spoke not one word of their abominable lingo, but Aboukmal assured us that he would be able to interpret for us. As a matter of fact, he was so tremendously eager to do everything for us, that he led us to believe he could do anything. He *did* try to ask the savages about feathers, however, whereupon they roared out strange cries for several minutes. We gathered that they were going to take us to a region where there was any quantity of the merchandise we sought. It was on the 10th of November, 1888, that we started on donkeys from Lado. Altogether thirteen of us turned our faces more or less towards Equatorville. The journey was most trying—through perpetual forests, across malarial marshes, and over formidable rivers. Then, again, the porters were like wild beasts, and fought constantly among themselves. Frequently they got out of hand altogether, but this was probably due to our own inexperience. At length we reached our journey about ten miles from Equatorville. (I will pass over the details of that tremendous journey.) At the foot of this hill there lay a small village. Before entering it, however, we resolved to find out what kind of people the inhabitants were. I did not like the look of that village. Therefore, collecting the porters together, I told them to go in and see if there

were any feathers there. We then opened our packs and gave the men a quantity of glass beads, anklets, and other articles to distribute among the savages. Our porters displayed great astonishment on seeing the contents of our packs, and they yelled out words which we took to mean they would return with great quantities of feathers. Lilangoff and I didn't quite know what to make of these porters. Sometimes we feared that they would turn upon us and kill us. Aboukmal suggested that he had better go with them to the village, and to this I consented. They left us at three o'clock in the afternoon, Lilangoff and I making our-

selves as comfortable as possible under a tree to await their return. We were pretty well provided with Mar-



"WE ASCENDED THE MOUNTAIN TO RECONNOITRE, AND BEHELD AN EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE FROM THE SUMMIT."

tini-Henry rifles and revolvers, but were well aware that we could do little or nothing against a horde of savages. We waited for about four hours, but saw nothing of our messengers. Then we grew anxious. Suppose they had left us altogether in that frightful place? Or, on the other hand, suppose they were going to call out the warriors to come and kill the two white men? Darkness soon settled down in that awe-inspiring forest, but still there was no sign of our men. From where we sat, however, we could see down into the village, where black figures were coming and going constantly among the huts. We were troubled with distressing forebodings. We could hear cries and shouts in the distance as we sat there in a terrible state of mind. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock—eleven, and still no sign. All hope now failed us, and we resolved to return on our tracks and escape while yet we were unmolested. Midnight brought millions of mosquitoes, which bit us so savagely that our faces and hands streamed with blood. We were about to make our way back, when suddenly we heard a loud uproar as of many savages shouting, yelling, and dancing. Lilangoff never uttered a word, but looked at me helplessly. We both felt that the uproar meant the slaughter of our men, and presaged the inevitable orgie that was to follow. Sick at heart, we ascended the mountain to reconnoitre, and beheld an extraordinary spectacle from the summit. We saw hundreds of excited savages holding torches ablaze with some kind of animal grease. Some of them were beating tom-toms with human bones, while others were yelling and dancing with a vigour all but incredible. We watched every movement of the strange host for several minutes; and then, as we turned away, we realized how utterly hopeless our position was. It was about one o'clock in the morning when the hoarse voices died away, and gradually became silent. "They have had their feast," I thought to myself, shivering with nausea, "and now they have retired to rest."

While yet I was turning the desperate situation over in my mind, I heard low voices near us and saw black bodies moving. We remained as still as possible, fearing that our last moment had arrived. Suddenly I gave a cry and leaped forward, shouting to Lilangoff that these were no cannibals, but our own men! And sure enough there were the porters, with Aboukimal at their head. Each man was loaded with feathers, and it was evident that they had made a very good haul. When thankfulness at our supposed escape had worn off, we naturally asked why they had been so long away, and what was the meaning of the crowds and the uproar. They told us that some festival had been cele-

brated connected with the moon. It seemed that the moon had been blotted out by a black cloud, and it was only when this passed away that the savages ceased beating their tom-toms and shouting.

Two days after this our porters advised us to make for a place called Bussenge, where their friends in the village told them we should find very large quantities of feathers. Now, Bussenge is on the River Chuapa, which has its source somewhere in the centre of the Congo country. The inhabitants of Bussenge were reputed to be cannibals of the most ferocious kind.

I think Lilangoff had had enough after the last scare, and he strongly advised me not to go any further into this fearful country.

"Let us return with what we have," he said. We were doing so well, however, that I wanted more, and again he consented to accompany me. So we started off in dug-out canoes, which were procured by our porters from their friends in the village. The first few hours passed monotonously enough, although both banks were reputed to be inhabited by cannibals. Strangely enough, it was only I who was troubled with forebodings at this part of the journey. Lilangoff was radiant. Suddenly, on our left hand, a creek appeared. Here we stopped, and our porters excitedly gave us to understand that the natives dwelling in it were richer in feathers than any others. On this we turned into the creek, which was only about 15yds. wide. Both banks were flanked by swampy jungle and mangroves; and the tide being low, we saw prodigious numbers of what looked like shellfish on the roots of the trees. Presently we heard voices afar off, and then shouts from the head of the creek. Apparently these sounds proceeded from the village. Our porters told us calmly that these were the Budjas, who were partaking of a cannibal feast. We paddled on, however, and half an hour or so later came in sight of the village itself. Simultaneously we beheld a fearsome spectacle. As the natives saw us they gathered themselves together threateningly on the little hill on which the village stood. Two or three times we heard loud shouts, which I took to be war-cries. As we stopped, the fury of the savages appeared to increase, and the war-drums were beaten vigorously. Some of the savages danced round and round, brandishing their spears. Our porters, on seeing this, sang songs in some strange tongue, intending to show that we were not enemies, but peaceable traders. It was in vain, however. The warriors soon increased to a great crowd. I looked at Lilangoff, and saw that he was almost in a state of collapse, which was particularly dangerous under the circumstances. I felt

the best plan was to show no fear, however badly we might feel. My companion, however, could think of only one thing, as he pressed my hand and murmured the one word, "Captured."

I told the men to push on past this village, but they seemed a little mutinous. They



WE CHIPPED OUR GUNS AND SMASHED AT THE SAVAGES RIGHT AND LEFT.

replied that the creek was full of these tribes, some of them still wilder than those at whose "gates" we were now resting. I then ordered the porters to get out of the canoes and engage the savages in conversation. They did, but to my dismay this ended in a fight, in which spears were thrown freely and many of our men fell. This was not surprising, considering that the savages were posted on a hill in an excellent position. Seeing this, I am afraid I lost my head and began to blaze away with my rifle, while Lilangoff to do likewise. I gave Aboukmal my revolver, and presently all three of us were firing into the thick of the savages. They were, I must say, very much amazed at the reports and effect of our arms, and, no doubt, they were very much scared. They ought to have been very much more scared than they were, however, for descending the hill they threw themselves with a series of splashes into the water and, to our horror, swam swiftly toward us. I do not know how many there were, but I should think a hundred or two. We kept on firing at the heads in the water, and I think we killed a few and drowned some others. They were soon upon us, however, and in a few minutes dozens of dusky hands grasped the gunwales of the canoe in

which we sat. We then clubbed our guns and smashed at the savages right and left. But it was no use. Before we knew what was happening the canoe was dragged under as though by alligators, and we were floundering helplessly in the water. All

our baggage, with our valuable merchandise, rifles, etc., was at once lost. I now bitterly repented, when too late, not having turned back as Lilangoff advised. The creek banks seemed to be alive with savages, who roared and danced and shook their weapons with hideous energy. I swam to shore, feeling certain that my two companions were near me. The moment I stepped on the land I was borne to the ground by a rush of savages, who literally threw themselves upon me. I thought with pity of my wife and children, and hoped that the end would soon come. As I was taken along through the bush I was knocked about considerably—kicked, beaten, and lashed—until I marvelled that I retained my senses. I was next hustled into an evil-smelling hut, where my hands and feet were imprisoned by means of pierced logs in a very ingenious way. Never shall I forget, as I crouched there helpless and despairing, how those repulsive-looking savages danced round me with blazing eyes and uncouth gestures. I remember I wondered dimly what had become of Lilangoff and Aboukmal. Suddenly the tom-toms began to reverberate outside, and on hearing these the savages dragged me out of the hut.

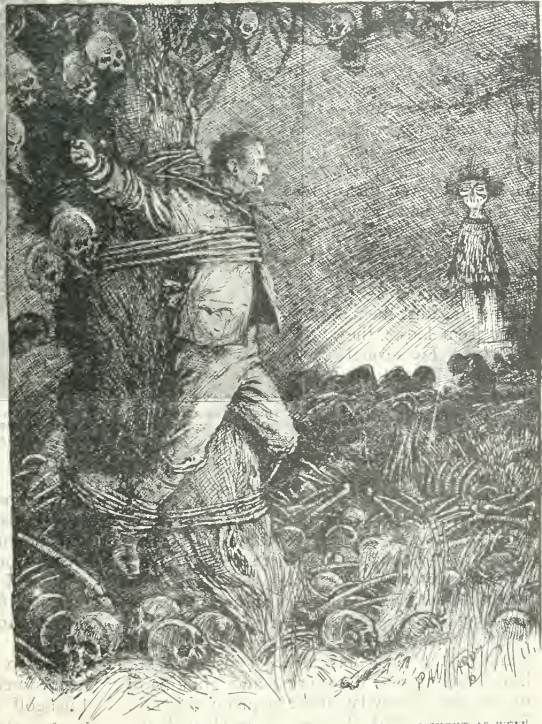
I was taken to what I may call the village

"Broadway," where, in the midst of a mob of natives fashed up to a pitch of fantastic fury, I discerned my unhappy comrade Lilangoff, who had evidently given way to his extreme terror and was in a painful state of collapse. Soon they released me from the pieces of timber, and we pushed on outside the village. At one time Lilangoff and the savages about him came quite close to me, and I noticed that he was crying bitterly. I closed my eyes, and tried to walk resolutely to the place of our execution. Suddenly I saw before me a ghastly spectacle—a huge tree to which were fastened hundreds of ghastly human skulls; while round about were quantities of bones, unmistakably human. "This, then," I thought, "is the tree of sacrifice." I nearly fainted with horror and disgust at the sight I witnessed. I had no time to see whether Lilangoff was fastened to the tree, but they pushed me close up to it, and as my back struck the bones and skulls, they commenced to tie me up in a very painful way with vegetable ropes.

Both arms were widely extended, as though I were about to be crucified. Similarly each leg was outstretched as far as it would go, after the manner of the cross of St. Andrew; and altogether my position was one which caused me intense suffering. Finally, round and round my throat was passed another cord, which nearly strangled me. I tried to compose myself after a time, but my heart gave a great leap when I heard a sudden loud and fearful scream of agony behind me. I knew it was the voice of Lilangoff. I called out to him, in an agony of apprehension, "Lilangoff, are you all right?" The only answer I got were the yells and cries of the excited cannibals. A great dance then commenced, and the drums were beaten with great energy. A cold perspiration broke out all over me as I speculated how long would elapse before my turn came. I never saw Lilangoff alive again. I fancy they cut his throat. People say that hope springs eternal, but in that dreadful moment I quite gave up everything and bade good-bye to life and all I held dear in it.

I could not see behind me, but I imagine they took away Lilangoff's dead body for the usual hideous feast. At any rate, the savages left me, and assembled at a little distance, where I heard shrieks and cries for about an hour. When darkness fell the whole place was illuminated with torches. More tom-tom beating and weird songs. Now and then stragglers came almost in front of me, and I saw that they had made themselves hideous with coloured pigments, so that by the dim light of the torches they carried they appeared more like devils than men. This hideous orgie was kept up for several hours; and at the end of that time all my tightly-bound limbs had become numb, lifeless, and cold.

Next an immense idol was brought into the middle of the village with shouts of "Mbtu, Mbtu!" evidently the name of the idol. All the savages went up to the figure, which was placed about 40yds. from me; and after this an immense fire was lit. I imagine the ghastly



"I GAVE MY NUMB LIMBS A SHAKE, BUT IT FELT AS THOUGH I MIGHT AS WELL ATTEMPT TO PULL DOWN THE GIANT TREE TO WHICH I WAS BOUND."

men they harranged, and at about ten o'clock at night all was over. My unhappy friend had met his ghastly fate. Gradually the voices subsided, and every one of the monsters slept where he lay, like a satisfied brute. I could not imagine why they did not return to kill me, but came to the conclusion that I was reserved for the next night's feast. Now that I was quite alone, and everything still and dark, I had time to think. Automatically, the idea of escape suggested itself to me. When I reviewed the circumstances, however, I could hardly refrain from smiling.

I gave my numb limbs a shake, but it felt as though I might as well attempt to pull down the giant tree to which I was bound. All sorts of futile notions chased themselves through my brain, and I wound up by deciding to struggle myself with the cords about my neck. Finally, on pondering all the stories of wonderful escapes that I had ever read, I decided to see what I could do. I should tell you, however, that my limbs had now swollen considerably. I could feel that the cords about my throat were damp, and as I scratched against them, I felt them loosen the least bit. For several minutes I forced my hands and both sides of my neck against the cord, and at last, with eyes almost starting from my head, I

the my mouth and clasp down to the first strand. I commenced to chew the cords frantically, soon gnawing the blood which flowed from my nostrils. At last my neck was free. So far, good. I thought once or twice it was very likely that someone was watching me, but at such a moment as I got a little heed to details of that kind. With my hands free, I carefully inspected my hands, or at least I was able. I listened, but heard nothing save the snoring and grunting of the savages, or they lay about in quaint attitudes. Being my head, I tried to reach with my

mouth the cords that encircled my chest. At first I thought it was impossible. I bent again and again, until I fancied I could hear the bones of my breast and back cracking. I need not dwell upon my sufferings. I *did* reach the cord about my chest and I gnawed that, too, until it gave way. And as each cord was severed fear rose with rising hope, until at length I was in a perfect fever. I was about to commence on the cords which bound my extended arms, when a movement in one of the groups of savages attracted my attention, and I saw one of the cannibals standing apparently looking at me! He had not seen me, however, and presently lay down to sleep again.

I recommenced my endeavours again to release my left arm. By this time my mouth was in a dreadful state, but I had no time to consider that. I was trembling, not with pain, but with fear lest my endeavours should prove in vain. Presently the second arm was free, and now nothing stood between me and comparative freedom save the cords that bound my legs. As I have explained, my legs were tied widely apart, and it would have been utterly impossible even for a professional contortionist to reach the cords with his mouth. Certainly my hands were free, but so securely tied were my legs that not even my

most desperate efforts could loosen the cords. I passed many moments of agony, both mental and physical. I feared that daylight would presently appear, and then——

Soon I could distinguish the savages one by one, for the dawn was breaking. It was terrible to fail, just when hope was raised so high. Suddenly, a desperate idea came to me to tear my feet out of my boots by main force. When we were captured poor Lilangoff and I were wearing our travelling boots and leggings, and, of course, the



"THIS IS THE IDENTICAL SUIT OF CLOTHES WHICH THE AUTHOR WORE DURING THIS TERRIBLE ADVENTURE—SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE."

savages had tied the cords around these. I tugged and pulled until I could have screamed with agony. You may judge for yourself what a seemingly impossible task it is to drag one's foot out of a high-laced boot. But it is amazing what a man can do when he finds himself in so utterly desperate a situation. I knew that in an hour or two I would be killed like a sheep and eaten by the cannibals. I pulled again and again with superhuman strength, until I felt that my

a white surface suddenly appeared before me. It was the creek! It was now perhaps four o'clock in the morning, and utter silence reigned. I thought for a moment, and then decided to swim as best I could to the other side. Scrambling down to the bank, I found a section of an old tree-trunk six or eight feet long, and near it a lot of human skulls. I lost not a moment. Pushing the log silently into the water, I straddled it, propelling myself along with my



"PUSHING THE LOG SILENTLY INTO THE WATER, I STRADDLED IT, PROPPELLING MYSELF ALONG WITH MY HANDS."

foot must be torn from my leg. I was nearly fainting with pain when suddenly the strong lace gave way. Out came my foot at last, smothered with blood. When I tried to put it on the ground I almost cried aloud with agony, for it was badly dislocated. I will not inflict further details upon you. Suffice it to say that I tore the other foot out, too, and then found myself unable to stand upright on my dislocated feet! I dropped on my hands and knees and crawled along through the thorny bushes, which pricked me like myriads of pins. Turning to my left, I discovered a sleeping savage. Oh! it would have been bitter to have been discovered then. I crept cautiously along, only half conscious. After a little while

hands. I experienced shocking pains the moment the water touched my wounds. Full of tremulous joy, I soon found myself at the mouth of the creek where we had entered from the river. I felt the current seizing me and my log, and, with a great throb of joy, I shot out into the swift stream of the River Chuapa away down towards Equatorville, on the Great Congo, which I reached very soon. A native guide there came with me to Tobara, in German East Africa, and from there I went to Zanzibar, and thence to Europe. As to Aboukmal, I never saw him again; and to this day I am always asking myself, "Why did not the cannibals commence by killing me instead of poor Lilan-goff?"

Among the Head-Hunters of Lushai.

By J. HERBERT LORRAIN AND FRED. W. SAVIDGE, B.A., PH.D.

The personal narrative of two young missionaries who penetrated into a wild and little-known region and lived among the natives. Now published for the first time, with a complete set of remarkable photographs.



N the north-east frontier of Assam, situated between Burma, Cachar, and Manipur, lies the district known as the home of the head-hunting Lushais. Long and precipitous ranges of hills, mostly running north and south, fill up the whole area, and occasionally a peak, rising to a height of 6,000ft., may be seen towering above the lower hills. From its summit stretching as far as the horizon, gigantic forests of fern-covered trees hide with creepers, ravines, deep valleys, and now and then a trifling stream cascading among the rocks and verdure, come into view.

For many generations the Lushais have had their abode in this wild region, from an like real children of Nature. The history of the people is a history of bloodshed and of interminable war. Every man, as soon as he could understand, became fired with the ambition to obtain human skulls — whether to display some mark of heroism before his less courageous comrades, or to use as decorations for his temple, would be difficult to deter-

mine. Not content with their cannibal warfare, these people launched out on the plains, and, when opportunity offered, seized upon unoffending coolies in the Assam tea gardens, murdered them, and carried off their heads as trophies of their prowess. Thus they became a terror to the whole region. Not content with this, even, they sometimes attacked the bungalows of

the planters themselves in the hope of carrying off the head of a white man, which they considered of much more value than many black ones. By a treacherous attack they once murdered an Englishman and carried off his child alive into their own jungle. This dastardly outrage had to be promptly avenged, and an expedition was sent into their territories to punish the perpetrators and to rescue the girl.

Since this incident, which happened nearly thirty years ago, the British Government has had a continuous connection with the Lushai country.

But as little was known of this blood-thirsty race, we resolved if possible to visit them and ascertain what possibilities there might be in them. If men of such courage had their energies directed into another channel, we thought they might become an infinite blessing to their fellow-men.

After trying to enter their country for two or three years, we at last obtained permission to live among them. We were entering upon a new undertaking and visiting a strange country, but we were full of hope. There were two modes of conveyance open to us.

Either we must walk a distance of 150 miles, taking all provision with us for the way; or go by a more circuitous route by water. Although it would take more time to reach our destination, we chose the latter as being more convenient and more comfortable.

We engaged some native boats; and by look-



MR. SAVIDGE (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. LORRAIN—IN LUSHAI DRESS.
From a Photo.



OUR TWO MISSIONARIES ON THEIR WAY UP INTO LUSHAILAND—THEIR BOATS WERE OFTEN ALMOST DASHED TO PIECES.
From a Photo. by the Authors.

ing at the accompanying illustration it may be seen that these are not very commodious affairs. They are about 24ft. long from prow to stern, and covered with a roof of bamboo matting raised about 4ft. from the bottom, to protect us from the heat or the rain. Two men are required to propel each boat, which is done by one man using an oar in front, and by the other dexterously twisting the rudder, which assists the motion as well as guides. We could not stand up, nor sit with any comfort upon a raised seat, but had usually to take up a recumbent position. In this limited space everything had to be done. Eating, drinking, bathing, and sleeping were undertaken about as easily as the same operations could be performed under a dining-table.

Early one morning we were awakened by hearing the boatmen shout, "Allah! Allah!" and as we peeped out we saw that we had reached a point where a strong cataract commenced. The men were standing up to their

waists in the water, and vainly endeavouring to move an inch against the rushing torrent. We quickly jumped into our clothes, and it was a case of "all hands at the pump." When climbing such dangerous places, strong ropes have to be fastened to the boat, and men clamber over the rocks where they can find a foothold, and drag it along as best they can, while others are standing on the prow and stern, pushing with bamboos to keep the craft from being upset or dashed to pieces against the boulders. Five days, six days, passed, and when the seventh arrived we began to enter the mountains.

The photograph gives an idea of the scenery, and the boatmen are seen resting after a hard pull up a strong and dangerous cataract. The picture shows the steepness of the precipices, and the disposition of the trees among the rocks. Sometimes, in going through such a gorge, we found ourselves in a deep pool with scarcely a ripple on the surface, and yet the stream was flowing very swiftly. In such places the water was too deep for punting, and progress could only be made by using a bamboo with an iron hook attached to one end, and holding on to the overhanging branches and jerking forward a few yards at a time. The rise and fall of the water is so rapid at times, that pieces of wreck may be seen swinging high in the air *tied to a tree*, the boat having been submerged when the water had suddenly fallen in the night.

Sometimes trees which have been hurled down in the floods have to be cut away and a passage secured before an advance can take place. At another time the stream may be so shallow that the boat must be carried bodily over the surface. For seven or eight days more the journey is continued without the sight or trace of a human being. Wild boars occasionally swim across the water as we advance, and eye our boats as though they were some huge animal monstrosities. Chattering monkeys and barking deer relieve the monotony of the stillness, and gaily plumaged birds are constantly darting upon the butterflies and insects as they flit from tree to tree. An opportunity occasionally occurs for a stroll along the bank, but it is hardly advisable to venture out, as wild animals abound everywhere. We once desired to stretch our legs by taking a walk in the jungle, but had not proceeded far before we disturbed a tiger's cub just in front of us, and as the mother was probably not many yards away, we considered it safer to take to the boats again.

On another occasion, as we were slowly moving along, an immense tiger came within a few yards of us to the water's edge to drink. When he had satisfied his thirst he sat down upon his haunches and looked at us, with as much nonchalance and composure as we might have looked at him if he had been in a cage at the Zoo.

At certain seasons of the year the insects are a terrible nuisance, and try the temper to the highest degree. It is always necessary to get tucked well under a muslin curtain before darkness comes on, or it would mean a very uncomfortable and restless night. It was no unusual occurrence for a man to tumble off the boat into the water, and when we took a punting pole for exercise, we did not always escape the same calamity. This was more inconvenient for us than for them, as we wore clothes and they did not.

After seventeen days of this kind of travelling we came in sight of the first village in Lushai-land, and you may be sure that we hailed with delight even its chimneyless habitations. Our destination lay now only thirteen miles up the mountains at an elevation of about 4,000ft.

We were delayed for three days at the village of Sairang trying to get coolies for our luggage. It would require the genius of a Dante to describe the awful experience of a stay in that abominable place during the rains. Mountains so surround it that never a breeze can blow to relieve the sultry air. Perspiration constantly pours out over the whole body, and myriads of insects

are ever buzzing in the ears or taking a vicious delight in tormenting and making life almost unbearable. Then, as soon as the sun sets, the air becomes charged with millions of sand-flies, a tiny and almost invisible insect, but which settles upon every conceivable spot of the body, burying itself in the hair and giving sharp, needle-like pricks, which form into blisters and irritate to the verge of madness.

The only way to make existence endurable is to burn a kind of ant's nest, which is found there, and to sit in the smoke of it. The sand-flies decidedly object to the odour of this, and so do we: but it is preferable to being bitten, although our eyes and noses are incessantly running from the stinging nature of the smoke.

At last we left that inferno and started on our walk up the mountains. As we rose higher and higher the atmosphere gradually became cooler, and when we reached Fort Aijal, our destination, it seemed as if we had been transported to the regions of Paradise when compared with Sairang.

The next photograph is a picture of part of Aijal. The large bamboo house on the left is the post and telegraph office. Above it, on a slight elevation, is the residence of the Political Officer. The building on the extreme right is the Law Courts. The smaller building just below this is the Treasury, guarded day and night by sentries. As soon as we arrived at Fort Aijal we chose a spot about a mile away upon which to pitch our tent. We were close to a Lushai village, and our arrival was a signal for men, women, and children to turn out and crowd round us. We

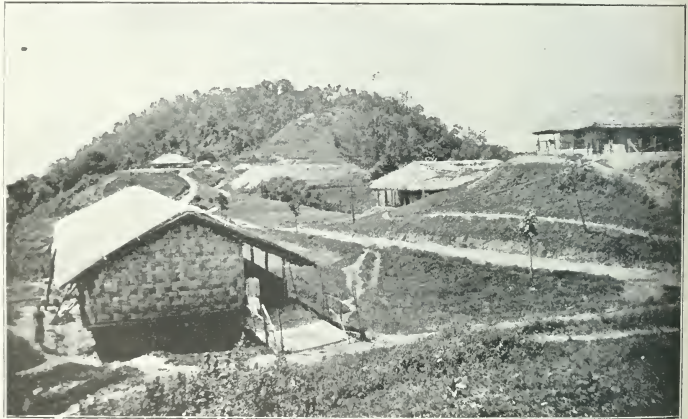


FIG. 111.—THE PHOTOGRAPH.—THE LARGE BAMBOO HOUSE ON THE LEFT IS A POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
From a Photo. by the Authors.

had learned a few words and sentences of their language, picked up from Bengalis, who traded among them, and we used our little knowledge as much as we could.

At first they stared at us very suspiciously, and were amazed at the idea of a white man knowing anything of their tongue. The village chief and his wife came to receive us with great ceremony, bringing with them a bottle of their



BUILDING A HOUSE FOR THE WHITE VISITORS—"MEN WERE SENT OFF TO GET TREES, BAMBOOS, CANE, AND OTHER NECESSARY MATERIALS." *[By the Authors.]*

native beer and a very substantial glass to drink it from, but we declined with thanks. By means of an interpreter we made known our object in coming to them, and soon they began to show signs of becoming friendly. The youngsters displayed their zeal by plucking up all the weeds on the spot where our tent was to be raised, and the older ones assisted so much, that in a very short time we had a comfortable place to sleep in.

Some of the more daring even ventured to lift up our coat-sleeves to see if we were really white underneath our clothes, and exclamations of surprise greeted us when they discovered that we were even whiter there. Our legs also came in for a share of inspection, and called forth the same expressions of amazement. Had we got any guns? was almost the first important question they asked us, and they were astonished to hear that we had no deadly weapons with us at all. When we went to bed we saw through our tent door about twenty children squatting on their

haunches, ranged like sentinels to guard us.

Our first step was to get up a house, and with this object we called upon the chief of the village to ask his help. He promised his assistance, and men were sent off to get trees, bamboos, cane, and other necessary materials.

The accompanying photograph shows the Lushais in the act of splitting bamboos, previous to weaving them into walls and floors. The forked post in the extreme left of the picture has been erected to display the skulls of animals slain in sacrifice. When we arrived the Bengali traders had been forbidden to sell

salt to the Lushais by way of bringing a refractory chief to submission; but the authorities kindly consented to our giving it as wages until our house should be completed. When this became known men poured in from everywhere, and in a fortnight we were able to occupy our new home.

We now get a view of the house in its finished state. To the left is a Lushai village



MESSERS. LORRAIN AND SAVIDGE'S HOUSE WHEN COMPLETED. (FROM THE VERANDA THEY COULD LOOK DOWN UPON THE CLOUDS.) *[By the Authors.]*

scattered about a hundred yards away. From the summit a range of fourteen ridges of hills may be seen in the distance, and in the rainy season, when the clouds have settled in the valleys, the peaks rise above and look like islands surrounded by a sea of snow.

Our next photograph gives a general view of a Lushai village. It will be noticed that the houses are built in regular streets and on the

not work, and sometimes allows his nails on his left hand to grow to an inordinate length in order to demonstrate this. Each family has to contribute a certain amount of rice every year towards the support of the chief, and a portion of every animal taken in the chase is his right. In return for all this he makes the interest of his subjects his care and attention. The old men of the village, presided over by a kind



(Continued from page 177.)

GENERAL VIEW OF A LUSHAI VILLAGE—THE HOUSES ARE BUILT ON PILES.

(by the Authors.)

slope of a hill. To obviate the difficulty of cutting away the earth to obtain a level spot, the houses are built on piles. The situation is sometimes so steep that the back of a house requires a support as long as 20ft. or 30ft. to make the floor level. Inside is a rude fire place of earth, and a raised platform used as a bed. Scattered on shelves and on the floor are cooking utensils and beer-pots of clay. At one end is a round inclosure, used as a bin to store the rice for the family for the whole year. Dogs and fowls are continually passing in and out and eat up any scraps that may be left after a meal. Under the house is the home of pigs, fowls, dogs, goats, and every kind of dirt and rubbish. The long building almost in the centre of the picture is the house occupied by the village chief. All widows, orphans, and cripples are his particular care, and live in a part of his dwelling, labouring for him in any way he may wish.

The chief has absolute control over his subjects. His mode of life and his dress differ in no way from the common people, only he does

of Prime Minister, are convoked when any important matter is to be discussed, and the town crier walks round the village and, with a loud voice, informs the people of the will of their Sovereign.

The chief's wealth consists of cornelian beads and a few necklaces handed down to him from time immemorial, or taken as plunder in their civil wars. He also possesses a number of bison, and on the anniversary of some great event he kills one of these animals and gives a feast to his subjects. During an occasion of this sort the invited guests sit round a large earthen pot filled with beer brewed from rice, and one of the company dips in a horn and passes it round until all have drunk. This goes on day and night for three or four days, all of them singing the while a most mournful dirge, until they either become too intoxicated to take any more, or else nature gives way and they all succumb to sleep.

The square building with the untidy grass roof to the left of the chief's house, and just below it, shows the position of the bachelors'



A LUSHAI MAN AND WOMAN—THESE ARE THE KIND OF PEOPLE OUR MISSIONARIES LIVED AND WORKED AMONG.

From a Photo. by the Authors.

quarters. To the left of the picture, standing in the centre of the principal street, half-way up the hill, may be seen the village smithy. Here the blacksmith, with very primitive tools, turns out spears, choppers, hoes, and other implements. All the villagers pay him a certain quantity of rice every year for his support, and thus he becomes a public servant and gives his services willingly to anyone.

The next photo. gives us a fair type of a Lushai man and woman. They have high cheek-bones and slightly almond-shaped eyes, and belong to the Mongolian race. They each wear a long cloth about 7ft. by 5ft., made by the women. Men and women part their hair in the middle and do it in a knot at the back of their heads, fastening it with massive brass and bone pins, one of which may be seen sticking out behind the head of the man, to the left of the picture. This mode of wearing the hair and the loose cloak cause the two sexes to have so much the same appearance that at first it was difficult for us to distinguish male from female.

The man's ornaments consist of a barrel-shaped cornelian, tied by a piece of string through a hole in the lobe of the ear; a few rows of turquoise beads round his neck, and sometimes a ring of iron or other metal on his finger. The appendage from his throat is made from the tail of a goat, which has been sacrificed by him, and is worn as a charm to ward off sickness and protect him from evil spirits. His pipe is made entirely of bamboo.

Underneath her loose covering a woman wears a short petticoat of blue cotton. Her ear-rings are made of discs of ivory, as large as a napkin ring, placed in a hole in the lobe of her ear, which has been gradually extended from her infancy until it has become large enough to receive the final ornament. Her pipe is a marvel of ingenuity. The bowl is made of clay and turned towards the face, so that she may see when it wants replenishing, or requires poking with the iron pin which is suspended from the stem. The lower part of the pipe is made of bamboo, elaborately carved, and is used as a receptacle for water, in which the smoke is purified before it reaches the mouth. As soon as this water becomes impregnated with nicotine it is carefully collected by the husband in a small gourd, and sipped as a *bonne-bouche*, or offered to friends as a mark of hospitality. The wife is constantly busy getting wood and water, or cooking the food, and doing other household duties, while the husband is away looking after his cultivation.

This photograph represents a Lushai woman of neglected appearance, and by no means a type of beauty. They are none of them remarkable for their cleanliness, either as children or adults. As a rule, a baby is not washed after its birth until it is about three years old, and a middle-aged person after forty often bids good-bye to water for the remainder of his natural life, which under such a *régime* is not very long. The old woman is smoking the indispensable



IF BABY CRIES, HE IS GIVEN A WHIFF OR TWO OF MAMMA'S DIRTY OLD PIPE. *[By the Authors.]*

pipe, and when the baby grows uneasy she thrusts it into its mouth, and after a whiff or two it becomes restful and happy. The child is supported in the lap of the mother, and enjoys a comfortable position at all times.

As soon as a boy is able to walk he begins to climb trees, and can stand in the most perilous situations without showing the least signs of fear. They are all fond of a game played by throwing a large bean from different parts of the body, and causing it to knock over

bearable, and were glad to get back to their native jungles. They love to perch their houses on the highest peaks, and to look down from their dizzy abodes upon the clouds as they roll up the forest-clad valleys; or else gaze upon the sea of mountain peaks and ranges, stretching away to the horizon in all directions.

In the picture we notice that the top of the roof of the next house below is lower than the floor of the house above. This will give some idea of the steepness of the mountain sides



LUSHAI, THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF THE HIMALAYAS. THEY HAVE TO PERCH THEIR HOUSES ON THE HIGHEST PEAKS AND LOOK DOWN UPON THE CLOUDS. (By the Authors.)

that of the opponent which is placed on its end upon the ground. At a certain season of the year, when the white ants take to themselves songs, a band of children may often be seen sitting round the hole from which the insects emerge, and feeding upon them with great zest and relish. Grasshoppers and raw young rats do not even come aniss to some of the youngsters when they are hungry.

Our next photograph gives a very good idea of the platform the Lushais construct outside their houses. These children of the mountain too great cannot endure to be confined or cramped for room. Some few, whom we took to Calcutta, found the narrow streets quite un-

upon which they build. These platforms are the favourite places of resort of the whole family. In the chill winter mornings they sit here enjoying the warmth of the sun, and in the summer evenings they equally enjoy the cool breezes. Sometimes a kind of screen will be rigged up, and beneath its shade the daughter of the house will sit weaving or sewing, while her sweetheart beguiles the hours by telling stories.

We now show a very good illustration of the bachelors' quarters, erected in every Lushai village. These buildings are for the use of the young unmarried men of the community. When a youth reaches the age of fourteen or fifteen he is



"THE BACHELORS' QUARTERS ERECTED IN EVERY LUSHAI VILLAGE."

From a Photo. by the Authors.

no longer allowed to sleep at night in his father's house, but shares, with the other young men of the village, the building shown in our picture. These bachelors' quarters, like all Lushai houses, are built on piles, and are of great size, as may be seen by comparing the figures in the picture with the building. They are constructed of bamboo and wood, and are thatched with grass. The bamboo-mat wall in the front of the building comes to within 4ft. or so of the ground, and it is through this long, low aperture, by carefully lowering the head, that entrance has to be effected. Immediately inside, a barrier about 4ft. high, intended to keep out pigs and goats, runs from side to side across the entrance, and this has to be vaulted before we are really inside. In the centre is a clay hearth, where every evening in winter a huge fire is lit. At the farther end the floor is slightly raised, and forms a kind of dais, upon which, as well as on the floor round the fire, recline some 200 or more young men. Some sing, others relate thrilling stories of their ancestors, which everyone present knows by heart and yet never grows tired of hearing repeated.

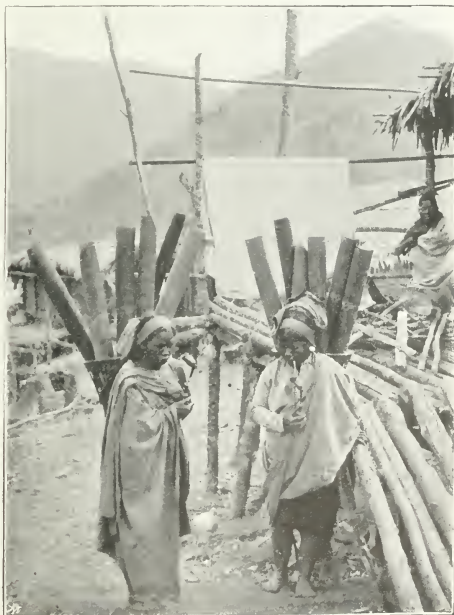
Strangers from other villages, if they have no friends with whom to stay, are welcome to these bachelor clubs, and have always some news to tell in which all are interested. When we arrived in a village the chief would generally put a building of this description at our disposal, and, as a mark

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of respect, the young men would sleep at their homes as long as we chose to occupy it. They would, however, fill the place until quite a late hour, smoking their pipes and listening with the greatest interest while we talked to them, sometimes for hours together, about the wonders of God's creation and of His love to man; and no more interesting spectacle could be witnessed than that crowd of savage, upturned faces lit by the ruddy glow of the fire.

Here is an interesting picture, showing the primitive mode the Lushais have of carrying water from the springs in the valleys to their

homes on the heights. The long, narrow tubes in the baskets upon the backs of these two



WOMEN CARRYING WATER IN BAMBOO TUBES.

From a Photo. by the Authors.



HE HAS PULLED HIS MOUSTACHE OUT HAIR BY HAIR, WEARS WOMEN'S CLOTHES, AND DOES A WOMAN'S WORK.
From a Photo. by the Authors.

women are simply pieces of hollow bamboo cut a foot or more length and shaped at the top into a kind of lip to facilitate pouring. The women in the picture have just arrived at the village after a hard climb with their bamboo tubes full of water. This constant carrying of heavy loads up and down hill develops the calves of the legs to an enormous size, as can be seen by looking at the woman on the right.

We have called the above a photo. of a "man-woman" for want of a better name. It is a man who, for some mysterious reason, wears a woman's clothes and ornaments, smokes a woman's pipe, and does a woman's work. His troublesome moustache has been pulled out hair by hair, and it is only his deep, manly voice which divulges to strangers that he is not really what he pretends to be. Throughout the Eastern hills there are several of these curious people and when one knows that the women there do the lion's share of the work of the village it is surprising that a man should voluntarily take upon himself their duties. It is interesting to notice that the "man-woman" in the picture is, in appearance, by far the neatest and cleanest person in the village. Here and

there among the hills are also to be found women who wear men's clothes, smoke men's pipes, and do men's work.

The accompanying photo. is a portrait of an exorcist. Every village has one or more of these men, who are supposed to be versed in the art of driving out evil spirits. Sickness and pain of every description are therefore ascribed to these unseen beings, and directly a man falls ill he naturally desires to appease the anger of his supposed oppressor, and calls in the exorcist. When the latter arrives he leans over the prostrate figure, feels the pulse, and, with a very wise look on his face, declares that a fowl, dog, goat, or pig must be sacrificed to drive out the demon. The prescribed animal is soon procured, and the exorcist, accompanied by a friend or two, takes it outside the village, and, under the shade of a spreading tree, blows a conch-shell, mutters divers incantations, and sacrifices the victim.

Meanwhile his friends have busied themselves in kindling a fire close by and in boiling a pot of water. The heart, blood, and other uneatable parts of the sacrifice having been deposited on a tiny bamboo altar for the demons to devour, the animal is pulled to pieces and boiled in the pot.



THIS INDIVIDUAL DRIVES OUT EVIL SPIRITS—HE IS ALSO A FAMILY DOCTOR.
From a Photo. [by the Authors.]

When ready, the exorcist and his friends sit around the fire to enjoy the feast, and when they have had sufficient, a piece, which has been preserved for the purpose, is taken to the sick man for him to eat. In bad cases this generally proves to be the last straw, and the patient rapidly grows worse and succumbs under the treatment.

Next we have a photo. of a platform, erected on the very edge of a precipice, to the memory of a departed chief. The posts are adorned with the skulls of the animals killed by him

over graves, for a chief is never buried. Instead, his body is placed in a kind of coffin made of a hollowed-out tree. Every crack and aperture is then carefully sealed up with clay and the coffin placed in the house immediately in front of the family hearth. A small hole is then bored in the bottom of the coffin and a hollow bamboo tube, one end of which is buried in the ground under the house, is passed through the floor and inserted therein. A fire is lit on the hearth, and it is the duty of the widow to sit and keep this fire burning for three months or so, day



PRECIPICE-PLATFORM ERECTED IN MEMORY OF A DEPARTED CHIEF—NOTICE THE SKULLS OF BEASTS KILLED BY HIM.
From a Photo. by the Authors.

when alive, or sacrificed by his friends at his funeral. Most of them once belonged to the gigantic tame bison, of which the Lushais are so proud, and the rest to wild boars and wild goats. A beer-pot, very probably the one used at the funeral revel of the chief, hangs on the farthest post to the left. Away down in the valley rolls the thick, white mist so characteristic of these hills, while beyond, the forest-clad heights rise clear-cut against the sky.

These memorial platforms are generally erected outside the village close to the path, and offer a very pleasant seat to tired travellers, as seen in the picture. They are not placed

and night, by the end of which period nothing but bones remains. These are carefully deposited in a basket in a corner of the room, and only brought out on special festive occasions, when the skull is covered with a cloth and stuck on top of a dummy body and paraded round the village!

Our Grammar and Dictionary of Lushai just published by the Assam Government, we hope, will encourage many others to learn their language, and assist them yet more in the acquisition of wisdom, and we trust that the Gospels which we have had printed in their own tongue will be the means of bringing the Lushais more peace and happiness than they have hitherto enjoyed.

Mrs. Parkinson Among the Cannibals.*

By JAS. T. O'MALLEY, OF MAULAPOA, NEW BRITAIN.

A narrative of the superb courage of a charming lady living in the far-away Cannibal Islands of the South Seas. Mr. O'Malley took down the particulars from Mrs. Parkinson's own lips; and the incident is well known to every European in New Britain. The photographs add enormously to the interest of the narrative.



FROM time immemorial have the names of certain women been honoured for deeds of the most heroic valour, and to this long list of heroines are, from time to time, added more names and more deeds reflecting the bravery and heroism of the gentler sex.

To this army of high spirited women, whose undimmed courage has distinguished them and won them up for the admiration of the world, I wish to add another name, and recount another deed which proves that, even in the wilds of the Western Pacific, the courage of womanhood is manifest.

The heroine of this sketch, I might mention, is the best known and most popular lady in the far-away and little-known Bismarck Archipelago, and not only is she respected and beloved by the small white population of New Britain, but she is simply adored by the hordes of human monsters—cannibals to a town—who have come within the scope of civilization owing to her great influence with them. And this bringing to a state of civilization is in itself no small matter, as many of the natives about Mrs. Parkinson are men of the most savage character, to whom the slaying of a fellow-creature is but a pleasure, and who, worse than beasts of the field, devour their kind, and revel in the blood of the unfortunate victims of their ghastly ferocity.

Mrs. Parkinson, who is a strikingly handsome woman, as you may see for yourself in the accompanying photographic group, is by birth a half-caste Samoan, her father being at one time the American Consul at Samoa; whilst on her mother's side she is descended from the line of Samoan chiefs. She was born in Apia in June, 1863, and is at the present day about thirty-six years of age. She was educated at the Roman Catholic convent at Apia, and at the early age of sixteen years became the wife of Mr. Richard Parkinson, a Dane, but also of English descent, who at the time acted as manager for the

German planting firm at Apia. When she had been only two years married, her husband decided on going to the then unknown Island of New Britain, and his young wife, with that undaunted courage which characterized her after-life, resolved to accompany him and share by his side the dangers and perils which she well knew would have to be undergone. But what a spirit of self-sacrifice do we see illustrated in this young girl, who gave up all that she held dear—the land of her birth, home, parents, friends, and all the pleasures of a young life—to go in obedience to the dictates of her heart with the husband of her choice, into an unknown land teeming with cannibal savages—a land



HERE WE HAVE MRS. PARKINSON HERSELF (IN THE FOREGROUND), WITH HER FAMILY, A NATIVE SERVANT, AND MR. PARKINSON BEHIND. [Photo.]

* Captain Lester Wallace, described these weird scenes, and the heroine's courage, in 1897, published by Mr. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., London, and New Britain by the same publishers at a special low price.



THE FRUIT MARKET, RALUM, NEW BRITAIN. THIS WILL GIVE YOU A CAPITAL IDEA OF THE NATIVES.
 From a Photo. by Captain Cayley Webster. By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

the very air of which is almost poisonous to breathe, impregnated as it is with the dreaded malarial fevers. Calling from these remote islands, I ask for Mrs. Parkinson the sympathy of her British and American sisters.

It is not my intention to recount the many trials of that life—the perils through which Mrs. Parkinson and her husband passed unscathed, and the bravery and fearlessness displayed by her in times of great danger—for I feel that it would take an abler pen than mine to depict those achievements and do justice to them. But from out of that long list of heroic deeds, any one of which would, in civilized lands, win her renown, I take one which in itself places her in the very front ranks of the heroines of the world.

Several years ago New Britain was in the throes of a deadly warfare, for the native inhabitants resented the encroachment on their territory of the white man, who, year after year, increased in number and desires. Many were the attacks made on the settlers by the infuriated savages, who found, however, that they were, in the end, being slowly driven back to the fastnesses of their hills, owing chiefly to the modern appliances of warfare which, when opposed to their own simple spears and slings, wrought terrible havoc amongst their armies. Eventually the attacks ceased, and the native warriors retired to their villages; but this proved to be only a calm before the storm.

During this time it was with considerable bravery that Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson, as well as Mrs. Forsyth (a sister of Mrs. Parkinson, and

the head of the trading firm of E. E. Forsyth), averted an attack on their homes and saved their property from the ravages of the natives. But the climax came when a German barque was wrecked off Port Breton, to the south of New Ireland, and close to the scene of the landing of the unfortunate Marquis de Ray expedition. The crew of the

vessel were killed and eaten by the natives of the place. News of this disaster reached New Britain, and it is said by some that a white trader, in opposition to the Forsyth firm, taking advantage of the ghastly affair, informed the natives that the wrecked vessel was one belonging to the Forsyths, and had on board a crew of New Britain natives. Now, the countrymen of the supposed victims became so exasperated at the thought of their fellows being eaten by the New Ireland cannibals, that they determined on being revenged on the owners, through whose instrumentality they averred the men had been led to their fate.

For many days afterwards the tattoo of the *garamet*, or native drum, reached the ears of the white people, as it summoned the tribes to a great meeting, which took place at the village of one of the most renowned cannibals of the island, Tipuk by name. The meeting was one of the largest ever held by the natives, there being fully four hundred savages present. It was unanimously decided that they should take advantage of the temporary absence of Mr. Parkinson, who, feeling confident that the natives had now desisted in their attacks, had gone to Birara, a district some considerable distance from his home, to attend to some land matters. With their full force the savages decided they would make an attack on Ralum, the station of Mrs. Forsyth; and also on the house of Mrs. Parkinson, afterwards carrying off both ladies to the bush to a fate worse than death. It was resolved that Mrs. Parkinson was to become the

property of Lokmkin, one of the most powerful chiefs of the Kanlana district, whilst her sister was to meet an equally awful fate with another cannibal in the interior of the island.

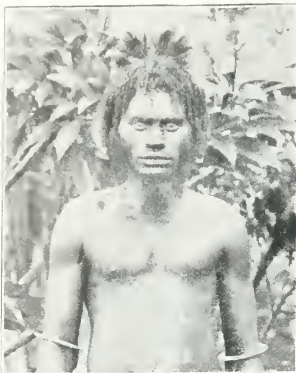
Fortunately for both ladies, however, a native woman to whom Mrs. Parkinson soon had been very kind introduced that lady of what was in contemplation, and she was therefore put on her guard, but not in time to procure assistance. Early on the day following the disclosure of the scheme fully three hundred natives marched on to the grass plot in front of Mrs. Parkinson's residence, armed with rifles, slings, and spears, together with ropes and net with which to bind and carry off their victims. It was afterwards discovered that the white trader before referred to had actually lent the natives several rifles, and many rounds of ammunition, to help them in effecting their hideous purpose. The conduct of this man appears inconceivable, and is best left to the execration of civilization.

Luckily for the intended victims, and unfortunately for the fiends who intended carrying out their horrible designs, there were at the time on the station one hundred Bouka (Solomon Islands) labourers; but as Mrs. Parkinson had only six rifles in the house, she had sent the labourers to Ralum, the house of her sister, for spears and bows and arrows, which had been obtained through the process of trade from the natives of Bouka and other islands. But alas, many had not returned when the natives descended on the house and started yelling and

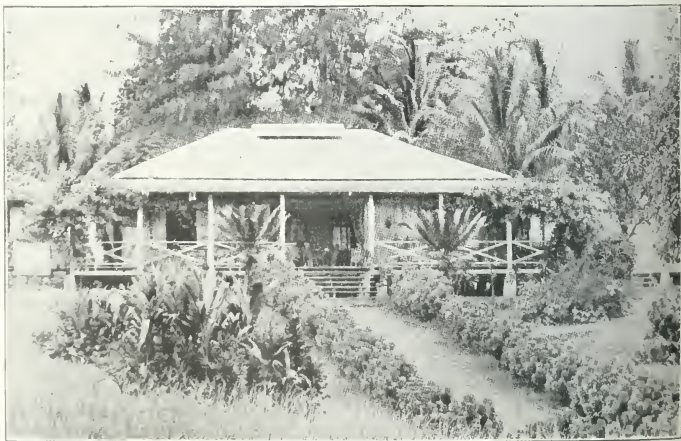
dancing before the bungalow seen in the photograph.

As the foe neared the house—most hideous demons covered with their gorgeous war-paint—this heroic woman, Mrs. Parkinson, boldly advanced on to the veranda with her rifle and stood facing the awful mob of savages, intent on their dreadful object. Seeing her thus, a chief named Tokalap advanced from the crowd, accompanied by a few others with ropes and the net, but he had not come forward many paces when Mrs. Parkinson, bringing her rifle to her shoulder, commanded him to halt, threatening at the same time that if he advanced another step she would shoot him dead. The chief thereupon halted, and the intrepid woman, her motherly instincts aroused to the utmost tension by the sight of her toddling babe, who lay crowing with infantile

jubilation close beside her, again commanded the cannibal chief, in a clear, ringing voice, to retire amongst his people. The savage, who was evidently much discomfited by his unexpected reception—having doubtless thought that his conquest would have been an easy one

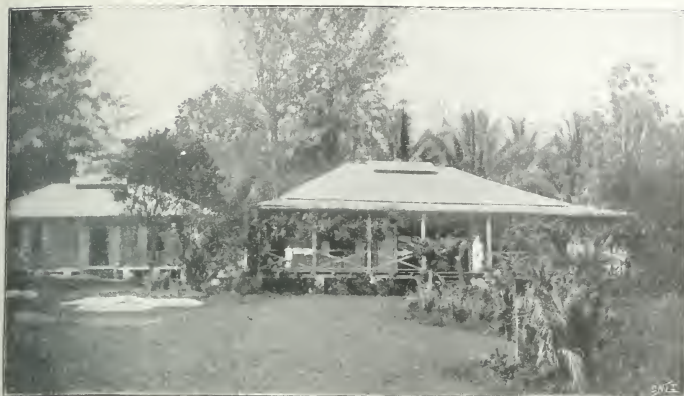


A NEW BRITAIN CHIEF—THE KIND OF MAN WHOM MRS. PARKINSON INTERVIEWED FROM HER VERANDA.
From a Photo. by Captain Cayley Webster.
By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.



NEW BRITAIN. "WITH THEIR FULL FORCE, THE SAVAGES DECIDED TO MAKE AN ATTACK ON RALUM, THE STATION OF MRS. FORSAVTH."

From a Photo. by Captain Cayley Webster. By kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.



THIS IS A PHOTO OF THE IDENTICAL BUNGALOW IN WHICH MRS. PARKINSON WAS BESIEGED BY THE CANNIBALS. THE HEROIC LADY HERSELF IS SEEN ON THE VERANDA. [Photo.]

—hesitated, but again came the sharp command, "Quick! Go away, or I fire!"

Reading resolution in the face of the dauntless woman, Tokalap retired among his hundreds of hideous followers, who began excitedly to discuss the situation. It was evidently against their orders to kill her, or they could have easily shot her down as she stood there facing them.

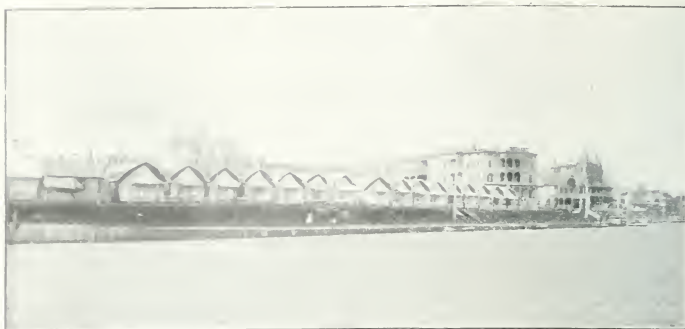
It happened that at this time a chief of the Londyse tribe in Bouka was on a visit to Ralum, Mrs. Forsyth's place, to see how his boys, who acted as labourers, were being treated on the plantations; and at the time of the attack he was on the veranda of the house with Mrs. Parkinson. Seeing the intention of the natives to harm that lady, the Londyse became very excited, and standing up before the crowd, he began to dance and chant the Bouka war-song, calling on the natives to come on, and he alone would fight them, at the same time hurling the most foul epithets of his language at the New Britons, who were now in front of the house. Now, these natives, although not understanding the words of the chief, could read defiance in his actions, and, suddenly realizing the ridiculousness of two persons—and one of them a mere woman—defying their hundreds, they yelled out to each other, and made a rush upon the house. They had not advanced very far, however, when the hundred Bouka boys, armed with spears and large butchers' knives, which are used as trade, came rushing before the bungalow. This lucky arrival, without a doubt, saved Mrs. Parkinson from shedding blood, and from the awful fate that most certainly awaited her. The Bouka men now

between these savages, commanded the Bouka boys to remain where they stood; but their savage blood was now thoroughly aroused, and the war-song again burst forth, to the tune of which the New Britons still retreated. As soon as the retiring party reached the beach they began the attack, and the firing of rifles and sling-stones then commenced hotly, whereupon the Bouka men, with piercing yells, rushed the attackers, who eventually broke and fled, being pursued for miles by the labour boys.

I leave it to you, my readers, to realize the heroism of this action. Transport yourself in imagination to the wilds of far-away cannibal New Britain, and picture to yourselves this woman, alone and unprotected, standing up before a horde of savage monsters, defending her honour, her home, and her children. Holding the savages at bay as she did by her most heroic valour, judge for yourself whether I am justified in placing her name upon the list of renowned heroines.

The reward of Mrs. Parkinson's bravery can be seen exemplified at the present day by the respect and devotion manifested for her by the very natives whom she held in check on that memorable occasion, and the most devoted of all, you will be interested to know, are Tokalap and Tokinkin, the two chiefs who organized the attack. Mrs. Parkinson to-day is happy in the companionship of her husband and family, surrounded by a staunch circle of friends, honoured by the lords of the soil, and free at last from the dangers and perils which she encountered and overcame during her past years.

drew up in line before the house, under the leadership of the chief of Londyse, and each one simultaneously rising stamped the ground with his right foot, at the same time giving vent to their dreadful war-cry, which seemed to strike terror into the hearts of the attacking natives. They began to retreat. Mrs. Parkinson, wishing to avoid a fight



"HERE IS A VIEW OF IT TAKEN FROM WESLEY LAKE."
From a Photo. by Wilcox, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

The Strange Holy City of New Jersey.

By CHAS. SYDNEY CLARK.

A revelation to all British people and a good many Americans. The streets are barricaded at twelve o'clock. There are rigorous laws regulating personal behaviour, and yet the people walk about the streets in bathing-dresses! The author was threatened with arrest for taking some of the remarkable photos, which illustrate his description of this extraordinary and fantastic city.



SO-CALLED Holy Cities, controlled by more or less fanatical authorities, and to which religious folk resorted to praise, pray, and worship, have existed in the East from the earliest times. But I think you will agree with me that you would hardly expect to find in bustling, latter-day America—and that at the end of the nineteenth century—a veritable Holy City of surpassing size and of all but incredible character. It is, too, which is to millions of sincere Christians what Mecca and Medina are to the orthodox Mohammedan.

Such a city exists, however, and is located on the Atlantic coast of New Jersey, about fifty miles from New York and eighty-five north-west of Philadelphia. Here is a view of it taken from Wesley Lake, and showing the tent-houses of many of the inhabitants. Of these dwellings, more hereafter. Beyond all doubt this is one of the most peculiar and interesting products of the latter-day American civilization. It is, with just such laws, customs, and habits, and so peculiarly isolated, could hardly have existed in any other country at any other time. It is, indeed, an amazingly "out-of-century" city, geographically on the Cape May railway.

That our Holy City is in existence at all in its present size, beauty, and odour of sanctity is in itself quite a modern miracle. Forty years ago the site was a barren wilderness, where one found only oak and pine timber, white sand, and exhilarating ozone. You would as soon have looked for a large town planted in the Sahara Desert. So recent is its rise, indeed, that, as will be seen in the next photograph, thousands still live in huge tents, scorning such sybaritic luxuries as houses. In this same photograph, by the way, you will notice that the roadway is



"SO RECENT IS ITS RISE THAT THOUSANDS STILL LIVE IN HUGE TENTS, SCORNING SUCH LUXURIES AS HOUSES."

From a Photo. by the Author, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

barricaded. This is always done on week-days whilst religious services are being held.

It is not in the least degree likely that the most enthusiastic dreamer among the fervent Methodists who chose this place for their "camp-meeting" because it was far removed

from towns and the contaminating influence of the railroad—it is not likely, I say, that they imagined for a moment that the barren spot would be made to blossom like a rose and become a vast, if eccentric, watering-place. It is evident that the legislators who gave to a small gathering of enthusiasts such unusual powers and privileges never supposed that these would be exercised in a great and populous town.

But stupendous is American energy. Stupendous, too, is the power of the almighty dollar, particularly when backed by religious enthusiasm. What is impossible to a people who can create in three days an Italian garden looking centuries old, on a sandy down where trees never grew—as these people did at Deal, a suburb of the modern Holy City? Yes, Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, has grown and flourished like the tree which the Indian juggler coaxes from a seed in a few minutes.

It is a twin city this, because, like many other Holy Cities, it has an inner part, or holy of holies, where religious folk are supreme and religious exercises almost the sole occupation. But there is also a secular city, devoted to

pleasure. In the accompanying photo. we at once grasp the situation of both cities. Ocean Grove, the Holy City proper, lies on the left, and Asbury Park, the secular city, on the right; the waters of Wesley Lake rolling between.

Ocean Grove may be called the inner sanctum.

It contains a great temple, known as the Auditorium; the large churches; the Children's Temple; and the homes of the clergy. Here the Ocean Grove Association, which originally owned all the property, is supreme, and the "Blue Laws," which the irreligious

ridicule, are in full force. The place is, in fact, a bit of Puritan New England, with the atmosphere of that delightful epoch when it was a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday.

A Scottish "Sabbath" is, it is not too much to say, a mad, delirious whirl of gaiety compared with a Sunday in Ocean Grove.

As may be seen from the next photo., the streets of the town are barred on week-days during religious services, and all traffic is suspended for the time. Moreover, the public and private conduct of the citizens must at all times be above suspicion. When Sunday comes

round, however, the entrance-gates are closed altogether—for Ocean Grove is fenced in and has gates—and vehicles and bicycles are absolutely forbidden to enter. Thanks to an arrangement made long ago, trains are forbidden to stop at the station on the Sabbath day, and ten thousand travellers are forced to alight at a



HERE WE GRASP THE SITUATION OF BOTH CITIES—OCEAN GROVE, THE HOLY CITY, ON THE LEFT, AND ASBURY PARK, THE SECULAR CITY, ON THE RIGHT.
From a Photo. by the Author, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."



"THE STREETS ARE BARR'D ON WEEK-DAYS DURING THE RELIGIOUS SERVICES AND ALL TRAFFIC IS SUSPENDED."
From a Photo. by the Author, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

...miles away. On Sunday, milk in Odean Grove, no buying or selling is permitted. If a man is so thick through to insist upon buying milk to his coffee, he must come to the gates himself and meet the regenerate milkman there in the manner seen in our next photo. On the right in the picture you will see the milkman's cart waiting outside the gates of this strange city on Sunday morning. A recent order contemplates still further restrictions, and plainly shows they the faithful really devote far too much time to secular occupations.

Odean Grove, as its name would imply, is a city in a grove. Its



"ON THE RIGHT YOU SEE THE MILKMAN'S CART WAITING OUTSIDE THE GATES OF THIS STRANGE CITY."

From a Photo, by the Author, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

School of Theology and the Missionary Training School, and prayer meetings. Besides these there are such weird relaxations as musical half hours, surf-meetings, and twilight gatherings.

Just across tiny Wesley Lake lies Asbury Park,

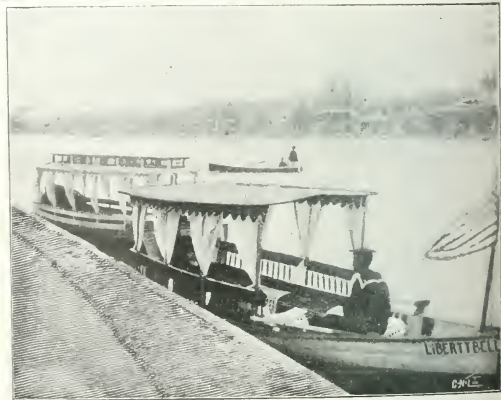


"TINY WESLEY LAKE LIES ASBURY PARK, A SCENE WHICH IS HERE GIVEN."
From a Photo, by the Author, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

streets are named after apostles of Methodism and places named in the Scriptures, and although it contains in all about ten thousand of people, and much business is transacted, absolute darkness reigns in its mysterious streets and alleyways, whilst only in a few well-thoroughfares does the sunlight ever penetrate the leafy canopy above.

From such this much you will gather that life in the Holy City is not "all beer and skittles." Beer is, indeed, very scarce and highly esteemed, and anyone who gets a taste forthwith to gaol, whether for or against it or not.

Times, seasons, nights are unknown; but there are musical frolics, lectures, Bible readings, and other of the Summer



"THESE BOATS HAVE A FAMILY RESEMBLANCE TO GONDOLAS, AND ARE THE POPULAR CONVEYANCES OF THE PLACE."

From a Photo, by the Author, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."



THE NARROW STREAM WHICH ROLLS BETWEEN THE GOOD AND THE FRIVOLOUS IS SPANNED BY A PENNY BRIDGE.
From a Photo. by Wilcox, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

a good view of which is here given. This dividing lake, by the way, is quite a lacustrine curiosity. It commences on the sea-beach, from which it is separated only by a narrow strip of sand, extends half a mile between serious Ocean Grove and pleasure-loving Asbury Park, and terminates in the centre of a bustling city with great public buildings, banks, electric railroads, and huge retail shops. The lake is also crowded with boats, having a family resemblance to Venetian gondolas, and these are the popular conveyances of the place. Moreover, at times, when the lake is spanned by arches of coloured lights, and thronged with swiftly-moving illuminated boats, it becomes a veritable fairy spot, apparently far away from the influence of the sinful, workaday world.

This narrow stream, then, like the Jordan (to which it is often compared), "rolls between" the good and the frivolous, and the penny bridge which spans it might be termed the connecting link between the two parts of this strange Siamese-twin of a Holy City.

Asbury Park, the secular section, has miles of beautiful streets, bordered by houses set in the greenest

of lawns; as well as a magnificent ocean front with an imposing drive, bicycle path, and promenade.

Also, it has well-built business streets and a thousand hotels and boarding-houses. The accompanying photo. shows some of these hotels, and incidentally conveys an accurate idea of one of the streets just mentioned. And yet, notwithstanding all this, it is just as "correct" in its demeanour as Ocean Grove across the lake, and equally peculiar. It is a city that was planned from the beginning precisely as one would plan a house, and not allowed to

grow up suffering from the ignorance and neglect of early settlers. Asbury Park is a town which may have 50,000 inhabitants in summer, and yet may be practically deserted in the winter season. It is a great watering-place where casinos or theatres are unknown, and where you would look in vain for gambling palaces and places where intoxicating liquors are sold. Furthermore, there is no horse-racing or yachting; and, in short, hardly one of the stereotyped attractions of an ordinary "seaside resort." And yet, amazing to relate, ten thousand visitors come to Asbury Park every day during the height of the season. Most of these are not from the great



SOME OF THE THOUSAND HOTELS OF ASBURY PARK.
From a Photo. by Campbell, Long Branch, New Jersey.



“STAY CALM IN THESE WINDS!” BAKED-WALK FOR THE BEACH, WHICH THE ANGEL WREATHS TO THE DISCOMFORT OF YOUNG MEN.”

From a Photo. by D. West, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

cities, but hail from the most towns and farms of the interior of the United States. For nowhere else in the Union can the native American, taking his leisure for pleasure, be catered for so judiciously as here. Nor

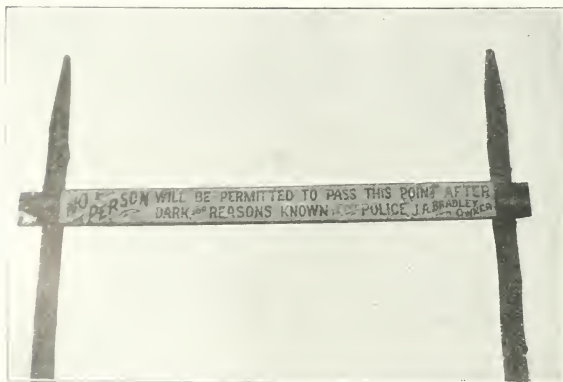
must it be supposed that the visitors take their pleasures sadly. It is perfectly true that, either in Ocean Grove or Asbury Park, one is reminded at every turn that the ecclesiastical eye is upon the frivolous. This reminds me that the most prominent object on the great board-walk at Ocean Grove (on the Pilgrims' Pathway, to be precise) is a statue of an angel, whose legend runs (and it is well and widely understood) that the wreath she bears is for circumspect young women who, under the searching gaze of the celestial creature, resist the blandishments of attractive young men on moonlight evenings, and “sit up and behave” in the strictest manner and at all times.

Notices in bath-houses and on the beach prescribe modesty in bathing costumes and demeanour, and state, moreover, that the police will arrest those who transgress the rules. One of these notices is shown in the accompanying photo. The sign reads: “25c. will not pay for



ON THE LEFT YOU SEE A NOTICE REGULATING BEHAVIOUR ON THE BEACH.

From a Photo. by Campbell, Long Branch, New Jersey.



THIS NOTICE, WHICH IS FOUND AT THE HOLY CITY YOU CAN READ FOR YOURSELF. From a Photo. by Campbell, specially taken for “The Wide World Magazine.”

a bathing suit for sky-larking on the beach. Patronage of this kind not desired.”

Indeed, the police seem to be invested with extraordinary powers; nor need they communicate to the public their reasons for taking action. The next snap-shot shown is one which can be easily read, and speaks for itself. The notice is distinctly imperious and autocratic in tone, even to the signature — “J. A. Bradley, Owner.”

Photographers, by the way, are required to procure licenses, and are carefully watched when



"THE ONLY PLACE IN AMERICA WHERE PEOPLE PROMENADE THE STREETS IN BATHING COSTUMES."

From a Photo. by Wilcox, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

making exposures lest they should take what is held to be an "improper" picture. I may mention that vehement protest was made against the taking of some of the snap-shots which illustrate this article.

Notwithstanding all the rules and regulations, however, the young people who come to the place are not to be repressed, and "drive a horse and cart," as the lawyers say, through the "Blue Laws." With the innate contrariness of their race, when any attempt is made to infringe their personal liberty, they actually go so far as to do things which they would never dream of doing elsewhere. This probably accounts for our Holy City being the only place in America where people may be seen promenading the public streets in bathing costumes. You will see this for yourself in

the snap-shot here given. As you may suppose, it is one of the strangest and most bewildering of sights to behold a matron, fair, fat, and forty, with a bewhiskered Elder of severe and savage mien, together with their family of attractive sons and daughters, appear on the doorstep ready for the bath, and proceed through the streets to the sea with all the solemnity of a funeral procession. As in Eastern cities when the harem passes by, the ladies are not supposed to be seen, and it is considered very bad form to observe them too closely. To photograph them is to commit a grievous sin, and if the ladies in our snap-shot had not stopped for a moment to coax along the reluctant little toddler behind, our photograph could not have been taken.

All this is the more remarkable because on the beach it is not considered improper to assist a lady to float or swim—or even to loll with her by the hour on the sands, even if you happen to be but slightly acquainted with her. You may even sit by her while she combs her flowing locks, like another Lorelei, and dries them in the sun. The oddity of such proceedings attracts no attention whatever, because everything appears to be forgiven to a bather.

Bathing, by the way, is the great passion of these people—the one great business of the daily routine. And when the white flags go up and the life-savers mount their tall platform-perches (as we see them in the photo.), everyone who is strong enough to venture outside his door either goes down to the beach to bathe or



NOTICE THE LIFE-SAVERS (TO THE RIGHT) ON THEIR HIGH PERCHES—THEY LOOK AFTER THE BATHERS.

From a Photo. by the Author, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

strolls on to the great boardwalk to look at the fairies and comment freely upon their youthful peculiarities. You couldn't deceive a lady by artificial aids to beauty at Asbury, for everyone knows just how you look in the water.

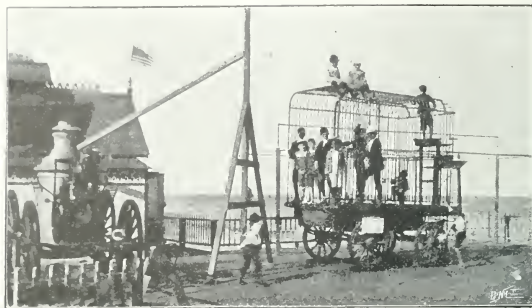
I have men toiled the great boardwalk more than once. This, I may tell you, is the park of the place. It is an surpassing, wonderful mile of sea, plank, forming for miles along the shore. Out from this jut piers for various purposes, the most remarkable of these being the place reserved for children, where good-natured Founder Bradley has placed a superannuated fire-engine and a cage which at one time held savage beasts; also a few boats and other interesting toys, in which the little ones take the greatest delight. This phase of life in the Holy City is well shown in the photo. here reproduced.

It is not too much to say that Asbury Park-Ocean Grove seems as much like Heaven to

children as any place below the skies can possibly be. Everything imaginable is done to amuse and instruct the little ones. There is a children's temple, specially set apart for their use; and the children's chorus, instructed by

Professor Talis-ses Morgan, is famous all over the continent of America, members coming from as far north as Nova Scotia and as far south as the West Indies. This remarkable chorus is organized precisely like a military unit, there being a battalion of altos, a battalion of sopranos,

and a battalion of (unclassified) boys. The discipline of the thousand young people is quite perfect, and the singing of the chorus has been highly praised by technical experts. Both this remarkable chorus and that of the adults give superb concerts in the great Auditorium—a vast building in which 10,000 people easily find seating accommodation. A very striking photo. of the interior of the building is next reproduced.



SOME OF THE PECULIAR "TOYS" PLACED ON THE PIERS FOR CHILDREN BY FOUNDER BRADLEY.

From a Photo. by Wilcox, Asbury Park, New Jersey.



A GREAT GATHERING IN THE VAST AUDITORIUM—IT HOLDS 10,000 PERSONS, AND IN IT ARE HELD ELEVEN SERVICES A DAY!

From a Photo.

Talk about a Holy City! Why, *eleven services a day* are sometimes held in this building, and at each one of these a huge crowd is present, making the attendance at least 50,000 a day—a record which is believed to be unapproached by any religious building in Christendom.

The annual Baby Parade, which takes place in August on the great board-walk, is one of the most remarkable festivals in the world associated with childhood. Thousands of children, dressed in their best and gayest, foregather in the Auditorium, and then proceed along the board-walk, headed by a first-rate band. From

best-decorated vehicles; also to the heaviest baby of less than one year, to the child under two years who has made the longest pilgrimage to the Holy City, to those wearing the prettiest costumes, and so on. The small babies competing for prizes are, of course, the chief attraction, and there are hot favourites and rank outsiders, just as at horse races.

Few who live within reasonable distance of the sea can imagine the delight with which those who live long distances inland fly to the embrace of Old Ocean. As I have already

remarked, the majority of the pilgrims come from the hot, dusty interior of the continent, and so are naturally devoted to bathing. No attraction—save perhaps the religious services alone—can draw people away from the beach and board-walk. Here you will see folk from all over the United States, Canada, and the West Indies—all sorts and conditions of men and women.

Estimates of the number of bathers at other places merely excite derision at



"BABY PARADE" IN THE HOLY CITY—"THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN DRESSED IN THEIR BEST AND GAYEST PROCEED ALONG THE BOARD-WALK HEADED BY A FIRST-RATE BAND."

From a Photo. by Stauffer, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

30,000 to 50,000 people witness this parade, coming from all points of the compass; and, in their eagerness to see and admire the children, they pour in upon them until it is with difficulty that a narrow lane is kept open. Our photographer has also recorded this interesting phase of life in the Holy City. In the parade figure huge elephants of cloth and wicker-work, bearing howdahs in which the children ride, carriages decorated with flowers, hundreds of little boys and girls in gay and grotesque fancy dress, quaint babies with dolls' carriages and babies in miniature cabs, emblematical cars and "floats" containing graceful tableaux, and every conceivable variety of decorated vehicle likely to appeal to children. Valuable prizes are awarded to those having the

Asbury Park, where on some days the immense number of 25,000 persons bathe in surf which would be considered exceedingly dangerous elsewhere. The snap-shot next reproduced conveys some faint idea of the scene. This extraordinary mass of dripping wet humanity is "out for a lark," as they consider it, and Holy City or no Holy City, they contrive to enjoy themselves like frolicking children. You may hear them shouting, laughing, and screaming, and see them diving through the breakers like dolphins, and being hurled back in wriggling masses to the shore, only to return to the charge again and again. The water is warmer than in the northern latitudes, and the shock of the breaking waves is considerable. In spite of this, however, the bathers remain in the water for



ASBURY PARK—ON SOME DAYS 25,000 PERSONS VENTURE INTO THE SURF.
From a Photo. by the Author, specially taken for "The Wide World Magazine."

hours at a time. As a matter of fact, you may see crowds in the water at one point, whilst the ocean is so violent as industriously to be knocking to pieces the board-walk and piers at another.

Our last photo. shows part of the crowd on the board-walk itself, watching the bathers. Some of these latter are so fond of the sport that they remain near the shore all the winter, and venture into the water every day. There are probably no better surf-swimmers in the world than some of these pilgrims, except (possibly) the Samoan and Sandwich Islanders. There are plenty of boys who come racing on surf-planks, riding on the top of a huge wave just as do the inhabitants of America's latest territory. Of course, accidents threaten sometimes, and more or less heroic rescues are so common that they are soon forgotten. I must not linger in this brief description of America's curious Bay City to say a word about Founder Bradley and his work. The remarkable man has probably received more newspaper notice than any other individual in the United States.

Heroes like Hobson and Dewey may come and go, but Bradley appears to go on for ever, doing odd things, and doing good incessantly. He took up Asbury Park when it was a desert, and he has seen it become what I have described.

The liquor-sellers of the neighbouring country are his pet aversion, and he wages continuous warfare against them.

Altogether the singular spectacle is presented of an American city practically governed by a private individual who does not hold any office, and is not a politician, but who has been able, by sheer force of character to enforce prohibition and morality for upwards of twenty-five years in a town filled with constantly-changing crowds of visitors. When you consider that only five miles away lies the American Monte Carlo, Long Branch, and that all round the Holy City are resorts where liquor-selling and gambling are rife and unrestricted, Bradley's invisible "dead line" round his town may justly be regarded as one of the wonders of modern civilization.



PART OF THE CROWD ON THE BOARD-WALK WATCHING THE BATHERS.
From a Photo. by Wilcox, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

At the Wrong End of a Carbine.

BY MAJOR G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, QUEEN'S OWN CORPS OF GUIDES.

The gallant Major speaks very lightly of his narrow escape from death. He also tries to discount his own splendid pluck in undertaking that trying and dangerous mission, which was at the time of a strictly secret nature. We feel sure, however, that our readers will form an accurate judgment of both.



THIS IS MAJOR YOUNGHUSBAND, OF THE GALLANI GUIDES. ONE FEELS HE IS APT TO DEPRECIATE HIS OWN EXPLOITS.
From a Photo. by Cowell, Simla, India.

we four subalterns giving a ball to the *élite* of Simla society. It was in this wise. Happening one morning to meet the Major in one of the passages of the office, and a greeting of some sort being necessary, I blurted out the first words that occurred to me, which happened to be, "Good morning, Major. Haven't seen you for a long time." Which, to say the least of it, was rather an unhappy opening for a young officer who ought to have been sitting daily at that Major's feet. However, fortunately he did not catch on to that aspect of the greeting, but rather the social side, and in a voice like the last trump toned down to the convenience of a walking funeral, he boomed: "No, Young-husband; your ways are not my ways. I look on you young fellows as mere apes of society." And then he passed on.

That gave us our cue. We were mere "apes of society," and so society should jolly well have a ball out of its apes. Being all quite penniless, besides owing our tailors and bootmakers a year's salary apiece, of course nothing short of a ball, with champagne, the Viceroy's



SOME years ago, when both I and the world were a bit younger, a kindly fate and Sir Charles Macgregor translated me to Simla as an unpaid attaché in the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department. There are no such things as unpaid attachés nowadays. These humble individuals have blossomed forth into staff-captains and staff-lieutenants, with gold-laced clothes, aiguillettes, and general haughtiness; whilst they are under a certain obligation to earn their pay by doing a sufficient quantity of work. But in my days, being unpaid, no conscientious scruples intervened, and I don't think I am libelling anyone when I say that most of us made a point of doing not more than a suitable day's work, as an unpaid officer. We were four in all, a merry crew, and quite disliked by our immediate taskmaster, who was an austere man, and painfully fond of hurling Biblical anathemas at us at inconvenient times and places. Which very fact, incongruous as it may appear, led indirectly to



"I BLURTED OUT, 'GOOD MORNING, MAJOR. HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR A LONG TIME.'"

land, and everything tip-top, would suit us. And give the ball we did, and as mere apes too. On all the invitation cards and programmes and menus four apes disported themselves on branches, each of which was labelled "Intelligence Branch." These branches each sprang from the good tree marked "Q.M.G.'s Department"; and each of the apes had, surmounting an ape's body, the photographed head of one of us hosts. I remember Lord William Blythard was one of our guests, and made a very pretty speech at supper, too. The Major, himself invited, did not come. However, all this has not much to do with a carbine, wrong and or right: except perhaps indirectly. And indirectly thus. As a result of all the sociability I one day found myself so sleepy in office that, clearing away all useless impedimenta from my capacious office-table, and getting down a couple of volumes of the "Gazetteer of Afghanistan," I made myself a pillow thereof, and at full length went fast asleep on this sacred pyre. "To him enter"—as the play-book says—Colonel Mark Bell, C.B., V.C., head of the Intelligence Department, and a right good sort.

I cannot quite remember what I was dreaming about, but the dream gradually dissolved itself into the likeness of a grey-haired officer, with a spiky moustache, which said vision sent me bounding off the table, like a field-officer from his charger, before the blast of a *feu-de-joie*.

Of course I expected a good blowing-up, if nothing worse. But, as I have said, the Colonel was a rare good sort, with a soft spot for the youngsters: and I think he saw that all four of us, and perhaps I especially, had been going the pace a bit too hot, and that possibly we were meant for better things, such as being shot for the good of our country. So, entirely ignoring my unhappy plight and surroundings, an excellent lunch was in the corner and my fox-terrier and a novel in the office chair), the Colonel blandly asked me whether I knew of an officer of the Guides who would go on a somewhat hazardous job for him. Now, it did not strike me for a moment that he meant to offer such a golden opportunity to me—more over, fully earlier the present unhappy circumstances—so I began at the top of the list of my corps, and told him what exceedingly fine fellows they were, one and all, and how each would do the job better than the last. However, none of them seemed to suit him, and he gave a grunt and went out of the room. But not a minute after, just as "Rip," the fox-terrier, and I were congratulating each other on having got off so easily, the Colonel put his head in at the

door again and said, "I suppose you would not care to go?"

Bless his heart! Go? I should think I would—at five minutes' notice too, if he wanted it. However, there was no such desperate hurry about it. I was to go back to my regiment, taking with me a pile of books and maps bearing on the regions I was to pass through; and I was to say nothing to anyone, but quietly and carefully study these, and live my usual regimental life, with its polo, sport, and soldiering, till the call came. So back I went to the regiment, and learnt those books and maps pretty well off by heart; but, as weeks and months went past, I thought the Colonel had forgotten me, or that my sins had been too grievous, and another had been sent in my place.

I had almost given up hope, for Sir Charles Macgregor was at death's door and Colonel Bell had gone to China, when suddenly, during the Lahore Polo Tournament, in which we were playing, a telegram came directing me to proceed at once to Calcutta, and there receive my orders. Dearie me! How I did jump at it, and how excessively slow Indian trains did seem. Arrived at Calcutta, I received my orders, and though at the time they were deadly secret, and rightly so (for news flies apace in Eastern countries, so that not only my personal safety, which was a minor matter, but also the success of my mission, would be seriously jeopardized if information of my journey and its object should get ahead of me), I think I may now, thirteen years later, divulge them without breach of confidence.

The year was 1886. The Burma War was in full swing, and our forces, under Sir George White, Sir William Lockhart, and other fighting generals, were pushing steadily northwards and eastwards through the dense forests and jungle-covered hills. Across the Salween River lay the Eastern Shan States, with Kiang Tung as their capital; and this was, as then foreshadowed, to be the ultimate goal of our operations in that direction. But to reach Kiang Tung from Mandalay meant crossing all the mountain ranges, and all the rivers, great and small, at right angles—a serious hindrance to military operations. Therefore it occurred to the head of the Intelligence Department that some easier route might be found by which these ranges could be turned, and the natural highway of a great river or valley made available. To find this route was my mission, and I was to go accompanied only by one Ghoorka from my corps; a Ghoorka being fairly easily disguised as a Burman, Shan, or Siamese, so long as he is not too carefully examined.

It is not necessary to bore the readers of a light narrative by asking them to look at a map ; and it will suffice to say that the only way for us to get through the many bands of dacoits, who, thoroughly roused by the military operations then proceeding, infested every forest, was to travel fast and make a wide *détour*. That *détour* was some 800 miles in length, led us through many hairbreadth escapes, and took about six weeks to accomplish. And now at last we are coming to that wretched carbine, which is the ostensible reason for this story.

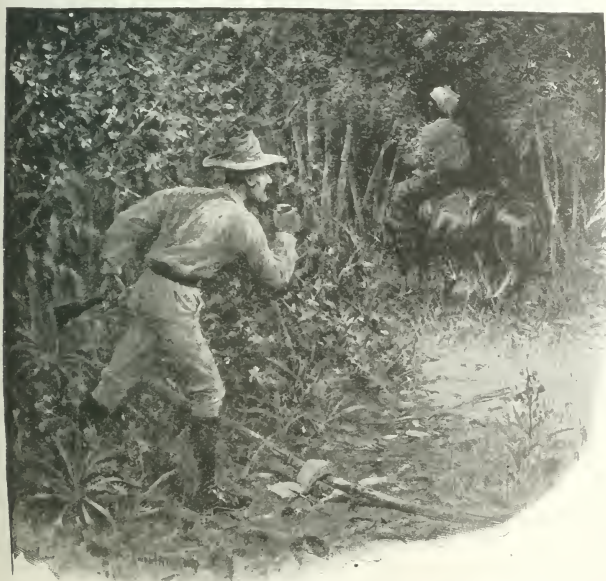
Throughout the whole of our journey I had to make a careful survey of the route followed, working at the average rate of some twenty-five miles a day on travelling days. This had to be done with the greatest care and secrecy, however, to avoid detection—and a bullet through the back. For safety's sake we generally attached ourselves to caravans of Chinese merchants, I posing as an American missionary (may Heaven forgive me!), and my (Ghoorka as a Burman. But at the same time this arrangement necessitated additional precautions to prevent our fellow-travellers from noticing my sketching operations. What subterfuges we went through, to be sure ; how many dozen times did my pony get a stone in his hoof (though stones were painfully scarce), or

drop a shoe, or otherwise require to lag behind ! One caravan leader, indeed, was so impressed with the infirmities of that pony that he strongly advised me to shoot him and have done with the beast, replacing the deficiency by buying an excellent steed of his own, which never got stones in its feet or dropped a shoe.

However, I got out of that suggestion easily enough by pleading our poverty. We did this, by the way, on every available occasion, for fear the temptations to kill the supposed golden goose should be too much for our fellow-travellers. And a golden goose in truth I was, for throughout that long trudge, and most of the way back, waking and sleeping, I carried Rs.3,000 worth in gold leaf on my person. Luckily for the surveying prospects, most of our journey lay through thick forest, through which the path would deviate backwards and forwards, but never went straight for 50yds. at a stretch ; consequently dropping behind I was almost immediately out of sight of the caravan, and took my forward bearings on to the sound of the mule bells in front. In the way of arms, both I and my Ghoorka always carried in our hands Martini-Henry carbines (I was a sporting missionary or nothing at all), and these when mounted we rested with the butt in a small

bucket on the off-side of the saddle, but to anchor us to precaution, this bucket could not remain on the saddle when we dismounted.

I found that the carbine hampered me terribly in my survey work, but, nevertheless, for about 750 miles I never let it out of my hands. But, alas ! one day, when nearing my goal, I was caught napping. Owing to the heat and dirt, bad food and exposure, both my eyes had become much swollen and inflamed ; and as I could not spare both at a time, I used to bandage them up by turns, so as to give each its fair share of rest. Dismounting for the hundredth time one day, to take some bearings and make notes, I placed my carbine, loaded and at full cock (a



"DROPPING BEHIND, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE CARAVAN, I TOOK MY FORWARD BEARINGS ON TO THE SOUND OF THE MULE BELLS IN FRONT."

Martini-Henry carbine cannot be half cocked), close beside me, resting against the trunk of a tree—but on my blind side. I was making my notes as rapidly as possible, when I suddenly heard sounds, as I thought, of another caravan approaching from behind. So without looking round at once, I quickly slipped my note-book and instruments into my breast pockets, and then, wheeling casually about, reached out for my carbine.

It was gone!

Here was a nice box of tricks, indeed. Here was I, on a narrow path in a dense forest, out of sight and hearing of my one friend, my Ghorka, 750 miles from anywhere, and some infernal scoundrel at the right end of my carbine, loaded and full cocked, whilst I was at the wrong end! Now, a situation of this sort strikes different people in different ways. Supposing it could happen again, it would probably strike me differently from what it did last. But at the time I was already a bit cross about my eyes, and the sudden discovery of the loss of my carbine, instead of inspiring the immediate concealment of my person behind the largest and thickest tree at

hand—or, better still, a rapid strategic retreat—sent my Ghorka orderly—filled me with rage.

Now, the muzzle end of a Martini-Henry carbine, if pointed straight at one, is an exceedingly odd thing to see, especially in a darkish forest. Well, just about the time I had reeled off the best of the Chinese compliments above mentioned, I suddenly beheld the deadly barrel. Yes, there it was, sure enough, about 4yds. off at my original right rear, peeping through a fern. My first thought was, "What a juggins I must be not to have pulled before." My second thought was to make a bound at that person with all the bry I could muster. There was a crash like thunder, and then a great darkness seemed to envelop me.

When I came back to this world my Ghorka orderly was squatting on the ground with his



"THERE WAS A CRASH LIKE THUNDER, AND THEN A GREAT DARKNESS SEEMED TO ENVELOPE ME."

back to me. He was busily taking away my character as a soldier in combined patois and signs to the caravan leader. "Well, well," said he, "I might lose my head or my purse—or even my best girl; but my carbine——" and he walked over and sorrowfully spat in the fire. Glancing across for the hundredth time to where I lay, he saw what he had wearily waited for—an open, wandering eye; and with one bound the faithful fellow was beside me covering my hand with tears and embraces.

Judh Bir and I have done many a year's soldiering together since; but he has never yet (I can see in his secret heart) quite exonerated me for the loss of that particular weapon. But, for my own part, from that day to this I have made a particular point of keeping at the right end of my own carbine, at any rate.

How the Choctaws Keep Their Word.

BY WILLIAM R. DRAPER, OF WICHITA, KANSAS.

An able member of the "Kansas City Star" staff astonishes British readers with an account of the all but incredible executions among the Choctaw people. A condemned redskin gives his promise that he will come along and be shot a year hence! In the meantime he may marry or go to the ends of the earth! But a broken promise is all but unknown among them.



HERE is the American or Englishman who would desert his happy home and go back to a place several thousand miles distant to be shot to death, simply because he had promised he would return to his own execution?

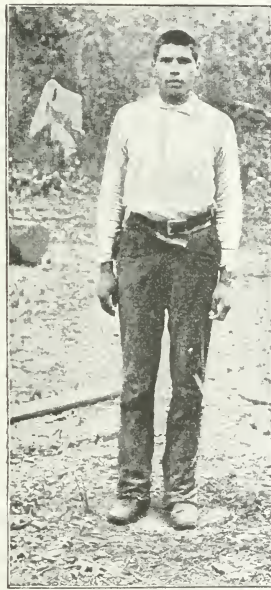
Would he not rather shrink from death and break his promise? But there is one race of people who would not. The Choctaw Indian, when convicted and sentenced to death, never fails to keep his promise to come back to the execution ground on a fixed day and meet his fate. He leaves everything behind to go alone to his death, rather than break his sacred word. Choctaw honour is something marvellous—a veritable revelation to the ordinary humdrum person.

It is generally supposed that the Indian is degenerate, with no principle; but the custom I am writing about has prevailed among the Choctaws for the last half-century, and is one which sharply challenges the assertion that Choctaws are an irresponsible race of redskins. When they give their promise it is considered absolutely binding. That Choctaw honour is sacred was proven clearly on July 13th last, when William Going, a Choctaw murderer, returned from Cuba, *leaving behind him his bride and riches*, to fulfil a promise he had made to die, and be shot to death. He went to Cuba, under no bond or guard, and with the sentence of death hanging over him. And when a brief note came that July 13th had been selected as his execution day, he left all and

hastened home to his native land and the grave. Is it not amazing? Does it not sound fantastic? No matter. It is known to be a solid fact. There was no necessity for the throwing away of this life; it was merely to fulfil a promise. And Going's case is only one instance. There are

hundreds. Romances and tragedy fill every one; the details being the recital of brave deeds—of men who are under a strong sentiment that a promise is sacred. There is no denying that the Choctaw Indian will steal and murder; but he has the good trait of keeping a promise, though it costs him life itself. It is true that if a Choctaw murderer escapes *before he has been sentenced* there will be little chance of capturing him. But once tried and convicted, he may be turned loose and allowed to go anywhere alone. If alive on his execution day he will come back to his death. Sometimes this strange system is faulty. While thus liberated pending death, the condemned man occasionally gets careless or wilful, and shoots men for mere sport. "Why shouldn't I?" he says to himself. "They can only execute me once." These instances are few, however.

Whenever an Indian is sentenced he hastens away from his native country and lives where little is known about him. Sometimes the condemned men are shot within three months after the sentence is passed, but in most cases the execution day is fixed at six months after the sentence. In many cases appeals are taken, and a great number of condemned men have gone free for as long as two years, pending a



WILLIAM GOING WENT TO CUBA AFTER BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH. HE FOUGHT IN THE WAR AND THEN MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN, BUT HE LEFT ALL AND CAME HOME TO BE SHOT.

From a Photo.



THE CHOCTAW SHERIFF, WHO HAS
 UNDER HIS CHARGE THREE-TWO INDIANS. [Photo.]

most bearing of their case. People wonder where such a country is situated, where the honour of one's word is so carefully observed.

The Choctaw nation lies in the south-east corner of the Indian Territory of the United States. The surface is mountainous and covered with heavy timber. At present the population is 13,802. Of this number 10,117 are Choctaws. There are 1,720 Indians of twenty other tribes, and 4,465 negroes, with the remainder as white people who have settled among the Choctaws by consent of the United States Government.

Most of the Choctaw nation has been in the hands of the United States Government since 1830. The Choctaws came to their present home from Alabama half a century ago. The Indians are subject to a territorial council, the members of which are elected by the

Choctaw citizens. This body makes all the laws. A principal chief enforces these laws, while under his supervision are a number of judges. The laws are poorly constructed, and there is much fraud practised by the shrewder element of the population. There are few towns of importance in the Choctaw nation. No roads except the cattle trails, and only two railways traverse the interior.

The Choctaw full-blood is indolent and lazy, while the half-breeds are progressive, and are now learning more to follow modern customs. The full-blood is scrupulously honest, but a half-breed will worst you, if possible, in the matter of trading. The promise of any of them, however, can be accepted in good faith. These Indians possess a fair degree of good sense, but their mind is sluggish, and not quick to grasp an idea. The quarter-blood of to-day is intelligent and shrewd. The Choctaw is of a dark brownish colour, and, as a rule, tall and straight. The full-bloods wear trousers, but no shirts, leaving the upper portion of the body bare. The women dress as do the poorer class of whites, but when they have a fine dress it is always a gaudy red. Among the better class of this tribe, however, there is nearly everything to be found worn and used by a white man. And this is the race who would die rather than break a promise.

Half a century ago the Choctaws were just getting comfortably settled in their present home. After a long march they were glad to enjoy a quiet life. The council had been formed, and chiefs and judges elected. About this time Chinnuble Harjo, a full-blood with a bad reputation, killed his sister for a trifling



THE INDIAN COURT OFFICERS—CLERK, JUDGE JAMES, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, AND SHERIFF WATSON.
 From a Photo.

disobedience. This was the first murder among the tribe since they had come West, so they were determined to make an example of Harjo. The principal chief called his council together, and they passed laws making murder and stealing high crimes and punishable by death. Harjo was duly arrested and sentenced to die. The law-makers, however, had inserted a clause in the new law allowing a condemned man three months of life after he had been sentenced to death. After Harjo was sentenced, he demanded the three months' stay, and of course it had to be granted. But now the thing was, what to do with the prisoner in the meantime?

"Put him in gaol," said the chief.

"We have no gaol," the old judge replied.

"Well, then, employ a guard for him."

"But where is the money to pay a guard?"

The treasury happens to be empty," replied the wise old judge.

This staggered the chief, and he did not know what was the use of passing the law. He wanted to repeal it. But the judge had an idea. He called the prisoner before him and said:—

"Young man, you are to die in three months from this date. In the meantime you are free. If you do not return to your execution your parents will be for ever disgraced."

The judge's action created no little excitement, yet all believed that Harjo would return. He *did* come back, and met death bravely. The tribe thought so well of the custom that they adopted it, and agreed that thereafter all condemned men should be treated likewise. After this the Choctaws frequently had occasion to commit their fellows for murder, and two or three times every year some murderer or robber was shot to death. Until ten years ago there was no such thing as a reprieve, and whenever an Indian was sentenced he was sure to die on the day appointed. The executions soon became a matter of common interest to travellers—particularly as the news of how a Choctaw valued his honour became current. As a rule, the Indians left the nation after they had been sentenced and lived with the whites until the day of their execution. It seems that they

desired to conceal the fact that they were living under such a fearful cloud. There is only one instance where an Indian failed to keep his promise, and so great was the disgrace to his parents that they committed suicide. In some cases the condemned men left the United States altogether while their sentence was pending, but they invariably returned to die. Details of a few of these weird executions cannot help but be of interest to readers of THE WIDE WORLD.

Fifteen years ago the Interior Department, or Union Agency, at Muskogee, I.T., was in need of a Choctaw Indian clerk, to assist in revising the census rolls. They sent word to the Choctaw chief and asked that he might send an educated Choctaw to assist the white clerks. Albert Red Bird was the name of the Choctaw who appeared in a few days to fill the place. He was a quarter-

blood—tall, lithe, and handsome. His black eyes glistened with intelligence, and his toilet was immaculate. Red Bird was a graduate of the Indian college at Carlyle, Pennsylvania. The young Indian's bearing was dignified, and his address cultivated. The Indian agent soon recognised in his Choctaw clerk a man of business, and he offered the young Indian a permanent place in the office. Red Bird accepted, but only on the understanding that *he could resign at very short notice.*

In a little while he became a social favorite among the wives and daughters of the military men at Fort Gibson, near the agency; and presently

it was rumoured that he was engaged to a stylish and dashing young woman of the fort. A wedding was predicted to occur soon. Thus events progressed until the grand ball of the season was held, early in August. Every member of the local high society was present and made merry. It was early dawn when the last strains of music died away in the ballroom. Red Bird, handsome, as usual, but with his dark skin a trifle pale, was with his sweetheart. Suddenly the young Indian turned gently from his partner and called aloud to the crowd of dancers as they were disappearing: "Friends, hear me." Everyone stopped instantly. The silence was intense—even painful. Then Red Bird continued:—



RED BIRD, THE QUARTER-BLOOD CHOCTAW, WHO MADE HIS SWEETHEART A DRAMATIC FAREWELL.
From a [] IN THE BALLROOM. [Photo.]

"When I came among you, no one knew me; but you all had the kindness to believe I was well behaved. I have never told you my story. Just one year ago I killed a fellow-Indian, while crazed with drink (*an* romantic this). To-morrow I must die for the crime. I feel like a thief for having deceived you, but a little pleasure seemed sweet. This morning I leave you and go to die. I go alone, so, friends, farewell!"

The speaker turned and gave his hand to the girl, who flung it immediately after. Friends crowded around and urged the young Indian not to go, but he told them he had given his word and must go alone to die. And so he stood out from among the crowd and went on his way alone. An effort was made to follow him, but he soon baffled his pursuers in the forest. Precisely at three o'clock on the afternoon of the appointed day he was executed. In the cemetery at Fort Gibson today anyone who cares may see the monument to his memory. It is told that Red Bird's pale-face sweetheart has never married, so great was her sorrow.

Among every class of men, however, there are traitors. This is even so among the Choctaws. But only once can it be heard that an Indian broke his promise and failed to appear at his own execution. That was eight years ago. The Indian in question killed a friend and robbed him. The murderer was a full-blood named Going Snake. The judge sentenced him to die on July 15th, 1891. The viciousness of his crime had excited much interest among the natives, and a great crowd came to the execution ground on the date set for him to die. A big feast was given by the Indians at noon, and at two o'clock the condemned man was expected to arrive and be shot. As the sun commenced to sink in the West and the Indian did not appear, the guests became anxious. They remained on the ground until dark, but the Indian did not appear. Going Snake had proved a traitor—the first one they had known in the tribe. Had he been found, the Indians were prepared to scalp him. A month later the Choctaws were called to assemble some place at the execution ground. The sheriff told them to tell them who was to be shot, and

they supposed that the traitor had been caught and was to die. The crowd was even larger than before. At the appointed time the door was swung open; but instead of the young traitor, an old man and woman tottered out. They were the father and mother of the young traitor. The old Indian's voice quivered as he told how keenly they felt the disgrace. It was due to the tribe, he said, that they should die by their own hand, and such was their intention. Although they had previously been well loved, Indian nature cried out for revenge, and the redskins shouted:—

"Yes, it must be done. Choctaw honour cannot be sacrificed."

And there, before the multitude, the old man shot his wife and then himself.

Several years ago a full-blood slew his whole family. He was sentenced to die six months later. During that time he joined a circus and went to England, but quitted everything in good time and came home alone to his death.



GOING SNAKE, THE ONLY CHOCTAW WHO EVER FAILED TO PRESENT HIMSELF FOR EXECUTION. THE DISGRACE WAS SO GREAT THAT HIS FATHER AND MOTHER GAVE UP THEIR LIVES INSTEAD.

From a Sketch by John Noble.

A case which was celebrated everywhere, and which called forth letters of sympathy even from England, was that of Walla Tonka, the Choctaw baseball player. Tonka was a half-blood (something of a rarity) and a beautiful specimen of manhood. Before dying by the sheriff's bullet he was in his prime—twenty-eight years of age, 6ft. high, straight as an arrow when on parade—although Indian laziness gave him a slight stoop when in repose. He weighed 180lb., and every pound of it was sinew and muscle. Prior to his national notoriety he was known among the Indian tribes for his fleetness of foot and accurate marksmanship.

Walla Tonka committed, first of all, the offence of falling in love with a white girl named Tookah Ingamore. She loved him, but another claimed some of her attention too. He was a quarter-breed named Coulter, and as skilful with a gun as his rival. That was three years ago. Although Miss Ingamore had given her promise to marry Tonka, she was a great flirt. I must admit, however, that she was ignorant of the serious trouble brewing. One night in May there was a green corn dance near Eufaula. Miss Ingamore came in late, and the artful Coulter made it his business to step in at



WALLA TONKA, THE CHAMPION CHOCTAW BASEBALL PLAYER, FELL IN LOVE WITH A WHITE GIRL, SHOT HIS RIVAL, WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH, BUT TOURS ALL OVER THE STATES BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

From a Photo.

the door immediately behind her, so that the fiery Tonka should surmise he came along with her. As Tonka came up to meet his sweetheart, Coulter stepped from behind the girl and drew his revolver. He was not quick enough. There were two shots in quick succession, and Coulter lay dead. Next

day the judge sentenced Tonka to die in November. Upon the same date William Going (who later secured a reprieve and was not shot until July 13th) was to be executed. Immediately following the passing of the death sentence upon Tonka *he and the white girl were married!* Then Tonka received an offer from a baseball team to join them in a tour all over the United States. Seeing the opportunity to make some money, he went with them. No guard went along, and the story preceded him everywhere. Naturally Tonka was a feature, and thousands went to see him. His stoicism regarding his impending fate and his enthusiasm in playing ball were in the most striking contrast. Tonka played ball up to within a week of the execution day, when he returned



NO. 2.—INDIAN GUARDS STANDING WITH THEIR BACKS TO GOING, WHO IS KNEELING. SHERIFF WATSON, ALSO KNEELING, IS RESTING HIS RIFLE ON A BOX. *[Photo.*

to his wife. They spent the few days he had to live in the little hut alone, and on the morning of his execution day Tonka bade his wife farewell for ever and set out alone to the court-house. Although the scene of execution was forty miles inland, and whites were forbidden to attend, several hundred went and saw the shooting of a brave man. After Tonka's death, his wife received hundreds of proposals of marriage, but she scorned them all, and continued to live among her husband's people.

The execution of William Going, on July 13th, 1899, is probably the last Choctaw execution that will ever occur. The United States had recently assumed charge of the criminal business of the Choctaw courts, and Going was the last murderer convicted under the old tribal laws. The man had killed his uncle, a deputy sheriff, three



NO. 1.—WILLIAM GOING IS MARCHED OUT FOR EXECUTION. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE GUARD-HOUSE WHERE HE GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THE SHERIFF. *[Photo.*

From a
Vol. iv.—52.

country. He was sentenced to die at the same time as Walla Tonka, but, as I have said, he was granted a reprieve. After the *Miami* disaster at Havana the condemned man *took to Cuba and joined the insurgents under Goyet*. After the war he married a Cuban girl and settled down on a tobacco plantation near Havana City. There he remained until a friend wrote to him saying that July 13th was the day appointed for him to die. Going then took his Cuban wife farewell, returned to the Choctaw nation alone, hunted up Sheriff Watson, and went off to the Alikchi court-house, there to witness his execution day.

The hour of his execution was set for 2 p.m.



FIGURE NO. 1.—THE SHOT HAS JUST BEEN FIRED. (Photo.)

Shortly before that time two Choctaw ministers visited his room. A short prayer service was held, and the condemned man joined in the service in a clear, strong voice. Then a guard of twenty-four deputies formed a line on each side of the doorway, and Going, supported on either side by friends, stepped out. As he passed near the crowd of spectators he recognized several, and spoke to them. He sat on a blanket spread upon the ground, and his eyes were bandaged by the sheriff. A piece of white paper was pinned on his shirt over the heart. The shot stepped back a few paces, rested his Winchester in a box, and fired. The Indian at once fell dead on the blanket!

This was the last exhibition one will ever see of the extraordinary and romantic Choctaw honour; but the strange custom will live in history.

Just a few words about the last three photos reproduced. I must explain in the first place that no white man is allowed to witness these executions; and as I greatly desired some unique snap-shots of the weird ceremonial, I engaged an Indian official named J. M. White, and provided him with a camera for that purpose. That he was no expert is evident from the snapshots themselves, which, though unique in kind, are poor enough as pictures.

No. 1 shows the Indian officers on their way

from the guard-house, where Going came and gave himself up to the sheriff, to the execution ground. Four other Choctaws, bearing the coffin, preceded this procession by a few minutes. In No. 2 the sheriff, wearing a big hat, may be discerned kneeling near a box, and posing his Winchester rifle thereupon. Between the two lines of Indian guards, who, you will notice, stand with their backs to the execution, as a mark of respect to the doomed man, is Going himself, kneeling to be shot.

The third snap-shot was taken just a moment after the shot was fired, when Going fell over dying. These are positively the only photos ever taken of an Indian execution.

At the Court of the "Lion of Judah."

BY VICTOR GOEDORP, OF PARIS.

An interesting and remarkable journey undertaken by French gentlemen through Abyssinia to Addis Abeba, the strange capital of the Ethiopian Empire. With much curious and striking information about the Emperor Menelik and his country, the whole being illustrated with a set of unique snapshots. Written in French solely and exclusively for "The Wide World."

IT came about in this way. A member of the French Society of Agriculture, M. Jules Moquet, Councilor-General of the Seine-et-Marne, had for a long time entertained the idea of visiting the land of the Negus, and it was decided that I should accompany him on this interesting journey. Menelik's reputation in Europe, the then recent victory he had won over the Italian army, and the riches of the country generally—these were some of the reasons which tempted M. Moquet to undertake a journey both toilsome and expensive, but which seemed likely to abound in strange sights and novel experiences.

We spent a month in Paris making our preparations. It would bore you were I to deal at any length with the thousand and one details about which we had to cudgel our brains—details which are so necessary to the well-being of an important expedition. We took as little as we could, however. Our equipment consisted of two round tents; fifteen pack-saddles, specially made for the mules; comfortable riding saddles for ourselves, and other necessaries. For crossing the Somali Desert we needed rifles, revolvers, and knives: accordingly we took two Winchesters, two sporting guns, and two large-calibre revolvers, with about fifteen Gras rifles for the men forming our escort. Finally, before we went on board at Marseilles, we provided ourselves with what was probably the most indispensable of all—the different presents we intended to offer the Emperor Menelik when we arrived at his Court. You will probably smile when I tell you what these presents were. They consisted,

firstly, of a bronze statue, representing the defence of my own Fatherland. Next came a centrifugal cream-separator, by way of compliment to the Emperor's known agricultural leanings; and lastly, there was a portable medicine chest, which a big Paris firm implored us to offer in their name to "His Majesty Menelik II., King of Kings, and Victorious Lion of the Tribe of Judah."

On the 6th of December, 1897, we landed at Djibouti, the seat of the French Protectorate on the East Coast of Africa. Here we spent a month getting our caravan together; and here also we found the first drawback, experiencing great difficulty in getting the mules we wanted. It took us no less than eight days to collect five, and we required at least three or four times that number. Of course, because we wanted them, prices had risen considerably, and we could only obtain these valuable beasts by paying from 250fr. to 300fr. (£10 to £12) each for them.

Finding that even by paying double and treble the ordinary price we could not obtain enough, we decided to have mules sent from Harrar, and this caused a delay of three weeks. Nor was this all. Some of the cases forming our baggage

were too bulky to be packed on the back of a mule standing barely twelve hands high, so we were obliged to find some camels, and this proved even more difficult. Altogether it was a whole month after we landed before we were ready to start, and then (how maddening these things are!) we discovered that we had forgotten the most important thing of all—our ammunition! We had the men and the guns, and nearly everything else, but the cartridges had been left behind on the quay at Marseilles.



M. VICTOR GOEDORP, WHO HERE TELLS US ABOUT HIS VISIT TO THE EMPEROR MENELIK.
From a Photo.

We managed to get a supply from a Greek mercenary, an amiable, courteous person, who took full advantage of our helpless condition, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th of January 1875, we entered the desert.

For the first few days everything went well. We were too tired to contend against fatigue and the great heat. At first, too, we suffered from great cold, but the other extreme was reached when the rain came down with such force and violence that it was found it impossible to open our tents. For two whole days and nights we were forced to stay in a place called *Comouan*. We were very uncomfortable. Our linen clothes were wringing wet, and it would have been useless to change them for others as they also would immediately have become in the same condition. Our Somali *abane*—as they call the guides to Europeans—had never seen such rain; and the natives we met declared that there must be something radically wrong with the sun.

Four or five soon returned, however, and the continuous rain we had endured for forty-eight hours appeared only to intensify the heat, whose absence was about the only thing we had so congratulate ourselves upon. We started off on our way once more, and reached a well known by the name of Mordali. We had made a long march, and were preparing to give a well-earned rest, when our head man entered the tent, with many bows. Now, we

resented this ill-timed visit, but our interpreter told us in a few words of the new unpleasantness that threatened us. He explained that our men were tired by the long march we had ordered so as to make up for lost time, and with much disgusting politeness he came in notice on their behalf that they had decided to abandon us and return to Djibouti. Yes, this was the sort of thing that Europeans had to put up with in the wilderness. What was to be done? The only thing I could suggest was to assemble the men and try and coax or bully them into a suitable frame of mind. When we got them together they kicked up a most formidable row. They all talked and screeched at once, and hurled mud at us. From the

few words I was able to understand I gathered that if we did not increase their wages forthwith they would leave us to the beasts of prey and the fierce Somali warriors.

But we had been warned that this kind of thing would be tried on, and we knew how to circumvent it. I ordered the men to disperse, and later on summoned them one by one into my tent. Then I asked each man whether he had really made up his mind to leave us. If he said he had, I requested him to fetch his gun and cartridges, which I took from him. Out of the fifteen Gallas forming our escort, ten were thus dismissed, and I immediately ordered the others to drive them out of the camp.

It was really very funny. Night was falling, and the ten insubordinates had had nothing to eat since morning. Djibouti was ninety-five miles away, and Harrar ninety-two; and here were these fellows turned out into the desert defenceless and starving. We knew perfectly well that Abyssinians would never venture without arms into the land of the Somalis and Gadda-Bourcis. Therefore we proposed exaggerated astonishment on seeing them shuffling back shamefacedly half an hour after their dismissal, begging us to take them again into our service and pardon them. Our stratagem, you see, had been successful. It was quite enough to show them that we could do without them, and would even turn them out into the desert as we had done. To tell the truth, however, we should have been in an unpleasant fix if they had carried out their threat.

As it was, we left Mordali very early next morning. Soon more excitement appeared to be brewing. Our head man, whose name was Bitauou (you can see he is a nasty-looking fellow), had several lots of "words" with Omar, an amiable if obstinate little person, one of our escort. What they quarrelled about I don't know, but it was something connected with the loading up of the mules. The caravan had just started from Mordali when all of a sudden I heard the most piercing screams. It was very aggravating. I turned round quickly, but before I had even time to realize that a fresh quarrel



BITAUOU, THE HEAD MAN, WAS A NASTY FELLOW.
From a Photo.



THIS IS OMAR, BITAUOU'S ENEMY. HE HAD SLASHED OFF HIS FINGERS. [Photo.]



[From a]

AN IVORY CARAVAN ARRIVES AT THE GATES OF HARRAR.

[Photo.]

was in progress the two Abyssinians had flown at each other, knife in hand. With difficulty we succeeded in separating them, giving each a few tremendous cuffs and kicks, but one of them had received a terrible wound in his hand. With a yell, and one slash of his knife, Bitau had cut off four of Omar's fingers. Could anything possibly be more vexing, when we wanted every finger that Omar and the rest possessed? Then, of course, we had to halt in order to attend to the wounded man. We dressed the injury with an antiseptic bandage, which Omar threw away ten minutes later. He appeared not to be grateful, but to have a profound contempt for our surgery. He then bound up his wrist tightly with a rope and plunged his hand into the burning sand, uttering little shrieks and calls to Allah. From which you will gather that Omar was a Mussulman; his antagonist was a Christian—of a sort.

We had already been six days in the desert.

A week later we reached Harrar. For nearly a fortnight we had seen nothing but sand and sky. Now, however, we found ourselves in the midst of rich pastures and a green landscape. Afar off we beheld the city conquered by Menelik. At last we were at the gates of the Empire of the Negus. The accompanying photo. shows an ivory caravan arriving at the gates of the city. Harrar is surrounded by thick walls, and possesses the distinction of being the only commercial city in the whole of Abyssinia. Caravans are constantly arriving, as the town is an important depôt for such

valuable merchandise as ivory, gold, musk, and coffee, which is sent chiefly to Aden, and from there direct to the European markets. The city, which shows traces of European influence, is ruled by Ras Makonnen, the great fighting prince, who is also heir-apparent to the present Emperor. The acting-governor, however, is Graz-match Benti. There is a Custom-house in Harrar, which works with more or less regularity. This levies

duty on nearly all kinds of merchandise. There is also a weird kind of police. The accompanying photo. gives a good idea of the market-place, and the usual scene to be witnessed there.

There is nothing much to be seen in Harrar, save perhaps the entrance-gate to the old palace of Ras Makonnen, which is ornamented with dried elephants' tails, above which flies the Abyssinian flag of red and yellow. This, with a few commonplace carvings, forms its sole claim to originality.

During the last few years the Ras—a person of considerable importance—has had a brand-new residence built for himself: an enormous, staring-white building, without artistic pretensions or taste; it was built for him by Arabs from Yemen. This is surmounted by eight colossal sentries in painted wood, of most terrifying aspect. These statues have beards, made of cows' hair, which gives them a droll look—in the eyes of Europeans, at least. They impress



VIEW IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT HARRAR. THE CASE OF OMAR & BITAU WAS TRIED HERE.

[From a]

[Photo.]



EXECUTION IN HARRAR.

[Photo.]

the Abyssinians, however. The inside of the building is also commonplace. In a large courtyard, up against the wall, is a stone seat on which the Ras himself sits to judge the numerous disputes brought before him. No profane stranger is allowed to sit there. Any ordinary native found sitting there without authority undergoes the usual penalty, which is a liberal application of the *karbush*. And a remarkably clever specialist daily distributes hundreds of lashes from this awful instrument to the delinquents.

You remember I told you about the fight between Bitau and Omar? Well, I was much interested to find that the case was to be tried before Ras Makonnen at Harrar. With his *amasa* or toga draped round him, and covering his mouth, Bitau stood before the judges. I think it was the funniest thing I ever saw. He only took the oath after he had given a detailed explanation of the affair. Possibly for hours the accused defended himself with extraordinary animation, shouting, roaring, and gesticulating like a barbarian. He emphasized his statements with a stick, he stamped his feet, he clapped his hands, and slyly veiled his face when an unexpected objection arose, or one of the judges asked him an awkward

question. And then he would begin the whole performance over again.

At length, being nearly hoarse, he raised his eyes to heaven as though to call God to witness the truth of his statements, swearing in conclusion on the head of Menelik: "*Menelik imout.*" ("Let Menelik die.")

"Be careful," was the answer—"Ba Menelik, ba Negus." ("In the name of Menelik, in the name of the King.") And Bitau repeated his oath with foaming fervour.

The judges, who were merely well-known local characters with a great reputation for wisdom, then heard the other side. After this the lawyers pleaded for two hours and a half. I thought the lawyers were going to assault the judges, or the defendant, or the plaintiff, or that everybody was going to assault everybody else. But it passed away, and the verdict was finally given. While it was being

pronounced the litigants stood silent and motionless. Bitau had lost the case. He let his head sink down on to his breast and uttered no sound. I felt sorry for Bitau, although he had deprived Omar of several fingers. Omar resolved that he would betray no indecent elation. Making a prostration, he fell on his face with quite unnecessary violence, his forehead in the dust.

Bitau was condemned to look after him, to find him in food, and generally provide for him for six months, and, in addition, to pay him a sum equal to 200fr. A few days later it was our lot to be present at an execution at Harrar. It took place early in the morning. The man had



THE ELECTRIC TELEPHONE SEEMS QUIANT IN ABYSSINIA. AT FIRST ITS WORKING WAS ATTRIBUTED TO EVIL SPIRITS. [Photo.]



VIEW IN THE GREAT FOREST OF KOUNI, THROUGH WHICH THE
From a AUTHOR'S PARTY JOURNEYED. *[Photo.*

committed a petty theft. He would not have been condemned to death were it not that when thieving he held a carbine in his hand. Now, every sort of death, rapid or slow, is allowed in Abyssinia. It doesn't matter what is done to the criminal so long as his life is brought to an end.

Altogether, we stayed about a fortnight in the town, and were again compelled to buy mules. So far the camels had successfully carried our heaviest packs, but in order to get our baggage to Addis Abeba these packs would have to be broken up into smaller bundles. We were also waiting for the passport or permit, without which we could not enter the presence of His Majesty the Negus. One is amused to learn that there is telephonic communication between Harrar and Addis Abeba. This seems very civilized and un-Oriental, but we were glad enough to avail ourselves of it. By the way, it was only with infinite difficulty that Menelik at last succeeded in making his turbulent subjects respect the telephone wires, which were constantly being cut and stolen. The penalties grew more and more severe, and at last

they were made so appalling that not even the most fanatical Galla or Shoan dared to touch the mysterious thing. Indeed, after a time, the followers of Mohammed were wont to declare that electricity must be a flash from the eye of Allah! The Christian Abyssinians opined that only the devil himself could have invented such a contrivance. The distance from Harrar to Addis Abeba is about 600 kilometres, or 375 miles; and the telephone line, which is absolutely the only sign of civilization, is kept in very bad repair. It was built by a Franco-Russian company, in which Menelik himself is a shareholder. The stations are about two days' march apart, and are mere thatched huts surrounded by formidable stockades. And, by the way, the dirty Oriental hut, with its Abyssinian attendant, appears a striking contrast to the telephone and the absurd instructions: "Ring up Addis Abeba."

There can scarcely be a more toilsome journey than that from Harrar to Addis Abeba. The first stages particularly are almost entirely devoid of interest. Lake Aramaya and the valley of Bourca, however, are superb and fertile spots, where cultivation might certainly be carried out with success. But the regions which struck us as most picturesque and impressive were the great forest of Kouni and the Tchercher — this last, a province of considerable extent, marvellously fertile and abundantly watered. Lake Tchercher itself abounds in magnificent scenery. The hippopotamus



"LAKE TCHERCHER ITSELF ABOUNDS IN MAGNIFICENT SCENERY."
From a Photo.



MONKEY CAPTURED BY THE AUTHOR AND PHOTOGRAPHED IN CAMP. [Photo.]

disports himself in its waters; but it is to be regretted that the country round about consists mainly of unhealthy marshes, with very tall rank grasses, which render approach all but impossible. It is in this part of Abyssinia that countless troops of monkeys are found. They are of the variety known as *gouzeza*, and their hairy black and white skins provide the natives with very comfortable furs. We were able to shoot a few of these quaint little creatures. The one shown in the accompanying photo. was a male, about 95 centimètres high (38in.), whilst his tail measured 1 mètre 15 centimètres (49in.). You see that one of our Abyssinians is holding the little fellow while he is being photographed in the camp.

About eight days after leaving Harrar we entered a wild region inhabited by tribes of Carayots, Assaïotis, Aroussis, and Itous, who almost daily engage in deadly warfare against each other on the banks of the Anagaxie, the unwholesome, miasma-producing river which has proved so fatal to Europeans. It was on this day that for the first time we felt

something approaching alarm. We had encamped the previous night in a valley known as Laghardine, and next morning, just when we were about to start, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by a troop of wild-looking horsemen, who threatened us with their lances, and appeared anxious to plunder our caravan. We had only just mounted our mules. In an instant, however, we dismounted and seized our arms. Two or three shots fired by our own Abyssinians sufficed to scatter this band of about fifty "warriors." That night we slept at Taddicia-Malea, on the shores of the Kassam, and there for the first time I heard the roar of a lion. Three days afterwards we could distinguish in the distance the remarkable city of Addis Abeba, the Imperial residence of Menelik, Emperor of Ethiopia. The photo. here reproduced gives a good general view of the whole.

On the day when we were for the first time presented by M. Lagarde, the French Minister, to the Emperor of Ethiopia, we were struck with amazement. Was *this* the conqueror of the Italians? Could it be that heavy-looking negro lounging there, half-smothered in red silk cushions, bespattered with grease—a negro, too, with glassy eyes, weak mouth, and a flabby person—could it be he, I wondered, who enjoyed a universally-accepted reputation as a great military captain, a well-informed and subtle diplomat, a generous foe, and I know not how many high-sounding epithets, which admirers, carried away by their enthusiasm, have showered upon him?

Not a gleam of intelligence lightened up that face, with its coarse features, furrowed and marked with smallpox.

Surely this could not be Menelik!



[Photo.]

DISTANT VIEW OF ADDIS ABEBA—"A VAST CAMP OF CIRCULAR HUTS."

[Photo.]

Well, it was, and yet it wasn't. The fact is, at the moment of our introduction Menelik was having a little orgie all to himself. First impressions linger longest, however, and I shall never forget seeing Menelik in that narrow, whitewashed audience chamber, which was none too clean. He raised his dull eyes only occasionally, and answered all questions in an evasive manner. On the other hand, he compels his visitors to answer him with much precision. Occasionally he sighed, and caressed his thin beard, or rubbed his eyes wearily. After a short exchange of courtesies, Menelik held out his long, dry fingers and we took our leave. It were idle to enlarge on our disillusion. We had undertaken a long sea voyage, crossed the Somali Desert from Djibouti to Harrar, and from there to Addis Abeba—travelled, in fact, thousands of miles, and borne hunger, and thirst, and annoyance—only to find ourselves in the presence of a negro who was apparently worn out by excessive potations.

The next time we met, however, the Emperor impressed us differently. It was not a Sunday, and the King was now finishing one of those famous banquets at which hydromel flows in streams. He was standing under an awning, his felt hat worn in military fashion. He was dressed in a black silk burnous enriched with ornaments of fine gold. His legs were covered by a pair of white cloth trousers drawn in round the ankles, and his feet were incased in patent leather shoes without laces. I forgot to mention, by the way, that between the two interviews Menelik had sent us presents consisting of a few sheep and jars of hydromel.

In spite of the incongruities of his costume, Menelik is not wanting in dignity of bearing—although this remark applies only to ceremonial occasions. His gestures on the occasion I am now describing were full of distinction and even grace. His eyes, too, gleamed in a curious way, and his face wore a singular expression in which

energy, savagery, and good nature appeared to be blended. The contrast in Menelik's appearance at the two interviews was most remarkable. Now, indeed, we stood in the presence of Menelik II., *Negusa Negust*, solemnly crowned at Entotto, November 3rd, 1889.

Without waiting to investigate Menelik's descent, which he traces back with pride to the Queen of Sheba and Solomon, we will turn to the Empress Taitou, who shares with him the pleasures and cares of empire. I gathered that she was a lady with a very lurid past, in which were mingled dark intrigues and mysterious assassinations and poisonings, the whole seasoned with wholesale extortion. Hostile to our civilization, opposed to all progress, a fanatically exclusive patriot, Taitou, in order to show unmistakably her aversion to Europeans, remains invisible to them.

My readers will be interested to learn, however, that the Empress is 6ft. 5in. in height; her waist measurement being 64in., and her weight 21st. 6lb. No wonder that the yoke of this woman sits heavily on Menelik. He would gladly free himself from it if he could, but the Empress has been careful to make her union indissoluble through the Church. For in Abyssinia the religious marriage alone counts. The



"AN IMMENSE TENT HAD BEEN ERECTED, AND MENELIK TOOK UP HIS PLACE IN THE CENTRE"—THE EMPEROR STANDS ON THE RIGHT OF THE CLOSED UMBRELLA. [Photo.]

Abyssinians profess Christianity, but have grafted upon it many of the customs of Islam. They belong to the Coptic sect, and are thus allied to the orthodoxy of the Russians and Greeks. They observe numerous fasts, and honour the festival of Easter with particular splendour in the presence of the Negus himself. On Easter Eve we were bidden to the great ceremony, and for five solid hours Menelik himself witnessed the uninterrupted dances and chants of the Abyssinian priests. It was an extraordinary spectacle—a kind of pantomime ballet, in the course of which God and the saints are glorified. It is, in fact, a strange mixture of theatricals and religion, and at its conclusion the performers treat themselves to copious libations of hydromel.

At seven in the morning we reached the Guebi, as the Imperial residence is called. Here an immense tent has been erected, and raised seats prepared on a platform covered with thick Sinyra carpets. Menlik, according to custom, took up his place in the centre, surrounded by men dignitaries of the Empire—*haxys*, *ded jaz*, *medjels*, *giaz*, *zombets*, *cagnaz-matches*, *choumes*, etc. The few Europeans in Addis Abeba were also grouped about the platform.

The Negus was dressed in the usual Abyssinian style, with his black silk burnous. He also wore a muslin turban to conceal his baldness. More than 500 priests took part in the ceremony, all wearing red and white *shammes*, and some of them muffled up in gaudy tinselled stuffs. They



THE GREAT EASTIK DANCE OF THE PRIESTS BEFORE THE EMPEROR MENEIK
—“WHEN TIRED THEY SQUATTED DOWN UNDER UMBRELLAS OF
EVERY SHADE.” [Photo.]

hundreds and sheep by thousands; and there were perfect rivers of hydromel. I should tell you that the Abyssinians have their churches, convents, and even nuns. Their priests can all marry if they wish, except the Abouna, who is the head of the Church and, next to the Emperor, the most exalted person in the Empire. He has a perfect army of servants, and lives in an atmosphere of mystery.

The Abouna rarely leaves his dwelling, and when he does he has his face veiled. Our photo. shows him returning from the church of St. Ghiorghis, where he had been celebrating an important ceremony.

I may mention that the Abyssinians are the dirtiest people imaginable, disdaining to perform the most elementary ablutions lest they



[From a]

THE ABOUNA, OR HEAD OF THE CHURCH, RETURNING HOME WITH VEILED FACE.

[Photo.]

performed the most grotesque dances imaginable, and around them a terrific din was kept up with drums and tom-toms. When the various performers were tired of shouting and dancing under the blazing sun, they squatted down under the shade of umbrellas of every conceivable color and shade. Each night there was a *lambou* feast. Oxen were slaughtered in

should be confounded with the followers of Islam. Each man who has any property has also a title and a certain amount of authority, which he usually abuses. Hence lawsuits of incredible number, variety, and complexity. The Emperor himself dispenses justice in his capital. Ordinary crimes are punished with the *kourbash*, but only the point of the hippopotamus-



HERE YOU SEE THE KIND OF HUT IN WHICH THE PEOPLE OF ADDIS ABEBA DWELL.
From a Photo.

hide lash is allowed to touch the skin. For more important crimes the *lex talionis* is in force. Thus, if a person has been stabbed, a dagger is plunged into the heart of the murderer; a strangler is hanged; and one who shoots his neighbour meets his own death in a similar way. Thieves are deprived of hands and feet, and traitors have their tongues cut out.

Addis Abeba (the name means "New Flower"), the capital of the Ethiopian Empire, is merely



CONDEMNED PRISONERS AT ADDIS ABEBA.—"THE EMPEROR HIMSELF DISPENSES JUSTICE IN HIS CAPITAL." [Photo.

a vast camp of circular huts with thatched roofs, scattered without method over a space perhaps five miles square. On the summit of a mount overlooking the plain is situated the palace of the King, known as the Guebi. This, as you may see in the photo. already reproduced, is a kind of Swiss chalet, and very commonplace-looking. Red tiles from Europe have been used for the roof, whilst the walls are plainly white-washed. Firstly, one enters a vast hall, known as the

aderasch, where the soldiers and their chiefs mess. There is also a little house, surmounted by a lightning conductor and a clock—the latter always standing at twenty minutes past eight. This is where the Negus administers justice.



THE NEGUS MENELIK ADMINISTERS JUSTICE IN THIS BUILDING.
From a] HE IS SEEN WALKING IN A BLACK BURNOUS. [Photo.

Our photo. shows the Emperor, wearing his black burnous, and walking towards this part of his palace.

An outer inclosure, guarded by servants with knotty sticks, surrounds Menelik's palace. The

courtyards are crowded with men on horseback and stray horses. Soldiers are posted at the gates, and at each gate a pass must be shown. The whole of the Guebi, with its dependencies, looks rather like a huge lamp-shade cut into four sections.

The palace itself is placed under the super-

these with great veneration, but his subjects rather scorn them, for your Abyssinian much prefers hand-to-hand fighting with lance, sword, and knife. They are intrepid riders, these fellows, and display most wonderful skill, setting their horses off at a gallop without holding the reins, and guiding them merely by knee-



FIG. 31. ONE OF THE ANIMATED COURTYARDS OF THE EMPEROR'S "PALACE."

(Photo.)

vision of a whole host of functionaries, whose duties are strictly defined. At the foot of the hill there is a stream of blackish water, which serves at once as a washing-place and a drinking fountain. On the neighbouring hillocks stand the huts of a number of Shoans.

I formed a low opinion of the Abyssinian people. They may call themselves Christians, but in reality they are the fiercest savages. Anything approaching sanitation is practically unknown, consequently all sorts of dreadful diseases are rife, as also is confirmed drunkenness. They eat gluttonously of raw meat, and this hideous practice induces very painful disorders. When they are ill, the Abyssinians take but little care of them save: they leave the cure to time, they say. One is loath to admit, however, that they are a brave people, possessing rather than fearing death. In one of the courtyards of the Guebi are ranged the guns captured at ... Menelik treats

pressure. Instead of European stirrups they use a ring, into which they thrust the big toe. Their war-dress is quite imposing, consisting of sword, shield, and rifle. I have an idea, however, that they do not care about firearms. The detonation appears to frighten them, even when using blank cartridge, so it is no wonder that accidents frequently occur. On the anniversary



From a] ONE OF MENELIK'S MOUNTED WARRIORS AT ADDIS ABEBA.

(Photo.)



THE BRITISH MINISTER, CAPTAIN HARRINGTON, RETURNING FROM VISITING ST. LAGARDE, WHO REPRESENTS FRANCE AT MENELIK'S COURT. [Photo.]

of the victory over the Italians at Adowa, Menelik ordered a few salutes. Two artillerymen were wounded almost unto death. The funny part of the story is that on that very day the Italian Minister, Captain Frederico Ciccodicola, arrived for the first time at the capital of the Empire. The captain showed a certain amount of tact, however, by bestowing roodols, apiece upon the injured men, who accepted the money in spite of the proud Abyssinian motto: "Abyssinians only beg from God."

By the way, there are at the Emperor's Court four Ministers Plenipotentiary, and these vie with one another in trying to gain the confidence of this most suspicious King of Kings.* M. Lagarde is the French Minister; General Vlassoff represents Russia; and Captain Ciccodicola, Italy; whilst Captain Harrington, late Governor of Zeilah, is the envoy of the Queen of England.

In the hours

* It must be borne in mind that the author of these lines is not an Englishman.—Ed.

of leisure which remain after clever manoeuvres and attempts to outwit one another, these diplomats employ their energies in adding to their dwellings such comparative luxuries and comforts as may be possible. Their relations, however, are most cordial, and our photo. shows the British Minister, Captain Harrington, just leaving the hut inhabited by his French colleague, M. Lagarde. You may

see the tricolour flying on the left.

Menelik himself sets the envoys a peculiar example. It is by no means a rare sight to see the Emperor of Ethiopia up at five o'clock in the morning superintending labourers lugging blocks of stone about, staggering along under a beam, digging a hole, or making canals. Why he does this no man knoweth, because he has thousands upon thousands of slaves who from morning till night fetch and carry things to and from the palace. As courtiers, his Ministers imitate their Sovereign, and it is no uncommon sight to see the Minister of War engaged in masonry work, mixing mortar like any professional disciple of the trowel.



From a

GENERAL VIEW IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT ADDIS ABEBA.

[Photo.]



THE EUROPEAN GUESTS, WHO FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT
 "SEEK FORWARD THINGS TO AND FROM THE PALACE."
 (From a Photo.)

The Europeans are received at Court every Sunday, when Menelik is seen seated cross-legged under a canopy of drapery supported by four poles. He gives a banquet to his guests, and while the Emperor himself dips his fingers into the earthenware vessels presented to him, the guests use the dainty china decorated with the Royal arms, presented by M. Leontieff. Menelik's usual dish on these occasions consists of raw meat cut into strips, and eaten with cakes seasoned with a sauce highly spiced.

The Europeans are waited upon by Abyssinian slaves, who hand them cooked meat and fresh vegetables, very tolerably prepared by an expert Greek cook. When the banquet is over the curtain is drawn, and then an immense hall is revealed in which thousands of soldiers may be seen loaded together with the national arms and awaiting their orders.



EMPEROR'S APPEANCE DAY—ATTENDANTS HURRYING TO WAIT UPON
 THE EMPEROR'S GUESTS. [Photo.]

There is a certain noble simplicity about everything which is somewhat imposing, the whole spectacle being wonderfully impressive and utterly unlike anything else in this workaday world.

The Negus, as you will have gathered, is always accessible, and very affable. Also, he is great at receiving presents, which he criticises in the most embarrassing way. By the way, I saw some weird bric-à-brac at Addis Abeba. When I was presented at Court I saw, in one large room, huddled together pell-mell, a shocking medley of bicycles, surgical instruments, cameras, furniture, precious stones, and kitchen utensils. For while Menelik makes use of nothing, he covets everything. Here, *à propos*, is a funny story. One day Monsignor Coulbeaux, the Apostolic Envoy, was presented at Court, and Menelik, after having swiftly run his eye over him, suggested that *he would like to possess his socks*. These the Emperor thought very choice indeed, and in the best taste. So the prelate hastened to comply with the Emperor's strange wish.

From all this you will gather that Abyssinia is far from being the civilized land we have been led to expect. The subjects of the Negus, I may mention, are excessively proud of having beaten the Italians. It must not be imagined,

however, that the Abyssinians possess a military organization which is in any way formidable. For the most part their guns are more dangerous to themselves than to any possible enemy, but against this must be put their great numbers, facilities for transport and victualling, and above all, the fact that they are accustomed to the trying climate.

Plunging Down a Precipice.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH F. FLINT, OF HARVEY, ILL.

Inexperience and youth alone caused the well-known preacher and writer to attempt the frightfully perilous and amazing feat which he here records for us. But "all's well that ends well," and the Rev. Mr. Flint is still in the land of the living.



It may be a surprise to many readers of THE WIDE WORLD to learn that the most beautiful and majestic scenery of the North American Continent is found, not in Colorado or California, but in the Far North-West. The mountain region of the Columbia River and northward of this may be less abrupt, arid, and terrible in aspect than that of the gold-bearing States; but in gracefulness of outline and in the mighty sweep of its setting it is infinitely more impressive. In all the world there is nothing to equal the great forests of this region, decked in living green and culminating in lofty mountain peaks of dazzling whiteness—Mount's Hood, Adams, Tacoma, and, chief of them all, terrific Mount St. Elias.

It was my fortune to spend several of the early years of my life amid these attractive surroundings; and at the age of nineteen I taught a small country school in the beautiful Klickitat Valley, some twenty miles north-east of The Dalles, in what is known as the Upper Columbia region. In connection with the celebration of our national holiday I made the acquaintance of an excellent family, who soon after sent me an invitation to spend the Sabbath with them. This family lived on the border of the great river, in what was then called Chamberlain's Flats. To reach the Flats it was necessary, firstly, to walk across the open bunch-grass country, a distance of fourteen miles. Then one had to climb over a range of very high hills, and finally descend to the river. Looking back now, the idea of walking such a distance towards an unknown objective, and that on a blazing summer's day,

seems a surprisingly foolhardy undertaking; but I was young then, full of life, and longing for adventure and congenial companionship.

Therefore, when the week's work was finished, I started afoot, with flute and coat under my arm, for the distant home of my new acquaintance. Settlers were few and far between in those days, and soon the last "shack" was left far behind, and the range of hills came nearer and nearer. To my joy I soon discovered an Indian trail, which seemed to lead straight in the direction I wished to go. Perversely

enough, however, this trail seemed to select the steepest and wildest parts of the range—perhaps to make pursuit by foes as difficult as possible. But in spite of the awful heat and burning thirst I kept on, hoping against hope that the trail would soon bring me to some human habitation. Instead of this good fortune, however, just as I reached the summit, and got my first glimpse of the vast cañon far below, through which, like a silver thread, the great Columbia wound its tortuous way, the trail gave out entirely. How provoking, to be sure! It was like exploring a series of caverns, and then at the last



THE REV. JOSEPH F. FLINT HERE TELLS US HOW HE PLUNGED HEADLONG DOWN THE PRECIPICE.
From a Photo. by Walton, Harvey, Ill.

moment having the light go out. It was indeed an unexpected turn of affairs.

Almost at my feet, nearly *two miles below*, I could see in the wonderfully clear atmosphere a group of cottages, apparently the size of a band-box. Now and then people moved in and out, like tiny ants. I saw at once that I was caught as in a trap. To retrace my steps and walk the many miles back to the settlement from which I had come seemed, in my exhausted condition, entirely out of the question; and plainly there was not a trace of man's presence to be seen on

the edge. In vain I sought for some trail or road farther along. Then, half-crazed with thirst, and hardly realizing what I was doing, I suddenly began that awful descent, which was at first like the slow start of a toboggan slide—very gradual in decline, and giving no hint of what was to follow.

I was just beginning to congratulate myself upon a speedy termination of my hazardous trip, when suddenly I felt my footing give way, so that instead of walking on firm rock I was moving on a sea of crumbling debris straight towards the sharp edge of a tremendous precipice, now plainly coming in sight. It was a delightfully easy and restful mode of progress; but a boatman rapidly drifting towards Niagara Falls could not feel more terror-stricken than did I at that trying moment. A minute or two more and I would

have to pay dearly for the insidious "free ride." Quick as a flash I caught at the outstretched twig of a friendly bush which had somehow rooted itself in the mountain wall. Thus, for a moment, I checked my downward flight, while at the same time I enjoyed a breathing spell, crouching in the sunny shade of the bush. Glancing back, I would have given worlds, had I owned them, to have stood once more on the safe summit of the ridge. So, letting go my hold, I made a desperate dash to scramble back, clutching to every projection and stepping as rapidly as possible; but to my horror I discovered that, like a person sinking in the quicksand, every step I took only served to sink me deeper in the crumbling debris, which was loosened by my weight and sent scurrying down into the depths below.

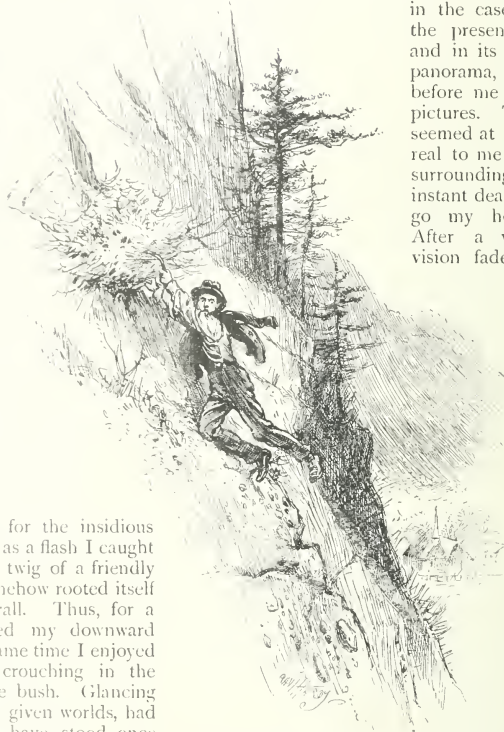
With a quick turn I grasped my support once more, now quite out of breath and wringing wet from my exertions and the terrible heat that

glowed like a furnace upon the bare rocks. I could hear the moving mass of rocks and sand as it clattered and crashed unceasingly down, down, down, until lost out of sight; and I was almost paralyzed with fear as I thought how soon I might follow in the wake of this strange avalanche. My hair literally stood upon end. I remained as if rooted to the spot, while a strange calm came over me. Next I experienced

what I had heard was often true in the case of drowning men: the present was blotted out, and in its place I saw, as in a panorama, my entire past move before me in vivid and life-like pictures. Things long forgotten seemed at the moment far more real to me than even my awful surroundings, which threatened instant death the moment I let go my hold on the bush. After a while, however, the vision faded, leaving me curiously resigned to my fate; and I began calmly to survey the situation as well as the glaring sunlight would permit. It was, doubtless, this deliberate forethought that saved my life.

Some distance to the left, and farther down, I could see tufts of grass projecting out of the sloping, treacherous rock. The edge of the precipice seemed less sharp in that direction, but beyond I could see no-

thing. With an earnest prayer for Divine help, and a last thought of my mother away in the distant East, I once more let go my hold, and made a dive for the nearest tuft of tall grass. A moment or two later I fortunately grasped it. Then I fixed upon the next and the next "refuge," safely landing each time; but how I ever scrambled over the edge of the precipice and managed to creep along from point to point, without losing my



"QUICK AS A FLASH I CAUGHT AT THE OUTSTRETCHED TWIG OF A FRIENDLY BUSH, AND CHECKED MY DOWNWARD FLIGHT."

hold and falling headlong, I have never been able to discover. Suffice it to say that, after a time, I found myself once more safely lodged in a "patch" of grass, as in an eagle's nest, only without the eagle's wings, literally suspended between heaven and earth. A hardy mountaineer would, perhaps, have found the situation less appalling than I did—an inexperienced "tenderfoot," unused to mountain climbing; but, of course, had I been a mountaineer I would never have rushed headlong into such a trap.

A full mile yet intervened between me and the nearest dwelling, and I tried to attract the attention of the inmates, but so parched was my throat and so swollen my tongue that I could not utter a sound, much less make myself heard in a cry for help. However, summoning up all my will-power, and aiming my course as well as the hot, dazzling sunlight would permit, I let go my hold on the projecting bush, and for what seemed an age plunged and ploughed my way downward, finally landing in a strip of grass which, fortunately, was stout enough to bear my weight. Dreadfully shaken and badly scared, I again looked downward, and discovered to my joy that the mountain wall was less steep, and,

therefore, the plunges from point to point less perilous. But now a new danger appeared in the form of huge boulders. These became detached from their age-long moorings and followed in the track of the crumbling rock, which at the slightest touch on my part began to slide downward. One great boulder came crashing by as if shot from a catapult, not a yard from where I crouched; but as a miss was as good as a mile, I was thankful to escape. With a sigh of relief I at last found myself walking, instead of sliding. Glancing down at my boots, which were new when I had put them on that morning, I found that the heels were so worn and ground as to

show the pegs, whilst the "uppers" had been frayed through entirely—strong evidence of the rough usage to which they had been subjected.

More dead than alive, bruised from head to foot, and staggering like a drunken man, I dragged myself across the inclosed lots to the nearest house, where I sank into a proffered chair, uttering a cry for "Water, water!" Several good women gathered about me with looks of suspicion and surprise, asking all sorts of questions. The only reply I could make was to point up the awful, frowning mountain wall, and indicate by gestures that I had made my way down it.

"What! *You* came down that way? Impossible! We never heard of such a thing!" The good people lifted their hands in horror and surprise when finally convinced that I spoke the truth. I was almost too tired to smile at the idea of making me out a curiosity, if not a hero. I need hardly add that everything was done to make me comfortable; but visiting was now out of the question after so terrible an experience, and I was only too glad, after remaining on my couch for thirty-six hours, to get back to my school the next Monday morning on horseback, taking a circuitous route.



"ONE GREAT BOULDER CAME CRASHING BY AS IF SHOT FROM A CATAPULT, NOT A YARD FROM WHERE I CROUCHED."

Odds and Ends.

Collected by travellers, explorers, missionaries, tourists, naval and military officers, Government officials, and many others who "see the world" for reasons of pleasure, profit, or profession, and who at the same time possess the knack of taking snap-shots which arrest the eye and appeal to the imagination when one knows what the subject is.



FIGURE 1.—"THE QUEEN'S" POST OFFICE IN ALL AUSTRALIA. [Photo.]

THE remarkable little bush post office seen in our first photo. is situated in one of the most inaccessible parts of the Hawkesbury district, New South Wales. The building is about 4 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, and 5 ft. high. The front is made of weather-boards, but the sides and back are of "slabs" (split logs), with large openings between them, through which snakes, wild cats, and opossums occasionally find their way. The roof can boast of two sheets of galvanized iron, but the greater part of it is bark, through which the rain finds its way, much to the detriment of Her Majesty's mails. The letters intended for this diminutive office are sent overland on horseback, the road being one of the most lonely in the whole Colony. Part of it runs through low, flat country, which is very liable to floods, and the rest over bare, stony ridges, where a house is not seen for twenty miles on end. The mails *should* arrive every Monday morning, but owing to the manifold difficulties of the road they are often several days late. When they are about due, bushmen from a radius of twenty miles round congregate at the post office, all eager for news from the old country. The postmaster is an old man named

Watkins, eighty years of age, who receives the munificent sum of £12 per annum for his services. He is immensely proud of his office, however, and actually paid a travelling "artist" 10s. and gave him his board and lodging for a week in the bargain in return for painting the legend "Post Office" seen in our illustration!

It is not a snowstorm which we see here, but a swarm of locusts. In that part of South Africa known as the "Karoo" these dreaded pests generally arrive after one or two refreshing rains, just when the hitherto scorched-up veldt has donned a carpet of quick-growing, short, sweet grass. The average swarm of locusts in the "Karoo" extends for about nine miles, and is about three miles broad. In this formidable force they pounce upon and devour every bit of green stuff that comes in their line of flight, leaving in their track a pitiful, barren waste. There is, however, one exception to this rule, and that is the fodder known as lucerne, which, for some reason or other, they never alight upon. In the wake of the swarm follow hosts of locust birds, that are specially endowed by Nature to swallow enormous quantities of these insect-pests in an incredibly short time. The photograph was taken instantaneously at three o'clock in the afternoon, from the "stoep" or balcony of a farmhouse, and the figure is that of a small boy.



FIGURE 2.—ONE OF THE SCOURGES OF SOUTH AFRICA—A SWARM OF LOCUSTS AS SEEN FROM THE STOEP OF A FARMHOUSE. [Photo.]

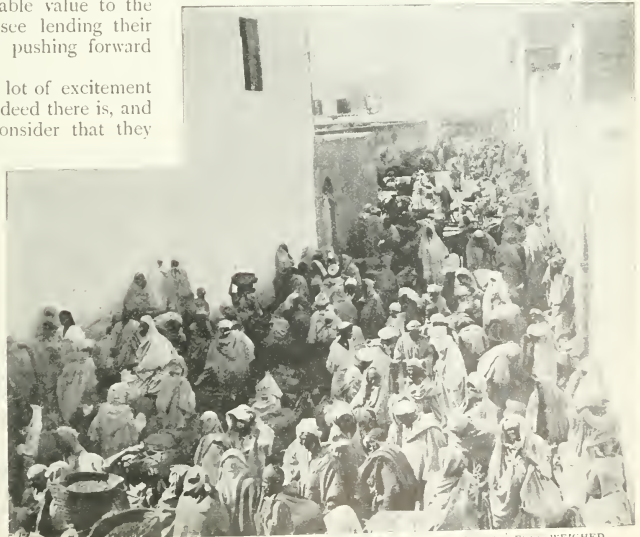


3.—A QUEER SORT OF RAILWAY SHUNTING IN ARGENTINA. [Photo.]

Our next photograph shows how shunting operations are occasionally performed on one of the railways in Argentina. Engines are too scarce to be detached for shunting work, and therefore the trucks have to be hauled about by bullocks, as shown in our photo. Here the bullocks are hauling no fewer than eight waggons, three of which contained eight-ton loads. The strength of the beasts is indeed marvellous, and they are of inestimable value to the nondescript porters we see lending their "valuable" assistance in pushing forward the laden waggons.

There seems to be a lot of excitement among these Arabs! Indeed there is, and no wonder when you consider that they are coming in laden with locusts' eggs which Allah in his mercy sent them just when times were at their worst. The photo. was taken by Mrs. Cromie, wife of our able Consul at Algeciras, when her husband was stationed at Casablanca, down the coast of Morocco. Captain Cromie gives the following account of the scene depicted in the photo.: "A few years ago when I was at Casablanca the locusts threatened to ruin the whole country.

matters.' It did. The merchants thought it a good notion, and they made the announcement. The Moors—the male Moors—hailed it as a God-send. 'Why,' argued these hard-working Orientals, 'all we have to do is to send our women and children to dig up the eggs in the fields and—Mashallah! there we are.' The new arrangement at once mitigated the plague.



4.—MOORS COMING IN AT CASABLANCA TO HAVE THEIR HAULS OF LOCUSTS' EGGS WEIGHED. From a Photo.



IN THIS COUNTRY WHEN THESE GATHER, IT IS CONSIDERED THE THING TO TAKE A LITTLE FOOD AS A PRESENT. [Photo.]

After a time, however, the merchants made representations to Sir Arthur Nicholson, our Minister at Tongar. 'Why should we go on doing the work of the Moorish Government?' said they, in effect. The hint was taken, and the Sheraton powers were moved to offer a reward for locusts' eggs on their own account. You will notice in Mrs. Cromie's photo, that it is chiefly the women who brought in the eggs to be weighed. They thought it a great joke, although they were compelled to go rooting about all day after the harmless-looking little pods. The weighing and paying was a curious spectacle. Of course the eggs were carefully destroyed."

When one Fijian chief visits another he always takes with him enough food for himself and his retainers—a practice which might with advantage be followed by our country cousins. Our next photo, shows a presentation of food just about to take place. By way of a kind of

visiting-card or token of introduction, half-a-dozen turtles lie on their backs in the foreground, while at the back are piles of yams, taro, and other comestibles. A herald has been sent ahead to announce the arrival of the chief, and when everything has

been arranged the visitor presents the food, through the herald, to his host, who accepts it through the same medium, afterwards giving it back again to his guest. This formality having been gone through, the grog is brewed and passed round, and for several days feasting and conviviality are the order of the day.

On a coast where shoals and reefs make the use of a life-boat impracticable, or where the breakers and surf put an insurmountable barrier between the distressed crew on a wreck and the brave men on shore, the life-rocket is resorted to; and, if the ship is within a certain distance, the swift travelling line propelled through the air comes indeed like a messenger of hope and life to those poor souls who, but a moment before, seemed beyond the reach of human aid. But, see! Suddenly a snow-white serpent shoots up in the air. It comes nearer and nearer; the anxiously strained eyes can now see the line which travels with it. It has reached the wreck, and has been seized by



THIS SHOWS HOW THE PEOPLE ON SHORE COMMUNICATE WITH A SHIP IN DISTRESS. [Photo.]

eager hands. Quickly it is pulled through a tail-block, and, as they haul on, a stout rope soon follows in its wake. Next comes a hawser, by means of which food and restoratives can be passed to the sufferers. Lastly comes the life-buoy, and one by one the crew is safely landed. Sometimes a kind of car is sent, in which several people can be rescued at the same time. Our photo. illustrates the working of a rocket apparatus at Skagen, the most northern point of Denmark, where terrible submarine sand reefs

although several schemes are on foot to remedy the defect. Some little while ago the Government talked of taxing all owners of property in order to raise the necessary funds for carrying out the work. No sooner was the hated word "taxation" mentioned, however, than the people rose *en masse* against the proposed measure, and on a certain Saturday afternoon they assembled in hundreds in Timber Square, where an "indignation meeting" was held, quite after the best Trafalgar Square style. On



7.—A MASS MEETING OF NATIVES AT LAGOS, IN THE BEST "TRAFALGAR SQUARE" STYLE, TO PROTEST AGAINST A NEW TAX.
From a Photo.

cause much disaster, and often make it impossible to use the lifeboat.

Of all the unfortunate men whose duties earn for them the opprobrium of their fellows, the tax-collector is surely the most to be pitied. Even the most conscientious citizen feels no qualms about cheating him—together with his colleague, the income-tax man—on each and every opportunity. That being so, the crowd seen in the accompanying photo. will have the full sympathy of every tax-paying Briton, because it has come together for the purpose of protesting against taxation in any shape or form. It appears that at present the Colony of Lagos is in the enviable position of possessing neither sanitation nor water supply,

the platform we see one of the native princes and around him many influential townsmen. The offensive measure was condemned without a single dissident, and at present the Lagosians are still dead against taxation, which was probably an unwise step.

The next photograph shows a velocipede in use on Mexican railways for the convenience of the staff. It is extremely handy for engineers to go and examine works in course of construction. It is very light, and capable of great speed, being usually propelled by two men sitting face to face, and working with both legs and arms. It is, however, a somewhat dangerous machine, as, although it has a powerful brake and can be easily thrown off the line in case of the approach



9.—A MEXICAN RAILWAY ENGINEER GOES ON HIS ROUNDS OF INSPECTION ON THIS WEIRD MACHINE.
From a Photo.

of a train, any animal getting suddenly in front of it will throw it off the track. On one occasion, going at great speed down a piece of track which fell 1,000 ft. in thirty miles, a dog rushed out of a house right in front of the velocipede, and the

writer of these lines came off second-best, alighting on his head some ten yards in front of the machine.

The photograph of this most curious prison was taken at a small village called Septentrion, in Mexico. There was a gold-mining camp there, and the miners who got drunk or disorderly were confined in the rock, in which a large room had been blasted. It contained about sixty men on Saturday nights. The writer found it a convenient place in which to develop photographs.

The Moslem call to prayer is a very picturesque feature in Eastern countries, and in our photograph of a mosque at Sarajevo, the beautiful capital of Bosnia, we



10.—A MOUNTAIN TRAILING AT A GOLD-MINE CAMP IN MEXICO, SATURDAY
MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1904. PHOTO BY MARQUIS ROLLO DE CASTELHOMOND.



10.—MOSLEM PRIEST CALLING THE HOUR OF PRAYER FROM THE MINARET OF A MOSQUE IN SARAJEVO.
From a Photo, by Marquis Rollo de Castelhomond.

see the mollah, or priest, in this very act, about which one has heard so much in the writings of those over whom the glamour of the East has cast its spell. Standing at the edge of the parapet which encircles the minaret, the Moslem

priest alternately faces the four different points of the compass, and then, throwing back his head, he calls the faithful to prayer in a long, plaintive cry that resounds weirdly over the city.

The Bulgarian head-dress seen in the accompanying photograph is remarkable indeed, for the lady carries her *dot*, dowry, fortune—call it what you will—on her head, so that prospective suitors can see at a glance whether she is "worth while" from a pecuniary point of view. "My first impression, when I walked about the streets of Sofia," says the traveller supplying this photo., "was that the Bulgarian women were unusually well dowered in the matter of hair. There was not one of the younger ones who had not a perfect network of dark hair covering the whole of her back in elaborate plaits; and this in addition to the usual ample supply on the top of the head. It was not long, however, before I learned that the plaited part was always an arrangement of goat's hair, which had the dowry of an unmarried girl attached to it. The fashion is certainly a convenient one, for prospective bridegrooms and mothers-in-law can tell at a glance the market value of any spinster. The odd thing is that so much importance should be attached to these dowries in Bulgaria, for the coins are rarely, if ever, spent; and, indeed, many of them are by this time so antiquated, that they would not pass as currency. I have seen some damsels going about with what would answer to a half-crown and a threepenny-bit, while



11.—IN BULGARIA AN ELIGIBLE DAMSEL CARRIES HER DOWRY IN HER HAIR, SO THAT YOUNG MEN [From a] MAY SEE HER VALUE. [Photo.]

others looked as if they had had the contents of a prosperous till poured over them. The coins proved to be the most miscellaneous collection ever seen outside a museum. Beside the current coin of the realm, there were all sorts of old Russian and Turkish pieces, Maria Theresa dollars, Austrian nickel coins, and a variety of worthless medals, probably palmed on the guileless wearers by Hebrew hawkers. When a girl marries, she removes her dowry, and hoards it up for eventual division among her daughters, adding from time to time whatever savings she can contrive."

The accompanying photo. shows a field of "karkoeren" on a farm near Bloemfontein. This fruit is very similar to the ordinary water-melon, but has a very bitter taste. The inside consists of pulp and a large quantity of liquid, and it is this which makes it so much sought after by cattle. The field seen in our photo., about forty-six acres in extent,

is carefully inclosed, and when the fruit is ripe the cattle are driven into it for about an hour a day. They break the "karkoeren" with their hoofs, and so manage to get at the juicy interior.



12.—FORTY-SIX ACRES OF STRANGE CATTLE FOOD IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE. THE CATTLE BREAK [From a] OPEN THE MELONS WITH THEIR HOofs. [Photo.]



12.—WOMEN IN BEHAR CARRYING HOME HOLY WATER FROM THE GANGES. [Photo.]

It makes splendid fodder for cattle, but it cannot be used for milch-cows, as its acrid flavour is imparted to the milk.

Our next photograph comes from Sultanpore, in the State of Behar, India. Here we see a long string of natives carrying holy Ganges water from the river to their own homes. Some of the water-bottles or jars are seen standing on the ground on the left. The mud huts thatched with grass are characteristic of the whole town, and it is the main street that these holy water-carriers are traversing so earnestly.

The Mexican Southern Railway runs through the Cañon of Tomellin, with the Río de San Antonio below, and high, precipitous cliffs above. In the rainy season communication is often stopped for many weeks. As there is an annual rainfall of about 120 in. and all between May and



14.—HOW FLOODS LEAVE THE PERMANENT WAY OF THE MEXICAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY. [Photo.]

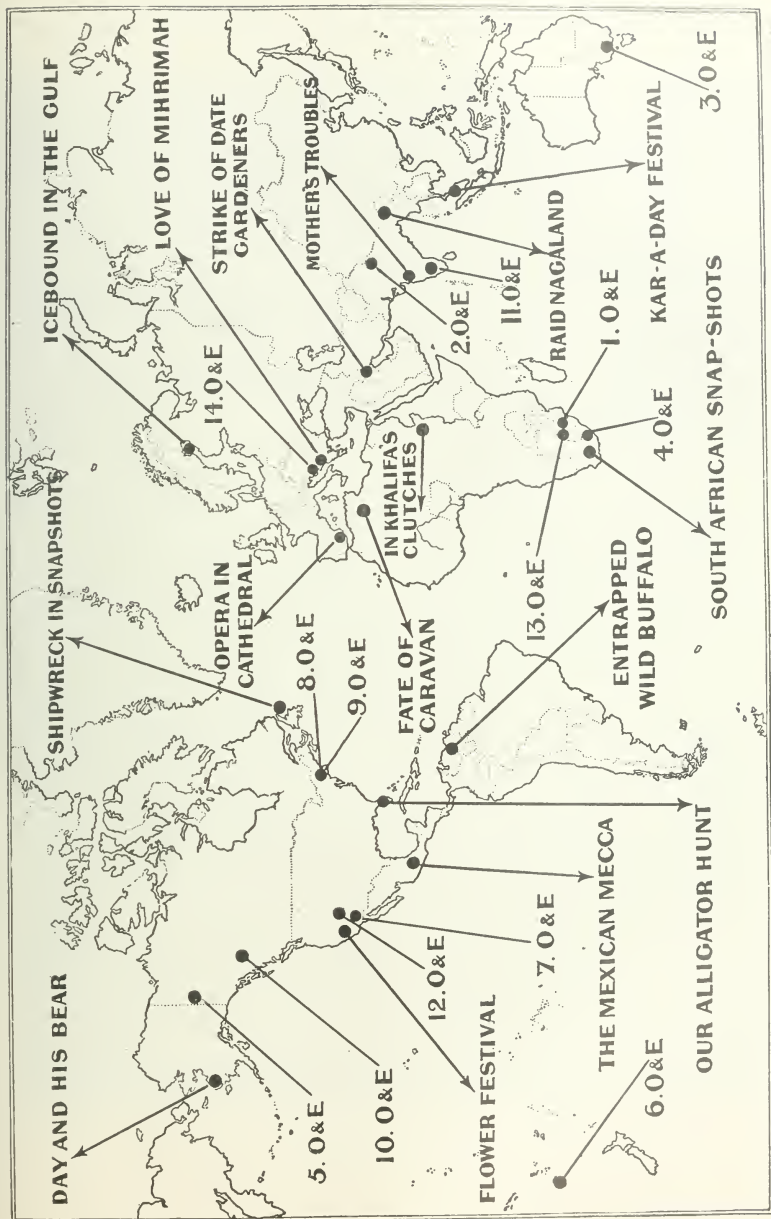
September, the river, so small in the dry season, then becomes a huge, irresistible torrent. It gradually washes away the embankment, until frequently the rails and sleepers are left hanging in mid-air, as you see them in the accompanying photograph. The Southern Company are now building retaining walls through the cañon.

Lastly, we see the process of the "weekly wash" at Reykjavik, in Iceland. The photo. is not fogged, but the haze is steam rising up from the boiling stream. Washing-



15.—THE HOUSE-WIFE IN ICELAND LIGHTS NO COPPER FIRE ON WASHING DAY. NATURE PROVIDES THE HOT WATER. [Photo.]

day is easy here, for Nature herself provides the hot water. A little to the right is the spring where the hot water bubbles up; you can't bear your hand in it. Still more remarkable, a small current of the boiling water runs parallel with a cold current, so that the natural washing-tub can be fixed at any temperature.



NOTICE THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER RANGE IN LOCALITY FROM ALASKA TO SOUTH-EAST AUSTRALIA AND FROM THE GULF OF BOTHNIA TO THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.



"A TALL FIGURE STEPPED TOWARD ME AND GAVE MY HAND A HEARTY SHAKE. IT WAS THE SIRDAR, NOW LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM."

(SEE PAGE 539.)

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*In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman.**

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

IX.

EVERYONE with leanings towards the Government was now coming to me in prison under one pretext or another, to give me information as to all that was going on. It was to their interest to do so, as to the end I was looked upon as an official. Owing to this, I was able to send out to Onoor slips of paper, giving as nearly correct details as possible of the number of various arms possessed by the Dervishes, the stock of ammunition, and the Khalifa's plans as far as they were known. In one of my notes I informed the army of the explosion of the "torpedoes," and the existence of two other mines ready to be set off; also details concerning the forts. I asked Onoor to get away with these as quickly as possible, and he promised to do so. I do not know whom he handed these notes to, or whether he handed them over himself; he replied to my inquiries by writing me from Omdurman saying that he was arrested on the Nile by Osman Digna; but whether coming or going from the army it is impossible to say.

No sooner had my "latest intelligence" been sent off by Onoor than an arsenal carpenter, Mohammad Ragheb, came to me on the subject of the remaining torpedoes: he had been ordered to assist in the laying of them, and was particularly anxious to learn from me how he might render them useless. He was no less anxious that I should make a mental note of the fact, so that I could say a "good word" for him if ever he was accused of trying to impede the advance of the "Government." Associated with him was a no particular friend of mine—Ali Baati, and others; but there was no mistaking their earnest desire and real anxiety to circumvent all the schemes of Mansour, Hassanein, and Abdallah in favour of the Government troops. Ragheb, however, could give me no more information as to the firing medium of the mines than could Burrai; all he was able to tell me was that the "barrels" had the wires wrapped two or three times round them to prevent their being pulled or dragged in removal.

I suggested first that he should chip away any cement which he thought filled any hole or crevice: this would allow of the water penetrating. Next I suggested that he should, as the boats carrying the mines went down the river, try and "snip" any or all the wires running round the "barrel"—but to cut the wires in different places, so that the trick would not be discovered. Ragheb must have succeeded, for neither of the mines exploded—although Mansour had appointed people to fire them as the gunboats passed.

Events were now following each other in rapid succession. In the universal excitement prevailing sleep was almost unknown. Drums were beaten and ombeyehs blown continuously day and night. Days and dates were lost count of. Even Friday—that one day in the week in Mahdieh—was lost sight of by most, and the prayers were left unsaid.

Councils of war were the order of the day—and night. And what strange tales we heard! The Emir Abd el Baagi had been intrusted by the Khalifa and his brother Yacoub with the task of keeping in touch with the advancing armies, and the sending to Omdurman of information concerning every movement. Never was a general better served with "intelligence" than was Abdullahi by Abd el Baagi; his messengers were arriving every few hours in the early days, and hourly towards the end. It was with no little astonishment we heard that Sabalooka was to be abandoned. The boom of chains which was to entangle the paddles of the gunboats had snapped; therefore it was clearly the will of Allah that the boats were to come on. Then the mines exploded. Again it was Allah, who in this showed that He would *not* have His designs interfered with. The real truth of the matter was that the troops at Sabalooka, hearing that the gunboats had guns which could send one of the "devils" (shells) half a day's journey, and over hills too, took upon themselves to retire out of range. There was an old prophecy to the effect that the great

In High Favour.

Artful Suggestions.

Nearing the End.

light would take place on the plains of Kerreri. Here the infidels were to be utterly exterminated, and all waververs on the side of the faithful were to be killed, the remnant collecting afterwards and then starting off, a purified army, on the conquest of the whole world. Simple, you see, yet large. Again, it was decided that the faithful were to collect in Omdurman, and allow the infidels to come on. While attacks were being made against them on the western flank and rear a great sortie was to be made from the town, so that the infidels, pressed back to Kerreri plains, might be caught between three fires and exterminated.

The gunboats, with their "devils," would be afraid to shoot, as they would kill their own people as well as the Derivishes. But no sooner had this been decided upon than objections were raised. Those gunboats could anchor half a day's journey off, knock Omdurman to pieces, and actually bury the faithful under the ruins.

Again the prophecy was alluded to, and a move out to meet the armies finally decided upon. Every man was to be taken out of Omdurman, so that, if the infidels should succeed in reaching the town, they would find only women and children: and, instead of their being the besiegers, they would become the besieged. It seemed rather clever.

Omdurman was overrun by Abdullahi's spies, who, professing to be friendly towards the "Government," tried to wheedle out of known friends of the Government expressions of opinion as to the chances of success to the Mahdist's arms; and at the same time to ascertain the general feeling of the populace. Their favourite hunting-ground was, of course, the Saker prison, where the more influential people were incarcerated.

From the persistence with which these spies pressed their inquiries as to the chances of success which might attend large bodies deserting to the Ingleezee under cover of darkness—their anxiety to learn how they might approach the camp without being fired upon before they had been given an opportunity of evidencing their peaceable and praiseworthy intentions—we came to the conclusion that Abdullahi had been advised to make a night attack. Few knew better than we did what might be the result of such a move. At close quarters the fanatical Dervish horde was more than a match for the best-drilled army in Europe. Swift and silent in their movements; covering the ground at four or five times the speed of trained troops; every man, when the moment of attack came, accustomed to fight independently of orders; light and supple; nimble as

cats and bloodthirsty as starving, man-eating tigers; utterly regardless of their own lives; and capable of continuing to stab and jab with spear and sword while carrying half-a-dozen wounds any one of which would have put a European *hors de combat*—such were the 75,000 to 80,000 warriors which the Khalifa had ready to attack the Sirdar's little army.

Artillery, rifles, and bayonets would have been but of little avail against a horde like this rushing a camp by night. We had heard from prisoner-deserters how, at the Atbara, the armies had advanced by night and delivered their attack at dawn, first shelling the zereba with their "devils," which "came from such a great distance." With Fauzi, Hamza the Jaalin, and others I came to the conclusion that the same tactics would be employed for the attack at Kerreri; therefore, to the spies we swore that the English never did things twice in the same way. That they would on this occasion march during the day and attack at night, as the Sirdar would be afraid to let his soldiers see the Khalifa's great army, as they would all run away if they did. Our advice was that the faithful should remain in their camp and await the attack. It would have been very awkward for me had the Sirdar planned a night attack, for he would have found the Derivishes on the *qui vive* awaiting him, and then I might have been blamed for the advice I had given.

However, I believed that a night attack would be the very last thing he would resort to; and any tale from our side was good enough, provided doubts were raised in the minds of the Khalifa and his advisers as to the chances of success which would attend his attacking by night.

The population at this period may be said to have divided itself into three camps: the one praying—and sincerely—for victory to Mahdieh; the second praying loudly for the same end, but breathing silent prayers to Heaven for just the reverse; the third camp—and this the biggest of the three—consisting of those waiting to see which side would probably win in order to throw its lot in with the victor. Dozens of people, who really were friends of the Government, came to me in prison asking advice as to what they should do before the troops actually arrived in order to evidence their loyalty. And it must not be forgotten that they were risking their lives at the hour of deliverance. To most of the people I was still the "brother of Stephenson el Ingleezee"; and there were other "brothers" of mine coming up with the Government troops. I was able, through these people, to collect the information I was sending off

Effects of a
"Rush."

The
Khalifa's
Doubts

A Night
Attack.

daily by spies. Abdallah el Mahassi, who had received some message from Major Fitton asking about me, and also requesting all information procurable concerning the arms and ammunition possessed by the Dervishes, sent to me the spy Worrak, who had been released from prison, for any information I could give. Now Worrak, doubtless looking forward to a reward, decided upon delivering my messages himself.

He was to be accompanied by two others, so besides giving him notes with the numbers of rifles, etc., issued to the troops, and a last warning about the subaqueous mines near Halfeyeh, I gave the information verbally to the three, so that, in the event of it being found necessary to destroy the papers, the messages would still get through. Worrak and his companions left, but were intercepted by Abd el Baagi's scouts. Inflating their water-skins, they took to the river under a perfect shower of bullets. Worrak must have been killed or drowned, as he was never seen again; but the two others reached the British lines, delivered the messages, and said they would be confirmed by Worrak, who they then thought must have been carried by the current to the east bank of the Nile. These were the last messengers I actually sent off to the Sirdar's approaching army.

There was terrific excitement everywhere in Omdurman. One of the Saier gaolers had worked himself into a state of frenzied excitement in describing, for the edification of the prisoners—and mine in particular—the coming destruction of the hated infidels. He gloated over the time when the principal British officers, their eyes gouged out to prevent their looking upon the benign face of the speaker's master, would be brought into the Saier, and there baited for the amusement of the populace.

How little the Sirdar thought, on that memorable September evening, that one of the gaolers grovelling at his feet had, but a few days previously, looked forward to the time when he, blinded and

shackled, would be kicked round the place and then, with the rest of my "brothers," hurried into the awful "Umm Hagar," there to spend the hideous night. This gaoler, indeed, in his mad enthusiasm, rushed at me and nearly succeeded in gouging out my left eye. There was a desperate struggle, and getting up almost breath



"THE GAOLER KICKED AT ME AND NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN GOUGING OUT MY LEFT EYE."

less, and certainly driven to desperation, I stupidly turned round and prophesied, for *his* edification this time, that the destruction he had predicted for my "brothers" was the very destruction which was to fall upon Mahdieh itself. It was fortunate for me that a few days previously Idris es Saier had been sending for me, under one pretext and another, and asking what action he should take in case the English won the battle; it was delightfully characteristic. I promised the famous gaoler if he treated me well I would say "good words" for him; but perhaps Fauzi's tale made the greatest impression upon Idris. Fauzi related that when the English took Egypt there was one gaoler at Alexandria and another at Cairo. The gaoler

Treating
with
the Spy.

Baiting the
Sirdar!

at Cairo treated his prisoners well, and so the English promoted him, the gaoler at Alexandria killed his prisoners, and ran away to another country across the seas, but the English brought him back, and hanged him in his old prison.

Knowing that the troops were close, Idris now took me under his especial care, for he knew I had sent messages to my "brothers" telling them I was alive, and he feared that if they came and found me dead, they would hang him on the same scaffold with my corpse, after the manner of the East.

Although he warned the gaolers and spies to say I was mad, and did not know what I had been saying, my little speech by some means got to Yacoub's ears. I was carefully watched, and no one from outside allowed to speak to me. I should have been taken out of prison to see the great fight; but, as it was, I believe I was the only Christian not called out to the field of battle. I had asked Idris not to remove my chains, even if I were sent for. I had no wish to be found alive or dead on the field as a practically free man; and, dressed as a Dervish as I was, any attempt on my part to escape to the British lines during the fight could only end in my being shot dead.

The Khalifa had been sitting for eight days in the mosque in supposed communion with the Prophet and the Mahdi; and it was either on the Tuesday night or Wednesday morning immediately preceding the battle that the decision to move out of the town was arrived at. On the Wednesday afternoon a grand review of all the troops was held on the new parade ground, and, while it was being held, alarming news was brought by Abd el Baagi's messengers. Instead of returning to the town as intended, the Khalifa set off with the whole army in a north-westerly direction. It was this hurried movement which accounted for the greater part of the arms and ammunition he required being left in the Beit el Amana.

For Abdullahi had intended to distribute the remainder of the rifles only at the last moment, when his troops would have to use them against the infidels in self-defence. He could trust none but his *Beggers* and *Taishi*. Sheikh ed Din (the Khalifa's son), with Yunis, Osman Digna, Khalifa Sherief, and Ali Wad Helu, moved off first in command of the attacking army of 35,000 rifles and horse-men. Yacoub followed in command of a similar number of spear and swordsmen; and, in all, the army assembled must have numbered between 75,000 and 80,000 men.

As every male had been taken from Omdurman, the Khalifa issued a "To Shoot the Prisoners." hundred rifles to the gaolers with which to shoot down the prisoners in case of trouble. That night the rain came down in torrents, and the following day the army arose uncomfortable and, maybe, a little dispirited. The indefatigable Abdullahi, however, restored their good spirits by the relation of a most opportune vision. During the night the Prophet and the Mahdi had come to him, and led him see beforehand the result of the battle; the souls of the faithful killed were all rising to Paradise in quite a beautiful way, while the legions of hell were seen tearing into shreds the spirits of the infidels. While this tale was going its rounds the gunboats were creeping up, and a further move to the north was ordered, for it had been reported that the English were landing the big guns on Tuti Island, to shell the camp.

We, too, in prison heard that the gunboats were approaching; then we heard the distant boom, boom of the guns gradually nearing and growing louder. Before we had time to speculate as to whether the great fight had commenced or not, a boy I had stationed on the roof of a gaoler's house came running down to say that the "devils" were passing Halfeyeh.

At the same moment we were nearly smothered in dust and stones: a shell had struck the top of the prison wall, ricocheted to the opposite wall, and then fell without exploding in the prison of the women. All of us prisoners hurried off and squatted at the base of the north wall, believing this to be the safest place. The air was now filled with what to us chained wretches appeared to be the yells and screeches of legions of the lost let loose. We shuddered and looked helplessly from one to the other, powerless and pitiful amid the fiendish uproar. Then I noticed that the shells were all flying high over us. But terror soon gave place to the intoxicating excitement of battle. Leaping to my feet, I rushed—as fast as my shackles allowed—stumbling to the middle of the open space, where I tried to dance and jump, calling on all to come and join me. I shouted that my "brothers" had got my messages; that only one place in Omdurman would be left—the Saier. My brothers would spare all their lives for me. Yes, I had gone mad; reason had left me, and I was raving, laughing, crying, singing, kissing my hands in welcome to those terrible messengers of death which were now screeching and yelling overhead. I actually threw open my arms, and leaped up to embrace a monster shell which a second later was to gather in death seventy-two men praying

A Dangerous Speech.

Struck by a Shell.

A Last Resource.



"I KUSHED STUMBLING TO THE MIDDLE OF THE OPEN STREET, WHERE I TRIED TO RISE AND JUMP."

in the mosque—surely an awful harvest. Next came a terrific fusillade, quite indescribable.* I was only saved from death at the hands of the infuriated Baggara prisoners by Idris es Saier locking them all up in the Umm Hagar, leaving myself, Fauzi, the Jaalin, and other Government sympathizers in the open air. Then weird tales of the fight came to us. Two of the gun boats had been sunk, and the remainder had run away again! Fauzi and I sat there distracted—heartbroken.

The attack on Khartoum, in 1885, had been enacted over again. I sat in a daze; the reaction from the madness of joy to that of despair was more than the strongest man could stand—after nearly twelve years' captivity and torture. For-

Mr. Neufeld's Despair.

*The flight of the shells overhead had a most extraordinary effect: they appeared to compress the atmosphere and press it down to the earth; we could actually feel the pressure on our bodies, and with some it brought on nausea.

tunately I broke down and sobbed like a child.

During the night we could hear the pat, pat, pat of at first a few dozen feet, until eventually we could tell that thousands of men were running into the town. It is no use relating the tales then told us, but I had better keep to what actually occurred. After the bombardment of the forts the Khalifa sent messengers to bring in all news from Omdurman. When told that all the forts had been destroyed he ordered a salute to be fired in token of his having gained a victory. And the deluded man called out, "*Ed deen mansour*"—the Faith is Triumphant. But other messengers were hurrying in, and as they came with grave faces and asked to see Yacoub before delivering their news to the Khalifa, it was soon noised abroad that the volley from the rifles was only to try and hide something extremely serious which had occurred. First, it was learned that, instead of the gunboats having been destroyed, it was the forts which had been battered to pieces. Then the more superstitious lost heart when it was related that one of the "devils" had actually entered the sacred tomb of the

Mahdi; and hundreds of the faithful deserted desertwards, afterwards striking back to town. Later on, it became known that not only had one of the shells destroyed the Mimbar (pulpit), but it had also knocked to pieces the Mihrab—that sacred niche in the wall of the mosque giving the direction of Mecca. What rallying-place was there now for Mahdieh? And so more deserted.

Between ten and eleven at night a **A Dreadful Omen.** riderless horse from the British or Egyptian cavalry came slowly moving, head down, towards the Dervish lines. The Khalifa had related how, in one of his visions, he had seen the prophet mounted on his mare riding at the head of the avenging angels destroying the infidels. But this apparition of the riderless horse was too much; at least one-third of the Khalifa's huge army deserted, terrified and disheartened. When Yacoub told him of

the desertions, Abdullah merely raised his head to say, "The prophecy will be fulfilled if only five people stay near me." His Baggara and Tashi still stood by him, but they too were losing heart, for the Khalifa, on his knees, with head bowed to the ground, was groaning, instead of, as was his wont, repeating the name of the Deity. However, he pulled round a little as the night progressed, and invented visions enough to put spirits into the remaining slightly despondent troops.

Confused Recollections. It will, I believe, surprise but few when I admit that it is next to impossible for me to remember and relate the incidents which occurred during my last night and day in the Saïer. Added to the general excitement shared by everyone, I had also to contend against the mental excitement and reaction which, earlier in the day, had almost deprived me of reason. From where I lay, chained to a gang of about forty prisoners, I could hear the infuriated Baggara in the Umm Hagar heaping their curses on the head of that "son of a dog—Abdallah Nofal"; and promising what would happen when they laid hands upon me. And they were no idle promises. Apart from the threats which may not be spoken of, those of "drinking my blood" at the moment my "brothers" reached Omdurman almost froze that blood in my veins. The whole night through we could hear the soft pat, pat, pat of naked feet, and sometimes the hard breathing of men running a race for life. Not having heard any firing, we made all sorts of conjectures. At one moment it was thought that the troops had rushed one of the zarebas under cover of darkness, and these were the fugitives coming into town; next it was believed that the Khalifa had altered his plans, and decided to stand a siege in Omdurman.

Vague Theories. Next it was thought that the Dervishes had rushed the camp of the troops; but this idea was soon discarded, for the people running back to town would surely have had breath to yell out the news of victory. I have already given the reasons for these people returning, but these I only learned later. For our prisoners, the night passed in frightful anxiety, and amidst alternate hopes and sickening fears.

Daylight was only creeping through the skies when we heard a low boom, followed by an ever increasing volume of yells and screechings as of panic-stricken itself let loose in the doomed city. Then came a terrific explosion which, positively shook Omdurman: the town could not stand this sort of thing for ten minutes: so we gave ourselves up as lost. But the bombardment ceased as suddenly as it began. I asked one of the gaoler's boys to

climb to the roof of the Umm Hagar to see what the gunboats were doing, as we believed the shells had been fired by them. He called back that they were "standing still" near Halfeyeh, and not firing at all.

Distant Thunder. We could hear the distant booming still going on, so we knew then that the English were holding their own if nothing more, and hope returned. We did not require the boy to call out, when the gunboats moved down stream, that they, too, were opening fire on the Dervish camps. We could almost follow the tide of battle in that furious artillery duel from the alternate roars and silence, as of waves breaking on a rock-bound coast. There was no doubt in our minds now that the tactics of the Atbara had been repeated, and that the zarebas were being shelled preparatory to being stormed; but the conjecture was wrong, as we learned later. Next the rattle of musketry was borne down on the wind. It was not the rattle of Dervish rifles either: we knew well the sound of these. Then followed a long silence, only to be succeeded by another terrific fusillade; to us prisoners it was the reserve zareba which was now being carried, but the tale of the battle is old, and who has not heard of that second fight on the day of Omdurman, when MacDonald's brigade withstood the combined attack of the armies of Sheikh ed Din and Yacoub? One must go amongst the Dervish survivors of that attack to learn the details of the fight.

The Khalifa's Brother. Those having glasses in the British lines must have noticed Yacoub prancing about on horseback in front of his army; this was in imitation of the man he could see on horseback in front of the brigade which was mowing down his men by hundreds at each volley. The Dervishes have since learned who the man was, and "MacDonald" (with "Es Sirdar") is now a name to conjure with in the Sudan. It was not the first time that MacDonald had so terribly punished the Dervishes while commanding troops whom they had expected would throw down their arms and bolt, as in the olden days.

While all this was occurring on the field of battle, I, in prison, to allay my painful excitement (and really to calm my overstrung nerves), took the Ratib of Ibrahim Wad el Fabel, and occupied myself with "illuminating" its pages with red and black ink designs. At this occupation I had often earned a few dollars, but Fabel still owes me for my last exploit in "illumination." I left the work unfinished about noon to attend to two young men attached to the prison, who had come in from the fight—one with a bullet over the left temple, and the other with

one in the muscle of the left arm. Provided only with a penknife, I made a cross cut over the spot where I could in one case see, and the other feel, the bullet embedded, and then I simply pressed them out. Both bullets had kept their shape, and must have been encountered at extreme range, or rather beyond it.

Maybe, with a European, chloroform might have been necessary for the extraction of the bullet in the arm, but in the case of a Soudanese—have I not already said that a Dervish can continue

leaping and stabbing with half-a-dozen terrible wounds in his body?—a Dervish can and will kill at the very moment when the ventricles of his heart make their last contraction. Bodily pain, as we understand it, is unknown to them. Wonderful is the power of fanaticism. Many a time have I applied and seen applied red-hot charcoal to sores, with the patients calmly looking on. After dabbing a little carbolic acid over the wounds of my present patients I asked what news they had brought. Yacoub, they said, was killed. Almost all the faithful were killed or wounded; and the Khalifa himself was running back to Omdurman, but they had outstripped him.

And while still questioning them, Idris es Saier told me that the Muslimanieh who had been taken out to fight had made their way back to town, and were rummaging for European clothes in which to array themselves to receive the troops when they arrived. No delicate compliment here, mind you, but the sheer instinct of self-preservation.

I should here take up the personal narratives of those who were fighting in the Dervish lines in order to present a complete history. At

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sunrise on September 2nd, Sheikh ed Din determined on attacking with his army of riflemen and cavalry, leaving Yacoub, with whom was his father, the Khalifa, as a reserve. The shells which fell among his men did not knock them over or mow them down in lanes. No, they "blew a hundred men and horses high into the air"; then, when the rifle fire struck them, it "rolled them about like little stones." The carnage was so frightful that Sheikh ed Din himself led the way to the shelter in a khor to the west of Surgham Hill. And now, to

understand clearly what followed next, and in a measure to explain the post of honour being given to the Khalifa's son, Sheikh ed Din, I must refer to an incident occurring at the last moment before the Dervish army left Omdurman.



"WITH A PENKNIFE I MADE A CUT OVER THE SPOT WHERE I COULD FEEL THE BULLET EMBEDDED."

The
Mahdi's
White
Flag.

Khalifa
Shereef,
since his
insurrec-

tion against Abdullahi, had not been allowed to exhibit the white flag made specially for the family of the Mahdi. It was believed that Abdullahi intended to nominate his son to succeed him, but this was against the expressed order of the

Mahdi that Wad Helu and then Shereef should follow in the succession. While Sheikh ed Din was given the principal command, Shereef was not allowed any command at all; nor was the white flag of Mahdieh brought out of the Beit el Amana. Discontent was openly expressed at this, and some of the more religious or fanatical of the Mahdists demanded to know whether it was Abdullahi or Mahdieh they were to fight for. Abdullahi was advised to bring out the white flag, and it was carried at the extreme left of his army, but Abdullahi had hoped that the Sheikh ed Din would return as the victor of Kereri, and thus his succession could be assured by the aid of an "extra-strong vision."

Seeing the repulse of Sheikh ed Din, the Khalifa ordered the advance of Yacoub's army, and, as they were advancing, Sheikh ed Din collected his men and joined it. Then it was that the determined attack was made on MacDonald's brigade. The Khalifa had dismounted, and, sitting on his prayer-skin, surrounded by his Mulazameen six deep, he held secret communion again with the prophet and the Mahdi—while his army was being mowed down in thousands. Yacoub, with his Emirs and bodyguard of horsemen, rode in front of the troops, and did his best to incite them to a final rush on the brigade.

The white flag of the Mahdich was pushed close to where the 2nd Egyptian battalion, under Colonel Pimp, was posted, and five standard-bearers in succession were shot down. Others ran to raise it only to be shot down in turn, until the flag was literally buried under the slain. Almost at this moment a well-aimed shell blew Yacoub and his bodyguard "high in the air," and that before the Khalifa's eyes: the black flag was planted, but the Dervishes had had a lesson. Yunis, breaking through Abdullahi's bodyguard, ran to him, saying, "Why do you sit here? Escape—everyone is being killed." But the now fallen tyrant, Abdullahi, sat still, dazed and stupefied with what he had seen. With the help of others, however, Yunis raised him to his feet, and actually pushed and huddled him along. Then Abdullahi, the Khalifa, started running on foot. He refused to mount a horse or camel: but after stumbling and falling three times Yunis persuaded him to mount a donkey! His great army was now in full retreat, and wails of "Where, oh, Abdullahi—where is the victory you promised?" assailed his ears.

Calling his camel syce, Abou Gekka, he told him to hurry on a fast camel to Omdurman, there collect his wives, children, and treasures, and conduct them to the Zareba el Arrda (parade-ground) to the west of Omdurman, where he would meet them, and then all were to fly together.

On reaching the zareba, however, his household were not visible; and, hearing that there were still thousands of his troops in Omdurman, he was persuaded to

enter the town, and make a last stand at the praying-ground. When nearing the mosque, Abdullahi saw Yacoub's eunuch waiting there. Telling him to collect Yacoub's wives, children, etc., and take them to the zareba, the eunuch asked, "Where is my master?" Abdullahi then—probably for the very last time—exercised his power of life and death. Turning to one of those near him, he said, haughtily, "Who is this slave, to question my orders?" And next moment the eunuch fell dead at Abdullahi's feet with a bullet through his head.

Reaching the large praying inclosure,



"YUNIS PERSUADED THE KHALIFA TO MOUNT A DONKEY!"

Abdullahi ordered the drums and ombeychs to be sounded, but few or none obeyed the summons; some came—looked at the unfortunate despot sitting there mute, and then slunk off. Others, I have heard, gibed him by asking if he was "sitting on his farwah." The farwah, or prayer-skin, is what the leaders formerly stood upon when the day was lost, and they awaited their death. Finding himself deserted by all, he called for his secretary, Abou el Gassim, and asked what could be done.

How the
Flag was
Buried.

A Last
Stand.

Gassim, whether in a sarcastic vein or not, recommended that he should continue praying where he was, and that, maybe, his prayers would still bring victory. But, there being none to join in the prayers, the Khalifa asked Gassim to collect his household and bring them to him. Gassim went off, and did not return. At this time Taishi, Baggara, Berti Habbanieh, Rhizaghat, Digheem, and other tribes, whom Abdullahi formerly depended upon for support, were streaming off, to the number of probably fifteen thousand, from the south of the town. Calling two men, he asked them to go outside the town and see how far the Government troops were distant. The messengers, on reaching the Tombs of the Martyrs—about twelve hundred yards from where Abdullahi was sitting—suddenly came across the Sirdar and his staff standing at the angle of the great wall. They watched the staff move off towards the Beit el Mal, when they returned and reported this to Abdullahi. Slipping through the door communicating with his house he changed his clothes, collected the remainder of his household, and quietly slipped off while the Sirdar was making the complete circuit of Omdurman with the exception of those twelve hundred yards.

It is a thousand pities, as things actually were, that the staff did not continue the direction they were then taking, for a few minutes' trot along the deserted street leading to the prayer-ground would have resulted in the Sirdar laying his hands upon Abdullahi, as he sat there absolutely alone, on the spot where he had hoped his faithful would make their last stand.

The sun was setting, and still we in prison did not know exactly how the day had gone. We had heard the drums and ombeyehs, which told us that Abdullahi was calling upon the faithful to assemble at the prayer-ground. A cloud of dust on the desert and the gunboats slowly steaming up meant that the troops were advancing on the town. Idris es Saier came and asked me what he was to do—to go to his master or wait for the English? I advised him to close the gates of the prison, use his rifles upon any of the Baggara trying to force an entrance, and wait and see who would ask for the keys—the expected Sirdar or the Khalifa. In all cases—I told him—it was his duty to protect the prisoners in his charge, and I constantly reminded him of Fauzi's impressive tale of the two gaolers. When we heard the shrill cries of the women we knew someone was being welcomed, and guessed correctly that it was the English at last. Idris, in his anxiety to secure his prisoners, had us all

chained in gangs earlier than usual, and this linking of my gang to the common chain had only just been completed when Idris came, frightened out of his life, as one could tell by his voice, to tell me that the "place was filled with my English brothers."

That a big, tall man—who he was told was the dreaded Sirdar—had asked for me, and that I was to come at once. It seemed an age while the chain was being slipped from my shackles, and then, led by Idris, I made my way to the gate of the Saier. I was crying dry-eyed. I could see a blurred group, and then I was startled out of my senses by hearing English spoken—the only words of a European language I had heard for seven long years. From that blurred group, and through the gloom, came a deep, strong voice, "ARE YOU NEUFELD?—ARE YOU WELL?" And then a tall figure stepped toward me and gave my hand a hearty shake. It was the Sirdar, now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. I believe I babbled something as I received a handshake from one and a slap on the shoulder from another; but I do not know what I said. Looking down at my shackles, the Sirdar asked, "Can these be taken off now?—I am going on." I believe a second's discussion took place with the trembling Idris, and then I heard the last order I was to receive and obey in the Saier, "Neufeld, *out yoo go!*" It was the Sirdar's order, and, half carried by the friendly and strong arms supporting me, I obeyed.

The next thing I remember was a British officer slipping off his horse, lifting me into the saddle, and trudging along at my side after the terribly trying and arduous day he must have had.

I was taken to the "Head-quarters' Mess" at the camp. The Sirdar had, I believe, allowed himself the luxury of a broken angareeb on which to rest; the staff were lying in all positions on the sand, fagged out, but hard at work with despatches and orders by the light of guttering candles. It was a hungry, thirsty, and dead-beat "Head-quarters' Mess" I had been invited to on the night of the memorable 2nd of September.

While the comfort of the troops had been looked to, the Sirdar and his staff had evidently neglected themselves; their canteen and mess was miles away on slow-travelling camels; and one of the most brilliant victories of the nineteenth century was being celebrated by a supper consisting of a few biscuits, bad water, some of my prison bread, which I shared with others around me, and Cairo cigarettes; with the sand of the desert for seats, and the silent canopy of heaven as the roof over our heads.

Sarcastic
Advice.

Neufeld
and the
Sirdar.

What Might
Have Been.

An Un-
selfish Act.



"EVERYONE HAD A TRY AT THOSE CHAINS."

Soon after reaching the "mess" I heard a voice calling, "Where's Neufeld?" and the inquirer introduced himself to me; it was Mr. Bennet Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*.

I had heard—and yet had not heard—much English spoken to me; but the flood of language he poured out when he found me still in chains came as a revelation to me. It was as picturesque as his description of the battle which I have since read. Rushing off, he was back in a few moments, accompanied by some farriers, with their shoeing implements, to try and remove my chains. Off again, he returned with some engineers, and amidst a running torrent of abuse, concerning cold chisels and other implements he required, and which were not forthcoming, he questioned me. Everyone had a try at those chains. Someone I heard use weird language concerning the Khalifa when he found his thumb between the hammer and the links. But, with a great deal of strong language and equally strong blows, the links connecting with the anklets were cut through. The anklets themselves, however, were only removed, owing to want of appliances, on board Colonel Gordon's steamer, a few minutes before he led the way for the troops who were to take part in the funeral service at the spot where his hero-uncle fell.

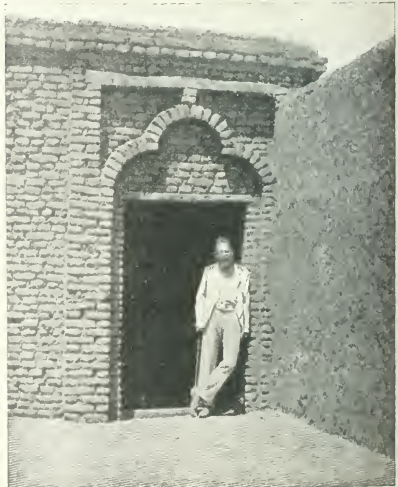
While Joseppi was imprisoned with me I was able to exercise my mother tongue, and correct his broken German, which gave me, at all events,

some little amusement; but after his murder, and the escape of Father Ohrwalder, I never had another opportunity of speaking a European language except in my dreams and when I was talking to myself. For seven long years—with the single exception of the word "torpedo," by which name the Algerian described his mines—I had not heard a syllable of a European tongue. The last Europeans I had spoken to before leaving Egypt were English; the first language I was to hear on my release was English.

And then a strange thing happened. As **His Brain a Blank.**

far as language was concerned, my brain became a blank from the moment I left Wady Halfa to the moment when the Sirdar called out, "Are you Neufeld?" So that when the German Military Attaché

spoke to me in German, while hearing, and in the main understanding what he said, I could not (much to his very evident annoyance) find words in my mother tongue to reply. It was weeks after my return to Egypt before I was



THIS IS A SNAP-SHOT OF MR. NEUFELD STANDING A FREE MAN IN THE DOORWAY OF THE KHALIFA'S BROTHER'S HOUSE THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

able to express myself properly in the German language. While to myself this was not greatly to be wondered at, yet the fact might be of interest to some scientist who has made cerebral affections his particular study.

On the morning following the Battle of Omdurman a number of the townspeople came out to the camp complaining of the rough usage they had been subjected to at the hands of the Soudanese troops left in charge of the town; and also of the looting of their houses.

The majority, not knowing that the **Neufeld as Interpreter.** Sirdar and his staff were fluent Arabic scholars, brought their complaints to me, and asked me to interpret for them. In my then excited and half-dazed state I rushed off to report the affairs. Colonel Maxwell at once called up a hundred men, and with an officer and sergeant instructed me to proceed to the town and see the men posted in the houses of the complainants. The real truth of the matter, of course, only came out later, and as I do not know of anyone else who is in as good a position as I am to relate it, I submit the following.

Long before the troops reached the town the inhabitants were busily engaged in looting the Mahdich institutions and the deserted houses of the fleeing Baggara and others. Their local knowledge obviated the necessity of *searching* for loot; they knew well where there was anything at all worth taking, and they took it, anticipating the troops by half a day. Into every occupied house loot was being carried, if not by the head of the household, then by the servants and others attached to the establishment, while the head of the house mounted guard. True, the soldiers *did* loot towards midnight — but what? Well, angareeb mainly (the native seats and bedsteads combined), on which to rest themselves instead of lying down on the filth-sodden ground of Omdurman. Heaven knows they richly de-

served the temporary loan of these angareeb. Wherever residents were looted it was their own fault. The victorious and grinning blacks kept an eye on their hereditary enemies — the lighter coloured population—as they passed backwards and forwards, always entering their huts loaded and emerging empty-handed.

In their eagerness to collect all they could they threw down their loot and hurried off for more; and during their absence the black "Tommy" annexed whatever he thought would be useful to him. The Sirdar himself could not have made a better arrangement than that which came of itself. The troops were enabled to keep at their posts with an eye open for any lurking Baggara; the looting was being done for them by the residents, who knew exactly where to lay their hands upon anything worth taking, and this instead of time being wasted by searching empty houses, while the soldiers were kept in good spirits by having the fun of the looting without running the risk of being suddenly confronted with half-a-dozen Baggara concealed in some hut or room.

Looting the Town.



"THE VICTORIOUS BLACKS KEPT AN EYE ON THEIR HEREDITARY ENEMIES AS THEY ENTERED THEIR HUTS LOADED WITH LOOT."

(To be concluded.)

A Mexican "Mecca," and What I Saw There.

By MRS. L. M. TERRY, OF MEXICO CITY.

The wife of a civil engineer in Mexico City describes the extraordinary sights she saw during the Indian pilgrimage to Amecameca, the Holy City of Mexico. Mrs. Terry is a close observer and an able writer, and she illustrates her article with a set of beautiful photographs. Particularly interesting are the photos. of the strange Indian figure of Christ, which is the centre of attraction; and the devotee crowned with thorns, ascending the Sacred Hill on her knees.



AMECAMECA, THE HOLY CITY OF MEXICO, WITH THE GREAT VOLCANO OF POPocatepetl IN THE BACKGROUND.
From a Photo. by C. B. Waite, Mexico.



PART from its holy attributes—it is the "most sacred spot in Mexico"—Amecameca is far and away the most beautiful village in "Old-New Spain." With its background of snow-capped mountains, sloping-roofed red houses, and terraced hills, you would never think Amecameca was a Mexican town at all, so utterly foreign—Andean or Swiss—is it in appearance. And yet it is from here that you start on your ascent of Mexico's greatest volcano, Popocatepetl. Here, too, is the wonderful "Santo Monte," or "Sacred Mountain," of Mexico, which you must climb if you desire to be blessed among the faithful. Here, once lived good Fray Martín, of sacred memory—a worthy follower of Saint Anthony; and lastly, at Amecameca you can witness, at certain seasons of the year, the very grotesque and withal pathetic "Passion Play" as given by the Indians.

Only two or three hours' railway ride from the City of Mexico, Amecameca is very easy of access, and there is the best of lodging to be found for both man and beast at the "Spanish Hotel," the back windows of which inn command a magnificent view of the great volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. Other than the "Sacred Mountain" and the "Sacred Image" of Amecameca, both of which are located outside the town proper, the "sights" of Amecameca are few. There is, of course, the parish church, and you will do well to visit it if you have any interest in old Spanish churches. This particular *iglesia* was built in the year 1500, by the Dominican Friars; and it stands to-day much as those old-world folk left it, ages ago. Some very fine old paintings decorate the stained and dusty walls; cobwebs float from the magnificent wood-carving of the altar, and tawdry red, white, and green ribbons (the Mexican national colours) adorn (?) the exquisite old Moorish

dome. But even these inconsistencies cannot spoil the very beautiful old church. To be sure, on the topmost niche of the great altar you may see a bottle bearing the legend "Bass's Ale," which contains a spray of "Saint John's" lilies, and not, as might be supposed, ale of the great Bass's manufacture! In other more civilized countries one might question or cavil, but knowing the peon, you will remember that no disrespect is intended; and in Mexico bottles are so expensive!

A shady, willow-bordered road leads one from the parish church to the foot of the Sacred

grove of *ahuehuetes* (willows). Now and then, where there are glimpses in the shrubbery, you catch enchanting glimpses of the snow-capped volcanoes, as well as small vistas of the quaint red and green town at your feet. But it is best to await the magnificent view, in its entirety, until the top of "Sacro Monte" is reached, for from there one of the grandest views in the world is to be seen. During the rainy season (May to October) a very clear view of the two mountains cannot be obtained, for mist and clouds hide them from sight. But during the "dry time" Popocatepetl and his



"A SHADY, WILLOW-BORDERED ROAD LEADS FROM THE PARISH CHURCH TO THE FOOT OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN."
From a Photo. by C. B. Waite, Mexico.

Mountain. And, guarded at the bottom of the hill by a small but very elaborate chapel, the winding causeway of the "Sacro Monte" begins. This you must follow in order to visit Fray Martin's cave, and the Sacred Image that reposes therein. This road dates back many hundreds of years, having been originally made to provide for the ascent of multitudes of Indians, who come from all parts of Mexico to worship the "Señor of Amecameca"—otherwise the Sacred Image. Scattered all the way along this road are "stations"—fourteen of them—built of the most exquisite tiles, and at these the faithful are expected to pause and offer up devotions. While one may not always do one's duty in this respect, nevertheless these stations do offer good opportunities for occasional breathing-spaces, for the causeway winds upward steeply, and you are breathless long before you have climbed half-way up.

The path itself is paved with round flat stones, and winds along through a very beautiful

sleeping companion, the "White Lady" (so called by the Indians on account of her resemblance to the outline of a recumbent woman), tower up brilliantly into the dark blue of a Mexican sky, seemingly so near that one could, by reaching forward, almost gather handfuls of snow from their mighty sides. But in reality, Popocatepetl is several hours' horseback scramble over the *pedregal* (lava) from Amecameca; while Ixtaccihuatl lies miles and miles distant. This latter volcano, by the way, has never been ascended, so far as lies within the knowledge of man.

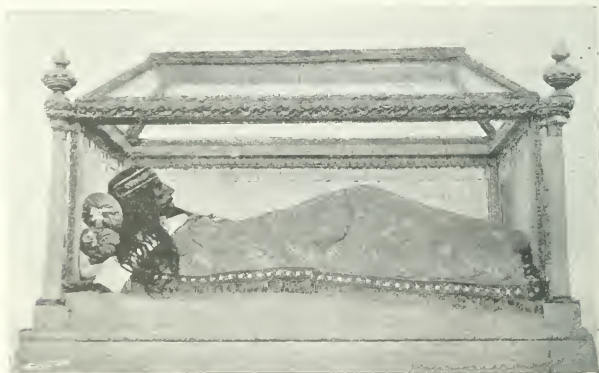
Very glorious is the outlook that lies before you, as viewed from the "Padre's Terrace" on the Holy Hill overlooking the picturesque, red-roofed town of Amecameca. The white churches shine out from dark-green olive groves, their Moorish towers glistening under the sun's rays; and there are gardens and fruit orchards, with silvery waters that gleam beyond the green of the meadows; and the purple of the lower

foot-hills, and the ever-changing lights on the nearer mountains, all dominated and dwarfed by the two great silent volcanoes that rear their lofty heads far above the snow-line, and seem to dream there tranquilly in silent watch over the little town below. A grander scene can scarcely be found. You would prefer to spend all your time in this one spot, admiring this sublime view, but you are not allowed to! The Sacred Image of Amecameca is yet to be seen, not to mention the cave of holy Fray Martin, so there must be no more worship just now of the great mountains.

Fray Martin's cave, which is also the shrine of "Nuestro Señor de Amecameca," is a tiny one, rudely cut by Fray Martin himself into the side of the "Sacred Mountain." During that good man's time it had no furnishings or adornments, save only the Father's straw *petates* and rude vessels. Now, however, the floor is covered with exquisite, glistening tiles, any one of

paration, known in those days, but now a lost art. At any rate, while fully life-size, this remarkable image weighs exactly *two pounds!*

This unlovely image is the idol of the Indians of Amecameca, as well as the surrounding *pueblos*. Many persons have attempted to purchase or steal it, and have naturally failed. For, like Titian's great "Entombment" at Tzintzuntzan, this image is secretly guarded by day and night, and woe be unto the person who attempts to steal it! To purchase it, as before stated, would be a matter of impossibility. The origin of the image is not known, though there are many legends, all of them different save in one point, which declares that it has reposed in the same case, in this one spot, ever since the year 1500. Where it came from, and when made, no one knows, but it is said that nearly four hundred years ago the sacred figure was brought mysteriously to the door of its present shrine by an equally mysterious mule,



THIS BEING THE ONLY FIGURE OF CHRIST IN THE CENTRAL ATTRACTION AT THIS MEXICAN "MECCA,"
[Caption] (LIFE-SIZE, YET IT WEIGHS ONLY TWO POUNDS!) [Photo.]

which you feel that you would give your head for, and which continually cause you to break the tenth commandment. The low roof, rude, damp, and crumbling in the days of Fray Martin—is now smoothed, polished, and even coloured. And over in the corner, where his straw sleeping-mat once lay, now reposes a gilded and much-decorated case, which has the honour of containing the "Image" of Amecameca. This is a very remarkable image, entirely unlike any one of the thousands that are venerated throughout Mexico. It is perfectly black, and represents the dead Christ, being, of course, very rudely fashioned. The material seems to be a sort of corn-stalk pith or fibre—perhaps a maguey pre-

and there left! It is certain that the image is not Spanish, nor could it have been made or worshipped by the Indians of the fifteenth century. In fact, it is difficult to account for its origin, and one is reduced to the conclusion that, like Topsy, it must have simply "grewed!"

This mystery naturally lends enchantment to the Image, so far as the Indians of Mexico are concerned, and monthly—even weekly—huge pilgrimages are made to the shrine of the wonderful, miracle-working "Señor," devotees coming from all parts of the Republic to kiss the glass case holding the strange black Cristo. Such pilgrimages generally take place on a Church or saint's day, and are very interesting to watch. All during the night before such a



From a Photo. by

PIGRIAS ON THEIR WAY UP THE SACRED MOUNTAINS TO VENERATE THE IMAGE.

[C. B. Waite, Mexico.]

fiesta, groups of blanketed and sandalled brown Indians travel silently into the town; many of them having covered hundreds of weary miles in journeying from the Sierras or the plains in order to see the Sacred Image at fiesta time. Dull-faced, stolid men lead the *burros* or asses, while their blue-blanketed, sturdy wives trot silently along behind, babies and bundles slung indiscriminately on their broad shoulders or backs. They pour in by hundreds, all intent on the ascent of the Holy Hill and a glimpse of the Sacred Image. Then, that duty performed, they rest for a while, and eat the humble tortillas which they have brought with them. Later, with rude, native chalk, they trace the outlines of their tired feet on the walls or flat stones of the hill, to prove that they have made the holy pilgrimage. And then, bundling up the babies and saying farewell to "Nuestro Señor," off they go again on the long journey homewards.

While I was allowed to enter the cave and view the shrine of "Nuestro Señor" from a sufficiently respectful distance, I was forbidden to take photographs of the Image, or even touch its glass and gold case. Only once a year—during Holy Week—is the "Christ" moved from its cave, and then only for a few days. Generally, on Good Friday, it is taken down the hill to San Sebastien Church. During the Indian "Passion Play" it is carried solemnly

about in all the processions: and on the next day—the "Saturday of Glory"—it remains in state in church to be worshipped. But on Easter Sunday, late in the evening, "Nuestro Señor" is carried back, with much pomp and rejoicing, to his mysterious cave.

This same small cave, by the way, was the home for many years of Fray Martin himself, of sacred memory. He belonged to the Franciscan order, and his life-work was the conversion of the Indians of Amecameca and the surrounding districts. Greatly beloved and revered by them, this good man was reputed the idol, also, of the animals of the *abuehuete* forests thereabouts; for the legends tell that the little beasts of the forest changed their holes and lairs in order to live near him, and the birds forsook their nests and favourite trees so that they might be close enough to sing to him. His life, from all accounts, seems to have been full of pure and holy deeds—a life spent in self-denial and self-forgetfulness, and wholly devoted to his "Indios." And so greatly beloved was he by his flock of simple-minded followers, that upon his death and burial at Tlalmanalco (at that time the burial-ground of his order) the Indians secretly stole his bones and buried them in the little cave that had for so many long, weary years been his only home. There, even to this day, nearly four hundred years after, the Indians go weekly and monthly,

not only to make their devotions to the Image, but also to pray that the spirit of Padre Martin will guide them, and give them such things as they may stand in need of or desire.

These pilgrimages, particularly during Holy Week, are very interesting, being a strange mixture of Indian and Christian rites—the latter, perhaps, predominating. No priests officiate, and the Indians, after first holding celebrations at the foot of the Holy Hill, climb it, carrying torches, and stopping to pray at each of the four main stations on the way up. At each of these stopping places they must leave little tokens of their presence, such as a lock of hair, a scrap of their garment, or perhaps a strip of straw from the rim of the sombrero.

Often, very devout or penitent pilgrims make the ascent of the Holy Hill on their knees. Some even wear the *corona de espinos*, or crown of thorns, in token of great humility of mind and a desire to suffer as Christ Himself did. It is a very ghastly sight, and I have never been able to forget one old poor woman who was making this fanatical "viaje." She was a particularly repulsive, ugly old creature of over sixty, clothed in worn-out rags, which were soiled and torn with long travel. Her hair was matted, and fell in grey, stringy locks over her drawn and blood-stained face—for the crown of thorns with Indian foetias is a sad and painful reality. It was a very ghastly sight, I say, as this half-crazed old creature, in her rags and crown of thorns, wriggled and crawled along, praying half deliriously in her own guttural dialect. Speaking to no one, looking at no one, paying no heed, she was intent only on the fulfilment of her vow,

apparently giving no thought to the cruel thorns that cut her forehead and head, or the sharp stones and pebbles that bruised her poor, trembling old knees. In her wake followed a crowd of Indians, who praised her, and even ran before her now and then, and flung their tilmas and rebosos in her path, to soften her pilgrimage. Many of them also held her up by the hands when, after the manner of wearied

Moses, she would be unable to crawl on from fatigue and weakness, falling many times face downward on the sharp stones of the causeway.

At the very top of the hill is the little chapel of Guadalupe, and in this hang innumerable pictures of saints and any amount of votive offerings. These latter are worthy of careful study and investigation, for one may be sure that their like was never seen elsewhere on the earth, or under or above the earth, for that matter. All of them are, of course, dedicated to the Image of the Sacro Monte, and every one of them is worth hundreds of dollars to the curiosity seeker. One of these representations particularly excites one's curiosity—a small square picture, done in faint browns and greens, and representing a holy friar on



A WOMAN DEVOTEE, WEARING A REAL CROWN OF THORNS, MAKING THE PILGRIMAGE ON HER KNEES, ASSISTED BY HER FRIENDS.

From a Photo. by C. B. Waite, Mexico.

his sick bed, with other monks giving him spiritual consolation; while "Our Señor of the Holy Hill" looms up in the background. The whole is really quite well drawn and expressed. Underneath this representation is written, in very crabbed and old-fashioned Spanish script, the following:—

"In the year 1541, the holy Padre Domingo, being very seriously afflicted with an infirmity of the liver, had been given up by the practitioners

of medicine. He commended himself to the Virgin and our Saviour, received the Last Sacrament, and was beginning to grow cold, when, lo and behold! there appeared to him our Most Merciful Señor of the Sacred Mountain, who on the spot restored his life and health. In token whereof, this picture was painted and hung in the holy chapel of Guadalupe, in perpetual commemoration of the healing powers possessed by Nuestro Señor del Sacro Monte."

That, of course, is only one of the offerings. There are scores of others, some of them dating back three hundred years. Some are crude, some gaudy, and many others well drawn and painted, in commemoration of all sorts of accidents. There is one, I remember, which tells of the sickness and subsequent near approach to death of a peon girl who had imbibed not wisely but too well of a certain "pulque compuesto," but who was saved by "Nuestro Señor." Another shows a railroad accident where a man narrowly escaped death in the wreck by calling at the very last moment upon "El Señor." There is another of a boat accident, and so on.

At the back of this chapel, and a little farther up the hill, is the cemetery, or "place of the foot-prints." In the cemetery one finds a great number of clay tombs and monuments, upon all of which have been rudely traced outlines of feet, of all sorts and shapes and sizes. This is done so as to leave behind the trace of the pilgrim's foot, in proof that the sacred pilgrimage had been made. Not to be outdone, we also outlined our shoes on the flat white stones alongside those of the faithful. For we, too, had worshipped at the shrine of "Nuestro Señor"; bought rosaries of the old woman of the chapel, and left scraps of our garments—though not willingly—in the shrubbery and undergrowth of the Sacred Mountain, in the vain attempt to find orchids.

From this queer "place of the footprints" one follows another un paved road through the ahuchuetes down to the town. During the rainy season one cannot imagine anything more delightful than this moss-hung grove of willows, where shy rabbits scamper across your path

and tiny birds flit here and there and chirp inquiringly at you—just as they did, perhaps, in the days of good old Fray Martin. Peace to his ashes!

The quiet is broken as one descends, getting nearer to the village and the scenes of the fiesta, for Holy Week to the Indians of Mexico is not a time of fasting and prayer, but rather a season of gambling, dancing, feasting, eating, and drinking! Even on Easter Sunday itself one finds booths and little white tents, gaily decorated and adorned with Mexican flags, streamers, and flowers, stretching from the very foot of the Holy Hill to the station yards and hotel. In them all sorts of things are hung out and displayed for the temptation and downfall of the economically-inclined. Pulque and mescal are flowing far more freely than water; and there is even the inevitable English ale and more ordinary beer or "cerveza." The air is full of the fragrance of frying tortillas, stuffed with cheese and onions, and other edibles, and which, if you don't fear indigestion, you will find more than savoury—particularly if you take with them a wee bit of red chili!

It is all Indian, pure and simple. There are no foreign features or strangers to mar the scene. Everywhere you will see only the lounging figures of the men, in their white manta garments and big gay sombreros, with the inevitable scarlet tilma flung across one shoulder. All are snoking lazily and talking in low, drowsy tones; and the dark, bright-faced women, in their clean starched skirts and gracefully twisted blue rebosos, chatter and laugh merrily among themselves, as they deftly roll up and fry the tortillas, and get ready the pulque for their "lords' dinners. It is all truly unique, Indian, uncivilized, and you forget all about the twentieth century, and money, and the struggle for life and existence, enviously watching these people, who, after all, understand and enjoy life as life should be enjoyed! Just about this time, however, the whistle of the Inter-Oceanic Express is heard in the land; you have a scant two minutes in which to reach the station, so you say a hurried "Adios" to fascinating Amecameca and your Indians, and make a wild rush for the station and civilization.



THE FATE OF MY CARAVAN

BY JOHANN P.
RONDSTEIN,
OF STUTTGART.

A well-known German trader tells the dreadful tale of the fate of his caravan whilst journeying in the wilder parts of North Africa. The whole conveys a vivid idea of the perils of trade in the remote interiors of such countries as Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco. A special interest attaches to the portraits and photos. reproduced. Than the Touareg no more fierce and formidable marauders exist. The unfortunate Marquis de Morés fell into their clutches and was killed; and a recent despatch from the Kaïd of Wargla (also written Uargla) gave rise to fears that the French Foureau-Lamy Mission had been massacred by the "veiled men of the desert" in the Air country.

reassured him, telling him that Tunisia, and especially Algeria, was at the present day for the most part civilized. They also told him that even the desert tribes are not nearly so predatory and ferocious as they were twenty years ago.

The result was that on the 2nd of April, 1895, Herr Wolf started out from Stuttgart with his young wife, Aline, and their little daughter Lucia. They proceeded direct to Lyons, where

Wolf had several interviews with the big manufacturers respecting orders I had placed there. The arrangement made was that Wolf should stay at least three years in Tunis and Algeria in order to establish a connection, and this is why he took his family with him. I may remark that Frau Wolf had no relatives or friends in Stuttgart—another reason why she was anxious not to be left behind. A fortnight later I myself arrived in the great silk city; and after all our arrangements were completed, we directed that our goods should be sent to the harbour of Goletta, the seaport of Tunis.



SOME time prior to 1895 I made up my mind to extend my export business, and appointed a representative to proceed to Tunis and Algeria to introduce for me into those regions silks, cottons, and other merchandise. The

person I appointed was Herr Kilm Wolf, of this town (Stuttgart). A melancholy interest attaches to the portrait at the top of the next page, which shows Herr Wolf with his little daughter, Lucia. As he had little or no experience of the East, I thought it better to accompany him on the journey myself, and see him comfortably settled in his office in the town of Wargla, in North-Western Algeria, which was to be our business centre. Incidentally, I wanted to acquire a knowledge of trade in that remote town. Now, at first Wolf didn't like the idea of burying himself away in this manner, but after a time his friends



MR. JOHANN P. RONDSTEIN, WHOSE CARAVAN FELL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THE DREADED TOUAREG.

From a Photo.



HERR KILIM WOLFF AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER—HE WAS KILLED
From a BY THE TOUAREG IN THE NIGHT ATTACK. *[Photo.*

On leaving Lyons we went direct to Barcelona, and there waited some days in order that our merchandise might arrive in Tunis at approximately the same time as ourselves. At last a "Messageries" steamer landed us at Goletta, where business did not prevent us from making an interesting tour of the town. We lost no time, however, in making inquiries respecting the transport of our goods to Wargla. I interviewed the Italian and Maltese traders, who told me that the best thing would be to engage a camel caravan with men, rather than hire wheeled vehicles. It was pointed out to me that the desert Arabs were more apt to come down upon carriages, thinking that these must surely belong to some rich foreign trader. Herr Wolff and his young wife heard all these things, and the latter got very nervous. I did my best to reassure both of them, but I think they were a little scared at their first

glimpse of the East. Frequently I heard Frau Wolff asking anxiously, "What should I do if anything happened to my little Lucia in the desert?" She didn't mind bearing all sorts of fatigues, she said, and troubles of every kind; but she dreaded above all things an attack by the Arabs. She had read of such things.

I thought it advisable that we should all wear Oriental dress, and this was done to render us as little conspicuous as possible. Before starting I went round alone to interview some of the oldest traders, and I must say that what I gathered made me feel very uneasy. Not that I feared trouble for Wolff and his family once they were safely settled in Wargla; but I thought it likely enough that we should be attacked on our way through the wild intervening country. The first few days out from Goletta I knew would be tranquil enough; but I dreaded the tribes dwelling in the mountains of Central Algeria. However, I reassured myself with the thought that if the worst came to the worst I would let the brigands have the goods, and then return to Tunis the best way I could. At the same time, my thoughts were not of the most cheerful kind. I recalled cases where ransom

was refused and the robbers had wrecked the caravan, wounding and even murdering some of the traders, and leaving the survivors helpless and nearly naked in the desert. I now much regretted having a lady in the party—particularly one who had never before travelled in the East.

After four or five days in Goletta we decided to set out, so I promptly engaged about twenty camels and three horses, these last for ourselves. We were a little puzzled to know what to do with little Lucia, but at length found a native nurse who had served Europeans before, and this woman volunteered to go to Wargla with us for a small wage. The child, I should mention, was only four or five years old at this time. I hired a special mule for her and her nurse, and on the 26th of April, everything being ready, our caravan assembled near the gate



FRAU ALINE WOLFF, WHO HAD SUCH A TERRIBLE
 INTRODUCTION TO ORIENTAL LIFE AND TRAVEL—
From a Photo. by J. Chalon, Valenciennes.

of the train ready to depart. The accompanying photo shows how the goods were packed upon the camels. When this photo was taken we were all in the highest possible spirits, and little dreamed what our fate was to be in the near future. At daybreak we started forth, striking due east. The weather was magnificent, and we all looked forward to the journey.



PART OF THE BERBER CARAVAN LEAVING GOLETTA ON ITS WAY TO WARGLA.
From a Photo.

After several days out from Goletta we came in sight of the mountains. In the evening we came suddenly into a sandy country, and stopped with mingled feelings of alarm and interest on seeing the tracks of camels everywhere. It was evident that a large number of Arabs had passed the night at this spot. For ourselves, we were inclined to pay no attention to this, but our porters and camel-men appeared to be much troubled. In the evening, when about to camp, we caught sight of a few mounted natives. Our camel-men made inquiries of these as to whether they knew anything about a tribe having passed that way. We learned that the strangers were themselves fugitives from this very tribe, whose chief had only just fought a great battle with another tribe. We were in the heart of the Touareg country, these wild, fierce warrior-robbers who defy the powers of France to this day.

You may imagine my feelings on hearing this. I asked our own camel-men if they thought there was anything to fear, and, as usual, they said the very worst was to be expected. "The victorious Arabs," they said, "are taking the same route as ourselves; they are going on to Wargla." It was impossible to keep this news from Wolff and his wife, and we passed a night of great anxiety. The feeling of utter loneliness and helplessness was enough to unnerve the stoutest heart—especially when one knew the reputation of the Touareg.

Next morning we heard camels groaning and screeching among the hills, and soon discovered

that a large party of Arabs had passed the night near us in a valley only a mile away from our own camp. I wondered desperately how we could hide ourselves. I suggested staying where we were, but our camel-men advised me that this would never do: the Arabs would think we were afraid of them. As a matter of fact, the Arabs would be right; we were—horribly afraid. We moved on, however, and in less than an hour were positively surrounded by an enormous crowd of fierce, gesticulating Orientals. They would be picturesque enough in a show; but I must confess that under the circumstances I felt fairly sick with nervous apprehension. In the hands of the Touareg! The trader in Algeria well knows what that means. It was impossible to get away, so there was nothing for it but to put a bold face upon the situation. One only needed to

glance once at the Arabs to see that they were far from the meek and mild variety. They were haughty and aggressive-looking fellows, and I did not think it in the least degree likely that we should get out of their clutches without sacrificing at least some of our goods. Poor Wolff was terror-stricken; whilst the face of his wife was deadly pale, and she seemed almost ready to faint.

She would come up to me repeatedly and say, "What *are* we going to do? What dreadful thing is going to happen to us—and to my Lucia?" I told her that it would be all right, and that there was little or nothing to fear from these people. I think she grew a little calmer then. I never saw so many Arabs gathered together. There must have been several thousands of them, and the desert all round was full of beasts of all kinds—horses, camels, asses, and flocks of sheep. We gathered from this that our neighbours were "on the war-path," and had cleared their enemy out of all he possessed. It was perfectly obvious, too, that escape was out of the question; and I felt so helpless that I smiled bitterly to myself as I surreptitiously loaded up my rifle and revolvers. It seemed such a futile proceeding.

As the minutes passed by, however, and nothing dreadful happened, I began to hope that after all the Touareg would not molest us. So far not a single word had been spoken, and, of course, this surprised me very much. We actually went on in this strange, silent way for two or three hours, and as my caravan was

going faster than the camels of the Arabs, we were rapidly passing them.

Suddenly a mounted Arab of fierce yet dignified appearance accosted me in his own beautiful tongue. He asked where we were bound for, and to whom the merchandise belonged. "At last!" I said to myself, grimly. I glanced at Frau Wolf, and was horrified to see that she was betraying symptoms of extreme terror. It was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to tell my camel-man to answer the chief. "Tell him," I said, "that we are bound for Wargla, and that the goods belong to the Governor of Tunis. Also, that they are consigned to the Pasha at Wargla."

To my indescribable relief, I caught the expression, "*Allah makoum*" (may God be with you), which Arabic phrase is equivalent to saying, "No one will molest you." Soon we left the Arab hordes behind altogether, and felt that the very worst was over. Herr Wolff and his wife manifested the greatest joy, and we pushed on as fast as possible, endeavouring by every means in our power to avoid the possibility of another meeting with these dreaded tribes.

I leave it for the reader to try and realize for himself what was our horror and misery when, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we suddenly beheld before us an enormous crowd of Arabs, far larger than the one we had passed in the morning. The whole desert seemed alive with them, and their caravan seemed to straggle for miles. It was extraordinary the way we burst upon them — or they upon us — without the least warning. I think we all despaired, especially when one of our new fellow-travellers rushed up somewhat threateningly and inquired where our caravan was going, and *what the packages contained!*

My camel-man returned a similar

answer to the one he had given the first chief, whereupon the insolent savage demanded one of the packages on the camels by way of a "present": and whilst the murderous brute was riding hither and thither among our men actually selecting for himself the package he wanted, I made up my mind that I had better accede to his request. Full of suppressed anxiety, I sent my head man to give him a bundle — indicating the one I meant. My man did so, with some apparent hesitation, and I really believe that the faithful fellow would not have obeyed had not the brigand threatened him with his spear. After the Arab had gone away with his prize, the camel-man came to me and told me that my weakness would surely have the worst possible effect. "They will discover," he said, "that the bale contains cotton goods, which they value highly, and I am certain they will come back and loot the whole caravan." I had no idea things would be so bad as this, having parted with the goods merely as a sop.

However, to our surprise, the Arabs disappeared and did not return. We appeared to be quite alone when we pitched our camp that night. The tents were put up in a slight depression in the ground. I chose this spot because I thought it might hide us from stray bands of robbers. We lighted no fires, and took every possible precaution to keep our whereabouts a secret.



"THE INSOLENT SAVAGE DEMANDED ONE OF THE PACKAGES ON THE CAMELS BY WAY OF A PRESENT."

Nevertheless, our plight seemed to me desperate, realizing as I did our utter helplessness in the hands of these savage marauders. It would, I reflected, be very easy for them not only to raid the caravan and seize the camels, but also to kill every one of us without anyone ever knowing what our fate had been. It was now dark, and I allowed no one in the camp to light even so much as a match: we also preserved utter silence. Our camels lay near us, in that strange attitude of statuesque superciliousness characteristic of the beast. I would never have believed that camels could have remained so still. I began to feel a little more hopeful, and after breathing a prayer for safety I retired to rest.

It is not much use striving to convey anything like an adequate idea of one's sensation at such times, so I will tell you briefly that I was roused by a sudden and tremendous uproar in the valley close to us. I heard men shouting and camels making all kinds of weird noises.



ROBBERIES AFTER LEAVING THIS VILLAGE THE CARAVAN WAS OVERWHELMED BY THE TUCAREG.

[Photo.]

You will remember it was night—a circumstance which added immeasurably to the horror of the situation. In a second I realized that the robbers were about to attack us in the darkness. Did they, I wondered, know where we were? Of course, everything now depended upon whether our camels replied to the other beasts. It must have been nearly midnight, and the lofty mountains near us were vaguely visible, notwithstanding the darkness. Frau Wolf was easily roused, and, taking little Lucia in her arms, she wept silently, but bitterly, on her curly head. She did not appear to be greatly surprised, having expected a calamity all along. I rose quickly and loaded my rifle. I was expecting our camels to roar every moment, and, sure enough, whilst I was tip-toeing about the camp, their raucous voices replied to the screeches of the others down the valley. As I groped about I suddenly beheld a number of moving objects approaching me. Then I heard voices: our head camel-man was near me. "They are asking," he said, grimly, "whether

we can receive visitors." It was a comic demand, considering the hour, the "visitors," and the nature of their errand. I made out three dark, weird-looking figures standing before us. They addressed themselves to my interpreter. "We come," said they, "from our chief, who wishes to know if you are selling any goods." Surely a quaint opening!

Upon my word, I was physically unable to reply, so perplexed was I to know what would be the end of this hideous business. Devoutly I wished we had never brought with us the unfortunate Frau Wolf. Of course, I did not wish to give up the whole of my goods without a struggle, but at the same time I did not want to so far irritate these robbers as to bring personal violence upon ourselves. "Tell them," I said to my interpreter, "that we have already given them a present, and that it is impossible to sell goods belonging to the Governor of Tunis."

"Surely," I thought to myself, "this name will frighten them away"; for I remembered what a healthy fear the Arabs of Morocco have of molesting caravans belonging either to the Sultan or his officials, and I fancied it might be the same in Tunisia and Algeria. My remarks had no effect, however, and hardly had my interpreter replied when the three Arabs shouted shrilly to their fellows. In less than five minutes there seemed to be hundreds of wild and savage figures dancing and shouting round our camp, menacing us with spears, pistols, and guns of strange make. Presently they began firing in the air to terrify us further, and I was at a loss to know whether their object was merely robbery or whether they really intended to kill us. What followed is not very clear in my mind. I remember finding Herr Wolff standing on my left hand, speechless and trembling. He feared for his wife and child. He was whispering something in my ear, but I cannot remember what he said. I do recollect, however, that I handed him a revolver and advised him to use it when necessary. The Arabs made their way at once to our packs, which they commenced to ransack. I heard our head camel-man shouting indignantly, and then I heard a shot. I afterwards learnt that the unfortunate man was instantly killed. Even at the moment, however, I knew that some fearful thing was in progress, and I called out despairingly in the darkness to know what was going on. Whilst I was yelling like a madman a



"I HEARD A NUMBER OF SHOTS AT CLOSE QUARTERS, AND WONDERED WHETHER I HAD BEEN HIT."

number of shadowy forms stood before me, and I heard a commanding voice crying in Arabic, "Shoot!" Immediately I heard a number of shots at close quarters, and I wondered whether I had been hit. I wondered, too, whether poor Wolff had been shot. I fancy I saw him behind me, trembling violently, and crying out alternately for "Aline" and "Lucia."

Poor Wolff! He died immediately afterwards, having been fatally shot in the side. I rushed over to where I had seen Frau Wolff standing with her little one, and was horrified to find her lying apparently dead. She was not hurt, however, but merely unconscious. The little girl seemed dazed, and uttered no sound. I went helplessly here and there to see what the raiders had done with my goods, and found most of my men lying on the ground dead or wounded. All my merchandise and camels had been removed with remarkable celerity. The whole thing was over, apparently, and that in an extraordinarily short space of time.

The state of things was now so terrible that I forgot the loss of my goods and attended to Frau Wolff, to whom at daybreak I broke as gently as I could the shocking fate of her poor husband. Her condition was, indeed, pitiable in the extreme.

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My poor assistant lay over there weltering in his blood, whilst his wife was like a mad creature at my side. Most of my men had been killed or wounded, and I had lost many hundreds of pounds' worth of merchandise, besides the whole herd of camels. Yes, there we were, helpless and alone, hundreds of miles from anywhere, and without a bit to eat. We didn't know where to go or what to do for the best. The same day, however, we caught sight of the desert postman on his camel, and by dint of persistent shouting and run-

ning we attracted his attention. He told us he was bound for Wargla himself, which was only twelve hours away, and he promised to announce our fate to the Governor. He said he was travelling fast, and that not many hours would elapse before we should receive help. The good fellow then gave us a little food from his own store, and set off at full speed towards Wargla. We had to pass another night in that dreadful place, and settled down with curious composure, feeling certain we would not be attacked, as we were obviously not worth robbing. The postman fulfilled his promise, and at length our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a body of Algerian cavalry coming to our rescue, with the Governor himself at their head. Before we went into the town, however, we buried poor Wolff in that lonely valley. His wife's distress was something terrible to witness.

I cannot easily forget how hospitable was our reception in Wargla. The Governor at once sent messages to all parts of Tunisia and Algeria to discover my property, but no trace of it was ever found. Frau Wolff and I returned direct to Bona, escorted by soldiers. Poor Frau Wolff! Her condition brings tears to my eyes as I write. Sad to say, I have just heard of her death, leaving poor little Lucia an orphan.



THE GREAT FLOWER PROCESSION ON ITS WAY DOWN STATE STREET. [N. H. Reed, Santa Barbara.]

The Flower Carnival of Santa Barbara.

BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

Much has been said and written about the glorious climate of Southern California, but it may be questioned whether any more striking object-lesson in this connection was ever afforded than the beautiful and impressive photographs reproduced in this article. The reader, however, will form a high opinion not only of the climate, but also of the skill and taste of the citizens of Santa Barbara.



F all the festivals which take place in that far Western State of California—and their name is legion—this is perhaps the most charming. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the Floral Festival of Santa Barbara can be equalled anywhere in the world for prettiness and beauty—not even excepting the gorgeous and fashionable carnivals of Nice. Santa Barbara City, on the shores of the Pacific, in Southern California, is an ideal spot for a floral carnival, being literally in a land of sunshine and roses. It may truthfully be said to be a country without winter, for snow and chilly winds are practically unknown. Even in February the roses and a hundred other flowers are one mass of bloom, and all through the year exquisite flowers are to be seen on every hand, in almost incredible variety and profusion. One is not surprised, therefore, to learn that the inhabitants of favoured Santa Barbara occasionally throw off the yoke of their daily avocations, and acknowledge the beauty and grandeur of the flowers amid which they spend their lives by indulging

in a flower festival, some faint conception of which I hope to convey by the remarkable photographs reproduced in this and the following pages. And who can say that the thousands and thousands of roses and other beautiful flowers which decorate the streets of the town during the festive days have been thoughtlessly plucked or extravagantly wasted, seeing that the rose is as common in that part of the world as daisies and buttercups in rural England? There are hundreds of rose trees in the neighbourhood of Santa Barbara—single trees, mind you—which can boast of over 50,000 lovely blossoms.

But it is the Flower Festival itself which concerns us at present. It takes place about the middle of April, and lasts four days. It cannot truthfully be said that the festival is an annual attraction, for Santa Barbara lacked this delightful pageant last year. But it is hoped that next spring its inhabitants will once more bestir themselves and give to the world another show, equal to, if not better than, the many which have been previously witnessed by charmed thousands in this Pacific paradise.

As in everything else, there is a cause and a reason for the formation of festivals, whether annual or otherwise; and the Santa Barbara Floral Festival originated in this manner. On April 19th, 1892, the town was visited by President Harrison, and many of the leading personages wrote to the various newspapers saying that such a visit ought to be acknowledged in a befitting manner. Mr. C. F. Eton, of Montecito, was one of the first to suggest the idea of celebrating the visit of the President, and he declared that no more fitting way of showing welcome to the Chief of the State could be devised than by inaugurating a "Battle of Flowers," such as may be seen each year at Nice. Only this carnival was utterly to eclipse anything ever seen in the "Paris of the South." Many of the leading business men of Santa Barbara caught the spirit of the idea, with the result that the Santa Barbara Floral Festival Association sprang into being, and is the institution responsible for this great Californian Floral Festival. And I can assure you that in the West a body like this does not do things by halves.

The festival of 1892 was a huge success. The same remark, however, applies equally to many of the more recent festivals, notably that of 1895. Thousands of people from the neighbouring towns and villages flock into the city to take part in the festival, and during the four days which are given up to enjoyment and festivity, Santa Barbara is full to over-crowding; business is set aside, and every man, woman, and child within a radius of a hundred miles or more settles down resolutely to sheer enjoyment of the pageant. The big hotels are simply crowded to suffocation; but with all the crowding there prevails an air of peaceful satisfaction, no matter what inconvenience the well-to-do ranchman or farmer may be put to. One thing is certain—they all go away fully

satisfied that the visit has been worth the trouble. They never fail to turn up when another festival is announced, and what is more, do not hesitate to contribute towards the funds. They fully appreciate the splendour of the carnival, and many readers of *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE* will, we think, do the same after glancing at the photographs which accompany this article and illustrate better than any words this brilliant floral pageant.

Our first photograph is a snap-shot of the procession passing down State Street, the principal thoroughfare in the town. On each side of the street one may notice the wonderful precision with which the tiers of seats have been erected. And nowhere can one detect a vacant chair. One may notice, too, the festoons of draperies which decorate the front of the tiers—they are red and yellow on one side and blue and yellow on the other. In this photograph the procession is seen proceeding both ways. At the bottom of the road it makes a turn and retraces its steps; and until the last float or carriage has reached the end of the street where the turn is made, a double procession is witnessed. This, of course, takes some little time as well as room, when it is recollected that a festival means a total of over a hundred carriages and floats. Photograph No. 2 gives a fair idea of how the streets of Santa Barbara are decorated in honour of the event.

An idea of the grandeur and detailed beauty



2.—THIS SHOWS YOU HOW THE STREETS WERE DECORATED FOR THE FESTIVAL—THOUSANDS OF BLOSSOMS
From a Photo. by [N. H. Reed.] WERE USED IN A SINGLE ARCH.



3—PERCY BENJAMIN AS A FLORAL CAVALIER.
From a Photo by N. H. Reed.

of the festival, however, may be better gauged by reference to some of the most interesting and unique designs which go to make the Santa Barbara Floral Festival one of such unparalleled interest in this part of the States. Photograph No. 3 shows the style in which many of the wealthy ranchmen and farmers bedeck themselves on the festive morn. The cloak, as also the saddle and rug on which the rider is seated, is one mass of deli-

cious rose buds. It will be noted, too, that the farmer is dressed entirely in white, while even the reins are also of that hue.

No floral procession would be complete in far-off Santa Barbara without the modern bicycle. For unique and clever decorations the Santa Barbara wheelmen undoubtedly require a great deal of beating. In photograph No. 4 we have a wonderful imitation of a colossal shoe, the



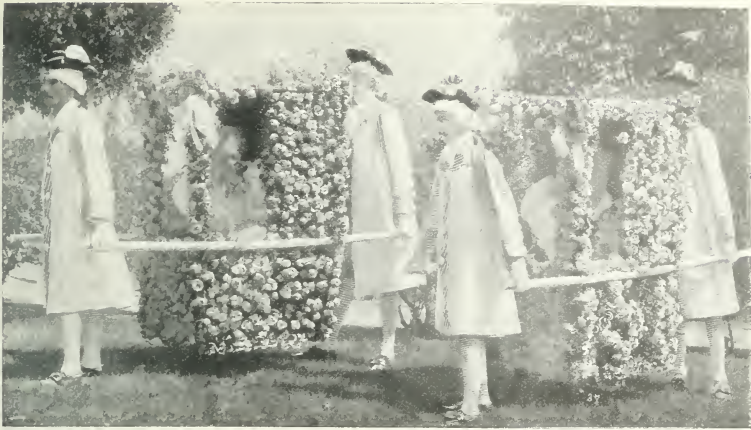
4—GREAT FLORAL SHIP OF ROSES AND MARGUERITES BUILT ON TWO BICYCLES.

From a Photo, by N. H. Reed.



4—THE MAN WHO LIVES IN A SHOE—THE WHOLE STRUCTURE IS BUILT ON A SAFETY BICYCLE.
From a Photo by N. H. Reed.

whole of the decoration—which is of some little weight in the present instance—being carried on an ordinary safety cycle. The boot is fashioned out of very thick cardboard. Hundreds of marguerites were neatly threaded on to a piece of canvas and fixed over the design, while beautiful roses make a handsome and fragrant border to this unique trophy. The rider, who we may parenthetically remark is a wealthy private gentleman, is bewitchingly dressed in a white gown and bonnet, and if he had been a little older he would have made a splendid personi-



From a Photo. by)

6.—DAINTY SEDAN-CHAIRS CARRIED IN THE PROCESSION.

[N. H. Reed.]

fication of "the old woman who lived in a shoe."

Equally effective was the bicycle ship, seen in No. 5. In this instance it is two ordinary safety machines coupled together by means of a light wooden boat cleverly balanced between the two-wheeled supports. The ship itself and its rigging are one mass of superb vari-coloured roses. The American flag, at the head of the mast, was also composed of roses of different hues, while the anchor, which is seen in the rigging (a carnival license this), was made of marguerites. To balance such a load was not an easy matter, and great credit is due to the riders who manipulated their bicycles without accident, to the delight of thousands of spectators.

As in all carnivals and shows, it is the variety displayed by the performers which adds to the attractiveness and interest of the pageant. Fortunately, a Santa Barbara Floral Festival does not lack in novelty (what American function does?), and one is not treated to a long procession of floats or carriages, but rather to a varied assortment of every conceivable kind of vehicle, both ancient and modern, exquisitely decorated with lovely flowers. In photograph No. 6, for instance, we have a very novel picture of a couple of ancient sedan-chairs, most handsomely and delicately decorated. Every detail has been minutely carried out. The pole-bearers were all dressed alike, and very striking they looked in their white powdered wigs and peculiar, ancient style of dress. As will be noticed from our illustrations, everyone seems to dress

in white. The blue sky and beautiful climate naturally encourage this; and on carnival days in Santa Barbara nearly everyone turns out bedecked from head to foot in spotless white. The sedan-chairs are one mass of coloured roses in full bloom, and the fair occupants, who are also dressed in pure white, with handsome



7.—MY LADY RIDES ALL AMONG THE ROSES.

From a Photo. by N. H. Reed.



9.—PEASANT'S RUSTIC CART COVERED WITH CALIFORNIAN RED ROSES.
From a Photo. by N. H. Reed.



8.—STRIKINGLY DECORATED OXEN TRAP.
From a Photo. by N. H. Reed.

white fans in their hands, must, indeed, have looked like fairies as they peeped out from among that prodigal wealth of beautiful blossoms.

A charming picture is photograph No. 7. The masquerade was perfect and much appreciated. The riders are sitting, one on each side of the horse, on a soft covering of beautiful marguerites. The lady is

dressed in white muslin, while the gentleman forms a beautiful contrast in his velvet coat with its open white front and laced cuffs. The parasol, too, is covered with marguerites; while the footman has a wreath of these flowers around his waist. The footman's dress, by the way, is equal to the occasion; and altogether great taste and no little skill have been exerted

in producing such an effective design.

The actors in the foregoing illustrations are the *élite* of Santa Barbara society, but as is the case in many of our American cousins' *fêtes*, rich and poor take an equal share in the proceedings. This is evidenced by our next photograph (No. 8), which gives a typical illustration of a peasant's "coach" decorated in honour of the floral festival. The Californian red rose predominates in the decoration of this quaint rural vehicle. Even the little wooden wheels and the pole to which the oxen are yoked are covered with the gorgeous blossoms.

Of tastefully decorated horse-drawn vehicles, however, there would seem to be no end in our Californian Floral Festival. Photograph No. 9 shows a very strikingly decorated trap; but photo. No. 10 runs it close as a decidedly original



From a Photo. by

10.—ROMAN CHARIOT DONE IN MARGUERITES.

[N. H. Reed.]



11.—THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF VEHICLES BEFLOWERED LIKE THIS, AND THEIR SAKE WAS AS FRAGRANT AS A BOUQUET.

From a Photo, by N. H. Reed.

and clever turn-out. As will be seen, it represents a Roman chariot, the wheels and framework being literally covered with marguerites. It was drawn by two beautiful white horses, with a Nubian slave at their heads, and two fair drivers, appropriately dressed.

The next photograph (No. 11) shows one of the decorated carriages. It is unnecessary to give a detailed description of it, as the picture speaks for itself, and affords a far better idea of how charming it must have looked in the original.

Our article would not be complete unless an allusion were made to the waggons and floats, without which a Santa Barbara Floral Festival is not complete. Photograph No. 12 is a fair specimen of a decorated wagon. The chief feature of this unique car-

nival, however, is the gigantic floats. Some of these represented features of passing interest to the onlookers. One was a very charming representation of a Venetian gondola. Every detail was most accurately carried out. The gondola itself was one mass of white roses, while its gay occupants were also dressed in white. Photograph No. 13 is a charming effect



12.—A DECORATED WAGON THAT WON, AND WELL DESERVED, A PRIZE.

From a Photo, by N. H. Reed.



13.—THE QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL WITH HER FLORAL SWANS.
From a Photo. by N. H. Reed.

of swans composed of marguerites and roses and ridden by little children dressed as cherubs with wings; while in the centre sits the queen of the carnival under a spacious canopy. Many of these floats are from 20ft. to 30ft. in length and are drawn by six and eight horses. Thousands of roses and other flowers are required to decorate them, and much patience, time, and no little artistic taste are necessary to produce such superb effects.

Finally, special mention must be made of the carriage shown in photo. No. 14, whose decorations called for thousands of roses of different varieties. Every part of the vehicle was simply covered with roses. Even its occupant has a wreath of white roses for her head; and great credit is due to this "queen of the roses" for the splendid taste, skill, and judgment displayed in her arrangement of the flowers.

After the "Battle of Flowers" is over—for that is the name which the people of Santa Barbara elect to call their floral festival—prizes are awarded

to the best-decorated vehicles by a committee appointed for the purpose. These vehicles come under some eighteen different classes, so that every kind of conveyance is included; and all who take part in the carnival stand an equal chance of receiving an award, according to the merit of the individual style of decoration. The prizes vary in amount from £2 to £20.



14.—THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES IN HER WONDERFUL ROSE COACH.
From a Photo. by N. H. Reed.

Our Raid into Naga-Land.

BY THE REV. EDWARD M. HADOW, OF CINNEMARA, UPPER ASSAM.

The narrative of an interesting trip over the frontier of Assam into the forbidden land of the Naga head-hunters. A trying climb; photographs by the way; some remarkable interviews, and an awful descent home after a weird and lurid "one-day trip." Mr. Hadow observes well and writes with a delightful sense of fun. He attends to the spiritual welfare of the tea planters throughout an enormous district.



We are often led to make foolish promises on the spur of the moment. In our more collected moments we regret those promises. I promised to climb a mountain, and regretted to climb a mountain, and regretted poignantly for another two months. The mountain was 3,200ft. high.

"Oh! that's nothing!"

I hear you say. Wait a little; you can get a good deal of climbing and general discomfort crowded into 3,200ft. Mountains have an exasperating way of possessing more than one top. You will say this is impossible! Any experienced climber will tell you it is true. You scramble to the summit, and when you get there, behold! summit No. 2 is high above you. You determine not to be beaten, and keeping your eye steadily on summit No. 2, you climb to the top of it. In the meantime summit No. 1 has crept round at the back and is grinning some 200ft. above you. Geologists deny that summits move in this way. Scientists, however, are notoriously untrustworthy people. Personal experience is a far safer guide, and the personal experience of every mountain climber is that summits Nos. 2 and 3 were not there when he started; therefore, they must be movable and must have climbed up there after he

started. This adds sadness to mountaineering; sometimes it leads to profanity.

Another sad thing about mountains is that the only possible part is always on the far side from you. Mr. Ruskin has said: "No mountain 15,000ft. high is raised without preparation and variety of outwork." Well, of course, since Mr. Ruskin spoke, no great mountain naturally has dared to falsify his statement. The worst is that little mountains also have begun to think they may win Mr. Ruskin's approval if they start a "variety of outwork"—entirely forgetting the old proverb that "big mountains may do what little mountains may not do."

Now, my mountain, though only 3,200ft. high, had, to please Mr. Ruskin, surrounded itself with two ranges of high hills for its "variety of outwork." Well, these ranges gave a variety of hard work. You may begin to realize that even such a lowly mountain as mine could have an infinite capacity for affording trouble and fatigue.

There were four of us to make the journey—Thomas, the doctor; Joining and his cousin, and I, the victim. I had delayed the excursion some two months on this and that excuse. We met at Joining's bungalow at last, however, simply because my imagination failed me in the way of raising new excuses. I made one more attempt that night at dinner. I pointed out



THE AUTHOR, THE REV. EDWARD M. HADOW.
From a Photo. by Johnston & Hoffman, Calcutta.

that I had no permit to go over the frontier. "No permit" might mean a fine of 500 rupees if Government chose to make itself unpleasant. Then, we might all be killed. That would necessitate a punitive expedition. And this

But to continue. A threatening morning witnessed a very early start. Thick clouds rolled about the sky or rose in diaphanous bars from hidden valleys among the hill ranges before us. The first mile of the journey was through the



(Phot. by P. H. Webb.)

THE HOUSE OF THE NAGAS, MR. JOHNSON'S LUNGALOW.

(By the Author.)

would mean questions in Parliament. The Little Englander would see in the expedition merely an excuse for adding a few more square miles to the Empire, etc., etc. I thought I put it rather well, but Joining (and, alas! I knew he was speaking the truth) assured us there would be no fine, no deaths, no expedition, no questions, and no chance for the Little Englander. There was a perfectly friendly understanding between Joining and the Naga Rajah of Jaboka. Any person Joining took up was welcome, or at least would be allowed to leave again in safety. Our expedition was to be into the domains of this Rajah, who ruled over the Nagas of Jaboka Mountain.

I shall keep to the spelling "Nagas" in universal use, although the late Mr. Peal, in his learned note (Proceedings Royal Geographical Society, February, 1889), contends that the word is Naga or Noja, from "Nok," people; and not Naga, which gives the false impression that these people are snake-worshippers.

tea gardens. Not that much tea could be seen, as it had been heavily pruned. In fact, you could see no more tea than you can in the photograph. At the end of the garden we passed into the jungle by a Naga footpath. Jungle! What ideas it conjures up in the mind of the home-stayer. Magnificent trees and trailing creepers, with glorious flowers, rainbow-hued, festooned from branch to branch. I have read something like this somewhere. I have



THE FIRST VIEW OF THE JUNGLE AS SEEN THROUGH THE TEA GARDENS. DID YOU COULD
(Phot. by P. H. Webb.)

(By the Author.)

(By the Author.)

never seen in Assam a piece of jungle that in any way could vie in beauty with an English forest. Jungle out here is exceedingly uninteresting and peculiarly sombre. It wears a draggled, dissipated look, as if it had been out all night, and had had no opportunity for "a wash and brush up." It is the tropical creeper that spoils the whole effect. The beauty of form in tree and branch is lost under a clinging and torn mantle of living and dead creeper. It was such a jungle we had to pass through—dead leaves, broken and twisted bamboos, and decaying tree-trunks, to right and left. Somewhere on the jungle path we passed out of British territory. We all wanted to know the exact spot. Each one was convinced he could have said something worth recording, something (I believe this is the popular term now) Imperial. Unhappily no one knew where the boundary line was, so the chance was lost for ever. Gradually, as we travelled on, a feeling of chastened recklessness—of what has been termed the "Seductiveness of the Forbidden" crept over us. This was an excursion into what the text-books call "the possessions of various independent tribes." Before us, and not far away, lay an almost unknown country.

We were pleased to think we carried our lives in our hands. As a matter of fact, we only carried walking-sticks. The first rise was a slight indication of what sort of work lay before us. We were confronted by a sheer wall of rock. Man *may* once have been a monkey; I never wish to deprive any scientist of his ancestry. But he has lost the art of clinging on to nothing. I pointed this out to Joining. We found, however, that by clinging to this root, twisting round that trunk, and trailing on to this branch, we reached the top very much out

of breath. The next climb was up the best of a mountain's torrent, very steep and very slippery. It was the dry season. In the rains these tracks would be impossible to anyone wearing boots. Even then, in February, it was difficult in places to keep one's footing. A fall meant a broken leg, if not skull. One longed for the powers of sticking to rock of the scientist's still more remote ancestor, the Ascidian. No sooner had we climbed up one side of the hill than we had to stumble down the other. Every now and again we came to a little table-land—a great relief. When the jungle was less dense we

caught glimpses of the valley we had left. Sometimes the path ran round the side of the hill; first a narrow track hanging over a deep gorge; then the track would broaden out and the gorge would be left behind.

At intervals we came upon a roughly-built shed put up by the Nagas as "rest-houses" for themselves. A few half-burnt bamboos and sticks showed where their fires had been. We also had to cross several streams by Naga bridges. A Naga bridge is simply a tree-trunk. A halt was called beside one of these streams. It was welcome after two hours of violent exercise. Here we met our first Nagas. These gentlemen made us feel at once we were not in British territory.

"What are you doing here? Where are you going? What do you want on our Chung?" These were a few of the questions fired off at us. Our interrogators were old warriors who had recently taken up the more peaceful business of trading and thieving in the plains. They were tattooed all over, but wore little else in the way of clothing. These men were going down to sell, beg, and steal. Each man had on his back a conical basket secured by a thong across the forehead. Presently we knew they



A COUPLE OF NAGA WARRIORS MET ON THE WAY.

From a Photo. by the Author.

would return with an assortment of loot consisting chiefly of pariah dogs and scrap iron. Nagas are fond of dogs, and treat them very well up to a certain point. That point is reached when the dog is fat. Then the dog dies and is eaten. People say you might do worse than eat dog. Possibly you might; but my advice is, don't try to do worse. Why should you? There is only one thing that the Naga likes better than dog, and that is a hollow iron rail. I have seen tears of joy welling in a Naga's eye as he sat at the side of a road and watched a P.W.D. overseer direct the fastening of iron railings to a bridge. The Naga knows—as everyone but the P.W.D. knows—that these rails are exquisitely useless for the purpose for which they are used. Therefore, the Naga argues they are put there for him. And the next dark night these rails are his.

To continue. We said good-bye to these gentry and went on our way upwards. I was rejoicing in the belief we were near our journey's end. However, an open space of the jungle showed us the third range towering up into the blue above us. Joining said we were two hours off our journey's end. He remarked also that we had the worst of the journey yet to come. He did not exaggerate, I am sorry to say. Let a Londoner on a hot day—in July, say—climb up and down the Monument for two hours, and then start for St. Paul's and climb the 616 steps to the bell. Imagine he does this seven times, or rather that, instead of St. Paul's being 340ft. high, it was 2,380ft. and the steps numbered 4,312! This will faintly give an idea of the toil of the last part of our journey. Up and up we went—no level spaces now—twisting and turning in ever-ascending curves. Here a tree root was the step; there, a slab of stone 3ft. high.

Here, again, it was a steep bank of red mud,

followed by a succession of loose stones that slipped away from under us. Every five minutes we had to halt for breath. We met some more Nagas—young fellows this time, fine and athletic-looking. They were going hunting, and were armed with dongs (knives), spears, and nets. A Naga when young is graceful and not unpleasing to look at. When he grows up he is coarse and ugly; when he is old he is

repulsive. One more climb, and we reached the outskirts of the village. The first thing that strikes the plains man is that the Nagas thatch their houses with fan-palm leaves instead of grass. Going up we had seen a plantation of the graceful palms. As we passed along, dogs, pigs, and naked children rushed out at us, barking, grunting, and chattering. We saw a small shrine at the side of the path. It contained a gaudily-dressed figure, with a face not unlike a peculiarly pronounced Dutch doll. This was, I understood, a good god.

Going up one more small ascent we reached our goal. We were welcomed by the Vice-

Regent and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I had met the latter personage before in the plains. On that occasion he wore a simple white table-cloth. He had no table-cloth now. He was a gentleman of familiar manners, and no teeth to speak of. He chewed betel-nut and expectorated freely. Also, he acted throughout as our guide. He was a little too effusive in manner, and when excited seized you by the arm or button-holed you. This is objectionable in a Naga, as a Naga rarely takes a bath. Joining had to introduce us. I was more or less poetically described, but Joining very nearly overdid the poetic strain in the doctor's case. The doctor was described as "one who from the herb of the field expressed living juices to cure all diseases"; and one also "whose touch



"GOING UP WE HAD SEEN A PLANTATION OF THE GRACEFUL
FAN PALM."
From a Photo. *By the Author.*

allayed all pain and cured all fever." Things might have turned out awkwardly, for the Secretary promptly said, "Oh, can he? Well, he can just step round and heal the Rajah." This shows you the danger of carrying spring poets about with you. Luckily the young Rajah proved to be well on the mend, and a promise that he would soon be all right again satisfied the Secretary of State. We were allowed to have our tiffin in peace. We sat

stepping off the end of the platform into space. I did not sit at the edge. I did not care to do so, somehow.

The Rajah, Vice-Rajah, and Secretary drank our whisky at their own invitation. They drank it raw, and thought it poor stuff. Nothing less than a torchlight procession going down his throat would make a Naga feel. I have seen a Naga drink, without winking, a tumblerful of the following ingredients in equal proportions:



THIS IS A GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVE NAGAS. THEIR ORNAMENTS CONSIST OF WILD BEASTS' TEETH—CHIEFLY BOARS' TUSKS. [Photo.]

on one of the bamboo platforms which every Naga house possesses. These platforms are built over the side of the hill. The outside edge is forty to fifty feet from the ground, so steep is the hill-side.* In some cases the drop from the edge would be one of one hundred and fifty feet. These platforms are used to entertain the casual visitor from another tribe. At a pressing—one might almost say a pushing—invitation the visitor terminates his call by

tobacco, whisky, Worcester sauce, Angostura bitters, and red pepper. After that, whisky is as toast and water. Tiffin finished, we visited the big houses of the Chung. These houses are of such enormous length that they can be seen miles and miles away from the plains. An extraordinary effect is given to them by the centre posts passing some 10ft. through the roof ridge. The poles are, for some reason, covered like the roof with fan-palm leaves. The Rajah's house had a floor of beaten earth and walls of cobwebs and dirt, ornamented with trophies of

* Refer to "Among the Heat-Hunters of Lushai" in last month's issue.

the thias. And such trophies! Rows and rows of hornbills' beaks, monkeys' skulls, and deer horns, covered with the dust of ages. Then such a mixture of loot from the plains! His Sacred Majesty the Emperor William II. glared in gaudy colours from the wall. Lord Roberts smiled in blue and gold. There was a highly-coloured cottage scene—"Father's Tea," or some such touching title, with the name still on it of the original suburban grocer who had given the picture away with four ounces of tea. Littered round the sides were chairs, plated tin-covers, top-hats, anvils, frock coats, etc., etc. It reminded one of the cupboard into which the English housewife insists on putting things that will "come in useful some day."

The next house, some hundred yards long, appeared to have loose boxes on either hand. Those turned out to be the married quarters. We were not allowed to look into any of these; perhaps it was as well. Passing along the broad dark passage, we reached the daylight at the other end, and were shown where the women husked the "dhan," or rice. A table occupied one side of the room. It was made out of one great tree trunk, the whole table lying in one piece. The labour in making it must have been enormous. It was about 20ft. long, 3ft. high, and over 3ft. broad. From this room we went on to the young men's quarters. Here we saw the great gong used on special occasions. It was the hollow trunk of a tree some 18ft. long. The hammer was merely a large chunk of wood. The sound is very deep, and can be heard for miles. The Secretary then remarked he had something really worth our notice. He seemed pleased. We went to the end of the building. Imagine a stand of several shelves such as you see in greenhouses. No pots of flowers were on these stands, gentle reader, but instead, there were rows and rows of *crucifixes*—human skulls, each skull a separate tragedy! What, think you, is their history? Well, some were obtained in fair and open fight; some by midnight raid on a hostile tribe. But the greater number? Well, look at these skulls with me, and I will tell you a story. You will notice they all have holes at the back of the head. Take this skull. It belonged to a man once who went one morning to his work, little

suspecting danger. He worked in his rice-field all day without a thought that gleaming eyes watched him from the jungle.

Evening came on, and he gave up work for the day, and started on his way home. He reached the jungle path, already gloomy in the fading light. An owl hooted; the fever bird shouted, "You're ill! You're ill! You're ill!" But what was that other noise he heard? Oh! nothing. Only a pheasant scratching among the dead leaves. And again! Oh! only a deer moving at the side of the path. Suddenly a crushing blow. He staggers, drunkenly; yet another, and he falls. All day long a young man had been watching the worker. The young man does not know and has no grudge against his victim. But just as boys at home collect butterflies and moths, the young man must collect human heads. He must earn his tattoo marks and have the envied symbol on his arm. He only wants the head. If the rest of the body could live without it he would not mind. You throw up your hands and say, "What brutality! What treachery!" Well, I do not know that we are much more civilized; we lie low and injure reputations instead of heads. The lasting damage in both cases is equal. Well, to return. The young man "collects" his head and takes it to his Chung, where a big dinner is given, followed by a dance. The dance takes place round an artificial mound outside the Rajah's house, the head being placed on a long pole. Every "hero" who brings in a head must throw a slab of stone on to the mound. Look at the number there are. The Secretary of State mentioned, however, with tears in his eyes, that last year the skull crop had been very short. It



HERE YOU SEE THE SITE OF THE RAJAH'S HOUSE, ROUND WHICH THE HEAD-HUNTERS USUALLY TAKE PLACE. (By the Ant.)

was deplorable. They were hoping for a better season this year. There were 170 skulls on the shelves we were looking at. The young man who starts skull-collecting is not at all particular what he begins with. "You haven't killed a man?" said a planter, to a small, newly-tattooed Naga boy. "Oh, no," was the reply; "but I killed an old woman and a baby!"

We left the museum—it was revolting. We sat down on a log at the other end of the house, while that toothless old scoundrel the Secretary of State told us something of the laws of the

photographs. Nothing at all would induce the people to face the camera. We persuaded them at last, however. The Secretary and Vice-Regent got together a small crowd, and sat on one of the platforms I have described earlier. The Vice-Regent is the last on the right, and the Secretary is No. 2 from him.

No ladies appear in this photograph. I am sorry, but their costume does not lend itself kindly to magazine photography. Like the Bride of the Bishop of Runtü Foo in the "Bab Ballads," it is a case of "a shell, a bangle rare,"



THE SECRETARY AND VICE-REGENT GOT A SMALL CROWD TOGETHER, AND SAT ON ONE OF THE FRECHICE PLATFORMS.

From a Photo. by the Author.

community. In some things civilization might copy Naga procedure. Take, for instance, this case. A man steals from another, and is proved guilty. Well, he has to return the value of the things stolen, if not the things themselves; and the prosecutor can then have the thief's labour free for one or two months, or more, according to the gravity of the offence. How delightful a poem to have the services of a fraudulent company promoter or bank director! Such men working as table servants, cleaning your boots, or running errands! Fancy the satisfaction of lending your bank director to roll your neighbour's lawn for him! Would it not console you for that dividend of $7\frac{1}{4}$ d. in the pound?

If a man steals from the Rajah, he is killed and hung up to a beam in the young men's sleeping quarters as an "awful example." From the gloom of this depressing house we passed out into the open. I wanted to take some

and the rest is "native nothingness." I could not obtain a photo. of the Rajah, as they expressed the belief it would make him ill to have his picture taken. Photography finished, we took a stroll to look at the view. I had often wondered what the plains looked like from the hills. Well, there they were stretching away mile after mile until lost in the heat-mist. A bitter disappointment! What *did* they look like? Well, they looked like a vast billiard-table, covered with green balls and faint chalk-marks. The green balls were trees. All the trees appeared to be round. The occasional chalk-marks were the iron roofings of various scattered tea-houses. But the view looking inwards towards the hills—ah! that *was* worth the journey. Valleys, hills, and mountains in dappled sunlight and shade. Ragged white clouds drifting, hovering, or surging about the hill-tops as the wind currents caught them. Blue wreaths of smoke rising from Naga fires



FROM A PHOTO.] — THE DOORS TO THE HOUSES OF THE NAGS. (By the Author.)

across the gorge. Green tree, grey rock, crimson earth mingled together in one vast picture distinct or shadowy until lost in the dark indigo of the distant mountains that shrouded a country mysterious, almost unknown.

It was time now for us to start back. Thanking the Rajah and his staff, we were about to begin the descent, when the Rajah announced there were presents for us. The doctor was presented with a shield, dhow, spear, and cap, to use when he goes on the war-path. I, being a man of peace, received a basket of five fowls. They were not fowls of peace, for they fought inside their wicker cage like tom cats. As I required all my attention to keep my footing in the descent, I was not sorry to get rid of them round the first corner. *Facilis est descensus Averni.* Nothing could be more untrue as regards our descent to the Avernus of the plains. Down, down, those thousands of awful steps, until every bone seemed out of joint. Bumping, sliding, and clutching here and there for

safety at the tree root or branch, we dropped into the valley. Past the rest-houses, over the streams, down the torrent-bed, we retraced our steps. Night was coming on, and there was need of hurry, for the path was getting dim. Tigers and leopards are not to be despised, and we knew there were plenty about. Only a week or so before near these jungles had been shot that extraordinary and rare freak of Nature — a *white* tiger.

We had no desire to meet one, white, red, blue, or green. Down the last hill, through the last slip of jungle, and the lights of the bungalow twinkled a welcome to us across the clearing.

In the morning, when we started—I am convinced of this—the bungalow was only a mile away from the jungle. It now was at least five. I asked Joining why he had had it moved. He denied that he had done so. I would not argue, but I had my own opinion. I thought it a peculiarly pointless and silly conjuring trick. Those last five miles were covered by me in twenty-five minutes. This shows how fresh I was, and Joining's insinuation that I was dead tired was clearly demonstrated to be untrue. In twelve hours we had passed from a tropical to a temperate climate; from civilization to savagery; from a reign of law to lawlessness—and back again. That was enough for one day.

The two months' reminder of the trip (in the shape of a bad knee) has left me with one fixed, unalterable determination—that if ever I walk up those hills again, I will be *carried* up!



FROM A PHOTO.] — SOME YOUNG NAGAS WE MET IN THE PLAINS. (By the Author.)

George Day and His Bear.

BY FREDERICK T. GORDON, U.S. NAVY.

You will be a long time beating this as a narrative of authentic thrilling adventure and human fortitude. Also it shows you that an American naval officer can tell an experience as well as fight his ship. And one can't help sharing Mr. Gordon's enthusiasm for his protégé.



URING the year 1891, at the time of the happening of the incidents I am about to relate, I was attached to the United States cruiser *Marion*, one of the then recently established "Patrol Fleet," whose duty it was to drive pelagic sealers out of the fifty-mile zone agreed upon by the Treaty of Paris. Whilst in the harbour of Unalaska, in the Unalaska Islands (our head-quarters), I assisted in an operation which was the sequel of an adventure that displayed the greatest amount of grit and nerve and endurance that it has ever been my privilege to witness. As a "hunting story" this account will not amount to much, but I hope that the story, as I will try to tell it, will be of interest to all men who admire pluck and bravery in their kind.

One afternoon, while all hands were loafing around decks enjoying their after-dinner smoke, a tiny schooner sailed into the harbour with her colours (American) hoisted upside down; and after passing close to us and asking that a boat might be sent to her, she dropped anchor not fifty yards away. She bore every mark of the sealers which it was our task to chase, so speculation was rife among us as to the cause of this fellow running right into the lion's jaws. More especially we wondered at his signal of distress. A boat was soon lowered from our ship, however, and, with an officer in her stern-sheets, she soon sped across the smooth water and made fast alongside the schooner. The boarding officer, a young ensign, clambered over her rail and disappeared below, soon to return on deck with a look of pain and distress which

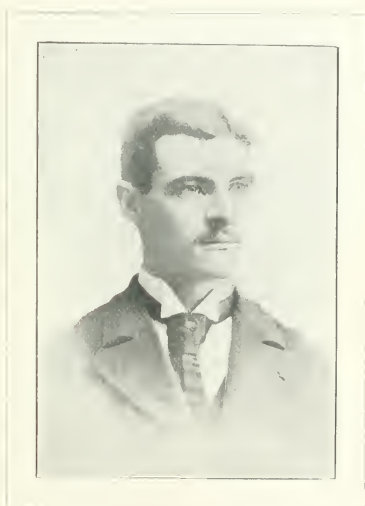
even we could see plainly from our ship. He rushed over the side, shoved off his boat in feverish haste, and hurried into the cabin to report to the captain as soon as he could get aboard our vessel—leaving all of us about the decks to conjecture as best we could the cause of his agitation, as he had passed us at the

gangway without a single word. In a few minutes the surgeon was sent for, and then, later, myself. I was informed by the surgeon that there was a man on the schooner whose leg had been frightfully lacerated by a bear, and that I was to go with him to assist in whatever could be done for the poor fellow. So snatching up a haversack full of dressings, etc., I clambered down into our boat, and in a moment or two the surgeon joined us, and we shoved off for the little schooner.

I shall never forget the sight in the tiny cabin of that boat! It was a long, low room, perhaps 9ft. long and 5ft. high, with two bunks on each side and a cook-stove in the middle.

The walls and sides were literally covered with kitchen utensils, miners' tools, and provisions in bags and tins; whilst a pile of huge walrus tusks and skins lay in one corner near a wooden chest. But these things attracted my attention only for the moment; the cabin was so dark that one had to become accustomed to the gloom before things were plainly visible.

As soon as we could overcome the feeling of surprise that overpowered us—its cause may be guessed later—the surgeon and I made our way over to a corner in a lower bunk from which came a feeble voice calling us. In the dim light we could just about make out that a man was



MR. FREDERICK T. GORDON, OF THE U.S. NAVY.
From a Photo.

there; but even after we had become a bit accustomed to the darkness it was impossible to see anything clearly, so we called for a light. Answering our call, one of the crew came with a lighted lantern, and, fighting hard to keep up, we went over to the bunk to see our patient. He was evidently a man of powerful build, but his face, white and drawn with suffering, was covered with a stubbly growth of black beard, and that, with his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, made him appear more as an invalid of many years' standing. There he lay, propped up with a sack of potatoes for a pillow. Over him was a dirty red blanket, and by his side a kettle into which he had been dropping peeled potatoes taken from his pillow. Greeting us with a cheery voice and a jest on his lips, the poor fellow actually seemed to be enjoying what he called "his loaf on the rest of his fellows." In answer to the surgeon's question as to the extent of his injury, he threw back the blanket with a sweep and pointed silently.

As rapidly as we could, the surgeon and I tore off the dirty cotton, between breaths, until we had reached the naked limb. What we saw is almost too incredible for belief—a horrible, gaping wound, as if the bone and tissue had been torn out of the leg in mouthfuls, and—well, never mind. I wouldn't like to inflict a full description of the ghastly sight even on a man friend in a private conversation. The extraordinary thing was the unconcernedness of the patient. This was a case that called for the promptest action if the man's life were to be saved, so the surgeon hastened up on deck and back to the cruiser to get men and a stretcher to carry the sufferer ashore, where an operation could be performed. I was left behind to cleanse the wound as best I could and straighten up the cabin, a task which I finished very speedily. While waiting in that gruesome cabin I got into conversation with the poor fellow. *He had lain there nineteen days!* From his own lips I got the story of his wound—a story which he

told modestly as to his own part, and as a huge joke on himself for his carelessness. Later on, I managed to get the other side from his partner in the hunt, which had resulted so disastrously. Putting the two together, the story of the happening was this:—

It seems that this man, by name George Day, and three others had bought the little schooner and fitted her out with provisions, etc., for a prospecting trip along the Alaskan coast, near Behring Straits. Leaving Seattle in their thirty-ton boat, the men—only one of whom was a

sailor by profession—had managed to sail her to Sandy Point, their first destination. Making a little bay there their headquarters, they had done fairly well in the sands of the many little streams of the peninsula, and had been there about three weeks when the accident occurred. At first, they had been too busy washing gold to bother much about what they ate; but one day it struck them that salt



THIS IS AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF GEORGE DAY'S LITTLE SCHOONER, ON WHICH HE WAS FOUND BY MR. GORDON.

beef and pork was a poor diet in a land teeming with fowl, and fish, and game, so they determined to go a-hunting.

Therefore, George Day volunteered to go with another of the party on a trip and try to get a load of fish and game to be salted down for future use; they were to go up the coast a few miles and remain away all night, that being the best time for shooting in that place. The two men set out one morning, and rowed along the beach for about fifteen miles until they came to a little stream which seemed to be full of salmon, and which also gave promise of game being in the neighbourhood. Here they resolved to land. Tying up their boat to an oar driven in the sandy beach, they struck out inland, leaving the fishing to be done in the morning, as by this plan the fish would be fresher when they got back. They had fairly good luck with wild fowl as they went along.

Now, there are bears, and very fierce and powerful ones too, in this part of Alaska. They are a cross between the cinnamon and grizzly, with all the strength and ferocity of the latter

and the cunning and agility of the former; but, somehow, neither of the men had thought of meeting such animals. So, when they had gone about eight miles inland and almost ran on top of a bear sitting on the bank of a stream scooping up salmon with his forepaw, neither Day nor his companion thought the least bit about the danger of bothering him. To the men, the bear was only prospective meat for their larder, and they rejoiced at their "luck" in finding this fellow. Without thought of the consequences, the men crept up close to the animal, who was too intent on his fishing to notice them, and blazed away merrily at him with their weapons—a rifle and a shotgun. The rifle bullet went wild, but some of the bird-shot found its mark, and the startled animal jumped up and glared round to find his unexpected tormentors. Catching sight of the men, and rightly taking them to be the cause of his pain, the bear started for them. Now, if they had been wise enough to run away then and there all might have been well, for the thick fur of the bear had turned most of the shot, and he was only mildly aggressive, and would have left them alone and gone back to his fishing if they had not made mistake number one.

Conroy, the other man, in his excitement blazed away at the bear with the remaining barrel of his gun, and this time the shot peppered the bear full in the face, causing him to stop and snort with pain and anger. This attack settled the business for the bear. He was fairly out for fight now. With a growl, he dropped back from the sitting posture he had assumed when first the shot had struck him and made a wild rush for his foe. He was on Conroy before the man could collect his faculties, and rose up, towering above the frightened fellow, to strike him down with his powerful paws, his mouth, wide open, showing the gleaming teeth against the red tongue and jaws. With a wild yell of terror, Conroy instinctively rammed

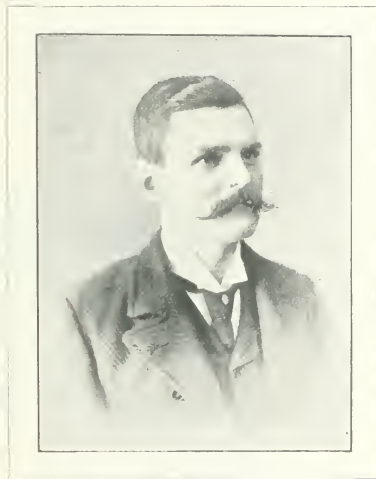
the barrel of his gun down the open throat of the beast. He then turned and ran with all his speed towards the stream, plunging wildly into it before the bear could recover from his astonishment at the proceeding. Snarling and growling with rage, the maddened animal seized the gun with his paws and dragged it out of his mouth, then bit and tore it as if it were some living thing on which he could wreak his vengeance. This done, he cast away the now useless and broken weapon, and turned round to look for another foe.

The whole thing happened so quickly that

Day had barely recovered from his astonishment at his partner's feat in time to reload before the bear was almost upon him too. He had just slipped in the cartridge! Taking careful aim, he says, he waited until the bear was about twenty feet away, and then fired at his heart, running toward the stream as soon as he had pulled the trigger. Looking behind him just before he too made the plunge down the bank, he was overjoyed to see that his shot had taken effect. The bear was rolling over and over on the ground, clutching and tearing handfuls of hair from around a wound in his chest from which the blood was pouring in torrents.

Day was about to shoot again when the bear got up on his feet, tottered round blindly for a minute or two, and then made off with stumbling gait towards a little thicket, in which he disappeared. From this thicket presently came a sound like the thrashing of the brush, accompanied by growls and moans of pain. Then all at once the noises ceased and everything was still.

Feeling sure that he had killed the bear, and that it had only gone off into the thicket to die, Day shouted to his partner to come up, as all danger was now over. A sadly dishevelled, mud-bespattered figure stuck its head up over the bank in answer to the call, and gazed around in surprise at not seeing the bear; then slowly and painfully it dragged itself up on the grass.



WE FEEL SURE THAT OUR READERS, ON HEARING HIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY, WILL REGARD WITH INTEREST THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF GALLANT GEORGE DAY.

Excited as he was, Day could not repress a roar of laughter at the comical appearance of his mate, who came up to him sheepishly, ruefully looked down at the ruin of his trousers, and then felt himself all over to see if he were still alive. Clothes muddy, and torn in tatters by the bushes through which he had plunged: face and hands scratched and bleeding; hat gone, and with the general look of a man scared within an inch of his life, Conroy was indeed a laughable sight: but the danger just past was too recent and real for merriment, and both men soon grew sober as they thought of it.

After a consultation and a general stock-taking of damage to person and weapons, the two men came to the conclusion that, as the bear was undoubtedly dead by this time, they had better go into the thicket and get him out. His skin would pay in part for a new gun if they got it down to Seattle; and besides, his meat was what they then wanted more than anything else. Here was where they made mistake number two! No hunter of experience would follow a wounded bear into a thicket, even if he had reason, as these men thought they had, to believe him dead. The hunter of experience would wait awhile and see, and then go after the animal carefully, keeping his gun ready for instant service. But Day and Conroy were not hunters; they were only miners, and hungry ones at that. Making mistake number three, they entered the thicket carelessly, leaving their rifle behind as being merely in their way when they wanted to carry out the carcass. So the only weapons they now had were their hunting knives, and even these were in their sheaths!

It was an easy matter to follow the trail of the bear through the thicket. The bushes were crushed down and spattered with blood along his path, and here and there was a larger spot where he had lain down to rest a bit. Without care or thought of danger, the two men pushed rapidly ahead, Day being in advance some ten or twelve yards. All at once he let out a yell of terror and shrieked to Conroy for help. The startled man behind heard the noise of growls and snarls and pantings from a dense mass of bush into

which he could not see; then one more wild cry for help, and after it only a confused sound as if some large animal were worrying its prey.

From where he stood, spellbound with terror, Conroy could see nothing of what was going on in the thicket; but he rightly guessed that his companion had fallen foul of the bear, which was still alive, and was in its clutches. Thinking only of the fearful plight of his mate, Conroy rushed ahead into the brush, as soon as he could collect his wits, only to be frightened almost to death, however, by seeing Day on the ground underneath the bear, which was chewing away at his right leg, seemingly unmindful of the savage stabs which his human prey was making up at him with a knife.

In telling me of it, Conroy said that he could not imagine what made him do the thing which saved his partner's life; possibly excitement and deadly fear had as much to do with his reckless deed as had his concern about poor Day's fate.



WARRIOR IN THE FOREST. FROM HIS BELT HE MADE A RUSSETT LEAF AND ACTUALLY CAUGHT LAZELY OF THE BEAR'S BACK.

The thing he did (what no sane man would have thought of) was this: Snatching his knife from his belt, he made a running leap and actually landed fairly on the bear's back. Then holding on to the long fur with one hand, he stabbed frantically into the savage beast's neck and shoulders, yelling at the top of his voice all the while. By a miracle of chance, one of his blows went home before the astonished animal could do aught to rid himself of his burden, and the sharp point of the knife penetrated to the bear's heart. With one last bellow of rage and a mighty shake which threw Conroy many feet away, it staggered and fell, rolling on top of Day in its dying struggles.

Conroy soon scrambled to his feet and prepared to renew his attack on the bear, but when he saw it lying still, now dead for certain, his nerves gave way and he rushed hysterically over to Day and began tugging at the bear to pull him off his partner's body. He managed to do this almost superhuman task at last, being urged on with terror at the sight of the white face and closed eyes of the prostrate man, who lay now in a death-like swoon. Tearing open his shirt, Conroy placed his hand on the other's chest; his heart was still beating feebly. There was life yet.

Rushing down to the little stream, he filled his hat with water and ran back and dashed it over Day's face and chest. The rough treatment had its effect. Day moaned feebly and opened his eyes and looked round. He lay still for a moment as if to collect his ideas, and then started to get up, only to fall back with a groan of pain. "My leg!" he gasped; and fearful lest he should faint again, Conroy bent over him and poured the few drops of water left in his hat into his mate's open mouth.

After a bit, Day gained strength again and the colour came back to his face. A pull out of the flask—which lay unbroken on the ground near where he fell—completed the work of restoration. Then the two men started to examine the nature of his hurt. Cutting away the remainder of his heavy boot and trouser leg, they found that Day's right leg had been completely crushed by the powerful jaws of the bear at a point just below the knee. They were horrified at the nature and extent of the terrible injury. When he came upon the bear, Day explained to his mate, it was so sudden that he stumbled and actually fell on top of the animal. Immediately it sprang up and threw him off, then seized him by the leg before he could get up. He had just managed to reach his knife when Conroy came up.

Well, here was a predicament, indeed—

eight miles away from their boat, and Day almost unable to be moved, from the pain that came with the slightest motion of his leg! As the only possible thing to be done, it was finally decided that Conroy should get back to the schooner as quickly as possible, and bring the other men back with him.

The three together could then make a stretcher and carry the wounded man down to the coast. The rifle and what little food they had left in their pockets were to be left with Day, as it might be many hours before the others could return. Making him as comfortable as he could, then, with a heavy heart Conroy left his friend behind and set off on his long tramp and row back to the schooner. It will be sufficient to say that he reached the vessel about midnight, and in the teeth of half a gale the three men at once set out on the return trip, laden with blankets, whisky, etc., for the sufferer.

During the night Day's supply of water gave out. He was burning with fever and half-delirious from the pain of his leg, which had now become stiff and hard. Only one thing would ease him, he thought—cold water, and that was many yards away. How he managed the fearful trip Day himself could never tell me; indeed, I believe it was modesty that made him treat this part of the adventure so lightly. Somehow or other he bound up the wound with his neckerchief (fortunately a large one), and then started to crawl on his hands and the uninjured knee down to the stream, dragging the torn and broken limb behind him.

How long it took he does not know; he remembers having fainted from weakness and loss of blood several times. Once his foot—the one of the wounded leg—got wedged between some roots, and it took all his strength and nerve to reach back and cut it loose. At last he reached the stream, but the water was a few feet below him and the bank steep and muddy. For a time he lay stunned by this unforeseen barrier to the coveted water; then he thought of his boot, and by dint of much agonized struggling, he managed to sit up and pull it off. Then, tying his handkerchief to it, he cast it into the water and drew it up half full. Swallowing the welcome fluid in huge gulps he satisfied his thirst, and, this done, casting the improvised bucket into the water again and again, he bathed his wound, and then lay back for a short rest, feeling somewhat easier.

So he passed the night until morning came, alternating between fits of feverish restlessness

and drowsy stupor. All day he waited for the help that was to come, alternately tortured by fears lest Conroy, who was a poor boat-man, had been wrecked, and that no one would ever come to his aid; or else that another bear might come prowling around and find him. He forgot that bears do not eat human flesh, as may be forgiven him, but he lay there thinking of his prospects of furnishing a meal for some hungry animal. At any rate, he knew that bears could find him even if they did not swallow.

Just as he was about to give up in despair, when he saw the long shadows proclaiming sunset, he heard the sound of voices; his mates had come back for him! Gathering up all his strength, he shouted again and again lest they should pass by and miss him. He fainted away with joy when he heard the answering hail

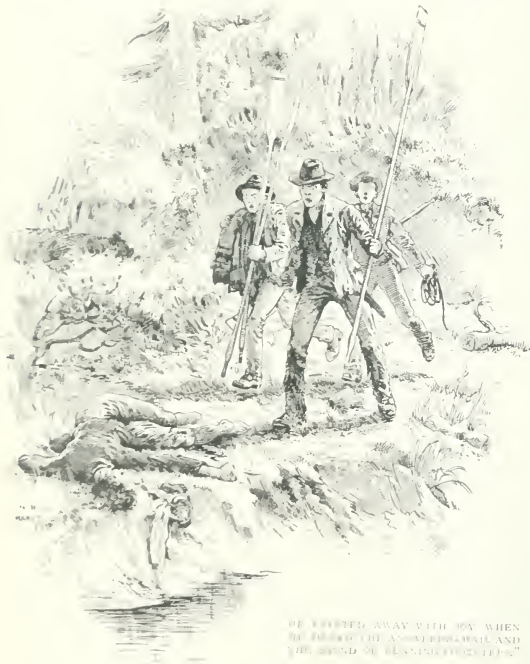
had befallen him. Great was their joy to find the sorely wounded man alive.

How these three men made a litter of oars and blankets, and carried Day eight miles through brush and thicket, the greater part of the way in darkness, and how they afterwards came back and got the bear also and brought it down to the boat—this is a tale in itself. Placing the wounded man at full length on the freshly-skinned hide of the bear, in the bottom of the dory, they pulled the long fifteen miles to the schooner through a choppy sea and an ebbing tide. Then came the task of getting him aboard. After many vain experiments this was done by lashing him up in the skin with ropes, and hoisting the whole as a bundle by means of a whip rigged to the main gaff. Once on the schooner's deck, however, it was easy to carry him into her cabin and lay him out on a bunk. Had he been other than a man of iron nerve and marvellous endurance, it is certain that Day could never have stood the rough handling the men were compelled to give him in spite of all their care; yet they told me he bore every knock and wrench of that fearful journey without a murmur, joking with them about the use he was making of the skin of his erstwhile foe!

Once in his bunk, the wound was bathed in whisky—all the medicine they had. Then it was wrapped up in strips of old shirts soaked in salt water. Loading on what stores and gold they had ashore, the schooner's crew hoisted anchor and headed her for Unalaska, many hundred miles away, but the nearest place at which they could hope to find a doctor.

Ill-luck seemed bound to heap every hardship in its calendar upon this unfortunate man, George Day! For fourteen days the little craft was tossed about in cross seas and baffled by head winds and calms. Only at the last did they get a favourable slant, and then it came with a fog that made them grope their way slowly, and which lifted

just in time to save them from going ashore to destruction in Unimak Pass! To lessen the terrible agony which came to him with every lurch and roll of the schooner, the men picked apart a dirty old cotton mattress and swathed Day's leg in its evil-smelling folds. It was the



BE CARRIED AWAY WITH HIM WHEN HE DROVE THE ANIMAL OFF AND FORGOT OF HIS OWN PRESENCE.

and the sound of running footsteps. In a few minutes his three companions were at his side. Guided by Conroy, they had followed the bear's trail, expecting to find Day where he had been left, and when they missed him, they were filled with alarm lest some further misfortune

had befallen him. Great was their joy to find the sorely wounded man alive.

best they could do, and even that was a God-send to the tortured man. Three days out the wound began to show dangerous symptoms, and in spite of the repeated applications of a red-hot martinspike by the wounded man himself, it grew worse and worse.

Strange to say, the other men told me that Day seemed to worry less over his ghastly injury than anyone aboard. He passed off the thing as a joke! When they were below during the days of storms and during the early evenings, he kept them in roars of laughter with his quaint stories and jests, singing all day when alone. He never seemed to lose heart for a moment. But what must it have been in the wild, dark nights when the tiny craft was plunging through great seas, half-smothered with the waves that swept over her, every hatch battened down, the three sound men shut up in

I am happy to be able to add, by way of sequel to this story of a brave man, that Day was taken ashore by us, and his leg successfully amputated above the knee, leaving him a useful stump to which a wooden limb could be fitted. We nursed him until called away to another port, then left him, almost able to get about, in care of the surgeon of the troopship *Al Kī*. From this officer we learned by letter at Honolulu that our patient had made a safe and uneventful recovery; and further that, when the *Al Kī* went south, he had been taken to San Francisco and placed in a hospital there, to be treated for a severe attack of rheumatism!—which had probably come on from his night exposure near the stream.

About two years after the affair, I was astonished to receive a letter from Day him-

I send you something to remember me by, there are two in the package give one to the Dr. with my best regards and thank you for what you did for me!
Your friend
George Day.

THIS IS A FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PARAGRAPH OF GEORGE DAY'S LETTER TO MR. GORDON, INCLUDING TWO OF THE BEAR'S TEETH MOUNTED IN THE HARDLY-WON GOLD.

her choking cabin with the sorely wounded man?

And yet these sturdy miners spoke of their experience as scarcely more than an unfortunate interruption of their plans for gathering gold! They would do their duty to their mate and bring him where he could get proper treatment for his wound, leaving behind a rich find of gold which the first-comer might seize. Their hardest task was to cheer up Day, who cursed himself bitterly for spoiling their plans by his "foolish trick"!

self. In this letter, which had followed me round from Yokohama to Hong Kong, he told me that he had made another trip the following summer to the gold fields which he had been forced to leave by reason of his accident, and furthermore, that he had brought back enough gold to last him the rest of his life! Inclosed in the letter was a little parcel wrapped in cotton: one of *his* bear's teeth handsomely mounted in some of the gold which had cost him so dear. Good luck to him!

South African Snap-Shots.

By J. HARVEY KNIGHT.

I.

At a time when the eyes of the whole world are turned in the direction of South Africa our readers may be interested in the following article, which deals with the quaint and curious phases of South African life such as would strike the newcomer. These phases of life are illustrated by photographs, and graphically described by one who has lived in Cape Colony for some years.



HOUGH of late years the light of civilization has beaten pretty fiercely on the Dark Continent, yet it is, and for years to come will remain, a land of things and scenes both strange and wonderful: of marvels as countless as its own locusts and as inexhaustible as the diamond mines of its own remarkable Kimberley. Thanks to the adventurous spirit of the age, the time is fast approaching when that enterprising firm at Ludgate Circus will personally

and thunder," it will be our pleasant task to describe some of these, and illustrate our information with pictures reproduced direct from photographs.

Let us begin with the shank end of the Dark Continent. Here, then, is an interesting picture, taken from the deck of a vessel in Table Bay. On the shores of Table Bay, as everyone knows, is the city of Cape Town; which has more than once, with its magnificent sea view, been compared with the bay and city of Naples. But



VIEW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM THE DECK OF A "CASTLE" LITER, WITH THE "TABLE-CLOTH" SPREAD ON TABLE MOUNTAIN.
From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson.

conduct its hosts of clients from one end of Africa to the other—from Cairo in the north-east to Cape Town in the distant south-west. But not yet. A good deal of water will flow under London Bridge before the curiosities of African life are brought within easy reach of the tourist and an intelligent public asking for "more light": and so, as Mahomet may not go to the mountain, the mountain, or some of it, must be brought to Mahomet's very own front door. In other words, as the majority of British readers of *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE* may not see with their own eyes the wonders and curiosities of the land of "floods

when all is said and done Table Mountain—the Tafelberg of the old Dutch settlers—is the attraction, the loadstone to which resident and visitor alike instinctively turn. As mountains go, Tafelberg, with its three thousand odd feet, is a mere wart on the fair face of Nature. Yet there is probably not a single being in Cape Town who would, if he could, replace his mountainous dwarf with the most magnificent giant among the ranges of Europe or Asia. Table Mountain is no misnomer: the summit is clear-cut against the sky in true table fashion, as if some colossal being, armed with a Broddingnagian blade, had sliced it clean away.

One end of the Table is flanked by a sharp-pointed ridge locally known as the Devil's Peak. Part of this Peak is shown to the left of the accompanying illustration.

At the other end of the Table, to the extreme right of our picture, is a huge mass of rock which resembles nothing so much as a lion couchant. For that reason it is locally called the Lion's Head, and his hind-quarters make an excellent site for a signalling station for ships entering Table Bay. Table Mountain is never so

beautiful as when it is covered with its fleecy white "table-cloth." This "cloth" is composed of clouds, and it is a beautiful and fascinating sight to watch the soft mist gradually stealing along the top of the mountain until it hangs motionless over its grey-green sides. When the "cloth" is well and truly laid the effect is one of great beauty—the mystic, wonderful whiteness of the clouds being in striking contrast to the rich green of the vine-clad slopes of the old Table. Sometimes Cape Town will awake on mornings to find the greater part of its glorious Table covered with mist. At such times, of course, the "cloth" effect is wanting; it is only when the "Cape Doctor" (as the south-east wind is called) is in a genial mood that the "cloth" is properly spread. Strikingly beautiful as it is (as seen in our picture) from the deck of a steamer in the Bay, or from the streets of the town, the "table-cloth" means danger to the local mountaineers, and climbers have before now hopelessly lost their bearings through the sudden spreading of the "cloth."

Not so very far from Cape Town, almost behind Table Mountain in fact, is the lovely suburb of Wynberg. Cape Town is deservedly

famous for its suburbs, which are of great natural beauty. In one of these the Observatory is placed; at another—Rondebosch—Mr. Cecil Rhodes lives in what was, before it was destroyed by fire a year or so ago, a quaint, old Dutch house called Groote Schuur. Table Mountain dominates each of these lovely suburbs just as it dominates Cape Town. Sometimes one gets a glimpse of a fragment of tender blue mountain framed, as it were, in a dark fringe of fir or pine trees growing on either side of a road. The

accompanying picture of the fir avenue at a place called Protea, in the suburb of Wynberg, will give the reader a good idea of the beautiful roads to be found in the Cape peninsula. Such roads are a paradise for the Cape Town cyclist (and cycling is largely indulged in at the Cape), who finds the shade of these grand trees peculiarly grateful and comforting. The Cape peninsula is splendidly wooded; and the pride of Cape Town—next, of course, to its matchless mountain—is the truly magnificent avenue of oak trees which was planted generations ago by the prudent and far-seeing Dutch settlers. In South Africa trees grow with remarkable



THE FAMOUS FIR AVENUE AT WYBERG, A SUBURB OF CAPE TOWN.
From a Photo.

quickness, so excellently is the climate suited to their requirements. We will remember the time when there wasn't a single tree worthy of the name in Johannesburg. We witnessed the planting of the trees that now fringe the Wanderers' Club there; and we vividly recall how astonished we were when, on re-visiting the town a few years later, we beheld these same trees towering above us, sturdy and strong, some 50ft. or 60ft. in the air. Our feelings on that occasion must have been very like those experienced by juvenile Jack when he first beheld the magic beanstalk.

Our next picture is something of a startler. The smiling young gentleman got up to "kill" in the feathers and horns (which suggest at once an angelic origin and connection with "another plane") is simply a jimricksha boy of a type common enough in Durban, in the Colony of

Natal, where the photograph was taken. Note the details of the dress of this piece of dusky dandiness. The horns, of course, are meant to inspire terror in the breasts of all other runners and drive them to "skip—a bad kind of brandy—and despair—the wags, no doubt, are symbolic of the runner's marvellous capacity for spinning rather than a direct connection with the celestial family. Such trifles as earrings, a score or two of brass bangles, and a pair of fantastic leglets testify to the fact of this son of Ham being made of common clay and, therefore, prone to vanity. His short braided beards are daily decorated with ribbons, and round his neck is hung a triple row of beads strung on a strip of raw hide. His legs are strickinged, but his feet are bare. Of course, boots on a ricksha boy would mean an extravagance, and we think it will be generally admitted that the smiler in our picture looks decidedly better without them.

These ricksha runners make a fairly good living, and as their expenses are small they can afford to spend money on the adornment of their persons. Their charge is, or used to be, one "tickey" (i.e., a three-penny-piece) per half mile. Small of foot as they are, the half mile is very soon covered and the "tickey" earned. They are, of course, licensed by the local authorities, and are duly badged. Like the

London cabby, they can appreciate an extra "tickey" over and above their fare, and unlike him they are duly grateful therefor. The ricksha itself, as will be gathered from that in our picture, is a lightly but strongly built vehicle, capable of carrying two persons. It is

run on a pair of rubber-tired wheels, and is provided with easy springs and a pair of stout shafts. It is, in addition, nicely cushioned, and possesses a hood which can be raised at will to shelter the occupant from rain or sun. There is little fear of this useful vehicle ever tipping backwards, as a short iron stay is attached to the back of each. There are about 800 rickshas in Durban—a fact which speaks well for their popularity.

But Natal is famed for other things besides rickshas. It is well called the Garden Colony, for in no other part of South Africa is there such a wealth of fruit and flowers as is to be found



THE RICKSHA BOY OF DURBAN—FARE, THREEPENCE PER HALF MILE.

From a Photo.

in "plucky little Natal." The climate of this favoured corner of the Dark Continent is sufficiently warm to permit of the growing of sub-tropical fruits of all descriptions, and the amazing fertility of the soil explains the abundance of fine fruit to be obtained almost the entire year through. Pine-apples and bananas, in particular, flourish in Natal in remarkable luxuriance, and a more picturesque industry than the growing of these fruits it would be hard indeed to imagine. A pine-apple or banana farm—we might say pine-apple and banana farm, since the two are generally grown together—is a glorious sight, especially at that period when the fruit is approaching maturity. A warm, well-sheltered spot in the hills, such as that shown in our next



From a

A PINE-APPLE FARM IN NATAL, THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

(L'Espresso)

illustration, makes an ideal growing ground for the banana, which, it may be added, is usually planted in rows 6ft. apart and about 7ft. or 8ft. from each other. The banana plant, with its fine broad, palm-like leaves, and rich, yellow clusters of fruit, is, when fully grown, one of the most beautiful things in the vegetable kingdom. The Natal banana is remarkable for its delicious flavour—a flavour that is, perhaps, only equalled by that of the locally-grown pine; and where the banana is grown in such abundance it follows that its purchase price is correspondingly cheap—especially in comparison with the price we pay for it in England. The same may be said of the pine-apple, several hundreds of which may be seen growing in the foreground of our illustration, whilst all around are banana trees. Natal pine-apples

are sold locally from Durban (when the supply is scarce) to a farthing each—a price calculated to bring water to the mouth of the London street boy as he ruefully reflects on the fact that it costs him a ha'penny a slice at the street hawker's barrow—and oftentimes tinned stuff at that!

We have mentioned Johannesburg, the Golden City of the Rand. Here, then, is a typical bit of the life of that wonderful town as it

was lived before the present lamentable war. It shows the local dog-catcher, with his stock-in-trade, which, by-the-bye, is by no means elaborate. Of course, the difficulty in Johannesburg, as in our own cities at home, is first to catch your stray canine. The spectacle of a majestic Bobby leading an insignificant mongrel on a string is, however, unknown in Johannesburg: and the local Zarpis, as the police are



THE DOG-CATCHER AND HIS VAN AT WORK IN THE STREETS OF JOHANNESBURG.

From a Photo. by J. Barnett, Johannesburg.

called, are exempt from any such undignified duty. The task of freeing the streets from worthless dogs is delegated to certain individuals, overseen by a white man in the pay of the municipal authorities, but it cannot be said that the post of overseer is a sinecure, considering the nature of the work and the unpopularity its pursuit invariably brings. Not that the white man himself ever does anything in the way of actual

One of the wonders of Southern Africa is the boundless Karoo, or desert. Readers of Olive Schreiner's vivid descriptions of this huge tract of unpromising-looking land have before now been heard to marvel that so forlorn a place should have inspired the authoress with such marvellous thoughts concerning it; but then these readers are not, as Olive Schreiner is, native to the African soil. The illustration we

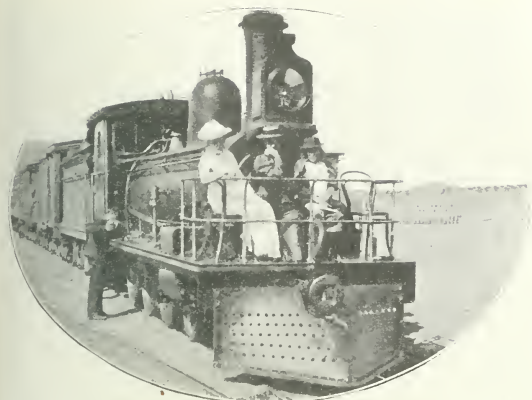
present herewith conveys a good idea of what the "great thirst land" of Cape Colony is really like. For miles, unbroken by a single tree, nothing meets the eye but a boundless expanse of sage-green scrub or bush—unless it be a range of fantastic "kopjes" or hillocks. The ground, where it is not entirely concealed with scrub, is stony and parched. Not a stream, not a spoonful of water is to be seen anywhere; and yet, incredible as it may



THE MOST QUANTITATIVE JACKALS IN THE WORLD (DESERT). 100,000 SQUARE MILES IN EXTENT.
From a Photo. by J. J. Middlebrook.

seem, sheep thrive well on the unpalatable-looking bush, and where man has given his earnest attention and capital to the soil it has been made most productive. In some of the driest parts of the Karoo, where drills have been put down, water, pure and abundant, has been discovered. Perhaps the most striking example of what can be done with the Karoo, may be found at that veritable oasis in the Cape Colony—Matjesfontein, near which, it will be remembered, a terrible railway accident occurred some time ago. The rise of Matjesfontein reads like a fairy story. Not so many years ago it was as bare and monotonous a place as the Karoo all about it. To-day, however, thanks to the foresight, energy, and perseverance of Mr. J. D. Logan, a member of the Cape Legislature, it is a smiling piece of fertility—an emerald set in the middle of a huge copper-coloured shield! The Karoo lies beyond Zwaartebergen (Black Mountains) in the Cape Colony, and stretches for 350 miles from east to west. There are,

That part of the work is intrusted to the faithful satellites by whom the catcher is accompanied, or by some other black fellow who is generally on hand when a wretched stray dog is to be captured and conveyed to durance via. The official black fellows, as will be seen in the picture, are each armed with a trusty stick, to which is attached a long noose. With these they perform the most doughty deeds, and the unhappy dog has generally a very rough time of it before his capture is effected and he finds himself in the "dog-cart" provided for his reception by a thoughtful corporation. The dog-cart is a simple affair, constructed on human principles. It is fenced in all round with wire, the door being at the rear, and thus it makes a very effective temporary cage. The dog-cart is drawn by a mule, or some other sorry specimen of horse flesh, guided by a Kaffir, and its passage through the streets provokes as much curiosity and remark as once upon a time the "Black Maria" used to do in England.



From a) A NEW WAY OF ENJOYING SCENERY ON THE RAILWAY.

17/20/06.

roughly speaking, 100,000 square miles of it, and the greater part of it is anything between 2,000ft. to 3,000ft. above sea-level. If you would become a landed proprietor you can do so very easily in Cape Colony—that is in the Karoo, where land can be purchased for about 6s. an acre.

Travelling by goods train through the Karoo (see our next illustration) is a very delightful experience. The Karoo at the best of times is a pretty warm place, and to be stuffed up in a passenger train when passing through it is something to remember. But the three ladies in the photograph look comfortable enough, snugly seated as they are in front of the engine just above the cow-catcher; and we daresay they would not willingly exchange their chairs even for the luxurious saloon-car of the ordinary passenger train. It is not a common thing to travel thus in Cape Colony, and not all the goods engines on the Cape Govern-

ment railways are fitted in this convenient fashion. At the time the photo. was taken the train had pulled up at a siding (it's astonishing how often trains in Cape Colony do pull up at sidings!), and advantage was taken by the engine-driver to oil up. He is plainly seen in the photograph giving his monster charge a drink of this necessary fluid. No better way of seeing the country could be devised than from the front of a railway train; for in such a trackless place as the Karoo a coach would soon lose its bearings—as very often used to be the case, in bad weather, before the advent of railways. Of course, the engine front is only possible for the passenger in fine weather; for when the terrible dust storms blew or the rain descended

our lady friends in the photograph would be only too glad to seek a less exposed position.

Speaking of railways reminds us that the "iron horse" has made wonderful progress of recent years in Cape Colony, and not only in Cape Colony, but also in Natal, Rhodesia, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. The slow methods of the old settlers will not do for these booming times, and so the ox-wagon has given place to the locomotive. But South Africa is still young in a sense, and so vast, territorially, that huge districts to this day know



A FULLY LADEN COACH BEING HAULED ACROSS THE LIMPOPO RIVER ON A "PONT" AT RHODES'S DRIFT.

From a Photo.

not the railway, and the ox-waggon or mule-coach, as the case may be, still holds undisputed sway. Especially does this apply to Rhodesia, where, as in the Transvaal before it, and in the Cape Colony before that again, the mule-coach was the chief means of getting from place to place. Sometimes it happens that a fully loaded coach has to cross a river. On the larger rivers, such as the Limpopo, for example, or the Vaal, "ponts" are in evidence, and the crossing becomes a not unpleasant operation. The pont method of crossing rivers is well shown in our photograph on the preceding page. Here the scene is at Rhodes's Drift on the Limpopo—frequently referred to of late in the war news—and the crossing has been effected.

ground of our picture would appear to have provided reinforcements, as he has charge of four extra mules, and is patiently awaiting the arrival of the coach.

For simplicity and cheapness there is nothing to beat the rope bridge. Our next photo. shows a primitive contrivance in use at Komatie River, in the Eastern Transvaal. Some years ago this river was the centre of a considerable amount of activity, owing to the discovery of the Komatie goldfields, which, it was thought, would prove to be a new Eldorado. But, owing to the difficulty of obtaining supplies, and the prevalence of fever, the bottom dropped out of the incipient "boom," and now only a few industrious seekers of "alluvial" are to be found on the field.



THE PASSENGERS CROSS THE KOMATIE RIVER (EASTERN TRANSVAAL) IN A CHAIR TRAVELLING ON A WIRE CABLE.

[Barnett.]

The banks of this river, as the picture clearly shows, are very steep, and the getting to the pont is a somewhat hazardous business. The pont is large enough to accommodate a full-sized coach and its team of a dozen or so mules, and in addition two or three score people if need be. When all are safely aboard, the whole is pulled across by means of ropes or cables—and then the fun begins. If getting aboard the pont was hard work, the getting away from it is usually still harder. If the river bank be low, the work is easy enough; if, however, it rises abruptly (as does the distant bank in the photograph), the ascent becomes particularly toilsome. Passengers and others at such times literally put their shoulders to the wheel, and do the best they can to aid the mules in pulling up the coach. The boy in the fore-

This bridge is of the crudest description. There is a stout rope permanently fixed across the river, and on this is slung a kind of chair. The traveller takes his seat in this, breathes a fervent prayer for safety, and is then hauled out and across by means of ropes attached to his queer cradle. There is a delightful sensation of insecurity about the jerky method of progression, which, of course, adds

immeasurably to the pleasures of the crossing. Waggon and cattle cross at the "drift" some distance higher up. Our photo. shows the Komatie in the dry season, when the water is low; but during the rains the stream is quite impassable, and the traveller has perforce to sit down and wait until the turbid flood subsides.

The Limpopo, on whose bosom the pont seen in a previous illustration floats, is perhaps one of the finest rivers in South Africa, and has always a fair volume of water to justify its claim to being a "river." This is not always the case, however, with the rivers of South Africa; and it is distinctly odd, when travelling by train, to cross a lengthy river bridge, but which has nothing but a huge stretch of sand and stone beneath it. South African rivers have a peculiar habit of drying up at inconvenient times and seasons;



"IN THE LAND OF THIRST"—A KAFFIR DIGGING FOR WATER IN THE DRY BED OF A RIVER.
From a Photo. by Barnett, Johannesburg.

and if you would see what a dry river is like, turn to the next photograph, wherein is shown a Kaffir boy actually digging for water in a river-bed in order that his "baas" might still indulge in his morning coffee! Here's a pretty pass indeed—when a river-bed has to be tapped before it will yield its water! Such experiences are common enough, not only in the Transvaal, where our photograph was taken, but also in many other parts of Southern Africa.

It happens sometimes in South Africa that water has to be carried for considerable distances before it reaches the consumers. In our next picture water-carriers are shown: one in the act of filling a barrel, and the others on the point of return-

ing whence they came with their water-vessels quite full. The scene is laid at Umtata, in Pondoland, and a very pretty scene it is too, with its mirror-like lake reflecting the beautiful willow trees on its banks. The water is taken from the river to the various houses in the town by native servants—a somewhat primitive method, even in South Africa, of obtaining a water supply. The barrels are substantially built and hold a good many gallons; and the labour of carrying is facilitated by means of iron rods, which enable the carrier to push the vessel before, or roll it after him, as his humour prompts him. It runs smoothly enough; but naturally the work is tediously slow.



From a

HOW THE TOWN OF UMTATA, IN PONDOLAND, GETS ITS WATER SUPPLY.

(Photo.

(To be concluded next month.)

For the Love of Mihrimah.

BY D'ARCY MORELL.

Mr. Morell is one of the few men who have penetrated into the remote wilds of Albania—the very least-known spot on the map of Europe. Herein he relates a typical love episode of these lawless and "lurid" mountaineers, whose control and management is one of the hardest problems that Turkey has to solve.



MR. D'ARCY MORELL, WHO PENETRATED THIS SERRAVALLE OF SCARDUS MOUNTAINS, AND WAR. [Photo.]

group of hardy Arnauts who clustered around the burning logs, and the dark forms of our jaded horses as they cropped the grass and herbs close by.

This was our bivouac for the night, under the clear sky and glittering stars; for the only building within miles was the old and lonely watch tower on the hill above, long deserted and in ruins. Ghostly and grim stood the pile of old grey stones on the summit of the precipitous hill—an uncanny spot, reeking with the memory of deeds of bloodshed—so the people said. At any rate, no doubt it was the lair of wild beasts, the home of bats, and, maybe, of the mountain eagle.

We preferred to camp in the open air and to enjoy for a few hours a deep, dreamless repose. Some of the Albanians lay sleeping on the grass near the horses, with their rifles beside them; while others still remained seated close to the glowing embers of the fire, boiling coffee in those small pots-used in the Levant. Only one man remained as sentinel, with loaded rifle, to keep watch in the narrow pass, until his turn came to be relieved from his solitary post.

Our tales of wars, of midnight forays, of daring brigands, and spectral, blood-curdling apparitions were beginning to flag, when Mustapha, my guide and servant, turning towards me, threw away the stump of his



HE soon had set beyond the Scardus Mountains, and the distant shapes

of the mighty Kara Dagh—dark and sombre with the shade of pine woods—were purpling in the evening light. The mass lost detail, melting in a haze of violet blue; and the keen night wind springing up was wafted from the snowfields far above. It fanned the flames of our blazing camp-fire that lighted the surrounding rocks with a ruddy glow, bringing out into strong relief the tanned, weather-beaten features of the



"OUR BIVOAC FOR THE NIGHT UNDER THE CLEAR SKY AND GLITTERING STARS."

cigarette, and broke the silence with the following story from every-day Albanian life. The narrative is absolutely authentic, and faithfully reflects the manner of life of these wild mountaineers, of whom so little is known.

If you are not too tired to listen, Effendi, I will tell you a true tale of an event that set the whole of my clan in a blaze of wild excitement, and which brought the Turks, with the Zaptieh, down upon us less than two years ago, before the tumult could be quelled.

It was over there—he continued, pointing towards the great, but now invisible, mountains—over there, far away beyond the Kara Dagh, across the seething waters of the Drina, near my home at Tpek, under the shadow of the snow-covered Pecklen

and the great Zleb. At the top of the valley, down which rush the whirling waters of the Pecksha Bistrika, there is a long, straggling village, called Decani. Higher up in the hills, among the rocks and grass slopes (a sea of fragrant flowers in early summer), there stood a castellated farmstead of red-grey stone, the property of old Mahmoud, who owned the most numerous flocks in the clan-ship.

Mahmoud, in his younger days, had wandered into Epirus to Tannina in search of fortune, and for some years found employment there in the service of the Pasha. But at last a longing to see again his native highlands became too strong to resist, and he journeyed homewards through those unexplored and almost unknown regions that separate Epirus from Northern Albania. And one day he suddenly reappeared among the little community where he first saw the light, tired and footsore, but bringing with him two good horses, and a bag, worn under

his girdle, that contained some hundreds of silver medjidihs.

Mahmoud's young wife, a dark-eyed girl of the Rouman race, rode one of the horses, while the other carried his pack, which held the few articles of value that it had been found possible to bring. On his return, Mahmoud discovered that since the death of his father the family had taken possession of his inheritance, believing that he would never come back; but, as soon as the wanderer was recognised, he was accepted as head of the house. In after years he increased his flocks and cattle by skilful management, added to good fortune, until at last, when time began to streak his head and beard with silvery grey, the cautious Beg was reputed to be the largest owner of sheep (the only real form of

wealth in this land) between the Drina and the Vardar. So the people chose old Mahmoud as their headman.

But nearly as dear to the old man's heart as his many woolly flocks and long-horned cattle was the memory of the wife of his younger days—his Rouman bride—who reposed under the rough, unhewn cypress-shaded stones in the Moslem graveyard, up on the hill-side. She had left several boys and a little daughter, Mihrimah, to comfort him in his declining years.

Often at the noontide rest, when seated on his divan under the porch without the gates, his chibouk at his side, the old Albanian notable would gaze upward at the sun-bathed mountain side, and smile, as he watched his "ewe lamb" chase the big blue and red butterflies amid the flowering gentian and in the fragrant wild thyme.

Mihrimah was sixteen last Ramādan, when she came down with the village girls in that eventful springtime draped in her smartest garments, to see the young men fire their guns at sunrise in honour of the festival of Bairām, and hear the imam calling to prayer from the mosque, in his clear, far-reaching tones. Many a fine young mountaineer looked wistfully in her direction, and wished that he had more brown sheep and hairy beeves, to make a suitable



"ONE DAY HE SUDDENLY REAPPEARED, BRINGING WITH HIM TWO GOOD HORSES."

admirer to the maid's father. With her long black hair, straight eyebrows, and shining white teeth, Mibirimah looked just like her mother when first she came from Epirus. The maiden was light of step too, and could climb the steep slopes to count the lambs; for many are killed by eagles, foxes, and the fierce mountain lynx. Like some Albanian virgins, she displayed a part of her dowry—gold coins and ornaments—encrusted in her long, loose black hair, and around her head and neck in chains. But according to the custom of the real Arnauts, she was not allowed to do so.

Among those present at this memorable *Hanım* was young Mehemet, a stalwart mountaineer, and the only child of Nizâm Eddin Bey, a wild soldier, who had served with bravery in the Turkish wars; and, although the Pashah had rewarded him with a decoration and the rank of *Yu. Bashi*, the veteran was not rich. The clan admired him—although of Osmanli blood—as a fearless warrior and honest man; with the Vali liked and treated him as a former warrior in arms. So he was elected *Mukhtar* (mayor) of his district. The old Bey lived with his son and two servants in a long, low house, built of massive stone, and roofed over with heavy, irregular tiles. The building was surrounded by a pleasant garden, in which the *Kamarkan* would sit in sunny time to smoke his water-pipe and sip his strong black coffee. The house, in fact, stood without the fluted tower, on the shaky wooden bridge that spanned the *Rimik*. It had no glass windows—a commodity rarely seen in Albania—their place being filled with a finely interwoven network of wood, admitting some little light and air.

On several occasions young Mehemet had seen the slender, graceful form of Mibirimah in her mountain home, and once the previous year,

when she came with her friends across the mountain to the town to make purchases at the bazaar. Now, when the young man saw his mountain flower once again at the fateful *Bairâm* celebration, he gazed with an ever-growing admiration at her rich and brilliant raiment; her ornaments of shining stones and pearls; and her valuable coronet of gold coins upon her brow. He admired the girdle of red silk—worked with gold thread from the great bazaar at *Prisrend*—around the maiden's waist; and her sandals beautifully embroidered, with the tips turned up and pointed. She smiled upon him for a moment; her lips trembled slightly, and she turned her head and passed away. Mehemet grasped the meaning of the girl's action; but fired by the daring and strong impulse of his

mother's Arnaut race, he vowed that none other than he should ever bear home in triumph as his bride the Flower of Decani. But Allah willed it otherwise.

The owner of many flocks had a friend, a merchant of distant *Prisrend*, who came twice a year to visit the old sheep-breeder and secure his accumulation of wool for export abroad. This trader was the intermediary between the farmers of the mountains and the valley of the *Drina* and the foreign dealers who came to *Kumanova*, as well as *Uskub*, to buy both wool and sheep. Mahmud also journeyed occasionally to *Prisrend*, partly on business, but also to visit the merchant—Hassan by name—at his large house in the city. On such occasions they would dine together and smoke their *chibouks*, often visiting the

great bazaar, where they would chat and drink coffee with the salesmen, while the prosperous headman would make selections and purchases to take home to his remote mountains. Many of the most rare and costly articles were for his little girl-child—



"HE SMILED UPON HIM FOR A MOMENT."

the image of her dead mother. During the summer and autumn previous to the events related in my story, when Hassan came to the old homestead in the hills of Decani, he had seen again the growing maiden with the bloom of health upon her fresh young face, and noted her tall and pliant figure, erect as the white-stemmed poplars in the valley, but dark as the pines in the crags above.

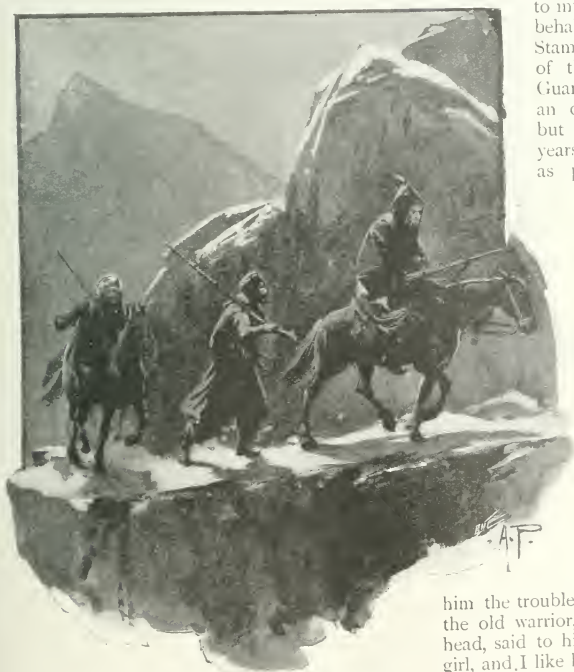
Perhaps he had made an offer to old Mahmoud then; perchance he had asked for the girl in exchange for a valuable gift in kind or coin. No one can tell. The old farmer was a silent man. At any rate, it was well known that they were much bound together by matters of interest and money. It was at the full moon, when the days are longest, some weeks after that Bairam holiday, that the merchant Hassan was seen riding with several armed followers up the narrow, broken track that traces the way from the village to the loop-holed inclosure of the old chief's farm and dwelling. Although the visitor remained but a day, it soon

became known in the valley, through the chatter of the women, that he had brought from Prisrend beautiful and costly presents for the headman's daughter. Moreover, it went the round in local gossip that the old man was greatly pleased, having made with Hassan a good bargain for his daughter. Even the aged Dervish beggar who prayed at the gates of the mosque showed a bright silver medjidieb, given to him by the merchant when he rode by, with an intimation at the same time that there would be great rejoicings when he returned after the next moon. Beacon fires would be lighted in the hills, Hassan said, to call the clansmen from afar to see him carry off his bride. These rumours, with many extravagant additions, reached the jealous ears of young Mehemet, whose heart sank within him, and his hopes melted away like an idle dream. What chance indeed had he pitted against the prosperous friend of the wealthy farmer?

But the spirit of the fiery Arnaut was not so easily beaten, though saddened and almost desperate. He would ask his father to intercede with the Pasha on his behalf, so that he might travel to Stamboul, there to enter the service of the Padishah in the Albanian Guard. Then he would become an officer—a Bey like his father, but richer—and return in a few years, loaded with honours, as well as pounds Turkish. He might

then make a more acceptable offer than even Hassan could. But first with his father he would visit the old chief and entreat him not to give Mihrimah to anyone for three years. The child was so young; there was no hurry. Besides, he was sure that, with the help of Allah, he would be able by then to redeem his promise. And the maiden assuredly liked him better than she did Hassan! Were they not, both of them, children of their own beloved mountains?

Mehemet went at once to see his father, and told him the trouble that oppressed his heart. But the old warrior, slowly and sadly shaking his head, said to his son, "Yes, she is a pleasing girl, and I like her well. She may prefer thee, but in this land the choice of women does not count for much. Fate is against thee, and



"HASSAN WAS SEEN RIDING WITH SEVERAL ARMED FOLLOWERS UP THE NARROW, BROKEN TRACK."

perhaps unkind. Our faith teaches that it is useless to struggle against Kismet! Mehemet, thy suit is hopeless! I will take thee to the Pasha in the great town, and will implore his Excellency to send thee to the Sultan's capital with a letter of recommendation to the Caliph. Then, my son, thou wilt become a famous soldier, and forget the mountain maid of thy dawning manhood. Later, thou shalt marry one of the beautiful ladies of the Empire City. Enough for it is written!"

It was arranged, after receiving a letter from his Excellency the Pasha, that they should travel to Uskub early in the autumn, whence Mehemet would proceed by rail to Salonika, and there take ship for the Golden Horn. But it was not to be. Though fond of his old father, and attached to his glorious mountains, this newly awakened passion was drying up all other feelings in Mehemet, gaining a complete mastery over his nature. And he was seen on several occasions in earnest converse with some young men of the neighbourhood, his friends and associates. His father also observed him one day cleaning his rifle, adjusting the sights, and filling cartridge-cases. The old man was glad; he saw in this the instinct of the budding soldier. Happily for him he could not read the near future.

One day some shepherds, coming down the valley, spread the news that the trader, Hassan, had been seen with several horsemen and a carriage beyond the Drina. That later the cavalcade had crossed the Sranski bridge, and come on in the direction of Decani. The merchant was therefore coming sooner than had been expected to claim the maiden. Mehemet also heard the ominous words and abruptly left the house, taking his rifle with him.

It was a sultry evening, the close of a hot, oppressive day. A filmy mist was stealing down the mountain sides, hiding the summits from view. Through the nebulous canopy

above there gleamed at moments lurid flashes of lightning, which illumined the wild night with a sudden brilliance, to be instantly succeeded by impenetrable darkness. Rolling thunder boomed through the chasms and gorges far above, as the heavy raindrops beat down upon the dry, stony ground with a ceaseless, monotonous splash.

In silence a band of young Arnauts wended their way up the valley, following the sinuities of the rising ground. They carried their rifles at the sling: the breeches carefully wrapped in impermeable cloth. Bandoliers filled with cartridges were worn over the shoulder; and several

also had belts studded with ammunition. Nothing could be seen of them, as they moved lightly and noiselessly on, but an indistinct and barely perceptible line of white Albanian fezzes. Arrived at the foot of the steep ascent, where the source of the Peeska Bistrika, leaping down the precipitous rocks in a series of cascades, plunges into the valley below, the leader of the band called upon his companions to halt. Taking shelter from the raging storm under the overhanging cliffs, the party grouped themselves around him and held a brief consultation. Their leader proposed, with general agreement, to proceed at once to their destination, the war of the elements being rather

in favour of the enterprise than otherwise. Quitting the cover when they had rested for a space, the adventurers followed a narrow track that would have been invisible to anyone not bred in the locality. Guided by instinct, by familiarity with these mountains, and by their keen eyes, they advanced without halt or hesitation in single file, now carrying their rifles at "the trail" ready for instant use. At last the band paused again; the village now nestled in the valley below, sheltered by an amphitheatre of towering hills. The track here broke into two paths: the one on the left was the direct way to Mahmoud's house, and



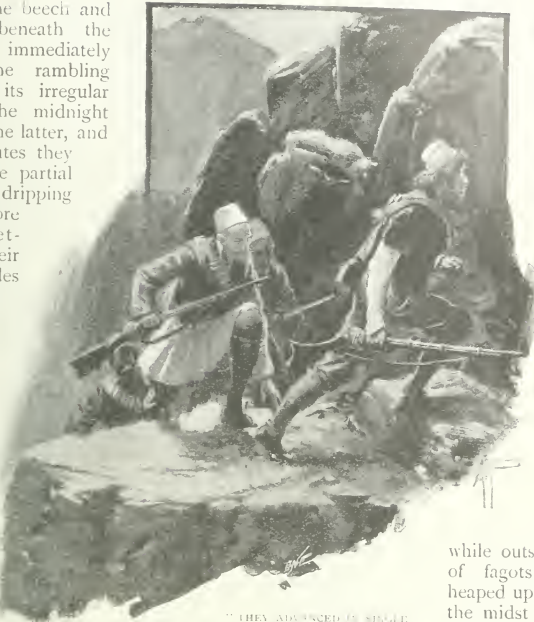
"HIS FATHER OBSERVED HIM ONE DAY CLEANING HIS RIFLE AND ADJUSTING THE SIGHTS."

the other to the beech and pine woods beneath the grey crags, but immediately overlooking the rambling farmstead and its irregular inclosures. The midnight raiders chose the latter, and in a few minutes they stood under the partial shelter of the dripping trees, not more than a musket-shot from their objective. Rifles were quickly wiped, and bandoliers were prepared for use; keen-edged Albanian knives were drawn from leggings, examined, and then replaced. One of the men untied the thongs that held a bundle of pitch-pine torches, which he had carried tightly rolled

in thick cloth to keep them dry. When all was ready the leader gave the signal, and the marauders glided stealthily down the few hundred feet that separated them from the inclosures. Stout fences and rough stone walls were now before them. All was quiet and still in the pastoral home. No lights were burning at so late an hour. No sound was heard save that of the wind and rain beating against the massive walls and heavily-barred gates, with occasional peals of distant thunder in the higher mountains.

But suddenly a furious barking of dogs burst forth, loud and menacing, as the intruders scrambled over the fences and outer wall. The enraged and vigilant animals were trying to break out from their quarters to attack the unknown foe. At first no one in the house appeared to heed the vociferous warning.

The raiders had climbed over all the obstacles in a few moments, and while some ran to the rear of the house with the object of forcing an entrance into the women's apartments, the others rushed to the arched gateway and commenced to hammer the heavy door with the butt-ends of their rifles. After fruitless efforts to break in, they all joined together behind the women's



"THEY ADVANCED TO SINGLE FILE, CARRYING THEIR RIFLES AT THE 'TOOTH,' READY FOR 'EUREKA' USE."

dwelling, and now at last could hear the sound of voices; while through the crevices and latticed windows they saw the gleam of lights.

No time was to be lost, or they would be taken at a disadvantage. Two of them seized the pitch-pine torches and, lighting them quickly, ran to the wooden buildings at the other end. There, barns and store-houses, cattle sheds and stables, were full of many inflammable substances such as dried grass, maize, straw, and wool;

while outside there were stacks of fagots and brush-wood heaped up for winter fuel. Into the midst of this material they plunged their flaming brands. Presently uncertain red tongues of fire shot upwards, and in a

few minutes spread over the wooden structures in an insidious embrace. Soon great columns of flame, driven by the gusts of wind, rolled on in waves over the inhabited block, vomiting forth showers of sparks, which, scattered by the wind, were swept far away into the great darkness of the night. Puffs of black smoke, tinged red by the light of the conflagration, swirled up from the burning edifice and were blown away in wreaths before the blast. The crackling of ignited timber, and the crash of falling roofs, proved that the fire had gained such a hold that the destruction of the house itself was not far off.

The desperate band, exposed to view in the glaring light, fell back from the main building and took up a position outside the inclosures with their rifles levelled at the gate. They called repeatedly to the inmates to come out, one at a time, but without arms. No notice was taken of this demand.

The fire had now gained the house itself, and flames were spreading through the latticed apertures and roof; suddenly the gate swung open, and a body of armed men rushed forth. Several rapid flashes came from the outer wall, and the sharp ring of the rifles startled the

night air, as three or four men fell near the gate, while one reeled to the porch and clutched it with his hands. The remainder rushed across the open space, firing as they ran, and, backing through the fences, engaged the raiders hand to hand. At this moment someone shouted, "Mehemet, they are taking the women away at the back." Hearing this the young leader of the raid, springing over the obstacles, ran to the back of the building, followed by two or three of his men. They were just in



"THE DESPERATE BAND, EXPOSED TO VIEW IN THE GLARING LIGHT, FELL BACK FROM THE MAIN BUILDING."



"IN THE GREAT EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT THE BALL STRUCK THE MAID INSTEAD OF HER LOVER."

time to see the door wide open, and a group of men in the passage, now full of smoke, trying to drag the women out. Mehemet fought his way into the entrance, and dragging Mihrimah from Hassan, seized her in his arms to bear her away. But the enraged merchant drew a pistol from his sash, aimed quickly at the Arnaut's head, and fired. Naturally enough, in the great excitement of the moment the ball struck the maid instead of her lover. Her head fell, her arms loosened their hold, and she glided gently to the ground. Mehemet stooped, passed his hand to the back of his legging, and with a fierce yell sprang like a tiger at Hassan, striking up the latter's arm before the accepted suitor could press the trigger of his second pistol. There was a gleam of steel, and Hassan fell backwards with the mountaineer's long blade buried up to the carved handle in his breast. Mehemet raised the dying girl and bore her out through the smoke and falling tiles and timbers. A few moments after, the roof fell in with a great crash, burying old Mahmoud, the Beg, and those still with him under the burning ruins. Mehemet and his companions withdrew slowly to the high mountains during the dark hours of the early morning, much impeded on their march by the injured maiden and several wounded comrades, whom they carried on their rifles. They arrived at their hiding-place, however, before midday. This was a shepherd's hut, far up above the

valley on the mountain side. Two days later the hapless Mihrimah died, and was laid to rest under the green moss and fragrant flowers.

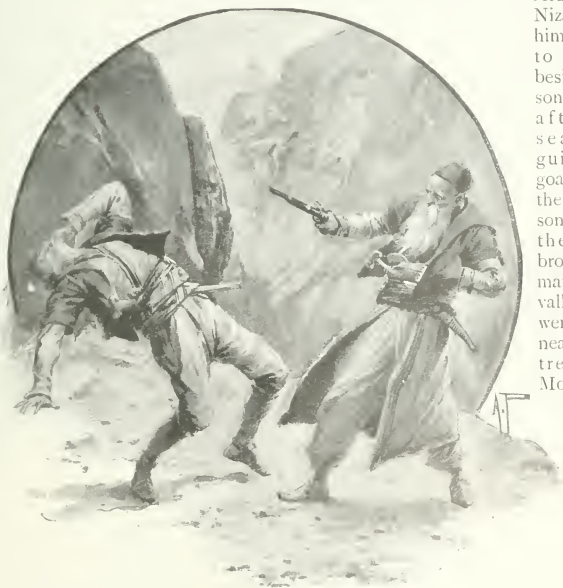
News of this serious (and characteristic) affray was carried to the big town, and soon the Pasha dispatched two companies of soldiers and an escort of Zaptieh, under the command of a Bim-bashi, to capture the raiders and bring them to justice. In less than a week after the events of that terrible night the tramp of the troops was heard in the streets of the little town of Tjelane, and they proceeded to the house of Nizân Eddin Bey, where after the usual salutations the officer demanded the surrender of the old man's son, and his official assistance in securing the arrest of the others. The old Bey answered, simply, "I will seek him, and bring him here, but I must go alone. We will question him afterwards, and thus try to find out who were his confederates." So saying he left and journeyed across the wide valley to the foot of the high mountain range. The Bim-bashi remained in charge of the house till his return, placing sentries on guard at the gate.

A long and wearisome walk found the patient old soldier at nightfall under the steep, rugged ascent that formed the shoulders of the lofty, snow-streaked ridges. Here he rested till daybreak at a lonely "hau," or wayside inn. In the early morning, bent and sorrowful, he was seen to take the path that led up the flanks of the dark and frowning Zleb. Slowly he went till he reached the easy slope beneath the mighty pre-

cipices. Here he paused and knelt towards the east, absorbed in prayer. His eyes were closed; his jaw had slightly fallen, and his white beard lay upon his breast. With extended arms the humble Moslem opened his heart to Allah. Then rising up he faced the crags above. Some goatherds saw him pass with a strange, resolute expression. When seen approaching from the shepherd's shelter, Mehemet left and went down the path to meet his father. Thus again they met, and stood in silence for a moment. Then the old man said: "Son, thou hast broken the laws of man; for the rest thou must make thy peace with Allah. The Zaptieh are waiting for thee in the valley below. But they shall not have thee a free-born mountain lad. They would drag thee in chains to the great town, to rot in the dungeons, and perhaps bring thee forth some day to be hanged like a dog. And I have no money to give to save thee. Go to Allah, Zâdek, to the paradise of Mohammed—to everlasting joy."

A pistol-shot broke the stillness of the mountain solitude; and the young Arnaut staggered backwards and dropped upon the sward. The next instant a ragged volley was fired from the

refuge, and old Nizân Eddin Bey himself fell heavily to the ground beside his only son. Some days afterwards a search party, guided by the goatherds, found them, father and son, lying where they fell. They brought the remains down to the valley, where they were buried beneath the cypress trees with the Moslem dead.



"THE YOUNG ARNAUT STAGGERED BACKWARDS AND DROPPED UPON THE SWARD."

The Weird Kar-a-Day Festival in Penang.

BY ALEXANDER CRAWFORD, OF PROVINCE WELLESLEY, PENANG.

The benignant and paternal British Government, knowing a great deal better what is good for a people than the people themselves, are steadily stamping out festivals and pageants of a suicidal or self-torturing kind. The Juggernath and Hook-Swinging festivals of India* are rapidly dying out; and Mr. Crawford tells us that this is the last occasion on which the strange Kar-a-day ceremonies will be permitted by the Straits authorities.



HO are the people who take part in this festival? They are the Klings, one of the most interesting races of Farther India. Fine fellows are the men-kind, muscular and well-developed; while you require no more eloquent testimony of their extraordinary powers of endurance than the curious snap-shots repro-

explicitly prohibited, only the authorities were too late to interfere.

The language used by the Klings is a dialect of Tamil, which boasts an ancient literature of its own. I don't know that the Klings care anything about ancient literature, but I daresay they will consider it a frightful grievance not being able to hold the Kar-a-day any more. By



THE CROCODILE IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THIS INTERESTING GROUP. NOTICE THE CROCODILE HE HAS JUST SHOT; FROM A) ALSO HIS NEST. [Photo.]

duced in this article. This Kar-a-day festival is an annual affair—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it *was* an annual affair, as the Government of the Straits Settlements have now quite decided to put a stop to it. Indeed, the celebration of last September, which I attended as an amateur photographer, was also

the way, one rather interesting fact about the “lingo” of the Klings is that it is a very difficult tongue for Europeans to master—quite a contrast in that respect to the Malay language; and on many of the estates and plantations of the colony a large premium is offered, so as to stimulate overseers and managers in their endeavours to learn Kling.

But all this by way of introduction. Let us

* See issues of WIDE WORLD for September and October, 1899, respectively.

now get to the festival. Almost needless to say, it is held in honour of the Kling god. His name is Sammi. There appears to be no other



"NO SELF-RESPECTING KLING WOULD DREAM OF TAKING PART IN THE FESTIVAL WITHOUT HAVING BEEN THOROUGHLY BARBERED.—" (the Author. From a Photo. by)

name, but just plain Sammi. One fine day last September saw a good deal of excitement in the streets of Wellesley and Penang. Great preparations were being made on every hand, for no self-respecting Kling would dream of taking part in the festival without having been first thoroughly barbered and washed. Our first two snap-shots show respectively the barber at work and an individual washing himself at a very ordinary and prosaic stand-pipe. Now, there is something rather interesting about this stand-pipe. In a way it shows you how natives—even Klings—learn caution through bitter experience. Formerly, all the necessary ablutions

before the ceremony were performed in the river, which, unfortunately, contains crocodiles. Well, it was just before the previous festival that the tragedy of the native wood-merchant occurred—a well-to-do person who met with rather a costly accident. He was not much addicted to water, that wood-merchant, but he compromised with his conscience by simply dabbling his toes in the muddy stream. It were far better for him, however, had he remained dirty and offended Sammi: for suddenly a huge crocodile grabbed him by the leg. He screamed as loudly as he could (which was very loud indeed), and a number of coolies rushed to his rescue. The scene, as one may suppose, was one of terrific excitement, and for a whole minute or two an extraordinary kind of tug-of-war went on between the rescuers and the crocodile, the "rope" being, of course, the unfortunate leg of the ill-fated wood-merchant. Presently, so great was the persistency of the reptile, and the zeal and vigour of the rescuers, the tortured limb gave way, and the coolies saved what was left of the victim. Then they carried him off to the hospital. But he was a curiously ungrateful person, for when he recovered somewhat (the thing would have killed an ordinary white man) he wanted to bring an action against the riparian proprietors for permitting crocodiles to haunt the river, thus causing him to lose his leg!

And now you know why our friend in the photo. is washing himself at the unlovely stand-pipe.

One important part of the preparations for the great ceremonial was the digging out of the

big fire-pit in which was to take place on the morrow the remarkable ordeal of fire-walking. It is curious, by the way, how many of these fiery ordeals there are. I believe that in THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE for May, 1898, an article appeared, completely illustrated with photos., on the "Firy Ordeal of Fiji," and again in the issue for last December one learnt everything there was to be known about the "Shinto Fire-Walkers of Tokio."

The great day came at last, and with it came the procession of devotees, which was something to be remem-



"—AND WASHED." WHY THIS DEVOTEE IS WASHING HIMSELF AT A STAND-PIPE INSTEAD OF IN THE RIVER YOU WILL READ FOR YOURSELF. (the Author. From a Photo. by)

bered. One man showed, in a very remarkable way, how far he was prepared to go for Sammi.

You can see him in the photo. He has a silver skewer stuck through his tongue and cheeks in a dreadfully painful way, and he is supporting a curious erection of fruit and flowers. The man to the left of him had two heavy bunches of fruit suspended by hooks driven into his bare chest. Yet another devotee laboured along under a monstrous pagoda-like structure no less than 15 ft. in height, and supported by four long skewers driven through his naked chest and back. It was obvious that these must have caused him exquisite agony, on account of the jolting as he trudged along. He did not flinch, however, but bore it for the honour and glory of Sammi.

The origin of this strange method of honouring the Kling deity is lost in the mists of antiquity, but there is little doubt that this astounding festival is a kind of weird "Harvest Thanksgiving." To be precise, it is intended to secure the god's favour in connection with the fruits of the earth. This is clearly indicated when we examine closely the curious structures of flowers, fruit, and foliage carried by the natives who take part in the annual procession. The Kar-a-day festival also takes place just at the beginning of the rainy season, so that it would appear as though it were intended

as a fervent, symbolical prayer for rain, and plenty of it. And surely the Klings deserve

an answer to their prayers! The unfortunate woman seen in our next snap-shot is also carrying a mass of fruit and flowers on a frame-work, and with this she walked ten miles in the blazing heat of a tropical day, with a thick silver skewer cruelly driven down through her tongue and lip! It is no wonder that the Government have resolved to put a stop to these barbarous practices.

But at length the time came for the great central act of worship, which was no doubt intended—

if one may be permitted to say so without any irreverence—to melt the heart of Sammi in the event of that deity proving obdurate. And, indeed, it was an ordeal calculated to melt even lead or any other metal. All interest now centred in the great fire-pit. This was a huge trench filled with glowing, red-hot fuel, which was days before it quite died out. Twenty-five of the misguided heathen had entered for this part of the ceremony. This sounds like a competition at an athletic gathering, but I can assure you it was no joke for the competitors. Completely stripped, save for a loin cloth, they took up their places with becoming devotion, and then each in turn passed through the fearful pit. The heat, even at a considerable distance, was intense and almost suffocating. As for



"HE HAS A SILVER SKEWER STUCK THROUGH HIS TONGUE AND CHEEKS, AND HE IS SUPPORTING A CURIOUS ERECTION OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS."
From a Photo, by [the Author].



"A WEIRD HARVEST THANKSGIVING." THIS WOMAN WALKED WITH HER BURDEN TEN MILES IN A BLAZING SUN WITH A SKEWER DRIVEN THROUGH TONGUE AND LIP.
From a Photo, by [the Author].

myself, I was quite a long way off, trying—more or less vainly—to secure snap-shots, and I suffered so much from the heat of the furnace that I consider myself, even, quite entitled to something handsome from Sammi. The younger men, who had not previously passed through the pit, ran quickly across, as though anxious to get it over. Also, they skipped gingerly over the glowing, red-hot embers in a way calculated to give scandal to the more devout. The veterans, however, who had been through it all before many a time, walked slowly and deliberately through the terrific furnace, and I succeeded in snap-shotting one of these devoted persons in the very act.

Now, some people are apt to belittle the endurance exhibited by these Pagan devotees, and others speak sneeringly of "trickery." I can assure these stay-at-home gentlemen, however, that they are entirely wrong. The fire-walkers were barefooted, and whatever "preparation" they doctored the soles of their feet with, it must be remembered that they walked

through deliberately and slowly, and that the weight of their bodies was passing down their feet. The thing was miraculous, but I fear I must leave it to discussion to such authority as Mr. Andrew Latta. There was a disagreeable smell of burning as the devotees sauntered carelessly over the red-hot fire; and you must bear in mind that this was of considerable extent. I also heard a hideous "sizzling," but the less said about this the better.

The next day the fire-pit was still burning and smouldering, and two days after that, again, I would not have cared to pass through it even with my boots on. The Klings are employed in the coffee, sugar, tea, and pepper plantations in Penang, and do much better work than either the Chinese or the Malays,

who are also employed on the estates. In conclusion I may remark that the day was deplorable from a photographer's point of view, which was rather a pity, seeing that this was the last occasion on which the Kar-a-day festival will be allowed to be held.



THE LAST ACT IN A STRANGE DRAMA—"THE VETERANS WALKED SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY THROUGH THE TERRIFIC FURNACE." [the Author]

Entrapped by a Wild Buffalo.

BY CAMILLE PÉLISSIER, OF MARSEILLES.

It is indeed a thrilling story which M. Péliissier has to tell, and it is rendered peculiarly interesting by reason of the portrait of Primba and the head of the identical wild buffalo from which the author had such a marvellous escape in that strange trap, which was a clearing in the tropical forest hemmed in by walls of vegetation.



EARLY six years ago I found myself travelling in different parts of Venezuela as commissioner on behalf of a French firm engaged in a very peculiar Central American trade—the capture and slaughter of wild buffaloes for the sake of their skins. My journeys culminated in an incident so remarkable that I am at times astonished to realize I am still alive when I look back upon that dreadful day. Sometimes, at night, all the sensations come back to me in horrible dreams, but I have hopes that in time I may be able at will to put away from me altogether the memory of this hideous experience.

Altogether, I suppose I spent six months in Venezuela, mainly in Caracas. As is well known, the plains and forests of that country abound with game of all kinds, big and little: so as a sportsman I anticipated a good deal of enjoyment when I took up my quarters near Guayra, a town surrounded by very wild country fairly teeming with game. My work was pretty nearly done, and so my time was my own to go out in search of sport. Now, as I am inordinately fond of these little expeditions I returned home time after time with my bag full of wild ducks and geese, and a kind of partridge which is quite the best table bird I know.

On the memorable 3rd of February, 1894, I found myself completely free to do as I pleased, and accordingly I decided to spend a day in the more or less impenetrable jungles that lay some distance from the town. I prepared my guns and a plentiful supply of cartridges. I also put

up a small lunch, and then started out into the wilds, accompanied only by my servant, a very brave and much-travelled native, named Primba. I am very glad, indeed, to be able to present WIDE WORLD readers with a portrait of this excellent fellow. As it was my custom always to take one particular spot at a time, I now struck south, making for a place which I had previously avoided on account of the extraordinary density of the tropical forest. This place, I knew, abounded with wild animals

—leopards, hyenas, and particularly that dangerous and formidable beast, the wild buffalo. Walking in these jungles is all but impossible, owing to the high and thick bushes, which are interlaced in the most remarkable way by parasitic climbing plants. However, being very well armed, I made up my mind to enter this region, and we soon found ourselves among vegetation so dense that Primba and I had to be constantly calling out lest we should lose one another. I confess I felt misgivings from the first, but after an hour or two of laborious and tiring progress it was no easy matter to get out. So I made up my mind to make a day of it, and get all the sport I could. I advised

Primba to follow me so closely as to be able to touch me at any moment.

I myself carried a sporting gun, whilst my servant was entrusted with my Martini rifle. I cautioned him to keep it loaded, and to be ready to hand it to me in the event of our meeting dangerous wild beasts.

For the first hour or so I had excellent sport, and Primba was kept pretty busy picking up



THIS IS M. PÉLISSIER—WHY YOU SEE THE UGLY HEAD OF THE BUFFALO ON PAGE 601.
From a Photo by E. Lawson, Marseilles.

quails and partridges. It was, however, very tiring work, owing to the nature of the jungle. The sport grew more and more exciting as the day wore on, and soon I forgot altogether whether my servant was following me or not. I was suddenly brought to a know-

ledge of things, however, by realizing that I had only two cartridges left in my belt. Immediately I stopped and turned round, hoping to find Primba ready with another supply of ammunition. But Primba was nowhere to be seen. This, however, did not alarm me at the moment, and I said to myself, "How curious this jungle is—so dense and thick and dark that I cannot see my 'boy,' who is only a yard or two away." I turned back on my tracks, hoping to fall up against Primba at every step; but when, after a few minutes, I could see no trace of him and could hear no sound, I stood still and called his name as loudly as I could shout. There was no reply, and I walked back again to the spot I had left, thinking

to find him there. But he was not there. "Could anything have happened to him?" I wondered. Backwards and forwards I walked for perhaps twenty minutes, with a curious sense of growing terror in my heart. I handled my gun nervously, realizing its comparative impotence in case of the worst; and I felt here and there on my person to see if I had at least another cartridge or two, although these only contained small shot, and were almost useless in case of attack from a dangerous beast. I called and shouted again and again, but in vain. My anxiety increased every minute, and all the dreadful stories I had heard in Caracas about wild buffaloes flashed through my mind in appalling succession.

"What in the name of Heaven *has* become of Primba?" I muttered, desperately. He could not possibly be very far away, and so I ceased shouting and listened with painful eagerness; but nothing was to be heard except the mysterious sounds characteristic of a tropical forest.

The time was now about noon. The breeze was failing and the sun shone down with great fierceness. I wandered backwards and forwards for a time, and then sat down to think the situation over.

Then I noticed a curious thing. I realized that I was in a remarkable kind of clearing, surrounded on nearly all sides by tropical vegetation so dense and thick that it can only be compared to a stone wall. Yes, there was no doubt about it: I had lost Primba, and I had lost myself too in this dense forest. Worse still, the only weapon I possessed was a shot-gun with two cartridges—and that in a region notorious for the number and ferocity of its wild buffaloes!

I admit I was puzzled and worried and terrified. "Suppose," I said to myself, cheerfully—"suppose Primba himself is lost, and starves to death in the forest? Or he is dead? Or has been attacked by wild beasts? In this event, what is to become of me? Who will ever know where I am? Can I ever find

my way unaided back to civilization out of this frightful place? And even if I am not too far away to do this, how about the leopards and hyenas—to say nothing of the buffaloes?"

I thought of all these things as I sat there in that remarkable clearing, and I compared myself with great resignation to a rat in a trap. If only the two cartridges I possessed contained *ball* instead of shot, and I had my rifle with me! It is difficult to be hopeful at such times, and I must confess I feared the very worst. I felt morally certain that something frightful was going to happen.

Presently I resolved to make a serious attempt to find a safe way out, but I soon desisted, and, torn and lacerated with thorns, I dropped exhausted under a tamarisk tree to await my fate. "If only," I thought, frantically, "if only I could find the place by which I entered the clearing." Alas! I could not. I remembered pushing my way by main force, and suddenly feeling myself free as I entered the



M. PÉLESSIER THINKS A GREAT DEAL OF THIS PHOTO, OF HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, PRIMBA, TO WHOM HE OWES HIS LIFE.
From a Photo.

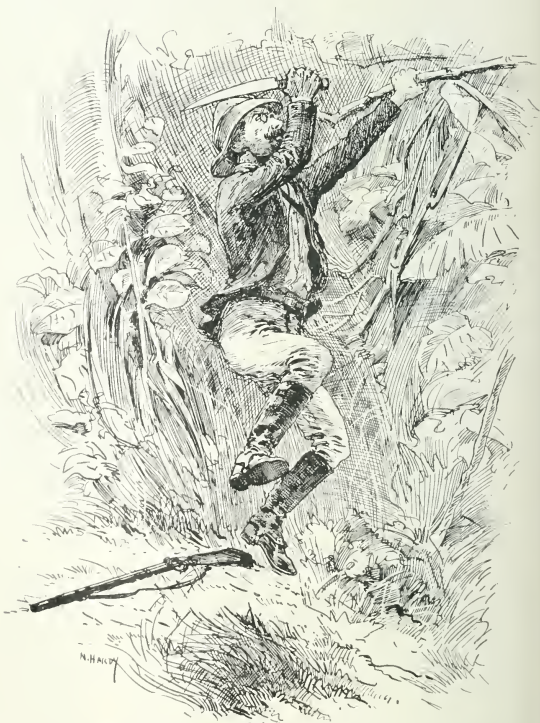
clearing. But now the wall of jungle seemed everywhere the same. My strange surroundings, and the alternate eerie noises and deathly silence of the jungle, bade fair to drive me crazy; and yet, on glancing at my watch, I was surprised to see that it was four o'clock in the afternoon, the time having passed with surprising rapidity. I had now been some hours in the same spot, and had had nothing to eat or drink since I left my bungalow in the early morning. Primba carried the provisions. I made two or three more frantic attempts to get out of the clearing, but the undergrowth was almost everywhere impenetrable, and at last I was glad to return into my "trap," where, at least, I was safe from being torn to pieces in a battle with the jungle. On every hand the trees and bushes were woven and interlaced together with creepers in a way quite incomprehensible to anyone who has never experienced for himself the gorgeous and luxuriant vegetation of a tropical forest. My clearing was perhaps a couple of hundred yards in circumference.

Backwards and forwards I walked, carrying my gun on my shoulder, loaded with the only two cartridges I possessed. Thoroughly fatigued, yet quite unable from mental anxiety to keep still, I next imagined it possible to cut a path for myself through the jungle with my hunting knife, but just as I was about to commence this another despairing thought took possession of me. What direction should I take? And supposing I cut my way to a place worse than this? I leaped as high as I could several times, and tried to climb a tree, but nowhere could I see more than a few yards in front. Nevertheless, I commenced to slash at the smaller trees, tamarisks, and creepers, and after a time succeeded in making a pathway for myself a few yards in length from the clearing. Luckily for me, the atmosphere was now growing cooler, and the sun began to set. On the other hand, a horrid dread came over me when I thought that it would soon be dark, and what was I going to do in the event of my being unable to escape and compelled to spend the night in this fearful place? I must have been hewing

at the jungle for a couple of hours, trying different places and giving up after a few minutes at each. Darkness was now settling down swiftly, and in despair I ceased my efforts for a moment, faintly realizing that I was exhausting myself to no purpose.

It was now many hours since I had had anything to eat, and I felt faint and sick. I was oppressed with hideous thoughts that my end was at hand, and that unless I were delivered that night I would surely die miserably without anyone knowing of my fate. When these thoughts took possession of me I gave up my attempts altogether, and sat down wretchedly in that weird jungle to pass the night.

The next two or three hours passed slowly by, as I sat there with bowed head, utterly exhausted, and oppressed with the utter loneliness of my surroundings. My one great fear was that I should be attacked by some wild beast before the morning, and that even my remains would



"I COMMENCED TO SLASH AT THE SMALLER TREES, TAMARISKS, AND CREEPERS."

not be in evidence to tell of my miserable end.

Whilst those dreadful reflections were passing through my mind my heart suddenly gave a great leap as some large object moved in the jungle on my right. Instantly I felt, and knew, and realized what it was. The sensation I experienced was like the pouring of iced water all over my body; and I was quite incapable of even the slightest movement. Immediately after this there was a tremendous agitation in the jungle, as of some large and heavy body moving with great force. "My God!" I thought, "is it a human being, or an animal, or am I dreaming?"

yards away, two enormous eyes glowing like coals of fire. I think my first thought was, "What an awful death!" I knew perfectly well that I was confronted by a wild buffalo—a blindly ferocious, persistent and deadly enemy. It was pitiful—that feeling of utter helplessness which swept over me as I remembered my two cartridges filled with shot, which would have no more effect upon the buffalo than a pinch of sand. Another crash, and the huge beast stood revealed in my clearing. He had me at his mercy—there was no mistake about that. I gazed like one fascinated at his tremendous, massive head, with its two short but powerful



"I FELT AND HEARD MY BONES CRACK AS THE SPIRAL HORN STRUCK MY BACK."

Now, hope is a very strong instinct, and immediately after these sensations of extreme terror it flashed across my mind that, after all, it might possibly be Primba come to help me. I leaped to my feet and shouted his name. No answer came, however, and again I realized that I was in the presence of some terrible beast. It was now quite dark, yet not absolutely black—that is to say, it was possible to see some yards in the brilliant starlight.

I advanced, half-fascinated, in the direction from which the noise came, and was suddenly transfixed with horror to notice, barely ten

yards away, two enormous eyes glowing like coals of fire. I think my first thought was, "What an awful death!" I knew perfectly well that I was confronted by a wild buffalo—a blindly ferocious, persistent and deadly enemy. It was pitiful—that feeling of utter helplessness which swept over me as I remembered my two cartridges filled with shot, which would have no more effect upon the buffalo than a pinch of sand. Another crash, and the huge beast stood revealed in my clearing. He had me at his mercy—there was no mistake about that. I gazed like one fascinated at his tremendous, massive head, with its two short but powerful horns; and I wondered dimly how long they would be crushing the life out of me. Silly scheme after silly scheme for deliverance crowded through my mind: but, as a matter of fact, I did nothing but stand and gaze at the beast, my dominant idea being that I was probably in bed and dreaming a particularly uncomfortable and hideous dream. My heart gave a painful leap. I realized my situation, and then it struck me how idiotic it was to stand there awaiting the buffalo's charge—a deadly charge from one of the most savage beasts in Nature. Idea after idea chased itself

through my mind with lightning rapidity, and at last the inspiration came. *Why not try to blind the beast with the two remaining shots?* But what if I should miss, or simply wound the dreadful creature, so as to make him more savage than he is by nature?

All these things, needless to say, took but a few seconds. There was not another instant to be lost, so, bringing the gun to my shoulder and endeavouring to prevent my hands from trembling, I breathed a prayer and fired both barrels simultaneously. It was a wild shot, of whose success I had only the most desperate hope. Next moment I had dropped my gun and was racing in the opposite direction for dear life. I threw myself against the wall of jungle hoping to escape the notice of the now infuriated and (as I afterwards found out) wounded beast. He caught sight of me, however, and with a grunt dashed down upon me at full speed, head down and tail in the air. Truly, it was an awful moment. I remember I could

not so with me. I both felt and heard my bones crack as the cruel horns struck my back, and I fancy I remember being hurled high into the air; but, thereafter, I was conscious of nothing more. Just before swooning away, however, I think (though this also may have been only fancy) I heard the sound of a shot ringing sharply out on the night air.

When I opened my eyes again the sight I saw made me forget the terrible pain I was in. Above me, with my head resting between his two hands, was my man Primba. That was my first impression. My next was that my body was as rigid as a stone. And my third impression was that the huge buffalo who had so nearly finished me was lying dead close by. Once more I thought the whole thing was a dream. Then I was puzzled. Was it indeed *real*, and if it were, was it not the most miraculous of miracles—the buffalo dead and Primba near me? Primba's joy, by the way, knew no bounds. The first thing he did was to give me



"PRIMBA RETURNED IN A FEW HOURS WITH A COUPLE OF NATIVES, WHO REMOVED ME IN A BLANKET TO MY HOME."

not cry out, nor move, nor attempt to defend myself; I only remember one idea, and that was that my last moment had now arrived. A second or two before the fierce monster was upon me I closed my eyes and waited for death with a curious calmness. In fiction, something would happen to avert the catastrophe, and the hero would get off scot-free. Alas! it was

some brandy from the flask he was carrying. I was as yet unable to pronounce a word, and could only moan feebly owing to the frightful pain in my back.

After about an hour I felt a little easier, and was able to ask my servant how he got lost and how he had found me. The poor fellow's condition had, indeed, been as desperate as my

own. When I lost myself, he had lost *himself*, and was searching for me quite as frantically as I was searching for him. We had drifted apart, however, in the most remarkable manner; and indeed the jungle was so impenetrable and intricate that, even had we heard one another's cries, we should probably have remained apart. Primba had not given up hope even when darkness fell, and, of course, the two shots I had fired gave him a clue to my whereabouts so unmistakable that he was able to be at my side in a few minutes.

He had emerged into my clearing just as the huge beast was charging down upon me, and, as he was a good shot and had got his rifle ready as he ran, he was able to shoot the beast, though not before I had received its first charge.

Having heard Primba's narrative I felt easier in my mind. The pains that racked me, however, prevented even the slightest movement, and Primba and I simply looked at one another helplessly, both of us wondering how I was to be conveyed into the town.

Primba, who had some knowledge of these regions, wanted to go into Guayra then and there in order to procure help, but naturally enough I dreaded being left alone in the jungle at night in my helpless condition. Then my brave

servant suggested carrying me on his back through the jungle; but we presently decided that this was impossible for both of us. I decided, finally, that the best thing would be to spend the night together in the forest, and in the morning send Primba into the town for natives to carry me thence. How I suffered during that awful night I never can tell. Drenched with dew, racked with pain, and burning with fever, the hours crawled miserably by until daybreak, when Primba left me in search of help. He returned in a few hours with a couple of natives, who removed me in a blanket to my home. A doctor was waiting there to attend me, but three long and weary months elapsed before I was well enough to get about. The doctor explained to me that not only had the buffalo's horns penetrated about an inch, but they had also broken several small bones; and, indeed, at the moment of writing these are still damaged, and

serve to remind me of that dreadful night. Later on the day of my removal some natives went out and brought in the carcass of the buffalo, whose head the doctor photographed specially for me. I am, therefore, able to present *WIDE WORLD* readers with a photo. of the identical beast which so nearly killed me. I fully realize that I owe my life entirely to my native servant, Primba.



NATIVES BROUGHT IN THE BUFFALO'S CARCASS, AND THE DOCTOR HAD THE HEAD PHOTOGRAPHED FOR M. PÉLISSIER.

From a Photo.

A Mother's Trials in India.

By MRS. E. M. STEWART.

The trials which Mrs. Stewart particularly alludes to are snakes—the deadly cobra, to be precise. Their cast-off skins were found near her baby's cot; they ate all the eggs and made the poultry yard unprofitable; and whenever little Herbert and Eva went out to play they were sure to fall across a big cobra, from which the gallant dog Griff was equally sure to save them.



FROM my childhood I have had a very great horror of creepy-crawleys—especially snakes of all sorts. And yet, unfortunately, I always seemed to be coming in contact

with these particular reptiles.

On one occasion, when quite a small child in India, up in the lovely Himalayas, our bearer found, on making my brother's bed, a huge cobra coiled up under his pillow. Without a word he ran and got a big stick and killed the deadly creature, and then in great triumph he brought it into our dining-room, where we were having breakfast. My brother, being of an inquisitive nature and being struck by the enormous size of the snake's body, cut it open, and to our horror a huge rat, quite whole, was disclosed inside the creature. This evidently had given him an acute attack of indigestion, which made him sleep so soundly under the pillow all night. In another instance I was dining out at a friend's house, and being a little early found myself alone in the drawing-room. I was told by the bearer who showed me in to sit down and the "mem-sahib" would be in in a minute. As it was very hot I sat near the open window, and after remaining there a few seconds I suddenly saw something move and peep from the white lace curtains. Fascinated I looked, and saw within a foot of me a deadly cobra. With one bound I rushed to the other side of the room screaming out for the bearer. As he entered the huge reptile, which now stood erect several feet high and with its hood spread wide, gave a leap into the veranda, and thus disappeared from our view into

the garden. In another part of India, well known for its scorpions and snakes, we kept quite a large poultry yard, but never an egg could we get. We knew they were not stolen, as the fowl-house door was always locked by me; so my husband suggested that we should call in a professional snake-charmer and see if it could possibly be a snake who ate all the eggs—for the natives told us that snakes were particularly fond of such delicate food. In a short time the snake-charmer and his assistant arrived, and after an hour or so playing on his flute, which made a fearful noise without any sort of music in it, we saw a large snake creep down very slowly from the roof of the fowl-house and crawl almost up to the very feet of the charmer, when he was instantly killed. We lost no more eggs after this.

A friend of mine recently came home from India, and landed in London. On opening her box, which she had packed herself in Bombay, she discovered a cobra coiled up in it, much to the horror of the hotel people where she was staying for a time.

With some difficulty the incongruous visitor was killed.

It is well known that snakes of all species can exist very comfortably for two years or more without nourishment, and in captivity at first show great disinclination to eat. Of all the 1,800 known species less than one-eighth are venomous. I have been told by natives that they are without the sense of hearing and that they are not keen of scent. They cast off their old skin several times during the year, and one of these skins we once found close to one



MRS. E. M. STEWART, WHO SUFFERED SO MUCH ANXIETY ON ACCOUNT OF HER CHILDREN.
From a Photo. by Billingham & Dovey, Weymouth.



THE SNAKE-CHARMERS WHO WERE SENT FOR TO RID THE FOWL-HOUSE OF SNAKES. [Photo.]

of my children's cots. This brings me to the trials of a mother in India. They are many, and they are fearsome. Climate and snakes are two of the most serious. Now, the foregoing are just a few instances of my experiences of snakes, but they have nothing to do with



LITTLE HERBERT AND EVA STEWART, WHO HAD SO MANY NARROW ESCAPES FROM THE DEADLY COBRA.
From a Photo. by G. W. Lawrie & Co., Lucknow.

the startling story I am about to relate—one of the most dangerous of them all.

In the year 1886 my husband was appointed to a small and very pretty little station called Rutngari, in the Bombay Presidency, down the Malabar coast; myself and our two children of six and eight years of age accompanying him. There were only three other European children besides ours, and they were much younger. The station had a small club and a billiard room, which latter we ladies were not supposed to enter, whilst children, as a rule, were positively forbidden to enter the sacred precincts. However, as my Herbert and Eva were old enough to appreciate the illustrated papers and picture-books, they were privileged to enter the room, provided they did not talk. Now, in this club-room was a very large book-case with glass doors, where all old books and papers were

kept; and our children were allowed to help themselves to what they wanted. On the particular afternoon of which I am speaking the children had gone there without me, but they had with them their ayah, as well as the bearer and our faithful dog Griff, who always accompanied them.

My husband and I had gone for a drive. On our driving up to the club gate on our return we heard screams and noticed a great commotion. Servants were flying in all directions, and a couple of ladies and gentlemen who had been sitting out in the club gardens were looking quite startled. The screams I now heard were from my own little Eva, but as yet I could not see her. One of my friends now came forward to me as I ran in, with beating heart, and assured me *that my child was not bitten*, also that I must not listen to what little Eva said. I pushed her on one side (politeness is forgotten at such times) and ran into the veranda, to find my ayah hugging the child and trying to pacify her as only an ayah can, assuring her she was *not* bitten, and vowing vengeance on the reptile that had caused all this. You may imagine my state of mind at all this sickening mystery. Herbert (now Lieutenant Herbert Stewart, of the Suffolk Regiment) was standing by terrified, whilst his faithful playmate Griff stood barking madly in front of the now closed book-case, which was being carefully guarded by a dozen excitable natives, every one of them swearing wildly in their way for revenge on something that I could not see.

I now ascertained that the children had gone up to the book-case to help themselves to the illustrated papers, and as my little girl had put her hand on one of them she heard a dreadfully familiar hiss, and in a second a huge cobra stood



THIS IS THE VALIANT AND WATCHFUL DOG, GRIFF, WHO SAVED HIS LITTLE CHARGES' LIVES MORE THAN ONCE.
From a Photo.

erect in front of her with its hood spread and about to strike out. And there is not a human being in all India, from the highest British official right down to the meanest water-carrier, who does not dread this fearful and deadly reptile. This cobra had evidently been coiled up on the very book my child was helping herself to, and she had only been saved from a ghastly death by the dog, who was by her side. On hearing the hiss, plucky little Griff sprang up at the cobra, which at once drew itself back again

into the book-case, and thus my dear child's life was saved. There was only one lady in the room at the time, and she told me that the snake was only a few inches from my child, and, had it not been for the dog, Eva would undoubtedly have been bitten. And my little one's own story was apparently true when she mentioned having put her little hand on the deadly reptile, for she still continued screaming out, "Oh, it was so froggy, so froggy, when I touched it!"

But now came the excitement as to how the snake should be killed. The natives said sticks would be the best, but the gentlemen decided on shooting it. But how was it to be shot with all the books there? Mr. A. ran off for his revolver, Mr. B. for his gun, and somebody else for his sword. Meanwhile I myself prudently took up my quarters on the big club table, to be sure that the cobra was shot, believing that if I lost sight of it its destruction would not be properly carried out. The children were promptly sent home; and as for the faithful Griff, he had to be literally dragged away by two natives, evidently feeling, like his mistress, that the operation of slaying the enemy must be done before him.

At last all was ready and the revolver loaded, but how to get to the cobra was a puzzle. The brave Chuprassie

came forward, however, opened the glass book-case door, and removed the books one by one in that gingerly fashion characteristic of only the mild Hindu. Not a word was uttered as we anxiously watched the operation. At last we heard the awful angry *hiss*, and saw the big creature standing almost erect with its hood spread out as it made an effort to fly at the Chuprassie. The next instant the report of the revolver rang out, and we saw the lifeless cobra at our feet. It measured over 6ft. in length, and the natives declared that a bite from it would have been almost instantaneous death. So ended an exciting afternoon, though a perilous one to my dear child, and for years after the memory of it made her scream at even a mouse. As for faithful Griff, he was nearly worshipped by us all after that. Nor did his love and pluck end here, for only a few days after this a very strange thing occurred. The children were playing in our garden, which was immediately next to the club, and on running up to an old tree round which they often played hide-and-seek, they nearly fell headlong on to another cobra, which disappeared in a hole in the ground near the root. My husband, hearing the noise and bark of Griff, ran out with the

servants, but could see nothing, though the children assured them that the snake was down the hole. They set to work with spades and pickaxes and dug away till they saw him, and when with a hiss he rose up in front of them he was hit on the head with a heavy stick and fell lifeless.

The natives declared that it was the mate of the one killed a few days before at the club. The bark of the dog had frightened the cobra into the deep hole, and so again the faithful Griff had saved his little mistress's life.

Yes, a mother has an anxious time of it in India. No wonder the children are so frequently sent home to be educated and brought up in Old England.



"AT LAST WE HEARD THE AWFUL ANGRY HISS, AND SAW THE BIG CREATURE STANDING ALMOST ERRECT, WITH ITS HOOD SPREAD OUT."

Our Alligator Hunt, and How it Ended.

By DR. EDWIN M. HASBROUCK, OF SALISBURY, MARYLAND.

A Maryland Doctor gives us a vivid glimpse of a peculiarly interesting industry in which he was formerly engaged. Dr. Hasbrouck tells his narrative in a sprightly manner, and illustrates it with photographs and portraits. You can't help sympathizing with "John" in his terrible scare.



DR. EDWIN M. HASBROUCK, WHO RELATES THIS ACCOUNT
[Photo.] OF THE HUNT.



HE demand for alligator hides reached its height in the States in 1887, when everything in leather goods, from ladies' belts to costly travelling trunks, had to be made from alligator skin to meet the fastidious and ever-changing moods of fashion.

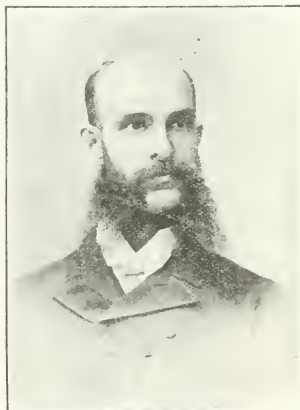
Now, the supply of alligator skins never has been, and never will be, equal to the demand: and, as a consequence, just at a time when they were most wanted, they were scarcely to be had at all, and therefore commanded fabulous prices. At the time of which I am writing, prime skins 8ft. in length sold for 20dols., while a 10ft. skin frequently brought as much as 30dols. Naturally, then, the incentive for hunting them was something more than common.

And so it was that brought John Darling and myself together in Florida for the purpose of getting our share of the "dough" that was to be made in the business. John and I had hunted together for many years, and had engaged in many an enterprise in search of the illusive "filthy lucre." Now, this alligator-hunting business was an entirely new enterprise, with an ever-increasing demand for the product, and we

felt fairly certain of a good winter's work with a substantial cash balance in the bank to show for it. And let me say right here that we were not disappointed.

Arrived at Kissimmee, we quickly formed ourselves into a quaint corporation—the "Kissimmee Hide and Leather Company, Limited," the limited applying solely to the number of alligators we could *not* secure.

Our outfit, consisting of the usual hunters' collection of boat, tent, cooking utensils, grub, etc., was quickly procured; and at last, with a bountiful supply of ammunition for our Winchesters and saltpetre for curing the hides, we started on our long float down the Kissimmee River to the Okechobee region. This was nothing new to us. As plume hunters for the feather market we had been over this self-same territory many times, and had been in at the death—or extermination, rather—of many a fine rookery



THE AUTHOR'S COMPANION, MR. JOHN DARLING, WHOSE
ADVENTURE WITH THE ALLIGATOR PUT AN END TO THE TRIP.
From a Photo. by P. S. Ryder, Syracuse, N. Y.

of the heron tribe. We were now about to hunt over the same old ground, only in a different way. We knew it thoroughly: the location of every bayou, slough, and lagoon in which the brutes in question were wont to swarm; and we also knew that a large share of the winter's work—if not all of it—would be done on the river itself,

with its branches and tributaries, and that possibly we might not reach the famous lake at all.

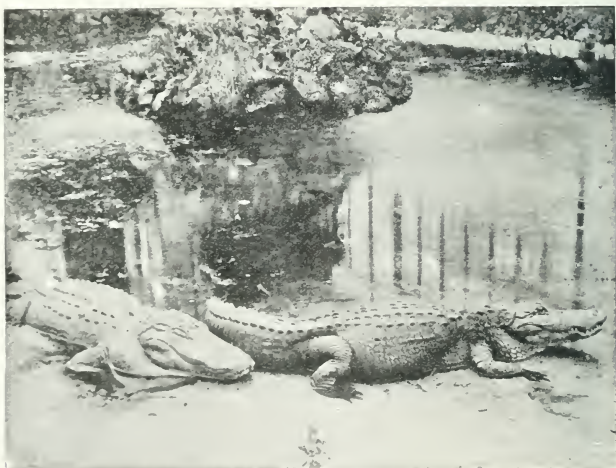
Once away from the towns the work began; and, as the methods followed were those used in alligator-hunting generally, a description may be interesting.

To begin with, let me say that stories of 14ft. and 15ft. alligators may be safely put down as exaggeration. I doubt if such exist. Twelve feet is a tremendous size, and very few will be found to measure it. I have run my tape over alligators innumerable, and am perfectly sure that a 14ft. 'gator has yet to be hatched. At all events, a standing reward of 500dols. issued by a certain museum for such a one has thus far never been claimed, notwithstanding the many efforts that have been made to capture it.

The part of the skin used for commercial purposes is taken from the sides and under part of the reptile, being cut from a line along the sides just where the thick, horny scales begin. The back, however, is so tough as to be utterly worthless and almost impervious to even a rifle ball. In fact, the only two vulnerable points are the eyes and just behind the fore-leg; while a ball striking the coat of armour will in nine

spot. At night we fire-lighted or jacked him. Now, the first of these plans is an exceedingly difficult undertaking, as a 'gator has ears "ail over him," and is not to be caught napping if he knows it. It is also a dangerous method, as the adventure presently to be related will show; but, as all hunters enjoy a spice of danger mixed with their sport, 'gator stalking is followed to a considerable extent, and it beats lying around idle all hollow.

The second method is also accompanied with danger, but it is also tremendously successful, and we frequently secured half-a-dozen paying lutes in a single night's work. We used a powerful reflector, such as is used for jacking deer; and one of us would paddle the boat whilst the other managed the jack and did the shooting. Once in the slough, or lagoon, the light would be turned on, and if any 'gators were present their little eyes would sparkle like diamonds in the blinding glare; while so stupefied were they, that unless some chance noise was made they appeared to lose all sense of danger, and it was an easy thing to paddle up to within a few feet under cover of the light. Once within shooting distance



ALLIGATORS BASKING ON A SAND BEACH IN FLORIDA.—"THE ONLY VULNERABLE POINTS ARE THE EYES AND JUST BEHIND THE FORE-LEG." [Photo.]

cases out of ten glance off as from a metal plate. But this is not to the point.

Two methods of hunting were generally followed. By day we endeavoured to slip up to the reptiles unawares while basking in the sun. When we came upon one we would plug him in a vulnerable part and skin him on the

an explosive bullet was sent crashing into the brain through an eye, and, as a rule, one such shot was sufficient to put the gentleman in question *hors de combat*. Next he was grappled with a boat-hook, a rope slipped around him, and he was then dragged ashore to be skinned the following day.

In this manner we frequently had a dozen or more partially skinned alligators lying side by side on some convenient bank; while the clouds of buzzards marking our shooting grounds could be seen for miles. As fast as the skins were peeled they were dressed with saltpetre, rolled into bundles, tied up, and then taken in the boat and put aboard the little steamer that makes the Kissimmee trip once a week. And

We had hunted in this manner some four months, and had collected some three hundred skins, when an adventure of John's put an end to his thirst for gold, and incidentally to our trip. Also it came so near to putting an end to John himself that to this day one has only to say "alligators" to see him start and change colour. It happened in this wise.

The little steamer before mentioned, and upon



THIS CONVEYS AN EXACT IDEA OF WHAT AN ALLIGATOR SWAMP IN FLORIDA IS REALLY LIKE.

From a Photo. by A. P. Lewis, Palatka, Florida.

in this manner our hardly won merchandise was shipped to market.

Alligators at best are ugly brutes, and hunting them is at no time unattended with danger; this we found out before we had been long in the business. Every shot doesn't kill—notwithstanding the explosive bullet; and a wounded 'gator who turns to for a fight in the dark is not to be despised. Also a pair of massive jaws crunching into the gunwales of a boat in the heart of a swamp at night is no laughing matter, I can tell you. Moreover, every 'gator hauled out on the bank to be skinned is *not* necessarily dead just because he lies quiet and passive. One nasty 8ft. fellow that had been lying on the bank very quietly for at least *ten hours* evinced a new interest in things when John stuck his knife into him, and became the liveliest corpse I ever saw. With one sweep of his tail he knocked my partner senseless into the bushes a dozen feet away, and it was a wonder John Darling wasn't killed outright. As it was, it was a week before the effects of that one blow wore off. But, like the man who was nearly killed by a mule, John "considered the source," and thanked his stars it was no worse.

which we relied for our weekly instalment of provisions, was for some reason belated, and our larder was scant; so, as there was plenty to be done about the camp for a couple of days, John volunteered a go a-hunting if I would "keep house." I agreed. Taking his shot-gun—an old muzzle-loader, but the apple of his eye—he started with the boat, saying he would camp out over night and be back next day; and forthwith he disappeared up-stream. All went well, it appeared, until late in the afternoon, when, suddenly rounding a turn in the stream, a huge 'gator was discovered on his bed fast asleep. Hearing the boat approaching, however, the big reptile jumped into the water and made away as fast as his swimming power would carry him. John declared he "was the biggest 'gator he had seen the whole season," and would come nearer the mythical 14ft. than he ever expected to find again. And my partner wanted that particular 'gator just then more than anything else on earth. He cursed himself roundly for leaving his rifle behind. Marking the spot, however, by an immense dead cypress, he determined to float down on the monster next day, catch him napping, and try for him with the old blunderbuss loaded with buckshot.

That determination was his undoing, and, as I have said, completely broke up our trip.

Putting his plan into execution next day, the boat did its part all right as regards floating—it always did—but for some inexplicable reason John missed his cue. Perhaps the 'gator had shifted his bed. At any rate, before he was aware of it the keen hunter found himself

Now, everyone knows how long it takes to load a muzzle-loading gun; and just as he was withdrawing the ramrod from sending home the last charge of shot, up came the 'gator closer than ever and made directly for the boat. But let my mate speak for himself:—

"For a few minutes it was all I could do to keep the boat out of reach of his jaws, when he suddenly sank again. What if he should come up under the boat, I thought; turn me out, and then catch me helpless in the water? I didn't get long to think about it, though, for with a gurgling roar up he came under the stern, and, placing his fore-feet on the gunwales, began to climb into my boat! Frightened? Why, for a moment I was fairly



"WITH A GURGLING ROAR UP HE CAME UNDER THE STERN, AND, PLACING HIS FORE-FEET ON THE GUNWALES, BEGAN TO CLIMB INTO MY BOAT."

paralyzed; and that moment was quite long enough for him to get two-thirds of his ugly length into the boat, which, had it not been a large and substantial one, would most certainly have sunk. There was only one thing to be done, and that I did with all the courage I could muster. Walking towards the hideous monster, I thrust the muzzle of the gun down his throat and pulled both barrels. That is the last thing I remember. When I came to the boat had drifted a mile, and—here I am. Let's quit and go home."

Such was John's account of his adventure.

It was easy to see from his manner that there was no more 'gator hunting for *him*; so we packed up and returned to civilization. We each of us have a pair of alligator slippers, a belt, and a few other souvenirs; while in my hall hangs the skin of a roft 'gator, the last one we killed. But John Darling never visits me without a look at it and a dubious shake of the head; and I know whereof he is thinking.

An Opera in a Cathedral.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"Wide World" readers are here presented with an able and graphic description of perhaps the most extraordinary of all the religious pageants of Spain. And Mr. Vivian not only shows us photographs of every phase of this strangest of festivals, but even the internal mechanism of "Heaven" has not escaped his all-recording camera.



THIS IS THE IMAGE OF OUR LADY OF THE ASSUMPTION. IT POSSESSES PALM-GROVES AND HOUSES OF ITS OWN.

From a Photo.



THE Feast of the Assumption is one of the most popular of all the high days observed in Catholic countries, more especially in Spain, which has always regarded itself as being under the direct protection of the Blessed Virgin. But of all the celebrations of this great day, in Spain or elsewhere, there is probably none so pretty, so fanciful, and so frankly mediæval as that which may be witnessed at Elche, the European oasis, the lovely little Arab garden-town, which the Jinns have transported into the midst of the unbelievers.

Elche, which has been called the Jerusalem of Spain, is only a few minutes by rail from Alicante. It is pre-eminent in its religious fervour, although it stands in a province which has been much tainted with freethought and is in appearance so like a town of the followers of the Prophet. This fervour is attributed to the special favour bestowed upon Elche by

Our Lady of the Assumption, who sent her miraculous image over the seas in a magnificent chest with a cover inscribed: "*Soy para Elche*"—"I am for Elche."

This chest, having drifted all the way from Palestine, was found on the 29th of December, 1370, by a coastguard named Canto, who was strolling along the banks of the River Tamario. Thereupon the image was introduced into the city with great ceremony, and finally installed, some sixteen years later, in the present cathedral, where innumerable miracles have been ascribed to its efficacy. Like many other images, it is thought to have been carved by St. Luke, though it possesses small artistic merits according to modern notions. Some have put about a rumour that its head, feet, and hands have alone been carved, but this must be mere malevolent guess-work, for the image is very jealously guarded all the year in the cathedral, and, when exhibited to the faithful, is always arrayed in the fullest and most gorgeous clothing, as a visitor can see for himself. In any case, it remains the object of extraordinary veneration. Its jewels and wardrobe are of enormous value; and it is actually the sole possessor of numerous palm-groves and houses, which may be recognised by a blue slab over their doorways, bearing the monogram "M.V.," surmounted by a crown. The image is said to have been painted originally, and now undergoes frequent restoration at the hands of local artists. Our photograph represents it on the stand, which is borne through the streets on the rare occasions of its processions. A crescent moon is at the Virgin's feet; a splendid jewelled tiara is placed upon the head; the magnificent brocaded mantle is a triumph of ecclesiastical needlework, and we may notice the dainty lace



YOU CAN TELL THAT THIS HOUSE IN ELCHE BELONGS TO THE ABOVE FIGURE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—LOOK AT THE MONOGRAM AND CROWN OVER THE DOOR. (Mrs. Herbert Vivian.)

fills at the wrists of the hands, which are joined in the attitude of prayer.

How Elche came to organize an opera in her cathedral in honour of this figure of the Virgin has been forgotten in the lapse of centuries. But a legend remains that the libretto was found in the chest which brought the image over the seas. The opera is performed every year on the 14th and 15th of August (the eve and feast of the Assumption), and is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Incongruous though the performance may seem, there is absolutely nothing irreverent about it. It is simply a very ancient custom. On the 10th of August preparations begin to be made for the great performance, the cathedral being given over to carpenters, who rapidly change it into an opera-house. First of all, every sacred image and religious ornament is removed from the altars and nave. A rude wooden platform is then set up in front of the high altar to form the stage, and a long, low stand, provided with curtains

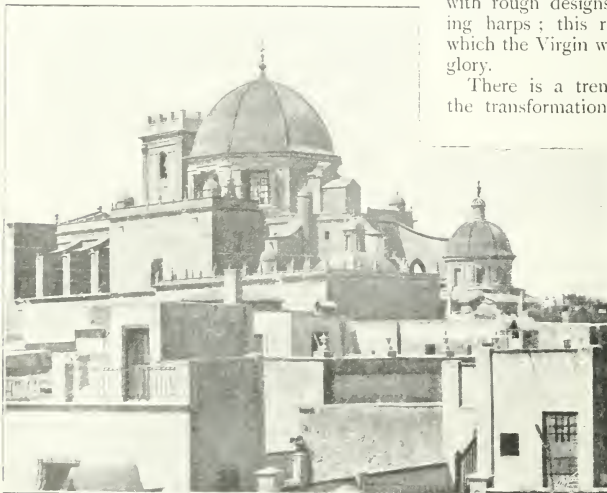


THESE ARE THE CHILDREN WHO IN THE OPERA IMPERSONATE THE BLESSED VIRGIN, THE MAGDALENE, THE ANGELS, ETC. [Photo.]

and red arm-chairs, is erected for the accommodation of the chief municipal dignitaries. The stage is surrounded by wooden railings, which flank the steps and are continued right down the nave to the chief entrance. The scenery is of the simplest, and, as was the case in most mediæval play-acting, requires a good stretch of the imagination to eke it out. There is a little tumble-down cave to depict the Garden of Gethsemane; a plain coffin for the Holy Sepulchre, and, up on the roof, a blue cloth with rough designs of cloud and angels bearing harps; this represents the heavens, into which the Virgin will presently ascend in all her glory.

There is a tremendous bustle to complete the transformation of the cathedral in time,

and by the evening of the 13th we find the whole town agog with excitement. The streets are crowded with men, women, and children, who all seem to have provided themselves with fireworks; and on the flat roofs, still more densely thronged with eager spectators, long rows of Chinese lanterns and a profusion of Bengal lights add to the natural glamour of the scene. All are in the highest spirits, laughing and chattering as only Spaniards can, or improvising strange,



THE CATHEDRAL OF ELCHE, SEEN FROM THE OUTSIDE—THE DOME, HOWEVER, IS A FRONTAL PROJECTION OF THE STAGE, AND IT SERVES AS "HEAVEN" IN THE OPERA. [Photo.]

Again, I say, there is nothing really irreverent in all this.

After long and uncomfortable waiting we find the restlessness of our neighbours arrested, and all necks are craned to catch incomplete glimpses of a procession of the performers. They are all in a great hurry, and jostle each other with little regard for their dignity, so that we do not distinguish them all; but we catch a glimpse of the Virgin escorted by Martha, Mary Magdalene, and the other Marys, also a body-guard of diminutive angels. Mary, the mother of Jesus, has a really saintly expression, and wears a suitable costume; but her cardboard halo, with her name inscribed conspicuously upon it, affords a certain shock at first. The angels are very small girls, with their hair painfully pointed and curled and decorated with paper flowers, about as decorative as curl-papers. Some of them have great wings of gilt cardboard, and they are all dressed in ill-fitting white linen, with a profusion of sashes and coloured paper flowers. They are much more shy than one imagines angels should be, but the Marys are decidedly dignified. The Virgin herself is a pretty boy of eleven or twelve, dressed in blue silk with a white cambric kerchief folded over the head.

The procession is greeted with a strain of song from the choir, strangely Moorish—almost barbaric in fact, and altogether surprising in a Christian cathedral. The Virgin recites a long medieval poem as she advances, but no one understands it, and there is a buzz of conversation as the congregation ply their pretty fans. When at last she reaches the stage, she kneels down upon a bed covered with silver fringe and rich cushions, where she proceeds to invoke death. Thereupon the *beaten* (that is to say, the blue cloth in the roof) opens and, amid a great peal of bells and a rain of gold-leaf, the *mangrana*, or celestial grenade, is let down very gently. It is a large blue globe painted with the winged heads of cherubim. It opens and an angel steps out, holding a piece of music in her hand. As soon as silence is obtained, she proceeds to sing a salutation in a wonderfully clear, fresh voice. She announces that Mary's prayer for death has been heard, and hands her a golden palm, which shall be carried before her at her funeral.

The photograph was exceedingly difficult to take in view of the dim, religious light and the excited movement of the crowd, all plying their fans with frantic vigour; but it affords a good idea of the scene. Inside the railings on the left the Virgin may be described kneeling bolt

upright. On the other side near the soldier, who appears somewhat of an intruder, are the various other performers waiting to come on; and two priests, seated within the rails with their backs to the congregation, confer an ecclesiastical sanction upon the amazing spectacle. The "grenade" has just been opened, leaving a large, throne-like chair, surmounted by a sort of canopy resembling a parachute.

Mary now asks, as a last favour, to be permitted to behold the apostles once more, and while the grenade is being drawn up into heaven again they arrive upon the stage clad in faded silk, ragged wigs, and grotesque cardboard halos bearing their names. St. Peter's beard is painfully unreal, and his key is unduly large; Thaddeus looks like a Red Indian squaw; and, with the exception, perhaps, of St. John, they all look very commonplace beings, and the reverse of apostolic. Indeed, the get-up of some of them seems uncomfortably suggestive of Chinese mandarins. A bandmaster steps to the front, strangely incongruous in his swallow-tail coat, and shakes his fist at the apostles in a determined effort to compel them to keep time. They all hold their music ostentatiously before them, and so does the Virgin; but the audience, who have seen it all so often before, do not perceive any incongruity, and, after all, it seems to add to the artless simplicity of the whole impression. The apostles gather round the death-bed, singing a strange and very ancient dirge. Mary



"BEHIND THE SCENES" UP IN THE CATHEDRAL TOWER—HERE WE SEE THE MECHANISM BY WHICH THE ANGELS, ETC., ASCEND AND DESCEND TO FROM THE STAGE BELOW. [Photo.]



THE IMAGE IS TAKEN OUT OF THE CHURCH AND Borne ON A LITTER OF SILK THROUGH THE STREETS, PRECEDED BY THE FANNER OF THE VIRGIN.

From a Photo.

answers with a sweet little recitative, then suddenly falls back and dies; thereupon the apostles seize her and push her down a trap into the floor, amid the indescribable emotion of the congregation.

No sooner has she disappeared than her place is taken by the miraculous image of Our Lady. Heaven then opens again, and the celestial altar comes down, escorted by an angel in white and two middle-aged cherubim playing upon the harp and the guitar; while two more angels are strumming upon mandolines. The soul of the Virgin is then produced. It is a doll dressed in white, with long black hair streaming over the shoulders and a crown of gilt cardboard on the head.

This is placed upon the altar and drawn up into heaven, while bells and every kind of musical instrument set up a tremendous din. The first day's play is now at an end, and the crowd streams slowly out.

Let us take advantage of the respite to climb up the church tower and

examine the remarkable system of ropes and pulleys, with which the various "grenades," celestial altars, saints, and angels are enabled to ascend and descend to and from the stage. It is certainly very ingeniously contrived, and, though the abyss, when the trap-door is opened, must afford considerable alarm to the younger performers, they really have nothing to fear. It is a stiff climb up to the top, and I was inclined to wish I had asked to ascend in the celestial grenade, but I felt compensated for my labour by the exquisite view over the nodding palm-groves and glistening white houses of the oasis of Elche.

During the night of the 14th the miraculous image is laid out upon the death-bed with an array of candles all round it, and crowds come thither to offer up prayers, make vows, and bring offerings of candles. All night and far into the next morning the procession of the devout continues. Later on the image is taken out of the church, wrapped in a heavy mantle of silver and gold, and borne upon a litter of silk through the streets of the town, preceded by the banner of the



THE GREAT PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE TOWN AT ELICHE.

From a Photo.



THE CROWD HERE AT THE PASSAGE OF THE FIGURE, OR THROUGH TO KISS THE HEM OF ITS MANTLE.

(Photo.)

Virgin, and escorted by priests, actors, and the municipal band playing the Spanish national anthem. The crowds kneel at the passage of the figure, or throng to kiss the hem of its mantle.

In the afternoon the Virgin has returned for the second act of the drama. The scenery is the same, except that there is now a hole to represent the Virgin's tomb. While the burial is in progress the heavenly altar comes down again with an angel holding the soul of Mary.

Just as the altar is being let down into the tomb, St. Thomas appears and exclaims: "Oh, how great a misadventure! I am inconsolably sad not to have been present at this holy funeral. I pray you, most excellent Virgin, hold me excused. I was detained by the Indians." But no one seems to pay much attention to him, for the heavens have opened and the Trinity has come down amid a rain of gold-leaf. The Father (represented by one of the priests of the cathedral) wears the traditional long white beard. There is a symbolical triangle of cardboard on his head, and he holds a crown upon his

knees. The Son and Holy Ghost standing beside his throne are two choir boys. The Trinity pauses in the air not far from the roof, and Mary at once comes out of her tomb. We recognise again the small boy who played her part originally.

She stretches out her hands to bless the crowd and is slowly drawn up, reclining on the altar. As she receives her crown, the bells, the organ, and all manner of musical instruments emit a joyful tumult. The crowd is wild with excitement, praying, weeping, and applauding enthusiastically. Meanwhile St. John is engaged in cutting up the golden palm into small pieces, which he distributes as relics. The figures disappear into heaven, and the priests and apostles strike up a triumphant "Glory be to the Father."

Next morning the cathedral has resumed its normal aspect and every trace of the theatre has disappeared. But in front of the high altar a platform has been erected surrounded with flowers and candies. Upon it is a sumptuous ebony bed, richly adorned with silver, given by the Duke of Baños in 1754. Here the miraculous image of Our Lady of the Assumption is exposed during the Octave, and pilgrims come from far and near to revere it or to benefit by one of the many miraculous cures which have been recorded.



SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE PASSAGE OF THE COFRADES THROUGH THE STREET.

From a Photo.

The Strike of the Date-Gardeners.

BY RAPHAEL F. SAYEGH, OF BASRAH, PERSIAN GULF—FORMERLY FIRST DRAGONMAN TO
H.B.M. CONSULATE IN BASRAH.

A phase of life and a glimpse of the East. Mr. Sayegh's gardeners dissatisfied with their pay. A riot in the office. The visit to the groves. A scene of devastation. The night vigil. The attack. The headlong flight on a mad horse and an abrupt stop.



SPENT a good many years in Basrah, and consequently know the district pretty well, and also the people. Some folks call it "Busrah," and I have even seen it called "Bussorah" in English newspapers and other publications. From the year 1887 until 1893 I filled the official position indicated above, and gained a pretty complete knowledge of the mercantile transactions of nearly all the world with the famous Persian Gulf port. As everyone knows, Basrah lies at the mouth of the River Chatel Arab, and possesses excellent accommodation for the ships of every nation, which periodically introduce foreign merchandise into the whole of Mesopotamia.

One of the most important products exported from this place is dates, grown in the gardens and plantations round about the town. The date-palm in this country is second to none. As a consequence, what may be called the date season—which is from September to November—finds great numbers of steamers, big and little, waiting to ship this product to all parts, but particularly to England and America. Now, I had long had my eye upon this trade, which is a very lucrative one, and at last I determined to enter the business myself. It was not my intention, however, to buy dates from the natives, but rather to acquire some plantations myself and conduct the business under my own

supervision. For, as I say, I had plenty of experience.

The labour system in the Persian Gulf date trade is peculiar and interesting. The gardeners, corresponding in a way to the Egyptian fellahen, are not paid regular wages, but have to work all the year round apparently for nothing. At the end of each season, however, they receive from 10 to 15 per cent. of the net profits of the trade done. This system is obviously advantageous both to employer and employed, and the gardeners, it must be said, as a rule work hard and conscientiously.

I got on well enough with my new venture until the month of December, 1893, which is practically the end of the date season. I then sent to all the natives who were working in my plantations, instructing them to proceed to my office in the town in order that I might settle up with them. My head man delivered this message, and I smiled contentedly to myself as I reflected how eager they would be to come. And sure enough they turned up next day to the number of eighty at least—quite a formidable crowd. Now, the moment I cast my eyes upon them I could see they were gloomy and discontented. What could possibly be the matter with them, I wondered, considering that each of them was about to be paid what would be to him quite a large sum? I was still more astonished when I saw them presently actually declining the money tendered, and remarking



THIS IS MR. RAPHAËL SAYEGH, WHOSE DATE-GARDENING VENTURE ENDED SO DISASTROUSLY.

From a Photo.

logged that *they wanted 20 per cent. this time*, as the season had been a very hard and trying one for them—much more so, in fact, than the previous year. And certainly this was true enough.

Hesitation, I thought, might be fatal, so I determined to take a strong line with the mal-

could not get what they wanted, they said, they would attack my house, and probably burn it. I believe they would have commenced operations at once if their chief had not intervened. Rising from my seat, I spoke impressively to Moossa, telling him graphically that I would hold *him* responsible for all the damage which



A GROUP OF ARAB AGRICULTURAL LABORERS SUCH AS WORK IN THE DATE GROVES OF BASRAH.
From a Photo.

contents. I said quietly, but firmly, that if they would not accept the rate they had contracted they must really pass out of my office, and I would pay them nothing until they consented to take just what was their due. Really, when this message was delivered, I thought I was going to be mobbed. Those who were nearest to my desk passed the word on to their colleagues behind them, and before I knew what was happening I was almost surrounded by an angry and threatening crowd, all talking excitedly and gesticulating in such a manner that I feared personal violence. The head man, Moossa by name, did all he could to calm them, but in vain. The excited consultation continued, and presently quarrels broke out among the men here and there, and my house bade fair to be wrecked.

In the midst of the disorder I heard threats uttered by men who I knew were always as good as their word, and I began to fear that a really serious disturbance might ensue. If they

his men might do. The effect of this was striking, for in a few minutes the men had calmed down. Afterwards, however, they began to quarrel again among themselves, and I could see from their manner that they had decided to do me all the harm they could.

Knowing the wild character of these natives, I advised Moossa to take them away out of my house, lest I should be obliged to call for assistance from the Governor. On hearing this the strikers calmed down somewhat, and consented to leave. As they passed out, however, I heard some of them say that they would wreak their vengeance in my plantations. I thought it likely enough that they would attempt to injure some of the palms, and so, soon after they had left, I went to the Governor of Basrah and asked him to lend me a force of gendarmes to accompany me to my property. Of course, there was a considerable delay in getting this force together, and we only arrived on the spot about sunset.

I can honestly assure you that I was nearly driven crazy with rage and grief when I found myself among what had only the previous day been my beautiful and graceful groves of date-palms. The strikers must have made for the scene of their customary labours directly after leaving my office in the town, and they had broken or dragged down nearly every tree in the plantation. Hundreds of exquisite palms, whose feathery tufts had so delighted my eyes in the past, lay on the ground cut and hacked about. The whole made up a scene of desolation and vandalism such as no one but the unfortunate owner could adequately realize. Even a stranger must have wept at the cruel spectacle. As I entered, accompanied by the gendarmes, some of the scoundrels were still at their hideous work, but they fled in every direction on seeing the soldiers. I felt a little easier in my mind when I saw that the fellows had quite left my plantation. I then had time to look round more leisurely and estimate the amount of the damage done. This was at least between £500 and £1,000. I at once set to

an important part in this narrative. I had dismounted, and was walking quietly about among the date-palms, when to my amazement I heard voices which I recognised. They belonged to the ringleaders of the late strike. Now, I am not a rich man, and I greatly feared that the persistent scoundrels were about to recommence their heart-breaking work, and so ruin me. I listened again, and this time made certain it was they. This decided me, and I resolved to stay the night among the palms in order to see what would happen. Sleeping out in the date gardens was in itself no great hardship—rather the reverse—but the mosquitoes which swarm there are greatly to be dreaded. Furthermore, I was afraid I might fall asleep during my vigil and be killed by some of the irrepressible strikers. I thought the matter over for some time, and at length decided to stay, anyhow, and protect my property—particularly as I had with me my rifle and revolver, with a belt of ammunition for both.

I sent my attendant back to the town for a



From a] A TYPICAL PLANTATION OF DATE-PALMS SEEN ACROSS A CREEK AT BASKAH. [Photo.

work engaging other men, and these soon proceeded to remove the fallen trees and straighten up generally. A few days passed, and during this time I did not go near my gardens, for I could not bear to look upon the work of destruction that had been wrought there. One afternoon, however, I rode over on my favourite Arab horse, Margil, who plays

work engaging other men, and these soon proceeded to remove the fallen trees and straighten up generally. A few days passed, and during this time I did not go near my gardens, for I could not bear to look upon the work of destruction that had been wrought there. One afternoon, however, I rode over on my favourite Arab horse, Margil, who plays

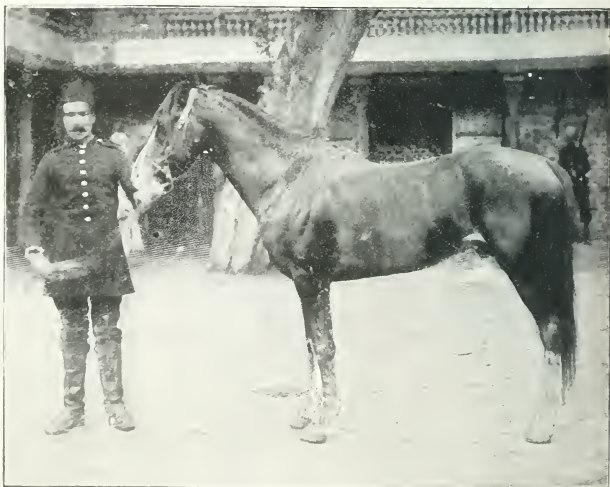
every few minutes found me opening the mosquito curtain and peering out. The night, I should remark, was by no means pitch dark, although there was no moon. As I debated the situation in my mind the desire for sleep seemed to leave me, and I resolved that on the morrow I would place the whole case before the Governor and seek his advice and assistance.

I think I must have commenced to "lose myself," as the saying goes, when I suddenly heard the murmur of hushed voices. I stood up quickly, with beating heart, and listened intently. But the sound had ceased. I resolved, however, to take the bull by the horns and go in search of the marauders, when to my utter amazement the date-palms around my couch appeared to be alive with moving figures, and shots commenced to ring out in a terrifying way in every direction. The implacable malcontents seemed to be firing at me point-blank, so that my mosquito curtain was soon riddled with holes, though fortunately I myself was not hit. In that terrible moment I could think of no sensible plan of action, but I realized quite well that these men had come to kill me by way of revenge. The instinct of self-preservation is pretty strong, and a moment or two later I found myself blazing away all round me with my revolver. When the chambers were empty, however, I did not attempt to reload, but sought refuge in flight. I rushed helter-skelter in and out among the palms, scarcely knowing where I went, and was soon relieved to find that the bullets ceased to whistle about me. Really, while it lasted, it was as exciting as being in a battle; the darkness of night rendering the situation still more appalling.

My position, however, was still desperate enough, for I knew that my bloodthirsty enemies would seek me out and kill me. Law and order do not count for much in Asiatic Turkey. If only I could find my horse! This, I thought, must be quite impossible, and even supposing I could have found him, it flashed across my mind later on that a dense plantation of date-palms by night was hardly the place for a head-

long gallop. Far away through the trees I could now see lights glancing hither and thither, and I heard stray shots from time to time. Beyond doubt the would-be murderers were searching diligently for me. I was almost chuckling as I reflected how far off the scent they were, when I was horrified to see a black figure moving swiftly out from behind a tree, and brandishing something in his left hand which I knew to be a dagger. As the man sprang upon me he gave a tremendous yell, and simultaneously I floored him with a blow from my clubbed rifle. He had accomplished something, however, from his point of view—he had revealed my whereabouts!

As you may suppose, the excitement of this moment was intense, and yet I had sufficient presence of mind to realize what the low neigh of my horse meant to me. I listened, and heard it again, to my great joy. I glided swiftly in the direction where the faithful creature stood, and with one arm round his neck remained for a moment listening. Poor Margil! It was very evident that he too was frightened at the unusual noises and commotion in the night, for he was trembling violently, and neighed softly from time to time. On arriving in the gardens I had removed his saddle and tied him to a tree, and I now untied him as quickly as my nervousness would allow. But there was no time to think of putting on his saddle. I leapt upon his back,



MR. SAYEGH'S ARAB HORSE, "MARGIL." AFTER SAVING HIS MASTER AND THEN NEARLY KILLING HIM, HE WAS SOLD TO THE BRITISH CONSUL AT BAGHDAD.

From a Photo.

squeezed my knees against his sides, and—apparently knowing what was required of him—my beautiful Arab sped away into the darkness, winding in and out among the thickly-planted trees in a way that was nothing short of miraculous. He stumbled several times, however, and more than once he nearly broke my legs against the palm trunks. But in five or ten minutes we were clear of the plantation, and had gained the desert country. To tell the truth, I myself did not know in which direction the town lay, but Margil seemed to know, and went galloping towards Basrah *ventre-à-terre*. Usually it took me two hours on horseback to reach my office, but on this occasion Margil's headlong gallop landed us half-way in little more than thirty minutes.

Dawn had now broken, and I was congratulating myself upon my escape, whilst my blood burnt hotly within me at the thought of the vengeance I would demand this day on my would-be murderers at the hands of the Governor. Suddenly, I noticed a small band of horsemen riding across my track a long way ahead. When I got closer, the foremost of these ordered me to halt. I was almost in despair, having apparently escaped from one danger only to fall into an even greater one. For these new marauders—whether they were mere desert robbers or some of the strikers who had been sent out to cut me off in the event of my escaping, I could not tell—presented guns at me, and I believed that my last hour had come.

The next development in this bewildering series of disasters was a wholly unexpected one. With a swift swerve, that nearly unseated me, my horse Margil set off at a tremendous gallop, followed by a perfect volley of shots. I think the horsemen pursued me for some distance, but of one thing I am certain enough, viz., that I felt a peculiar pain in the arm caused by a bullet which scratched and passed me without penetrating.

When I had assured myself that I was safe from further pursuit I tried to stop the head-

long career of my racing Arab; but, to my amazement, all my efforts were useless. I pulled and dragged at him again and again, but Margil appeared to have gone crazy, perhaps owing to the various frights he had received. Remember, I was riding bare-back, and had the pain aforesaid. No wonder, then, that I wished to stop and rest. It was in vain, however, that I tried every plan, from coaxing to kicking. Margil had fairly bolted, and I could only hope that he would stop of his own account when he reached the town.

As we approached the houses, however, the horse appeared to be going faster than ever. I flashed through the gate in a way that made me shudder to think what would have happened if any part of my person had struck the sides, and immediately afterwards I was racing through the uneven streets in a manner which threatened speedy destruction.

And no one was about to help me. After a few minutes of this dangerous career I saw to my horror a high wall at right angles to my horse's route. For a moment I despaired, thinking it meant death, but immediately afterwards I reflected that even a mad horse would think twice before he charged an obstacle like that. Nearer and nearer came the wall, and at the last moment, just as I was thinking of slipping off Margil's back at all risks, he and I struck the wall like projectiles from a cannon's mouth.

I remember flying in the air, and that is all. When I opened my eyes it was long past noon, and I found myself in my own house between two European doctors. My head was decorated with fifteen severe contusions (the miracle is it was not smashed), and both arms and hands were badly dislocated. It was two months before I was able to move about again, and I did not dare to ride Margil any more, but sold him to a native of Baghdad, who in his turn sold him to Colonel Mockler, the British Consul-General at Baghdad, on whose premises he is seen in the photo. reproduced.

A Shipwreck in Snap-Shots.

By FRANK H. WESTERTON.

We read about shipwrecks every day, but it is to be feared they make little impression on the majority of us, mainly because we cannot realize the horrors of these dread tragedies of the sea, unless we have actually experienced them. We venture to think, however, that Mr. Westerton's set of new and unique snap-shots will convey an entirely new impression of a shipwreck, showing as they do almost every phase of terrible experience. The author is a well-known member of Mr. William Greet's "Sign of the Cross" Company.



E left Liverpool on the evening of Thursday, September 14th last, in the fine Dominion liner *Scotsman*, having a full complement of passengers and crew. In consequence of the then prevailing strike of sailors and firemen the vessel did not lie alongside the landing-stage, so that we had to be taken out to her by tender. The first two or three days passed in the usual routine of life on board a liner; the only thing we had to vary the monotony being some rather heavy weather, which was marked by a very strong head wind, increasing gradually to a gale, and rendering our progress very slow.

My first snap-shot, taken from the deck, gives you a fair idea of the kind of seas we encountered.

People have asked me whether I had any presentiment of coming evil at the moment when I snapped this little photo. My reply is that I had not. It was my intention to take photos. of most phases of life on board, and also of the landing of passengers when we reached our destination. Little did I dream, indeed, what the rest of my set of snap-shots were going to be like. We were so much hampered by the rough weather that one day's run was well under two hundred miles for the twenty-four hours. On Thursday, 21st of September, the sea was much calmer, but there was no sun, and presently it began to get a little

hazy, with a slight suspicion of fog. We were all particularly happy that evening, however, and broke up into merry whist-parties in the saloon and smoking-room. At this time everyone was looking eagerly forward to seeing land the following morning. We *did* see land; but, Lord! under what ghastly circumstances!

Most of us were rather later than usual in retiring that night. As far as I can remember it was half-past two o'clock on Friday morning, the 22nd of September, when we were all awakened by a fearful crash, followed by a series of terrible bumps and grinding gratings. In an instant vague voices arose, and each and every soul on board felt an awful sensation of terror and sickening foreboding. My first impression was that we



"A FAIR IDEA OF THE KIND OF SEAS WE ENCOUNTERED"—WHEN MR. WESTERTON TOOK THIS PHOTO, HE LITTLE DREAMED WHAT THE REST OF THE SET WERE TO BE LIKE. [the Author.]

had struck an iceberg, and I said so to my saloon companion, who immediately afterwards hurried on deck to see for himself what had happened. After a few minutes he returned to say that we were on the rocks. He also suggested my dressing immediately—a most unnecessary admonition, considering that I was tearing on my clothes as fast as I could. A minute or two later everyone on board appeared to be astir, and the passages were crowded with men and women with blanched faces and curiously varied expressions of terror. The situation of the ship at this moment is exactly as you see it in the second snap-shot, except, of

course, that the ladders seen on the left were not run out, nor were the passengers swarming over the rocks as you see them in the photo. Simultaneously with the crash, every light on board went out for a few seconds, rendering the situation appalling in the extreme—what with the incessant grinding of the unfortunate ship on the cruel rocks; the piercing whistle of the bo'sun; the deafening siren; the escape of steam from the boilers; and the confused shouts of crew and passengers.

As you may suppose, it took me but a very few seconds to make my way to the upper deck, and then the full meaning of our position began to dawn upon me. The fog was very dense, indeed, and we could hardly tell whether we were at sea or close to the shore. The unfortunate *Scotsman* had taken a terrible list to port, and it seemed as though she must founder every minute. Men, women, and children were running about in a meaningless, erratic sort of way, clad for the most part in weird night-dresses. Some of them were fastening on life-belts more or less calmly. I noticed that the men did this chiefly, at the same time assuring the women that there was no danger. The captain (poor fellow, I pitied him!) was on the bridge shouting orders through the megaphone, but what with the escape of steam and the terrible excitement I fear his voice was scarcely heard. And yet, miraculous though it may seem, you could not say there was a panic, the women-folk especially behaving with marvellous pluck and obeying the commands of the officers. This absence of panic was, I feel sure, chiefly due to one of the engineers, who, as we afterwards learnt, waded through the water in the engine-room to the starboard side, his object being to keep the electric light going as long as possible.

After a few minutes (of course it seemed hours to us) the port boats were lowered, and above the uproar came the captain's order: "Women and children into the boats." About seventeen persons were lowered into the first boat, which was promptly swamped by the heavy

sea then running. I leave the scene that followed to your own imagination. Everything had been going well and the excitement was rapidly subsiding, when we saw these poor creatures drowning before our eyes, shrieking and screaming for help in the most agonizing way. With all possible speed the next boat was lowered, and every endeavour humanly possible was made to save the drowning people. I grieve to say, however, that only three or four were got safely into the second boat. By the way, it required the greatest care to keep the other boats from being swamped likewise.



THIS SNAP-SHOT SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE POSITION OF THE ILL-FATED LINER CAST UPON THAT TERRIBLE COAST.

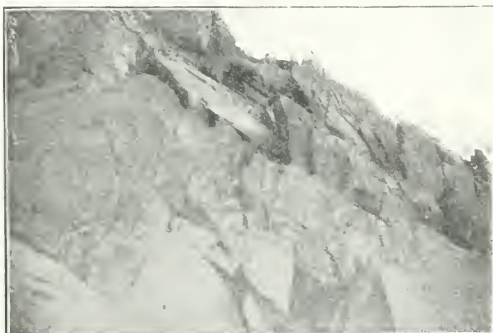
From a Photo, by the Author.

This was due not only to the heavy sea running, but also to the fact that the huge vessel lurched with every wave that came, in a way that hurled men and women on to the deck or against the taffrail, causing serious falls and injuries.

Although everything was done that pluck and good seamanship could suggest, it was some considerable time before all the available boats were filled with passengers, and finally the captain ordered them to stand out about a mile from the shore until daylight came. By this time the fog had lifted slightly, and we found ourselves within a few yards of a terrible coast. Every effort was now directed to finding the best possible means of landing the remainder of the passengers and crew.

Several ladders were lashed together and thrust out of the starboard gangway, as you see in the photo, just previously reproduced. A sailor then clambered along the ladders, tied a rope to one of the end rungs, and let himself down on to the rocks. This done, he hauled the ladder ashore and made it fast. Then began the work of rescue, which it took several hours to complete before everybody was got ashore. Of course, the captain was the last to leave the vessel. His conduct was magnificent—quite in accordance with the finest traditions of British seamanship. This was about half-past six; and you must remember that the boats, with their human freight, were still some little distance out at sea.

After a consultation the captain ordered



THE PASSENGERS HAD TO CLIMB THESE PRECIPITOUS ROCKS TO REACH THEIR MISERABLE CAMPING-GROUND. *[the Author.]*

everybody to make for the higher rocks in case the ship foundered or the tide should rise. I can assure you that it was quite a wonderful sight to see old men and women and young children scaling the precipitous rocks as shown in the above illustration. The ship's papers had been rescued, besides several sacks of bread; so that when we came to review our position we shook hands and congratulated one another on our miraculous escape from what had at one time appeared certain death. It was now evident that the *Scotsman* was stuck firmly on a ledge of rock and was tightly wedged there. Only a few yards away there was a great depth of water, so that had she struck but a little way astern she must have foundered at once.

It was not until about noon on Friday that the boats, which had remained out at sea, were able to come in and land the women. This was done by hauling each person up again over the ship's side, and then down on to the rocks

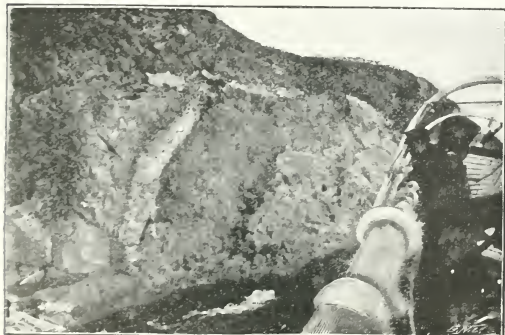
by means of the ladders. My next photo. shows the rocks as seen from the ship, with the people climbing up towards the camping-ground above. The women who had been in the boats were in a truly pitiable condition, many of them wet through and through, and clothed for the most part merely in night-dresses and the lightest of wraps. It was a terrible time, too, for those who were eagerly watching and waiting to know whether their friends and relatives in the boats were or were not safe; and when all were landed the suffering and grief of those who had lost wives, mothers, or sisters was heartbreaking to witness. Altogether it was found that fourteen persons had been drowned by the swamping of the first boat.

As the captain had thought, we had struck on



THE DOOMED "SCOTSMAN" AS SEEN FROM THE CAMPING-GROUND 200 FT. ABOVE. *[the Author.]*

the coast of Belle Isle, and after a kind of council of war, men were sent out to try and find the lighthouse which was known to exist not very far away. They returned next day, however, without having found it, but on a second voyage of discovery the welcome structure was found to be about ten miles to the south. When all the people were safely brought up to a kind of plateau about 200 ft. up the rocks, we pitched our camp there, although on the first day we had only dry bread and water, of which latter commodity there was a plentiful supply running down the rocks. Besides, later on we found there were many large fresh-water lakes scattered over the island. The snapshot here reproduced will give you an admirable idea of what the un-



THE ROCKS AS SEEN FROM THE SHIP, WITH PASSENGERS ON THEIR WAY UP TO THE CAMP. *[the Author.]*



"THE UNFORTUNATE PASSENGERS HUDDLING TOGETHER IN MISCELLANEOUS GARB AND VARYING DEGREES OF MISERY." [By the Author. From a Photo.]

fortunate *Scotsman* looked like from the camping-ground 200ft. above sea-level.

That first night we all lay huddled up together to keep each other warm, but notwithstanding this we passed a night of most ghastly wretchedness and misery. I remember distinctly that it was a brilliant moonlight night, and rockets and signals of distress were sent up at intervals, soaring and hissing in a melancholy fashion over our heads, and followed by eager eyes in the hope that they would speedily bring relief. An admirable idea of the "camp" may be gained from the above photo., which shows the unfortunate passengers huddling together in miscellaneous garb and varying degrees of misery.

Morning dawned with no ship in sight. During the second day two vessels did pass in the distance, but our signals were either not noticed or were disregarded. I hardly think the latter was the case, however. Another of my snap-shots shows the passengers with the captain and his officers on the look-out for passing vessels. They are all discussing ways and means, for at such times everyone thinks his own plan is the best. After waiting some

time, the captain suggested that everyone who felt equal to the exertion should walk over to the lighthouse, where they would find food and shelter. Moreover, there would, he said, be a far greater likelihood of being taken off by passing vessels. A number of passengers at once started, but the journey across the island was found to be a very formidable undertaking indeed. The moss was very deep and boggy, and the ground terribly uneven, rendering the journey one of very great hardship to people wholly unaccustomed to such violent exercise. It was only possible to walk very slowly, and the strongest men among us took six or seven hours to reach the lighthouse, ten miles away. Several of the

bravest of the women were compelled to lie down and sleep for the night half-way across, and their sufferings were terrible to witness.

Tinned meats, biscuits, and other provisions were brought from the wreck in the most approved Robinson Crusoe fashion, and in this way we were kept from starving. My next snap-shot is a view of our commissariat, with a specially-appointed official attending view of our head-



"THE CAPTAIN, HIS OFFICERS, AND SOME PASSENGERS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR PASSING VESSELS." [The Author. From a Photo. by]

to the food. Yet another



"OUR COMMISSARIAT"—"TINNED MEATS, BISCUITS, AND OTHER PROVISIONS WERE BROUGHT FROM THE WRECK." [The Author. From a Photo. by]

quarters shows the doctor of the *Scotsman* making soda-water. Several other members of the crew and the stewards are also seen in this little photo.

On the Sunday morning a vessel answered our signal and stood in to help us. She was the ss. *Monterey*, of the Allan Line, bound from Montreal to England. Owing to her having the mails on board, however, she would only take off those going back to England. Five or six passengers went on board, besides the majority of the sailors and firemen. We were heartily glad to see the last of these gentry, for on the very night of the wreck, as must be well known to readers of the English newspapers, our state-rooms were plundered, and valuables and clothing of every kind stolen by these scoundrels. They were, I am glad to say, placed under arrest on board the *Monterey*, and when they landed in England they found the authorities prepared for them. As a matter of fact, they were searched the moment they stepped ashore, and those with stolen property on them were promptly dealt with by the law.

On Monday, the majority of those who were left on the rocks started for the lighthouse. Some of these "explorers" endured awful experiences. Many had to sleep on the damp bog half-way across, because they were not able to reach the lighthouse before night fell. I could tell a great deal, did space permit, of the many gallant deeds performed by passengers in helping the weak and infirm. It turned out afterwards that one or two persons had died owing to the fatigue and exposure on this



THE SHIP'S DOCTOR MAKING SODA-WATER FOR HIS CHARGES.

From a Photo. by the Author.

journey, for walking was painfully difficult even for the strongest. In some cases those who left the "camp" at ten o'clock on Monday morning did not arrive at the lighthouse until twelve o'clock noon on Tuesday! And yet the distance was a bare ten miles!

The last I ever saw of the *Scotsman* is shown in the snap-shot here reproduced. On Tuesday morning the steamer *Montfort*, of the Elder Dempster Line, answered our signals at the lighthouse, and sent her boats to take off the cast-aways. She took off in all about two hundred and fifty persons, and then from the lighthouse went on to the wreck to rescue the invalids and those who were left behind; also the

captain and several of the officers of the ill-fated liner. Before leaving for Montreal the *Montfort* signalled for assistance to the Allan liner *Grecian*. Captain Jones, of the *Montfort*, as well as his gallant officers and crew, did all they could to make us comfortable and happy; they, as well as the few passengers they had on board, giving up their berths to the ladies of our party. On Friday morning we landed at Rimouski, in the Province of Quebec, and were taken on to Montreal by special train, arriving there at two o'clock on Saturday morning.

As to the *Scotsman*, I learnt afterwards that she disappeared during a heavy storm on Sunday, October 8th last, and now lies buried many fathoms deep, as she would infallibly have done on that fateful 22nd of September but for the merciful Providence that watched over us all.



THE AUTHOR'S LAST GLIMPSE OF THE UNFORTUNATE LINER.

From a Photo. by the Author.

Ice-Bound in the Gulf of Bothnia.

BY CAPTAIN S. R. CHANDLER.

His portrait shows Captain Chandler to be a fine type of a resolute, sturdy Briton, while this story, plain in style as an entry in the ship's log, is a record of suffering so dreary and disheartening that one pores eagerly over the photographs in order the better to realize every phase of this impressive story of the northern seas.



ABOUT 1885 the Swedish and Norwegian Railway Company of Westminster obtained from the Governments of those countries a concession to build a railway from Lulea, on the Gulf of Bothnia, to the Ofoten Fjord, on the north-west coast of Norway. This is, I believe, still the northernmost railroad in the world, and was meant to carry to the sea in both countries some of the richest iron-ore yet found, mined in the mountains of Gellivara, on the frontier between Sweden and Norway, in the country of the Lapps and inside the Arctic circle.

During 1887 the line was being pushed on from both ends, and the *Juana Nancy*, of London, a steamer of about 1,200 tons burden, belonging practically to the railway company, was employed, amongst others, in carrying stores and railway material from Middlesbrough and Grimsby to Lulea. The great objection to this railway in the opinion of intending investors appears to have been that, like other ports on the Gulf of Bothnia, Lulea, the outlet of the line first to be opened, is generally closed by ice from the end of October to the end of May or early June. It was resolved, however, to make an effort to show



CAPTAIN S. R. CHANDLER, OF THE ILL-FATED SHIP, "JUANA NANCY."
From a Photo. by John Hawke, Plymouth.

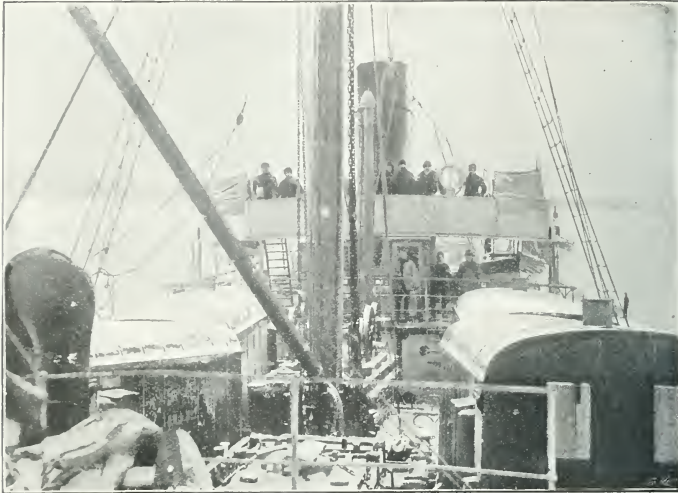
that this is not always so; and, the spring of 1887 being an early one, the first steamer got into Lulea in the first part of May.

The railway company, seeing in the fall that the winter was likely to be late setting in, sent the *Juana Nancy* to Lulea at an unusually late date, so as to be able to say with some truth that vessels could be got in in early May and got out in late December. This vessel, then, left Grimsby for Lulea on November 17th, 1887, laden in her holds and on deck with hydraulic machinery, locomotives, brake-vans, and similar goods for the railway.

These were to be got into working order during the long winter already begun, so as to commence exporting



WORKING IRON ORE DEPOSITS AT GELLIVARA MINES—THE RAILWAY, FOR WHICH THE "JUANA NANCY" CARRIED STORES, WAS INTENDED TO CONVEY THIS ORE TO THE SEA. [Photo.]
From a



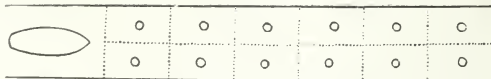
THE CROWDED DECK OF CAPTAIN CHANDLER'S VESSEL, WITH MACHINERY, LOCOMOTIVES, BRAKE-VANS, ETC., FOR THE NEW RAILWAY. [Photo.]

ore as soon as the ice broke up in the ensuing spring. Hearing that we were going to Lulea so late in the year, several natives of Northern Sweden—captains of Swedish and Finnish ships in the timber trade from the Baltic—warned me of the risk incurred by going to the Gulf at that time of year; but it was then too late for me to back out. Promises, too, of a substantial bonus had been made to me if I succeeded in landing at Lulea this cargo which was so necessary for the railway; and with sixteen men besides myself, who was the master, I set out upon this, as it afterwards proved, crazy expedition. The names of the crew were: W. C. Davison, mate; J. H. Clifford, second mate; F. Brocklesby, carpenter; Thomas Frere, boat-swain; James Flockhart, engineer; W. Cameron, second engineer; J. Bagshaw, donkeyman; W. A. Porter, steward; F. Seintsch, A. Kurbweit, J. Jacobsen, and W. Bagshaw, able seamen; H. Bush, J. Kelly, W. Potter, and F. Watson, firemen.

Delayed for some time by dense fogs in the Copenhagen Channels, we passed the South Quarken Strait (connecting the Baltic with the Lower Gulf) on November 23rd. Here we fell

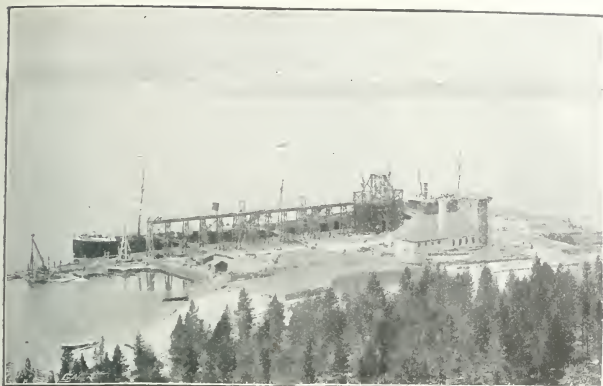
in with the first burst of the winter—a violent southerly gale, with snow, which lasted into the Upper Gulf, and we arrived at the edge of the ice a few miles south of Germudso on November 25th. On the same day four hundred men began cutting the steamer up to the wharf at Lulea, where her cargo was to be discharged. How this was done can be understood by the diagram. The ice was first sawn through with ice-saws, as shown by the continuous lines. It was then partially cut through

with axes, so as to divide it into squares, as shown by the dotted lines. The circles show where the dynamite charges were placed.



VESSEL ON LEFT. THE CONTINUOUS LINES SHOW WHERE THE ICE WAS SAWN THROUGH, AND THE DOTTED LINES HOW IT WAS CUT UP. THE CIRCLES SHOW WHERE THE DYNAMITE CHARGES WERE PLACED.

A waterproof dynamite cartridge and fuse were next lowered by means of string to a depth of a foot or so below the lower surface of the ice, and there made fast to a piece of wood laid across the hole in each square marked (o). When fired, the downward explosive energy of dynamite broke the square of ice into many pieces, and, without scattering them about too widely, raised a good deal of it upon the sides of the cutting. Several sections having been so blasted the engines were put ahead, when the vessel pushed the broken ice before her, under her bottom, and to both sides. She reached the



From a] VIEW OF THE WHARF AT LULEA—PART OF THE TOWN IN THE DISTANCE. [Photo.

wharf at Lulea on December 2nd. The discharging was begun at once and continued day and night, the weather being very inclement during this time. At 3 p.m. on December 9th cutting-out was begun upon the same plan used in getting in, and was carried on without stoppage except when the coldness and tempestuousness of the weather made it impossible for even the natives of the country to remain long in the open air. On this date the wind came from north-east and east, and blew from that direction with varying force and almost incessant snow until December 25th. During the cutting of the ice the hardships endured by the Swedish labourers were great; and it is doubtful whether

any men except those injured as they were to the rigours of a northern winter could have stood such exposure. Many even of them, however, had to leave the work; and the hospital at Lulea was well filled with men suffering from frost-bite, colds, and injuries received during the blasting. The sun being visible only for about one hour in the middle of the day, light, except that of the moon and the Aurora Borealis during occasional intervals, was got from an electric search-light on the steamer's deck. The ther-

mometer varied from 20deg. to 40deg. below freezing point Fahrenheit.

To a poor peasantry, half-farmer, half-fisher-man, like that of Northern Sweden, the opportunity thus offered of earning something during a part of the long, dreary winter—always for them a period of enforced idleness—was gladly welcomed; and they came from far and near to do the bitter, dismal work of cutting this vessel to the sea. Many were obliged to give it up. The number at work during those days of dreary darkness, of howling wind and blinding snow, varied at different times from 200 to 400, and depended upon the supply, which I think never equalled—I am sure, never exceeded—the



CUTTING OUT THE "JUANA NANCY" FROM LULEA TO THE SEA.—"THE POOR PEASANTRY CAME FROM FAR AND NEAR TO DO THE BITTER, DISMAL WORK." [Photo.

demand. All who came were taken; and for some time after a certain cartridge accident it seemed as if the undertaking was to be a failure owing to the difficulty of obtaining labour. The men's simplicity and inexperience at the work were the cause of frequent injury to them.

Had the steamer's water-ballast tanks been filled there was danger of the water in them freezing and bursting up the tops of the tanks. Sand was therefore taken instead; and on it, when levelled down in the holds, warmed after a fashion by "devils," or open braziers burning wood and coal, and serving for cooking, too, the smoke from them escaping through the open hatchways—on it, I say, lived, slept, and ate the one of the two shifts of labourers not at work upon the ice. The weather being during this time extremely cold, with violent snow-storms, it

was turned round with her head to the southward again, and by 6 p.m. the men and their gear were all upon the ice. I gave them the only small boat we had, so that they might be able to cross any cracks they might meet with, leaving ourselves only the heavy lifeboats—a step for which I had good reason to repent later on. Their troubles were all over, whilst ours were only beginning. A few miles of ice-plains lay between the men and the coast-line. A long stretch of 120 miles of water encumbered with ice of unknown thickness lay between us and the North Quarken. After returning the cheers they gave we proceeded towards the Gulf upon a passage to Middlesbrough which we were never to finish. We reached the mouth of the cutting at 7.30 p.m., and three hours later in black darkness and driving snow got fast upon a heavy ice-floe 4ft. or 5ft. thick, from which we

did not get free until we had worked at it up to the following noon.

It will be of little interest to most readers to follow closely our movements during the next three days. It will suffice to say that we were making our way as best we could in the direction of the North Quarken Strait, often getting



LABOURERS CUTTING THE CHANNEL AND REMOVING ICE—"THE WEATHER BEING EXTREMELY COLD, WITH
From a PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR. VOLUPTUOUS SNOW-STORMS, THE HARDSHIPS THEY ENDURED WERE CONSIDERABLE." [Photo.]

can be easily understood that the hardships endured by the ice labourers were considerable. The vessel, too, got pretty well knocked about by the usage she had received since her first entry into the ice; and early on December 19th the steering-gear was broken by a large piece of ice striking against the rudder.

The ice from Lulea down had varied from 1½ft. to 3ft. in thickness. At 10 p.m. we cleared the main ice and got into comparatively open water, but the snow was so thick that we were forced to anchor to the westward of Rodkallen Lighthouse until it was clear enough to see our way back into the cutting, so as to land the labourers and their gear upon ice which was not liable to break off with them on it. At 10 a.m. on December 20th the snow cleared off sufficiently to enable us to see the opening, and we returned into it for some distance. At 3 p.m. the vessel

fast upon some huge ice-floe, from which we had to free the vessel. Long détours had frequently to be made to avoid running upon other floes whenever we could manage to see them. The wind blew a howling gale from the north-east, with a cloudy sky and incessant snow; the thermometer ranging from 40deg. to 50deg. below freezing point Fahrenheit—a degree of cold, by the way, which, combined with the fierce wind, seemed to take all the life out of everyone. The vessel was simply a mass of ice above the water-line, and the parts of her under water were also incased in ice from 2ft. to 3ft. thick. No observations could be got, the sky being always obscured by snow; and it was only by the lead that any idea could be formed of our approximate position. On the afternoon of December 23rd, judging by the distance we had come since passing Rodkallen, and from the soundings,

the vessel was at the north end of the Quarken Strait, a channel ten miles wide, formed by rock-bound coasts on each side and further encumbered by reefs in the middle. Being by no means sure of the vessel's position I deemed it only prudent to anchor and wait until the snow ceased, and I could get some observations or see the coasts. And so the vessel was anchored in sixteen fathoms of water.

Towards midnight the wind increased to hurricane force, with such fearful snow and cold that I believe no one exposed to them could have lived a quarter of an hour. Having no spirit thermometer, we had nothing by which this phenomenal cold could be measured, our mercurial thermometers freezing in the open. The intensity of such cold can be imagined when it is known that mercury freezes at 40deg. below freezing point Centigrade, or 72deg. below the freezing point of Fahrenheit's thermometer, the one mostly used in this country. I afterwards heard in Finland that 100deg. below freezing point Fahrenheit was registered on this night at Haparanda, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia.

Through the breaking of the chain at 10 p.m. we lost one of our anchors and 120 fathoms of chain. So great was the force of the wind that it was only by going upon all fours that one could get along the exposed parts of the vessel's decks; and while trying to get down one of the bridge ladders I was suddenly blown off my feet, falling about ten feet upon an iron "bollard," or mooring post, on the deck below, and receiving a heavy blow upon the left side of my head and face. Two back teeth on that side were knocked clean out; a large contusion extended all over the left jaw and cheek, and the left eye became bloodshot. This caused me much pain for some days, especially when I went into the open air; and I was afraid lest the contused blood might freeze and gangrene set in.

It is difficult to convey any idea of the fearful scene which those in this vessel witnessed during that night. The steamer, herself more like an iceberg than anything else, with her engines working at their utmost, was dragging her anchors owing to the enormous pressure of the ice-floes borne down upon her by the north-east gale. As some large body of ice would strike her on one side, she would bring the wind and



THIS IS PILOT JOHANSEN, OF LULEA, WITH HIS REINDEER SLEDGE. HE WAS THE PILOT FROM a) OF THE "JUANA NANCY" ON HER LAST VOYAGE. [Photo

sea upon her broadside, in spite of her rudder and a storm-sail set upon the main-mast. She would roll so violently that it seemed as if she must scoop up the floes with her bulwarks, the ice thundering against her sides as if it would smash them in. The chances were about a hundred to one on some floe going through her plating and causing her to founder in a few minutes. The engines and propeller too were liable to be disabled at any moment when the vessel, in pitching, lifted her stern entirely above the ice.

How the machinery stood the usage to which it was put that night has always been a mystery to me. Had the *Juana Nancy* struck upon the coasts or outlying reefs, or been holed by a floe, no one in her could possibly have been saved. Boats would have been immediately smashed by the ice if lowered; and even if the cold had not been fatal in a few minutes, it would have been impossible to remain upon the floes owing to their violent motion, as they ground against one another with an appalling din. The fierce roaring of the wind; the biting, paralyzing cold; the cutting snow—more like finely powdered ice than what is known as snow in this country, which had upon the exposed face and hands an effect like that of being hit with fine shot; the straining and creaking of all parts of the vessel as her anchors and engines tried in vain to keep her up against the vast body of ice driven down upon her by the wind; the consciousness that under the circumstances every roll she made might be fatal and every pitch her last—all served to make up a scene of howling, bewildering horror which no one who was present is likely ever to forget.

The odds, however, turned out to be pretty well in our favour, and by 6 a.m. next day the

wind had moderated, though snow was still falling fast. The vessel, though badly knocked about in her upper parts, made no water; her rudder was damaged and one propeller-blade gone—slight enough damages considering the ordeal she had come through.

Snow and north-east winds of variable force continued up to December 25th, when the weather began to show signs of clearing up; and at 10 a.m. on that day a dim view of the lighthouse at Gadden was obtained for a minute or two. The atmosphere, however, soon became thick with snow again. During the afternoon the wind began to die away, and it was found by the lead that the vessel was driving to the southward. All the floes, hitherto kept detached by the swell, now began to freeze together in the smooth water, and in a few hours we were fast in a solid mass of ice, some miles square.

When the weather cleared up about noon on December 26th—what a ghastly Christmas it was!—I found, to my astonishment, that we were in the position shown on the chart to the south-east of Norrskar Lighthouse. On this night, too, we lost our second anchor. Seeing no signs of life in the lighthouse of Norrskar, two men were sent away on snow-shoes to try and get to it, five or six miles distant, to see if there was anyone there; but they returned in three or four hours, having been hindered by open water and thin ice from reaching the island. Owing to our perilous drift down from Gadden to the dangerous position surrounded by rocks and reefs on the 26th, and to the scarcity of food on board, and to the hopelessness of those in her ever being able to extricate the vessel from the ice by which she was beset, I determined next day to try to reach the Finland coast or the off-lying islets near Wasa.

It must be borne in mind, too, that the crew of this ship were paid a weekly wage, and supplied their own provisions. The consequence was that the quantity kept was never more than enough for a few days, and, as we were to have gone to Copenhagen for coal, the hands were counting on getting their stock renewed there. Thus we were, so far as food was concerned, quite unprepared for the turn which events were about to take. The food question soon became a serious one, and, although we were more than economical from the first, we were, as will be seen later, on the verge of starvation some time before we managed to reach land.

First of all a sledge was made out of railway sleepers, shod at the bottom with the iron "jack-stay" (something like a bar of railway iron, upon which the sail is hoisted) cut from the main-

mast. Having given our only small, light boat to the labourers at Germudsö we were obliged to drag on this sledge a heavy lifeboat in case we came to open water.

In this boat we carried some reindeer skins (taken out of bales on their way to England); what food we had; some axes and tools; and a few other articles which might be of use upon the ice or if we reached the coast. On December 27th, at 8 a.m., we left the vessel and proceeded towards the Finnish coast. The wind was light from the N.E. and the weather clear, with intense cold. At 4 p.m., after passing over a quantity of piled-up ice we came to a formation of ice extending north and south. This we found too thin to bear us or the boat, and too thick to allow the boat to be rowed through it. We explored the edge in both directions for some miles, but found it to be all the same. Jacobsen, a Finlander, put on the snow-shoes (which distributed his weight over a much greater area than that of his feet) and started to try and get across it, hoping that it might be thicker to the eastward. We returned to the steamer, arriving there about midnight. At 2 a.m. next day Jacobsen came back, having found ice so thin that it would not bear him, even on the snow-shoes, and extending for miles westward of the islands off Wasa. On getting back to the vessel the hands and feet and right ear of W. A. Porter, steward, were found to be severely frost-bitten.

On December 28th we went on a short allowance of food, as there seemed no chance of our being able to get any for a long time to come. On December 29th and 30th we made an attempt to get the vessel free, the ice showing signs of getting thinner at some distance from us. As a fact, I quite realized the hopelessness of accomplishing anything, and it was more to distract the attention of the crew from our position that I made the effort. After working for two days, however, cutting the ice and moving the engines, finding that nothing could be done, I was obliged to give up the attempt. Soon after ceasing work, what I can only call a stream of ice-floes of various sizes, not water-borne, but impelled by some invisible agency, and extending north and south as far as we could see, came along from the eastward over the heavy ice in which we were fast.

For some time I thought we must be buried under this ice, which cracked and hissed as it slid on wards between us and Norrskar with a noise like rifle-fire; and I tried unsuccessfully to get the vessel's head to the stream. It ceased as suddenly as it had begun without doing us any further serious damage. This day Jacobsen and Seintsch made another attempt



THIS SHOWS THE "JUANA NANCY" DURING THE LAST ATTEMPT TO CUT HER OUT OF THE ICE OFF NORRSKAR, DEC. 29TH-30TH, 1887. [Photo.]

with snow-shoes to reach Norrskar, to see if there was any food in the lighthouse, but did not succeed in getting to it. A large fire was kept up on the ice during these days in the hope of attracting the attention of anyone who might be upon the islands. The steward's hands were at this time in a dreadful state. The blisters on the backs of them burst, causing intense pain. My face was healing rapidly.

During the 29th, 30th, and 31st the floe in which we were gripped was slowly drifting to the S.W. and W.; and if the wind had remained from the N.E., we might have driven far enough southward to have got clear if the ice had broken up when the next gale came on; but almost with the last minutes of the dying year the wind came from the westward, and we soon began to drift back towards the Strait. By noon we were driving fast to the north-east before a heavy westerly gale, escaping by some strange chance tearing out the vessel's bottom on the Snipan Shoal, close to which we must, according to the cross-bearings, have passed; and on which there is only 9ft. of water!

On January 2nd we were driving past the Island of Wildhorskar. The hands came to me and wanted me to try and land there, as they were becoming weak for want of proper food, and would soon be unable to walk. I told them that the island was uninhabited, was a long way

from the mainland, and that no fire-wood was to be found there. They were, however, determined to go, and were preparing to start when snow began falling again, and they decided to remain. During this and the following day we drifted by the same strange chance in such a way as to clear the rocks and reefs round Mikelsöarne and Wildhorskar, as well as the Helsing-allan Shoal, upon each of which in turn we thought we must inevitably strike.

On January 3rd we were obliged further to reduce our allowance of

food, and after this lived upon one dog-biscuit and a small slice of raw reindeer ham per day. These hams and some game sent by people in Lulea to their friends in England were our last resource; and they and the Spratt's biscuits, which were originally intended for a dog I had, and had fortunately accumulated in a locker in the cabin, no doubt saved us from death by starvation.

By January 4th the wind had shifted to the N.W., and the ice in which we were slowly drifting towards the land. At 4 a.m. good observations made us ten miles from Tankar Island; and at 6 a.m. we abandoned the vessel, taking what little food we had, some blankets, skins, and the disabled steward in the boat-sledge as before. Some of the men were by this time becoming weak and nervous, and did not seem inclined to venture upon the ice again. The second engineer said he knew *he would be the first to be eaten!* The work at the sledge was heavy, and we had to unload it many times to get over piled-up ice and across patches of water. At 4 p.m. we came upon a patch of water on which floated pieces of ice of various sizes and shapes, only slightly frozen together and covered with deep snow, not thick enough everywhere to bear the weight of a man and extremely dangerous to walk on. It was dark, and the sky overcast. Nothing could be done

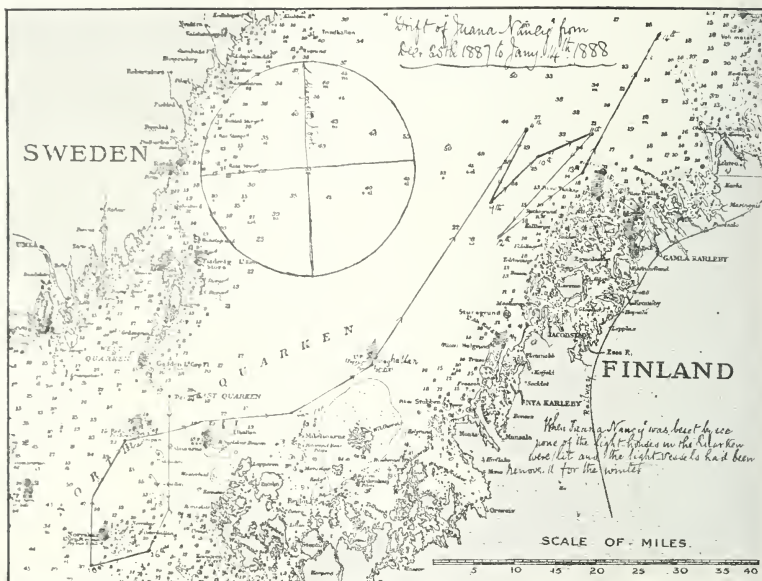


CHART SPECIALLY MARKED FOR THIS NARRATIVE BY CAPTAIN CHANDLER TO SHOW THE STRANGE DRIFTINGS OF THE STRICKEN SHIP FROM DEC. 25TH TO JAN. 14TH.

[When the "Juana Nancy" was beset by ice none of the lighthouses in the Quarken were lit, and the lightships had been removed for the winter.]

without light of some sort. We placed the boat upon her keel, and lay upon the skins close together to leeward of her, and kept on calling each other, lest anyone should fall asleep, in the sleep which knows no waking. Most of us were suffering from a maddening thirst, brought on by drinking the brackish water of the Gulf, or through eating snow and ice. Some of the men had been wetted during the day, and felt the cold bitterly now they were not moving.

The long and seemingly endless night was broken at about 5 a.m., when, by the misty light of the quartering moon, we struck our camp, got a little food, and soon found to our dismay that there was no hope of our getting across the rough ice, unless we abandoned the boat, furs, and food, as well as the steward and another man (Watson, a fireman), disabled by hernia. I was obliged to tell those who suggested this course that, although we were no doubt in a serious plight, we were not yet so badly off as to justify our doing this. I said I intended returning to the ship. I then sent two men, Jacobsen, a Finn, and Seintsch, a German, to try to reach the coast of Finland, and get assistance; and after I had given them such instructions as I thought they needed, they went on across the

dangerous ice while we went back, arriving at the ship at 8 p.m. On getting aboard, the chief engineer's right foot and the left foot of Bagshaw, the donkeyman, were found to be badly frost-bitten. My own right great-toe too showed symptoms of frost-bite, and several others were touched slightly.

On January 6th a strong south-easterly wind sprang up, ruining any chance which Jacobsen and Seintsch might have had of getting to the Finnish coast; the ice driving out from the land. At 6 p.m. the wind shifted to the west, and snow fell up to the early hours of the 7th, when it cleared up. At noon the two men came back, having been unsuccessful in trying to reach the shore. They had struggled on as well as they could on the 5th, but were forced to stop, owing to darkness.

When the moon rose on the 6th they went on, but were soon stopped again by a chasm of open water made by the ice cracking. Then they commenced to return. They were forced to spend the next night also upon the ice, one sitting to leeward of a pile of broken ice and snow, while the other walked about and kept calling him lest he should fall asleep. This failure was a heavy blow to everyone.

With four men disabled and the others fast losing heart and becoming weak from hunger, our position was getting serious.

The sores caused by frost-bite had to be treated with lunar caustic. When this was finished a small quantity of sulphate of copper was fortunately found. This, too, was getting used up, and it soon seemed as if nothing would be left but the red-hot iron for cleaning these sores. The drift of the vessel (always with the wind) during the following days can be understood best by the chart. The temperature of January 8th was the coldest we had. Nothing that breathes could have lived in the open air more than a few minutes. Touching anything made of metal meant leaving the skin of your hand upon it.

On January 10th, just before midnight, a strong north-west wind sprang up and drove us towards the Finnish coast, the ice, as it was driven inshore, rending and cracking, with reports like batteries of artillery. This was the saving of us. Had the wind come from the south-east we would certainly have been driven out into the Gulf, and this narrative would never have been written.

On the 11th I sent two men, Jacobsen and Kurbweit, to try and reach the coast. All the food I could give them were four dog-biscuits and four small pieces of reindeer meat. They took two pairs of snow-shoes and two small axes. On January 12th, just as I was thinking of making a final desperate effort to reach the land, now about six miles distant (being only deterred from doing so by the risk the disabled would run), three Finlanders got alongside with a light boat on a sledge and some loaves of black bread. They belonged to one of several parties which were posted at various points along the coast trying to get the reward of £300 which had been offered by the railway company to those who got the crew out of the *Juana Nancy*. For various reasons I thought it best that the disabled should be landed first, and they left soon afterwards. Jacobsen and Kurbweit, I afterwards found out, succeeded in reaching Gamla Carleby and sending the telegrams I gave them, but nothing was seen of them by any of the relief-parties.

On January 14th, finding that the steamer was driving out into the Gulf again, I deter-

mined to abandon her. Tankar Island was computed to be distant twenty-one miles, in a southerly direction, when we left at 6 a.m. Being now only eleven in number, we were too few and too weak to drag a heavy boat, so we went just as we stood, with what scraps of food we had remaining. About eight miles from the ship the ice cracked in our rear with a tremendous report, the wind freshening from the S.E. Having no boat, return was now impossible. Through deep snow-drifts, over ice piled up on ice in places, and in others so thin as to be hardly safe to walk upon, we pushed on desperately in the direction of the beacon-fire we knew was being kept up by the party on Tankar Island. At 4 p.m. we came to a wide crack between us and the shore, and were about to cut off a piece of ice to float ourselves across (although owing to the south wind our chance of doing so seemed very slight) when we heard the shouts of a party of three men from Tankar, who had come out on the chance of meeting us. Having a small boat they ferried us across the open water, the wind increasing from the south after this, with heavy snow. About eight miles as the crow flies lay between us and the land; but we had to make so many circuits that we did not arrive at Tankar before 2 a.m. the next day. We were all pretty well used up, but got food, and on the following day were carried by sledges to Gamla Carleby, where the disabled were already in the hospital. They all recovered.

Before leaving Gamla Carleby for England I had the satisfaction of giving the reward offered by the railway to the men who took us to the shore, and without whose assistance we must all have perished from cold and starvation. Later in the same year the Board of Trade presented Mr. Charles Nylander, the burgo-master of Gamla Carleby, with a gold watch, in recognition of his services to us; and gave a further reward of £5 to each of the four men, A. H. Finnholm, M. H. Finnholm, J. J. Finnholm, and J. Asplund, who made up the two relief-parties which went off to the steamer. I can never forget the kindness which we met with from the people of Gamla Carleby; and if this should meet the eyes of Mr. Nylander, Captain Hedman, Messrs. Roden, Hargan, and others, they may be sure that they have not been forgotten by me.



MR. W. C. DAVISON, FIRST MALE OF THE "JUANA NANCY"—A STURDY MARINER, WHO GAVE INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE TO HIS CAPTAIN.

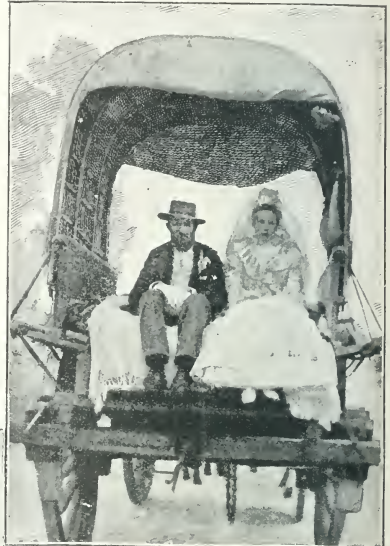
From a Photo. by Heliographic Studio, San Francisco.

Odds and Ends.

Picked out from travellers' albums and loose collections of photos, mainly because they illustrate in a curiously striking manner some interesting sight or phase of life. If you have photos, as remarkable as these, please send them along, with just sufficient descriptive matter to render the photo. intelligible.



OUR first photograph is of peculiar interest at the present time, showing as it does a typical Boer and his "vrou" trekking back to the farm after having gone through the marriage ceremony at the Dutch Reform Church in Barberton, De Kaap Valley. Our photo. shows the happy pair sitting on the back seat of a waggon, which is drawn by a team of no fewer than sixteen oxen. During the long "trek" home to the lonely farm this crude conveyance is their dwelling by night and day—living-room, sleeping-room, and kitchen all in one. How many English brides would contemplate with equanimity the prospect of spending their honeymoon in this uncomfortable fashion? Before reaching this happy consummation of his fond hopes, however, the young Boer has had many an arduous ride to see the lady of his choice. If his suit is approved of by the



1.—A TYPICAL BOER FARMER HAS JUST MARRIED THE GIRL OF HIS HEART, AND IS NOW OFF HOME AGAIN DRAWN BY—
From a] SIXTEEN OXEN. [Photo.



2.—THESE TOWERS WERE IN THE OLD DAYS USED AS LOOK-OUTS WHEN AN ENEMY WAS EXPECTED—THEY ARE NOW FLOOD SIGNAL STATIONS.

From a Photo. by Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta.

old folks, the father, before retiring for the night, hands the young gallant a lighted candle, in which he has cut a notch; the understanding being that when the candle has burned down to that mark the lover must saddle up and be off. Many tricks, of course, are played with the candle—a fresh one is substituted by the lover, or the thing is snuffed out at judicious intervals in order to prolong the evening. It would appear that Papa Boer is a confiding person. In the case of the couple seen in our photo., the "oopsittin," as this curious custom is called, has terminated in the orthodox manner, and the pair are now man and wife.

In the old days of tribal warfare, in some of the remoter

parts of India, such structures as the one here represented were by no means an uncommon feature of military operations. They were placed at regular intervals all along the frontier, and served as outposts for giving timely warning of the enemy's approach. The construction of the post was simplicity itself. It consisted merely of a thatched hut, inhabited by the sentry and his family, and surmounted by a high platform to which access could be gained by means of a long bamboo ladder. Of course, the actual range of vision was only some eight or ten miles, even over a level plain; but the cloud of dust raised by the approaching invader could be observed for twice that distance, so keen was the sight of these expert observers.

In modern times, however, the *Pax Britannica* has placed a stern veto upon such warlike practices among rival tribes; but unfortunately it has not succeeded in overcoming a far more powerful and persistent enemy, whose operations need the most vigilant attention. India is alternately the country of droughts and inundations. With the former the reader will be familiar; not so, perhaps, with the latter. Given a flat district (as in our photo.), with a large river in the neighbourhood, and assuming that the monsoon, after a prolonged delay, breaks at last with all its pent-up violence, then indeed the probabilities are that in a day or two the whole district, for an area as large as that of an English county, will be entirely under water—save perhaps the tops of trees and a few raised structures. It is in such dangers that these look-outs are of the utmost value in giving timely warning of the approaching flood, when all the cattle are driven to a place of safety on rising ground. Fortunately,



3.—THE QUEEREST HOUSE IN ALL AUSTRALIA—ITS OWNER, A RETIRED BRICKLAYER, HAS PLASTERED IT ALL OVER WITH SHELLS AND CROCKERY-WARE OF EVERY KIND.

From a Photo.

the water usually subsides as rapidly as it rises, and the people are enabled to return to their homes—or what is left of them—within a few days.

Here we have a remarkable photograph showing what is probably the most peculiar dwelling-house in all Australia. The photo. shows the extraordinary decorations with which a certain retired bricklayer in Ballarat has embellished his dwelling-place. You will notice, among a host of other miscellaneous ornaments, lamps, jugs, basins, cups, saucers, and other crockery-ware of various kinds. Also vases, statuettes, plaques, mantelpiece ornaments, and a great variety of shells of all kinds, etc., while in and between the endless medley a growth of



4.—THIS IS HOW THE SOUTH AFRICAN FARMER REAPS HIS CROP OF OSTRICH FEATHERS—THE LITTLE PILE ON THE GROUND IS WORTH £40. [Photo.]

flowers and shrubs has been cultivated, forming a contrast which would be more strikingly shown could the various colours be given as they really are. As it is, the entire affair is regarded locally as one of the attractions of the "Golden City," and is visited annually by thousands of sight-seers, who one and all agree that the owner is a man of original ideas.

The accompanying photograph illustrates the method of plucking ostrich feathers on a South African farm. When the time for plucking arrives the farmer sends his men on horseback to collect and drive into a "kraal," or inclosure, as many of his birds as they can find grazing in different parts.

In this snap-shot we see one bird actually undergoing the operation of having its feathers removed. On the left stands the farmer himself, busy with the tail feathers, while his son holds the bird's head down to keep it from jumping about; for a kick from a cock ostrich may mean death. Two Hottentots stand behind, one of them holding a bunch of newly-plucked feathers.

than the one shown, of course, but some of the less important "thoroughfares" still leave room for improvement. Main Street, as its name implies, is the most important in Dawson. It faces the Yukon River, and it is here that the miners assemble to meet the incoming steamers with the anxiously-expected mails from home. The streets, owing to the traffic and an utter lack of attention, were formerly mere quagmires, and to make them at all passable, huge quantities of peat and soft moss were laid over the fathomless mud. Each landlord was compelled to construct a raised wooden footway running the length of his premises, but the pedestrian had a



5.—HOW IS THIS FOR A NEW STREET IN A "MUSHROOM" GOLD CITY?—MAIN STREET, DAWSON, IN THE EARLY DAYS. [Photo.]



6.—IMPRISONED FOR LIFE IN NEW CALEDONIA!—HE IS A YOUNG ANARCHIST, AND HE HAS ALREADY GONE MAD.

From a Photo.

very bad time of it when necessity compelled him to cross the road. Even the packed peat and moss did not prevent horse and man from sinking knee-deep in the awful bog; while progress with laden vehicles was all but impossible. In the photo. we see a timber-cart stuck in the mud up to the axles, while the horses are nearly knee-deep.

Most people know that the French Government transports certain of its criminals—"lifers" and others—to the Island of New Caledonia—which is a sort of French Botany Bay—in the South Seas. Here, in terrible, nerve-shattering

solitude, these poor wretches sometimes pass the remainder of their days. The accompanying photograph is both fascinating and absolutely unique, besides having a pathetic interest all its own. It shows us a poor young French Anarchist, who was sent a year or two ago to the dreaded Island of New Caledonia, with a sentence of imprisonment for life. It is evident from the wild stare in the poor fellow's eyes that his awful doom has already affected his reason. Beside him, on the window-sill, may be seen the jug of water and loaf of bread which form the convict's breakfast. Even women are sometimes sent to this terrible place, and these usually marry one of the male prisoners after serving a certain portion of their sentence. Such marriages are permitted by the officials, and there is more than one convict family in the penal settlement.

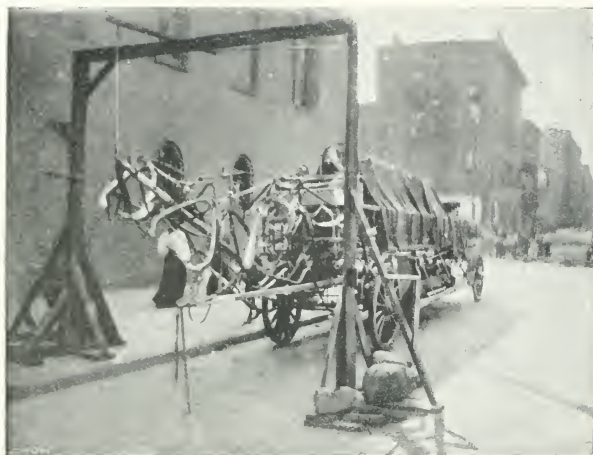
The town of Los Angeles, California, thanks to its glorious climate, grows in the open air perhaps the most gorgeous flowers in the world. Outside the town nothing is to be seen save gardens planted with immense crops of roses, jasmine, heliotrope, violets, and superb lilies. In Europe these blossoms would command enormous prices, but in Los Angeles they are cultivated as if they were nothing more extraordinary than marigolds. The accompanying photograph gives an excellent idea of one of these vast flower-gardens containing no less than *five acres* of magnificent lilies! The beauty of this extraordinary "crop" is simply astounding, and such a sight can be seen nowhere else in the world save in California. What a country!



From a

7.—AN OBJECT-LESSON IN THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA—"FIVE ACRES OF MAGNIFICENT LILIES."

Photo.

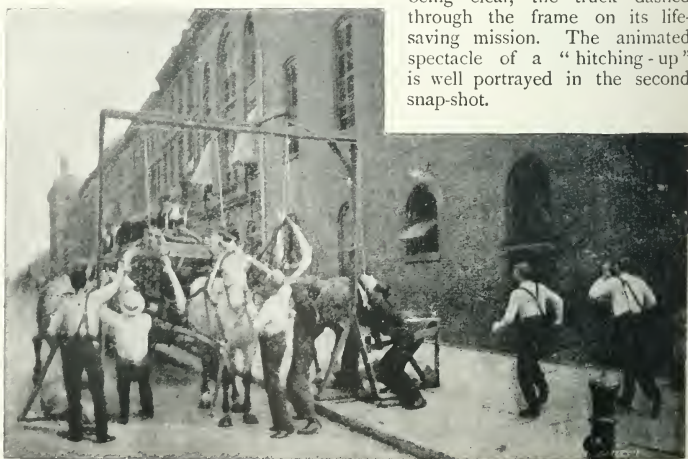


8.—AN AMERICAN FIREMAN'S INGENUOUS DEVICE FOR LIGHTNING-LIKE SERVICE.
From a Photo.

A fireman's remarkable ingenuity is displayed in the next two photographs reproduced. Some time ago, owing to improvements which necessitated the tearing up of many streets, several fire companies of New York City were hampered in the performance of their duty. One of them was Hook-and-Ladder Company No. 4. When the work of excavating the avenue in front of this company's quarters was commenced, it became evident that the company could not leave quarters and respond to calls in the usual way; and the only solution of the difficulty appeared to be to keep the hook-and-ladder truck in a side street, with the horses constantly harnessed thereto, thus exposing the animals to the inclemency of the weather both by day and night. But the commander of the company, Captain Stephen Cartwright, solved the difficulty in the clever manner shown in the accompanying photos.

A hook-and-ladder truck was placed in the street at the side of the company's quarters, and in front of it the firemen erected a wooden frame consisting of two vertical timbers strongly braced at the bottom, and connected at the top by a horizontal beam. From this the harness for the three horses was suspended by means of three Y-shaped metal hangers, provided with supporting ropes. These ropes ran upwards over pulleys on the beam, and then down the sides of the structure, their free ends being provided with rings, which were hooked over hooks on the vertical posts, thus keeping the harness suspended in front of the truck, as shown in the first photo.

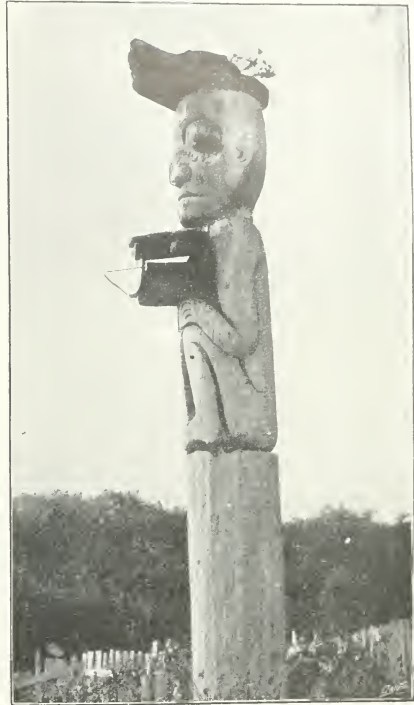
The horses were kept in their stalls in the stables, and on receipt of an alarm the firemen ran them out to their places beneath the harness. The collars were then clasped around their necks; the reins snapped in the bits, and the rings released from the hooks, thus allowing the harness to fall upon the backs of the horses. The driver jumped into his seat and pulled the reins, thereby disengaging the harness from the Y-shaped hangers, which were carried up to the top of the structure by small weights. Then, everything being clear, the truck dashed through the frame on its life-saving mission. The animated spectacle of a "hitching-up" is well portrayed in the second snap-shot.



From a 9.—THE DEVICE IN ACTION—THE HORSES ARE HARNESSSED ALMOST AUTOMATICALLY. *[Photo.*

The remarkable looking object seen in our next photo. is at once a tombstone, a grave, and a guardian of the dead. The curious little box you see on the figure's knees is the last resting-place of the child of a chief of the Simpsheau Indians of British Columbia. The Simpsheaus, in common with most Northern tribes, usually place their dead in the tops of trees, or else lay them out flat on the ground. In either case a shelter is built over the corpse. As the Indians are now rapidly taking up the usages of the white man, the queer object seen in our illustration may be looked upon as a happy compromise between the Indian burial in a tree-top and the more conventional method adopted by the white man. Our correspondent was unable to discover whether the figure represented one of the deceased child's relatives or not. It is possible it may be a model of one of the Simpsheau gods, on whose knees the loving father has placed his dead little one in order that its future welfare may be assured.

The accompanying photograph shows the most primitive and inexpensive church possible. It would not cost £3 to build! The walls are made of the bark of trees which have been cut down in the surrounding jungle by the worshippers themselves. The outside logs are held together by one piece of wood nailed horizontally, the upper part being left open, and the lower part plastered with mud. The end being gable-shaped, a considerable amount of light and air is admitted, thus obviating the necessity for a window—another piece of economy! The missionary in charge of this curious edifice has just been administering the



10.—THE CHILD OF AN INDIAN CHIEF IS HERE BURIED LITERALLY "ON THE KNEES OF THE GODS."
From a Photo. by Skene Lowe, Victoria, B.C.



11.—A CHURCH THAT COST LESS THAN THREE POUNDS TO BUILD!—AND THE WORSHIPPERS THEMSELVES BUILT IT.

[Photo.]

Holy Communion and baptizing a child, and for this purpose his comfortable was removed from his tent and used as an altar. The silver portable font is seen to the right. This church is situated at a village called Kendudab, in the jungles of Southern India, and belongs to the Anglican Mission in connection with the S.P.G.

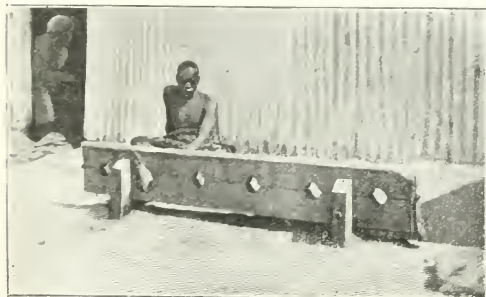
Next we have a photograph of the largest waggons in the world. Accord-



12. THE LARGEST WAGGONS IN THE WORLD—EACH COST £180, AND THEY WERE EMPLOYED TO TRANSPORT BORAX ACROSS A CALIFORNIAN DESERT. (Photo.)

ing to our informant, a resident of San Francisco, they were built for the Pacific Coast Borax Company to convey borax from their works in Death Valley to Daggett, the nearest railroad station, 120 miles across the Mojave Desert. There being but little water on the route, that indispensable commodity is carried in the tank seen between the two waggon. These waggons, by the way, weigh 7,800lb., with a hauling capacity of 20,000lb. The hind wheels are 7ft. in diameter and the forward wheels 5ft. The hubs are 18in. in diameter by 22in. long. The forward axletrees are of solid bar steel $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. square in cross sections, and the rear axles are $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. square. The waggon beds are 16ft. long, 4ft. wide, and 6ft. deep. The cost of each was £180, and ten of them are in use. Each waggon is drawn by eighteen mules and two horses.

Notwithstanding stringent laws forbidding the



13. "THE MOST UNLAWFUL 'DRUNK AND DISORDERLY' KAFFIRS IN THE TRANSVAAL." (Photo.)

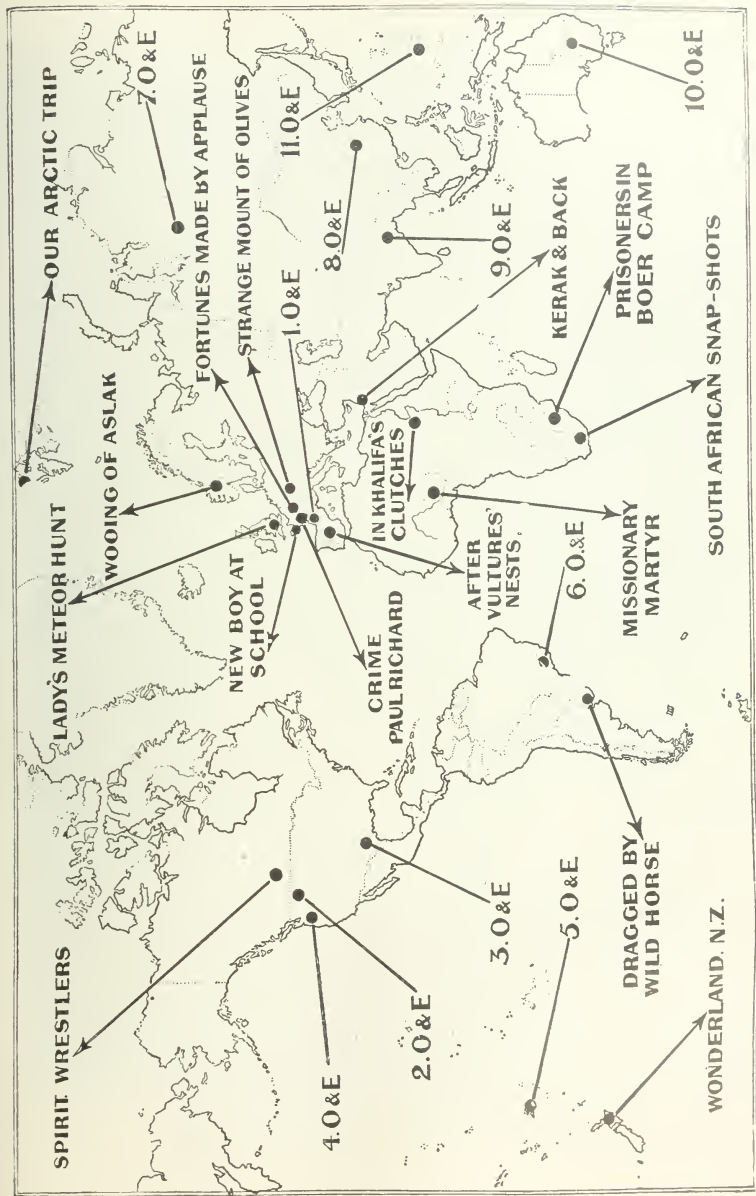
sale of intoxicating liquors to natives in the Transvaal, every pay-day and holiday is celebrated by a large number of the Kaffirs getting drunk, and consequently quarrelsome and disorderly. In a country where police are scarce, and police-stations often many miles apart, the Europeans have frequently to take the law into their own hands in enforcing order among the crowds of unruly natives excited to a pitch of frenzy by spirits of a most unwholesome description. One of the simplest ways of bringing a drunken Kaffir to his senses is to place him in the stocks until the effects of his wild orgie have worn off. Fining him is no punish-

ment or impossible, and flogging is unsatisfactory to both parties; but an hour or two in the dreaded stocks works wonders, even in the most recalcitrant of Kaffirs.



14. A STRANGE DANCE AFTER CHURCH SERVICE IN THE HERZEGOVINA MOUNTAINS. From a Photo. by the Marquis Kollo de Castelthomond.

In the mountain districts of Herzegovina the picturesque peasants have many peculiar customs, and amongst them is one of which we give a photograph; it was taken in the remote village of Borka. After Mass the women group together and dance hand in hand in a circle, in a slow, stately measure. They sing a peculiar chant, and every newcomer slips under their joined hands and kisses on both cheeks the friends who revolve round her. This ceremony finished, she, too, joins the circle, till more newcomers widen out the ring, and the song becomes a quaint and plaintive chorus.



YOU WILL GATHER FROM THIS NOVEL "CONTENTS-MAP" THAT THE SCOPE OF EVEN THIS NUMBER EXTENDS ALL OVER THE HABITABLE GLOBE.



“ WE FOUGHT THESE DERVISHES DOWN THE STAIRS, AND THEN A NATIVE OF
KATIMEH SPEAKED THE PASHA IN THE RIGHT HIP.”
(ILLUSTRATING MR. NEUFELD'S NEW AND STARTLING ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF GORDON.)

(See page 650.)

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*In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman.**

By CHARLES NEUFELD.

X.



HE only people in Omdurman who possessed anything worth looting were the real Mahdists themselves—and they deserved to be looted of their ill-gotten gains. In dealing with any claims for compensation for having been looted, three things should be kept in mind—the complainant should prove that he was not a real Madhist; that what he was looted of on the evening of the 2nd of September was not the proceeds of his own looting during the day; and, having got so far, he should reconcile the fact of his having been looted of property and valuables with his tales of abject misery, poverty, and semi-starvation.

Where the
Treasure
Lay.

It did not take me long to grasp the situation, for after seeing the soldiers posted to the houses of the "Government"

people, I started on a voyage of discovery of the houses of the principal Baggara and others. Having had these pointed out to me, I recommended the soldiers to take their cleaning rods and bayonets, and probe the walls of the harem rooms for hidden valuables. I am pleased to say that the suggested operations were not entirely without gratifying results; but a very small find indeed gratifies

the native troops. Whoever possessed property in Omdurman was either a thief or a murderer. Most had bolted with the Khalifa, and it was through no fault of theirs that they left a few dollars behind for people who could make good use of them. I regret now that I did not organize a looting party, and place myself at the head of it.

I must leave it to my readers to try and imagine what my sensations were as I sailed away from Omdurman on the first stage of my journey to civilization and liberty. Remembering the reason I gave my wife, manager, and friends, when I was begged to abandon my projected journey into Kordofan; knowing that others knew how I had comported myself before my captors and Abdullahi; conscious that I had nothing to be ashamed of in the



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DREAD CITY OF OMDURMAN, AS MR. NEUFELD SAW IT IN THE LAST 1911.

From a Photo. by Staff-Sergeant Jenkins, R.M.L.I.

production of a worse than useless saltpetre, which I could easily have refined—but the real refinement I prevented: having done nothing to be ashamed of in order to keep out of that terrible Sauer in designing impossible machines for the manufacture of powder and cartridges; there being nothing to be ashamed of in the wilful destruction of so much good material for their construction; and thinking that the small—very small—risk I ran in the collecting of information to send to the advancing armies might have been appreciated—considering all these things, I built up on my journey north what transpired to be a house of cards, to be blown down by a breath as soon as I reached Cairo. I was bitterly disappointed in the reception awaiting me, and so also was every other released captive, and not a few Mahdists. Perhaps I am to blame for having delayed at Berber, when my arrival had been announced by a certain train: but I have been punished for this, and yet even now I am too uncivilized to feel ashamed of the action or appreciate the justice of the strictures passed upon me in consequence.

When at last I did reach Cairo it was but to learn that what I had considered as "jokes" when, on my way down, I was complimented on the "manufacture of gunpowder with which to kill English soldiers"—on the "clever design and construction of the forts to oppose the advance of the gunboats": on my "smartness in galloping away from the field when I saw it was all over for Mahdich, and on reaching the prison just in time to get my chains on again before the Sirdar put in his appearance"—these and a great many other tales were implicitly believed in, and had lost nothing in being translated into the many languages spoken in Cairo—and there every European language is spoken, with not a few of the East.

It was heartrending to me, after what I had gone through, to return to my own flesh and blood to be spurned and shunned as the incarnation of everything despicable in a man. I who had defied my captors and looked for death, wished for it more now that I was among my own people. Fortunately, however, the persecution I was subjected to, added to my change of life, caused me to break down completely: and when I recovered from my delirium it was to find myself in the hands of a few friends. Do not think that I had worried myself over what was mere idle gossip: they were all charges made in sincerity, and this owing to the influential quarters from which they emanated.

A few days after receiving the generous offer

of my publishers I was told that I was a prisoner of war, and as such debarred from entering into any engagements; moreover, my experiences were said to be *the property of the War Office!* Later on, I was told that, in consideration of the subscriptions raised by a newspaper group in England for the purpose of effecting my escape some years ago, I was to write my experiences for the benefit of the subscribers. And when, after keeping me waiting weeks for a reply, they offered me £100—a sum not sufficient to pay the guides already in Cairo—asking me to repay them the moneys they had lent me while in prison; and in reply to this offer I pointed out the ruined condition I was in, and offered to repay the subscribers the moneys spent from the money I was to receive for my book, I was first threatened with an injunction upon the book, and then with the publication of "interesting" disclosures (?) concerning myself.

And when H.R.H. Duke Johann Albrecht, the Regent of Mecklenburg, graciously wrote to me himself instructing me to call at the German Consul-General's, in Cairo, for some moneys sent there to "give me a new start in life," I was met, when I did present myself, with accusations of ingratitude and broken engagements towards people whose names even I had never heard of! However, these people wrote disclaimers to the *Times*, saying that they knew nothing of the claims made against me in their names; but, in spite of the disclaimers, the moneys were impounded for about five months in all, and then some claims paid from it, but on whose account I am still ignorant.

Among the many articles published concerning me, one printed in the London and provincial papers on the 5th and 6th of September, 1898, caused me considerable injury both in England and Egypt. The article I refer to reads as follows:—

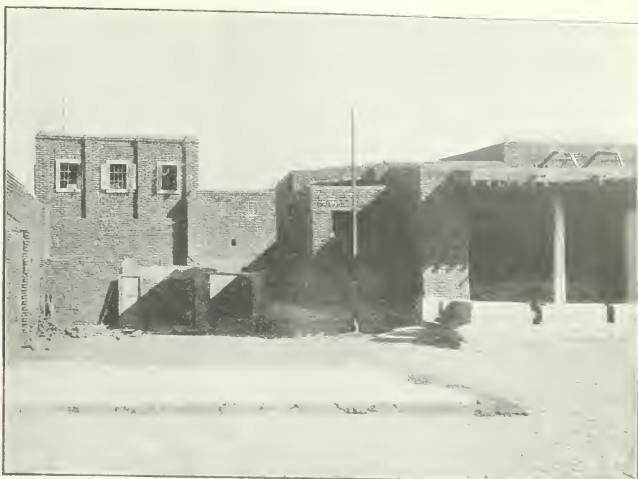
Twice had every preparation been made. The relays of camels to take the exile across the desert were ready. Nothing remained but for Neufeld to pluck up courage and quit Omdurman. Each time he backed out at the last moment. At length he confessed the truth, namely, that he did not care to come away. He had married a black wife. His friends in Germany were dead, or had forgotten him. He would stay where he was.

Is it not possible to find someone to swear that more than two attempts were made during those long twelve years to extricate me? I have in my narrative said all I know about the visits of any guides to Omdurman. Having been promised the publication of "interesting" documents concerning myself, perhaps the proofs of the above will be forthcoming. Let it be proved then that on even *one* occasion relays of camels were posted to effect my escape, and at

the same time let it be proved that the guide who posted those relays ever came to me. Why should more credence be given me for sincerity in notes refusing to escape than was given to Slatin's protestations of loyalty in his letter to the Khalifa when he escaped?

When news of the Sir-
dar's splendid
victory reached
England, the British
nation may be said
to have breathed
again as they read
how their martyred
hero had at last
been avenged; and
when the great
rush was made for
the cheap edition
of "Ten Years' Captivity," which was
extensively advertised—with my
portrait to attract attention—the
few known details of Gordon's
death became as fresh again in
people's minds as they had been
years before. And there being
no less anxiety and eagerness
to learn the smallest of newer
details now that the curtain
which had shut off the Soudan
from the world had been torn
aside, I was constantly asked
to relate all I had heard
concerning Gordon. Yet when
I had done so I was invariably
met with quotations and
readings from "Mahdism,"
"Ten Years' Captivity," "Fire
and Sword," and other works;
for what I had been told of
Gordon's death by eye-witnesses
was entirely different from
those published.

The first to relate the story of
Gordon's death was a man whose
tongue Gordon had threatened
to cut out as the only cure for
his inveterate lying! And when
this man escaped and reached
Cairo he sustained his reputation
in telling the tale. All accounts
of Gordon's death have
apparently been based upon
this first one received. Gordon,
the world has been made to
believe, died as a coward; for
what other construction can
be placed on the assertion that
*he turned his back upon his
assailants, and in his back
received his mortal wound?* It
is an infamous lie: but, then,
what was to be expected from
a man whom Gordon knew so
well, and who, maybe, had good
reason to invent the tale he
did? I quote what may be
called the three official
accounts of Gordon's death:—



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LATE KHALIFA'S HOUSE AND COMPOUND TO WHICH THE EUROPEAN LEISURELY WERE SO OFTEN SUMMONED. [Staff-Sergeant Jenkins, R.M.L.I. From a Photo. by]

MAHDIISM.
"He (Gordon) made a gesture of scorn with his right hand, and turned his back, where he received another spear wound, which caused him to fall forward, and was most likely his mortal wound. . . . He made no resistance, and did not fire a shot from his revolver."

And again,
"One of them rushing up, stabbed him with a spear, and others then followed, and soon he was killed. . . . He (Nejoumi) ordered the body to be dragged downstairs into the garden, where his head was cut off."

It will be noticed that Father Ohrwalder's account appears to be a condensation of the first given; while it is hard to believe that coincidence only accounts for Slatin giving the tragic story in almost the identical words used by Ohrwalder. It is more extraordinary that the first account should ever have been believed and published, and still *more* extraordinary that

OHRAWALDER.
"The first Arab plunged his huge spear into his body. He fell forward on his face, and was dragged down the stairs. Many stabled him with their spears; and his head was cut off and sent to the Mahdi."

SLATIN.
"The first man up the steps plunged his huge spear into his body; he fell forward on his face without uttering a word. His murderers dragged him down the steps to the palace entrance, and here his head was cut off and at once sent over to the Mahdi."

it was not corrected by Ohrwalder and Slatin; for when I arrived in Omdurman, in 1887, the real details of the death of Gordon were the theme of conversation whenever his name was mentioned, and there are many eye-witnesses to his death—or were until the Battle of Omdurman—who could tell a very different tale.

It is a thousand pities that this aspersion on Gordon's memory should have been "corroborated" by Ohrwalder and Slatin, as was the first account by Arab prisoners. There was not a man over twenty years of age in Omdurman who could not tell a different tale to this. I hope I shall be able to meet with one living reliable eye-witness to Gordon's death, and get from him a written statement giving the details he gave me whilst in captivity; for this man fought at Gordon's side, and was struck down with him and left for dead. But even should I *not* be fortunate enough to meet with him, the account I give may be relied upon as being absolutely correct and without exaggerations and "local colouring." Bare facts only will be given, but these will be such that, when next the Royal Engineers toast the memory of Gordon, the silence may, for once, be replaced by a ringing cheer.

Those who knew Charles George Gordon will believe me when I aver that he died, as they must all have believed he died—in spite of the official and semi-official accounts to the contrary—is the soldier and lion-hearted man he was. Gordon did *not* rest his hand on the hilt of his sword and turn his back to his enemies to receive his mortal wound. The hero drew his sword, and used it.

When Gordon fell, his sword was dipping with the blood of his assailants, for no fewer than sixteen or seventeen did he cut down with the weapon. When Gordon fell, his left hand was blackened with the powder from his at least thrice emptied revolver. When Gordon fell, his life's blood was pouring from a spear and pistol-shot wound in his right breast. When Gordon fell, his boots were slippery with the blood of the crowd of Dervishes he had shot, and hacked his way through, in his heroic attempt to cut his way out and place himself at the head of his troops. Gordon died as only Gordon could die. Let the world be misinformed and deceived about Sudan affairs with the tales of so-called guides and spies, but let it be told the truth of Gordon's magnificent death.

A week before the fall of Khartoum Gordon had given up hope. Calling Ibrahim Pasha Fa'uzi, he ordered him to provision one of the steamers, get all the Europeans on board, and

set off for the north. To their credit be it said that they refused to leave unless Gordon saved his own life with theirs.

Finding him obdurate, a plot was made to seize him whilst asleep, carry him off, and so save him in spite of himself. But he somehow heard of the plot, smiled, and said it was his duty to save their lives if he could, but it was also his duty to "stick to his post." "As the troops must be near," he told them, "sail north, and tell them to hurry up."

Each day at dawn, when he retired to rest, he bolted his door on the inside, and placed his faithful body-servant—Khaleel Agha Orphali—on guard outside it. On the fatal night, Gordon had as usual kept his vigil on the roof of the palace, sending and receiving telegraphic messages from the lines every few minutes. And as dawn crept into the skies—thinking that the long-threatened attack was not yet to be delivered—he laid down, utterly worn out. The little firing heard a few minutes later attracted no more attention than the usual fusillade which had been going on continuously night and day for months. But when the palace guards were heard firing it was known that something serious was happening. By the time Gordon had slipped into his old serge or dark tweed suit, and taken his sword and revolver, the advanced Dervishes—or it may have been the Dervishes concealed in the town—led by —*, were already surrounding the palace.

Overcoming the guards, a rush was made up the stairs, and Gordon was met leaving his room. A small spear was thrown which wounded him, but very slightly, on the left shoulder. Almost before the Dervishes knew what was happening, three of them lay dead and one wounded, at Gordon's feet—the remainder fled. Quickly reloading his revolver, Gordon made for the head of the stairs, and again drove the reassembling Dervishes off. Darting back to reload, he received a stab in his left shoulder-blade by a Dervish concealed behind the corridor door; and on reaching the steps the third time he received a pistol-shot and spear-wound in his right breast, and then, great soldier as he was, he rose almost above himself. With his life's

A Plot to Seize Gordon.

An Aspersion on Gordon.

An Historical Tragedy.

How Gordon Fell.

* I know the name of the man, but not having been in Khartoum I have no wish to be responsible for handing him over to the tender mercies of the Royal Engineer Corps in Cairo. It is the affair, the duty, of others to find him. There will be no difficulty in finding him, as he gave an account of himself at the War Office, and if his account of him is taken from his own statement, there will be still less difficulty in proving it a tissue of falsehoods. If the War Office really require a hint as to the direction in which the inquiries first might be made, I would suggest their getting the "statements" of any of the daughters living of Yusuf Pasha el Shellali, Yusuf Bey Kiridan, A'ou Bakr Bey el Jarkoot, Hassan Mustamar, and Noor Bey Mohammad—the former commandant, I believe, of the Kassala troops.



"OVERCOMING THE GUARDS, A RUSH WAS MADE UP THE STAIRS, AND GORDON WAS LEFT LEAVING HIS ROOM."

blood pouring from his breast—not his back, remember—the dying man fought his way step by step, kicking from his path the wounded and dead Dervishes—for Orphali too had not been idle with his weapons. But just as Gordon was passing through the doorway leading into the courtyard another concealed Dervish almost severed his right leg with a single blow; then Gordon fell. The steps he had fought his way—not been dragged—down were by this time encumbered with the bodies of dead and dying Dervishes. No other Dervish spear pierced the live and quivering flesh of a prostrate but still conscious Gordon, for he breathed his last as he turned to face his relentless assailants. Half raising his sword to strike, he fell dead with his face to Heaven.

Poor Gordon—denied even the credit of dying as you did, what honours might not have been yours had you sheathed your sword and surrendered to the Mahdi!

The description I have given of how Gordon died differs so very little in essentials from the account I have since received from Khaled Agha Orphali—an account which has been read to Khartoum survivors with the idea of comparing the statements made with what was related at the time—that I think it advisable to allow my account to stand, and append that of Orphali, giving a few details concerning Orphali himself. I might mention that Gordon was credited with having killed a much greater number of Dervishes than that I have given, but the error arose from his being credited with the killing of the Dervishes on the "Gouvernorat" staircase; but, as a matter of fact, these were killed by the guards.

The fact of Gordon having killed so many as he did is to be accounted for in two ways. Firstly, the men who first assailed him on the private staircase were unaccustomed to the use of the small spears they carried—indeed, it is safe to say that they had only been "Dervishes" outwardly for half an hour or so; and, secondly, they being packed on a narrow staircase, every shot told on the struggling mass. To assist the reader in following Orphali's narrative I have constructed from memory a rough model of the palace as I remember it while it stood intact. The arch-villain of January 26th, 1885, is still alive, but as he was not actually recognised in the palace itself when the attack was made, I have left a blank in Orphali's narrative where this man's name is given. Let the authorities deal with him.

Who Led the way? However, if the charge of having led the Dervishes to the palace cannot be sustained, there are others which *can* be, and which would anyway entitle him to an early acquaintance with the hangman.

Khaleel Agha Orphali joined the army for service in the Soudan in the Coptic year 1591 (1873-74). After taking part in a number of engagements he was promoted to Bulok Bashi—*i.e.*, commander of twenty-five men; and when Gordon reached Kukul, in 1878-79, Orphali and his men had been without pay for months. Naturally they presented themselves

to Gordon and clamoured for their pay: he recommended them to go to Khartoum for it, upon which they became abusive. On this Gordon drew his revolver: Orphali followed suit, but neither fired. Gordon then quietly ordered the kavasses to remove their chief in custody, which they did. Shortly afterwards Gordon sent for Orphali, told him he was a "man," gave him a present of money, and offered him the post of kavass to himself. This Orphali at once accepted, accompanying Gordon to Khartoum, and remaining with him until he left.

On Gordon's return, in 1884, he found Orphali then in Khartoum, and made him his Chief Kavass. Orphali is one of those men who know but one master, and believe that master to be ruler of the universe: he, therefore, was no great favourite with certain persons in the administration. During the siege, Orphali was never from Gordon's side: and the hero's kavasses were allowed to do nothing but keep their arms clean, and be ready to surround their master in case of trouble. They were strictly forbidden to leave their posts to carry coffee, or bread, or run messages, or perform the other little services they had been accustomed to perform for the katibs (clerks). Orphali's ideas as to the duty of his kavasses were the cause of constant bickerings, and these came to a climax about twenty days before the fall of Khartoum, when he espied one of them carrying an ink-bottle behind Geriagis Bey—the head clerk, who succeeded Rouchdi Bey. This was too much for Orphali, so, grasping the brass inkstand, he drove it with all his force against Geriagis's chest. This was an assault Gordon could not pass over.

Orphali was in disgrace for eight days and "confined to barracks"—that is to say, the palace precincts. But he slept at Gordon's door as usual.

Sleeping at
Gordon's
Door.

Twelve days before the tragic fall, however, he was reinstated in favour, and never again left Gordon's side for a moment.

Orphali—as Gordon is not alive to speak for him, and as so many knew from Gordon himself of his threat to shoot him many years before—has been afraid, since his return, to talk about his relations with Gordon: and is greatly surprised when I assure him that, if he appeared in "Londra," he need have nothing to be afraid of from the English people. Having introduced the man, I now give his description of the night of the 25th January, keeping as much as possible to his own words, and only—to give a complete account—mentioning the incidents occurring in other parts of the palace while Gordon and Orphali fought the upper floor:—

His Excellency was not an early sleeper; and on the night the Dervishes entered Khartoum he was in his own room. At eight o'clock, Consul Hansal, Consul Leontides, and the Doctor, Abou Naddara (he of the spectacles), came to see him, and remained until midnight. After their departure he did not go to sleep, but sat reading and writing letters, and sometimes pacing the room. At one o'clock in the morning he sent me to the telegraph-office to inquire about the enemy's movements, as he had received confirmed news of the intended attack, and had issued general orders to the soldiers and employés to be on guard to attack and withstand the Dervishes

when the assault came. Ali Effendi Riza, Mohammad Effendi Fauzi, and Youssef Effendi Esmatt were on duty; also the messenger Mohammad Omar. They reported that all was quiet, and this news I gave to his Excellency.

Half an hour later, perhaps, firing was heard from the land side (*i.e.*, to the south); and I was sent to seek information. Bakhit Bey, from Buri, telegraphed that a few Dervishes had attacked, but had been driven off; and when I told his



PHOTOGRAPH OF GORDON'S PERSONAL SERVANT, KHALEEL AGHA ORPHALI, WHO FIGHT WITH HIS MASTER UNTIL THE LATTER LED BY THE GUN FIGHT FOR LIFE. THIS MAN'S WARRIORS THREW A NEW LIGHT ON HISTORY.

From a Photo.

The
Beginning
of the End.

Excellency this he prepared to sleep, and gave me the customary order to bolt his door; this I did. Then I closed the door of the terrace, and afterwards the door of the Gouvernorat, near Rouchi Bey's room. Returning along the corridor leading to the private apartments, I also closed the door in the middle, and then went down the private staircase, where I gave the usual orders to the guards, and returned to my sleeping place opposite the Pasha's room, after I had told the telegraph-clerks to bring information as soon as any news came from the lines.

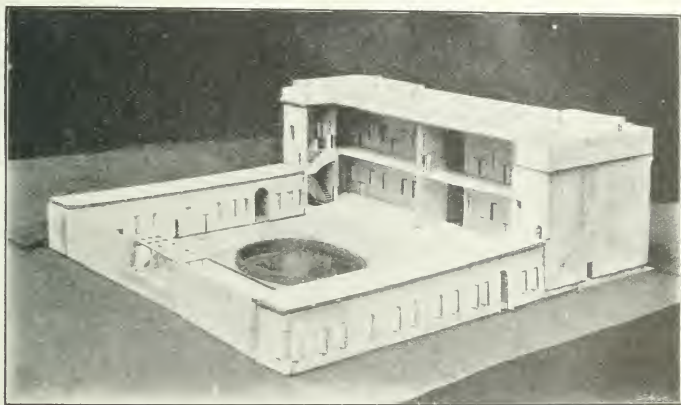
At about three o'clock Mohammad Omar, the messenger, with Kavass Ali Agha Gadri, roused me and said that an attack was being made at Kabakat, on the White Nile. I informed the

four kavasses and terrashes. Thirteen were placed at the windows under my second, Nimian Agha; eight on the terrace; and three at the door of the palace. Each man had ten dozen cartridges, besides which each party had a spare case of ammunition. All these arrangements did not take five minutes, as each man knew his place. I then ran up to the Governor-General's room, and informed him of these plans.

The day had now come (*i.e.*, dawned).

**Dawn of a
Dreadful
Day.**

The Dervishes who ran to the front of the palace were at once killed by the fire from the steamer. About seventy more were killed in the garden by the soldiers firing on them from the terrace; and then we saw the Dervishes coming over the rukooba,



THIS CARDBOARD MODEL WAS CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED BY MR. SELFELD FOR THIS NARRATIVE. IT WAS AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE IN THE FARTHEST CORNER THAT GORDON FINALLY FELL DYING.

From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

Pasha, who told me to run to the telegraph-office for more news. There I met Hassan Bey Bah-nassawi, who was on duty; and we heard that an attack had been made, but had been repulsed.* On informing the Pasha, he told me to close the door of his room again, which I did, and then sat down to make coffee. Presently we heard more firing from the White Nile, and the kavasses, having run to the terrace, called to me that *the Dervishes were coming into the town*. I ran down to Buluk Bashi Ibrahim el Nahass, who had twenty-four men. Fifteen of these were placed at the windows, and nine on the terrace overlooking the garden. There were also twenty-

where they were met by the fire from the windows and terraces. They came in great numbers and very quickly. Some ran to the entrance, where they killed the guards and opened the door. Then they *all* ran to the Gouvernorat door and killed the telegraph-clerks, all except Esmatt, who hid among the sacks in the store-room. They then went to the terrace and killed the soldiers, and Nahass, seeing the massacre, jumped from the window. Four men were on guard at the private stairs, but when the Dervishes came back from the Gouvernorat door these were soon killed. Next some of the Dervishes ran to the terrace and killed the soldiers there; others came up the steps to the private apartment and broke the door. But Gordon Pasha met them with his sword in one hand and his pistol (revolver) in the other,

*This is a literal translation. What Orphali intends to convey is that, on telegraphing to the lines, Bah-nassawi Bey, who was on duty, was at his post, and replied to the inquiries sent by telegraph. The distance between the palace and Bah-nassawi's post was about two and a half miles.

and killed of them two who fell at the door, and one who fell down the stairs.* The others ran away. Then we heard the Dervishes smashing the private door while the Pasha was reloading his revolver.

I ran forward and received a little wound in my face; and when the Pasha came, he also received a wound in the left shoulder. The man who wounded him was a half-blood slave. We followed the Dervishes to Rouchdi Bey's room, killing three and wounding many: the others ran away and fell down the stairs. We went back to the Pasha's room and reloaded, but the Dervishes came back, and I received a slight wound in my right leg from a sword. I partly warded off the blow, however, and the cut was nothing. We next attacked the Dervishes on the private stairs: and while we were passing the door a native of Khartoum, dressed as a Dervish, stabbed the Pasha with a spear on the left shoulder. Seeing this man's hand coming from behind the door, I made a cut at it, and running, he fell on a spear held by one of his companions on the steps, and was killed. At this time more Dervishes were coming along the corridor, and we returned to meet them. I now received a thrust in the left hand, but the Pasha cut my assailant down with his sword, and kicked him on the head and he died. Then the Dervishes ran into the clerks' offices: and while we were standing in the corridor a tall negro fired a shot from the door near Rouchdi Bey's room. The bullet struck the Pasha in the right breast, and on receiving this severe wound he ran up and shot the man dead. The Dervishes then came out of the offices, and we turned. They ran to the private stairs, and we fired into them, but the Pasha was now getting weak from loss of blood.

We fought these Dervishes down the stairs till

* That is to say, fell dead or wounded.

we reached the last one, and then a native of Katimeh speared the Pasha in the right hip. I shot this fellow, however, and immediately afterwards was horrified to see the Pasha fall down on the kavasse's mat at the door. When I glanced a second time I saw he was dead: and as I turned to seek refuge in the finance office, I was struck down and lost my senses. For some time I was lying down among the dead. In the afternoon a man of El Katimeh—Abd el Rahman, whom I knew—helped me



"I RECEIVED A WOUND IN THE LEFT HAND, BUT THE PASHA CUT MY ASSAILANT DOWN WITH HIS SWORD."

to go down to the river for water. As I went I saw the body of the Pasha at the door, but the head was not there!

After Vultures' Nests in Central Spain.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL WILLOUGHBY VERNER, OF THE KIFFI BRIGADE.

This article was written under peculiar circumstances. Its author was Professor of Military Topography at Sandhurst, before being appointed to the Staff of Sir Redvers Buller. It is, indeed, impressive to contemplate this dashing soldier sitting on the deck of the "Dunottar Castle" writing about his delightful Natural History hobby for "The Wide World," whilst every revolution of the screw takes him nearer and nearer the terrific battleground of South Africa.



WHEN, only some few months ago, I made the expedition about to be described; and when, after my return, I decided to collect my rough notes and photographs and write a description of the same, I little imagined how, when, or where I should find myself first at liberty to set about this business.

It is a sweltering day in October, and we are on board the ss. *Dunottar Castle*, steaming for all we are worth to get out to the Cape for reasons tolerably well known. The conditions are not exactly favourable, albeit it is a flat calm. Added to the throb of the engines and vibration of the screw are the hundred and one disturbing factors on board an ocean liner—the crash and clatter of the ship's stewards, and the merry voices of the children.

It is under such circumstances that I have just opened my diary of last April and overhauled some seventy photographs and water-colour sketches made during the period with which it deals.

For many years I have devoted much of my spare time to wandering in Southern Spain in quest of birds and their nests. During these expeditions I have had innumerable opportunities of visiting the nesting-places of nearly all the greater birds of prey which inhabit the southern part of the Peninsula. But one species, the black vulture, had hitherto baffled me—being but rarely met with in those regions. Hence I determined on a "rapid reconnaissance" of the breeding haunts of this species in Central

Spain, with a view to adding some of its eggs to my collection.

There is a popular belief that eagles and vultures invariably nest on cliffs of the most inaccessible kind; such, however, is not the case, for several of the largest species resort to trees, and among these is the black vulture. The relative difficulties of reaching the nests of cliff-haunting or of tree-haunting vultures are rather of degree than of kind; for it constantly

happens that a tree only soft, high may be more dangerous to climb than a cliff of ten times that altitude.

The extensive mountain range known as the Sierra de Guadarrama, which runs east and west some thirty miles north of Madrid, was the scene of our operations. The lower spurs, especially those on the northern side, are covered with immense pine forests, extending for hundreds of square miles. At the time of our visit there was still a great deal of snow on the whole mountain chain, but the weather was beautifully fine and the sun not too hot; in fact, the climate, at the elevation at which we generally

carried on our operations, viz., between 3,000ft. and 5,000ft. above sea-level, was as near perfect as possible.

The forests we explored are Crown property, and are most carefully guarded and administered by a regular corps of forest guards. They are dressed in a very smart dark brown uniform with scarlet facings and silver buttons, their wide-brimmed sombreros being adorned with the silver cockade of the Royal family. They are



LIEUT.-COLONEL VERNER AS HE APPEARS WHEN EQUIPPED FOR CLIMBING AFTER IMPORTANT NESTS.

From a Photo. by Sergeant Smith, Aldershot.



"ON THE PINE FOREST EXPEDITION ENTERS ONE OF THE GREAT PINE FORESTS."
From a Photo, by Col. Vermeil.

all mounted, and carry a small-bore carbine in a bucket on the off-side of their saddles; and also, on the near-side, a heavy woodman's axe, used for hazing trees.

The methods of forestry in these districts are simple enough, and are, like most Spanish systems, based on leaving Nature to do as much as possible of the work. The pine trees are self-grown, and, as they grow up, the lower branches are lopped off at about six inches to a foot from the trunk. The result is, hundreds of thousands of pines of all sizes are to be found, with stems of marvellous straightness and free from branches.

Since the vultures affect the largest trees, and generally those with tall, branchless trunks, difficult to climb, it follows that sooner or later the day comes when the woodman places the fatal "blaze" on the stem of some proud monarch of the forest, which has afforded a safe asylum to the great birds of prey for scores of years. And year by year, the older and more favourite resting-places of the black vulture are destroyed, and the birds are forced to seek fresh sites in other districts.

Having established ourselves in quarters some miles from Segovia, and well on in the Sierra, we set to work to

make the best of the time available—one week only—before returning northward. One morning, early in April, we started on horseback with our local guide (a woodman) in quest of the coveted nest of the black vulture. We had already experienced several defeats, having for three days unsuccessfully explored various portions of the forest adjacent to our quarters. After following the high road for a couple of miles we struck to the right through a small village. Beyond this we entered the oak-scrub, which covers the low foothills in this region. It was a delightful morning, cool and fresh, although the sun, even at 9 a.m., was warm enough on our backs.

After ascending for about 1,200ft. we struck into the *piñar*, or pine forest. This, like most forests of a like nature, has very little undergrowth, and hence movement is possible in every direction, save where the steepness of the ground, or some out-crop of rock, or mass of *debris* from the crags above, renders a *détour* necessary.

The utter absence of all life in these great forests is very remarkable, and cannot fail to impress even the least observant. The only small birds seen were the chaffinch and great titmouse. From time to time the sharp cry of the Spanish imperial eagle or the querulous call of a buzzard or kite broke the silence. Now and again a roe deer might be seen watching us



"BEYOND THE VILLAGE WE ENTERED THE OAK SCRUB WITH WHICH THE LOW FOOTHILLS ARE COVERED."
From a Photo, by [Col. Vermeil]

from a distance before it flitted away noiselessly through the labyrinth of great pine stems.

After following a track for some miles we came to a valley, where the *Guardias*, or Royal foresters, had reported black vultures to have nested in former years. We now spread out to about 200yds. apart, and rode silently through the wood, carefully examining the tops of the larger trees in quest of our quarry.

Fortune shortly favoured us, for suddenly our woodman, who rode in the centre between us, so as to indicate the direction of our advance, gave the prearranged signal, and, on joining him, we found he had dismounted at the foot of a gigantic fir tree—one of the largest in that portion of the forest. It was some 90ft. to roof, in height, and at the summit was an immense nest of sticks. A glance showed us that it was a nest in occupation, for it bore unmistakable signs of recent repairs and additions, well known to those experienced in the manners and customs of the great raptorial birds. But the next question—by no means easy of solution—was whether it was merely repaired ready for use, or whether it already contained the much-desired egg; for it should here be mentioned that black vultures, as well as griffins, only lay one egg.

Having picketed the horses and ascended the steep hillside until the great nest was very little above our level, we proceeded to make a close reconnaissance of the vulture's stronghold. My companion, who was armed with a powerful binocular telescope, soon called out that he could see a "yellow thing" in the nest, which object, on the trunk of the tree being vigorously struck with an axe, he declared seemed to move. Sure enough, the "yellow thing" proved to be nothing less than the crown of the head of a black vulture, which, covered as it is with fine down of a light brown tint, combined with the sombre ruff on the nape of the neck, has earned for the species the title of *vultur monachus* from its supposed similarity to the cowl and shaven head of a monk. A few more vigorous blows of the axe caused the huge bird to take alarm. Raising herself in the nest, she opened her enormous sable wings, nearly 9ft. across, and sailed majestically away! So far, our search had been successful, for it was now quite clear that the nest was occupied, and that it contained one egg. The next thing was, how to get up to it?

The tree was about 8ft. in circumference at

the height of a man above the ground, and tapered imperceptibly. No sound branch broke the smoothness of the trunk for over 60ft.; but at little over half that height the decaying stumps of branches projected for a few inches from the bole at rare intervals. These were so small and apparently so rotten that we disregarded them, and concentrated all our energies



THE VULTURE LEAVING HER NEST—"SHE OPENED HER ENORMOUS SABLE WINGS AND SAILED MAJESTICALLY AWAY."

From a Photo, by Col. Verner.

into endeavouring to throw a light line over the lowest sound branch. After an hour's ineffectual struggles, in which our most powerful casts were hardly two-thirds of the way to the desired goal, I was compelled to abandon the attempt and acknowledge myself fairly beaten. What that means to a keen ornithologist, who had for over thirty years been accustomed to take every nest he wanted, no words can describe. Whilst engaged in these futile efforts the old vulture returned several times, and swept past the nest not fifty yards above us.

Knowing that the woodsmen were in the habit of climbing the trees when engaged in lopping off the lower branches, I besought our guide to find me one who could escalate the mighty pine, which had, so far, baffled all our endeavours. This, however, was without avail, for he roundly declared that no living man could climb such a tree. Remonstrance was useless; and my assurances that, if he could only find me a man who could throw a rope up, I would myself gladly ascend, were received with the response that if I did such a foolish thing I would most certainly be killed, and that he would be no party to the affair. Our return march that night is one of the things one would gladly forget. I had embarked on a journey of

WENT 2,000 miles with the definite purpose of taking the egg of the black vulture: and here I was, in the wretched position of having found the nest and seen the bird, knowing well that the nest contained the object of my desires—but baffled by a wretched pine tree! Horrible misgivings as to whether it was really such an impossible tree would persist in intruding themselves upon my mind.

As a "forlorn hope," on my return to our village that night I sent round word that I wanted a man who could climb a *pino*, which was reputed to be unscalable: and that a suitable reward would be bestowed on anyone who would accomplish this object. After a truly miserable night, during which dreams of impossible trees with rotten branches and of inadequate ropes which at intervals landed me in appalling situations made any attempts to sleep almost unendurable, I got up at dawn and made some cocoa for myself and comrade.

Whilst completing preparations for our start I was agreeably surprised to receive a visit from our guide of the previous day, who said he had found a man who could climb any tree in the *sillar*. The latter was at once introduced—a hard-faced and somewhat well-fleshed individual of any age between twenty-five and fifty. He told me he was a woodman who had been engaged in lopping the pine stems since he was a child. His name was Doroteo, commonly known as Roteo. To my anxious query as to whether he could pass a rope over the branch of the vulture's tree he made the truly Spanish reply of "*Puede ser*," i.e., "Maybe." The still more aggravating national response to my question as to whether he could climb the tree (which he professed, by the way, to know well) was, "*Que se yo? Veremos*" ("How can I tell? We shall see").

Arrived at the scene of the operations of the previous day, I sighted my camera on the nest, whilst Roteo made the woods resound with blows from his axe on the great tree. Soon the old vulture took alarm and launched herself from the edge of the nest, my camera duly registering her in the act.

And now began a performance which, for skill, nerve, daring, and readiness of resource, I have never seen surpassed. Taking a hundred-foot length of my Alpine Club rope (1½ in.), Roteo, by a skilful cast, hitched it over one of the small, rotten-looking stumps projecting from the trunk some 30ft. above the ground. Holding one end firmly, by a neat "underhand" throw he

caused the rope thus hitched overhead to run up the trunk and catch on a second stump some 6ft. above the first. Then, walking round and round the tree with the ends of the rope in either hand, and carefully studying the shape of the stem and the relative positions of the stumps above, he slowly and surely, by a succession of the most artistic jerks and casts, caused the rope gradually to creep up the huge bole, like a thing of life, until it was securely looped over a stump, about 6in. in length, 47ft. above the ground. I mention 47ft., for I noted at the time that there was barely one yard of the 100ft. of rope (double) left in Roteo's hands.

This was the conclusion of the first "act."

Act II. commenced with a careful testing of the strength of the stump on which the rope now rested, by means of a steady pull and a few sharp jerks. After this Roteo gravely handed the two ends to our other satellite (Agosto) and proceeded to pull off his boots and replace them by a pair of *alpargatas*, or rope-soled canvas shoes.

Agosto now weighed down on the rope with all his strength, whilst Roteo, moistening his palms, ascended it hand-over-hand, with his legs round the tree, in the most approved fashion, until he reached a small stump about 40ft. from the ground and a few feet below the one over which the rope was hitched. Standing now erect on one foot on this precarious support, and with the left arm round the tree so as to steady him, he carefully "overhauled" the rope



ROTEO COMMENCES HIS WONDERFUL ASCENT OF THE GIANT PINE.
From a Photo. by Col. Fenner.

until only a few feet remained overlapping the branch above. Next, by an adroit twist, he jerked it off this branch and proceeded to arrange the portion of the rope in his hand into a loop some 15ft. in length.

These proceedings we watched from below with breathless interest, for it seemed physically impossible for mortal man to ascend any higher, owing to the thickness of the trunk, which, even at that great height from the ground, was far too big for any man to "swarm."

Roteo, having arranged the rope to his satisfaction, now manipulated the looped portion as does a sailor when about to heave the lead from the chains of a vessel; and, having by this means got on sufficient swing, he cast it upwards at a small stump some 12ft. above him. The cast failed—by an inch apparently! Again and again he gathered up his rope and essayed to throw it up, but without success. It was only too clear that he was getting "pumped"; for the expenditure of energy on the part of a man thus balanced on one foot only in such a situation, and using all his strength, is very great.

Just as we were in despair as to his ultimate success the rope, which he had kept circling round and round, at last struck the bough, and the loop overlapped it, hanging down a foot or so. To us below this seemed to be a failure, only in another form; but we were vastly mistaken. Letting go one portion of the rope, he grasped the other as low as he could reach, and, by a combined turn of the wrist and upward jerk, as impossible to describe as it would be to imitate, he deftly made *one* part of the loop "flick" off the end of the stump, thus causing the rope to remain securely looped round the latter!

After testing the strength of this new point he grasped the two portions of the rope and climbed up. Repeating this extraordinary process once or twice again, he at last reached the



"HE AT LAST REACHED THE LOWEST BRANCH OF THE GREAT TREE.
From a Photo. by Col. Verrier.

lowest branch of the great tree. Here, after carefully securing his rope—for without it his return to earth, save in the form of a meal for the vultures, would have been impossible—he leisurely climbed up the remainder of the tree and reached the nest. The enormous size of the latter can be realized by noting the figure of Roteo in the accompanying photograph. Such, indeed, was its size that it was no easy matter for a man to get into it, for it overhung

on every side some 3ft. or 4ft. However, by breaking away a portion immediately above him, he at last effected an entrance, and shortly afterwards we had the satisfaction of seeing him hold up the well-won egg for our inspection.



A MIRACULOUS CLIMBING FEAT ACHIEVED—ROTEO REACHES THE HUGE NEST AND PREPARES TO GET INTO IT HIMSELF.
From a Photo. by Col. Verrier.

We now sent up a bag containing a tin box, in which to pack the egg safely. It speaks for the height of the tree that 100ft. of rope only just sufficed to lower our prize.

I was anxious to go up the tree and photograph the nest, but was dissuaded by my comrade, who very wisely remarked that the tree was very unsuitable for photographic work, and that in all probability we should find another nest where a hand camera and non-focusing lens could be used with better effect. Roteo now effected his descent in the same splendid style in which he had previously ascended.

Mounting our horses, we proceeded along the steep declivities through the apparently interminable maze of pine trees in quest of more nests. Nor were we disappointed, for within a mile of the first nest we came upon a second, placed on the summit of a gigantic pine tree, the top of which had been apparently destroyed by lightning, or during one of the furious gales which sweep the valleys of the Sierra Guadarrama in winter time. Whatever the cause, the result had been to form almost an ideal spot for a big nest to be placed, the great branches of the pine spreading out and offering convenient support to it.

So steep was the hillside along which our horses were picking their way that we could easily see the old bird sitting on the nest on a level with us, and not a hundred yards away. This tree was somewhat easier to escalate than the first one, and before long we had a rope securely passed over a bough about 40ft. above the ground. With the aid of this I was soon able to negotiate the otherwise unclimbable portion of the tree. Roteo, to whom such exercises were a matter of daily routine, accompanied me, and suggested that he was quite willing to save us further exertions by ascending to the nest himself.

This proposal, naturally, did not commend itself to me, as my primary object was to take an egg myself.

Leaving my satellite at a convenient point, I made my way up the great limbs of the pine, smooth and slippery with the sun of a hundred years. Arrived at the nest, a brief scramble brought

me over the edge of the great platform of sticks—some of no inconsiderable size; and then I saw before me the object of my travels—a black vulture's nest. The nest was about 7ft. in diameter with a good-sized depression in the middle, lined with tufts of fine grasses, such as commonly grow on stony hill-tops in Spain.

In the centre of the hollow lay the egg, whitish in ground colour and marked with dark ferruginous spots, the possession of which had been my desire for so many years! Sending down the line I had brought up with me, I hauled up my camera. The difficulty which now presented itself was to get at a sufficient distance to work the non-focusing lens. My minimum distance was about 7ft., and here I was within 3ft. of the egg. Fortunately, I espied a gnarled stump projecting through the far side of the nest. Round this I now passed a rope, one end of which was fastened to my canvas girdle, and, gradually paying out the rope, I stepped cautiously backwards along a horizontal bough which projected for some feet below the nest.

On getting out along this as far as possible—in other words, until it began to bend down ominously under my weight—I made fast the "fall" of the rope to my girdle and withdrew my camera from its leather case. I was a short 6ft. from the egg, and the conditions were scarcely favourable, for the great tree was swaying gently to the breeze, and my foothold, despite the *alpargatas* or rope shoes I wore, was decidedly indifferent. After a final glance to assure myself that the two "half hitches" on which I was about to depend were well and truly made, I took the strain on the rope slowly and steadily until I had increased the distance to over 7ft. On viewing the object in the finder I found that the snow summits of the

highest portion of the Sierra Guadarrama appeared as a background to the nest and egg.

Nothing could be better for my purpose, showing as it did that, despite these vultures nesting in dense forests, the sites they select on these lofty trees in many instances are as commanding as an eagle's nest on a great cliff. Pressing



ONE OF THE HARDEST-WON PHOTOGRAPHS (AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER) EVER SECURED—
As seen a Photo. by THE SECTORS' EGG IN THE NEST. [Col. Turner.]



COLONEL VERNER HIMSELF HAS HERE BEEN "SNAP-SHOTTED" STANDING INSIDE THE VULTURE'S NEST AND HOLDING UP THE EGG TRIUMPHANTLY.
From a Photo.

the camera against my chest, and holding my breath, I pulled the lever. It was a ticklish operation, and having repeated it thrice, I was not sorry to haul myself back into the nest and regain a more secure foothold. Before descending I had a good look round. So strongly was it built that it was easy to stand up in it, although the oscillation of the tree made it somewhat awkward. My friend took a shot at me with the camera at the moment when I was triumphantly holding up the egg for him to see.

After descending, we ate our luncheon at a point about a hundred yards from the tree, during which time the vulture returned and proceeded to "sit" diligently on the empty nest, as though her egg was still in it. On going towards the nest again, however, she rose up in the nest and sailed away. We obtained a particularly striking photograph of her at this moment; the nest and bird standing up in good relief against the snow-clad slopes of the Sierra on the far side of the valley.

P.S.—We are past the Line, having crossed it some time during the night; the screw is more in evidence than ever, the noises more ear-splitting, the children even less restful, the heat more trying. I find myself many

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thousands of miles from the Sierra, in the recollections of which I have sought and found a temporary release from the eternal turmoil of life on a crowded liner. The existence of those great silent pine forests, snow-capped mountains, and icy, fast-running mountain streams passes before me as some delightful dream—a condition of things which surely cannot be co-existent with this feverish life on board ship.

The vessel is being driven at full speed against a head sea into which she is restlessly diving, the "clinkers" fly, and get into all our eyes, noses, and throats. The captain rubs his hands and announces that we have consumed 118 tons of coal in the last twenty-four hours and are now doing "fifteen knots good"—so we ought all to be very happy, for soon we shall be at the Cape, and then—!

Alas! "And then—!" As we go to press, private information enables us to fill in the sequel. At the Modder River a shell exploded within three yards of Colonel Verner's horse, and the animal, rearing suddenly, fell upon its rider. The result is that this valuable Staff-officer has been brought home with serious internal injuries. We sincerely wish him a complete and speedy recovery.



THE VULTURE SAILS AWAY FROM THE DESPOILED NEST.
From a Photo. by Col. Verner.

The Wooing of Aslak Halvorsen.

BY MME. CATHINCA AMYOT.

Many of our readers will, we feel confident, consider this astounding narrative "the best story they ever read," particularly as actual photographs of the identical characters are reproduced. It is really the personal narrative of Herr Ola Olsen Glosimodt, the well-known Norwegian sculptor, but was specially written for "The Wide World" by Mme. Cathinca Amyot, the distinguished painter, who is a personal friend of Herr Glosimodt. Quite apart from the magnificently dramatic situation where Aslak keeps the wolves at bay by playing discords on his fiddle, the narrative offers charming glimpses of rural Norwegian life.



WHEN I was a child our quiet family circle received a welcome addition in the person of a young Norwegian, a peasant from Tellemarken, who was sent to Copenhagen to study art as a sculptor; and as his first patron in Christiania was an old friend of my father's, that patron gave him a letter of introduction to papa, and from that time Herr Ola Olsen Glosimodt became a constant guest and a most devoted friend of our family.

He was very kind to me, and he never grew tired of the endless questions dictated by my childish curiosity. His early life, spent amongst the mountains of Norway, had been full of adventures and strange incidents. He represented to me a living book, the leaves of which I was never tired of turning over; whilst the pictures remained engraved on my memory as though I had seen them all myself and been the heroine of these strange adventures. Every Thursday he came to spend the evening with us, but it was not easy for me to monopolize him, for my father was as fond of him as I was, and loved to take him into his own den, where they would sit together in thick clouds of tobacco-smoke, discussing all sorts of things.

However, one evening I had him to myself quite alone, for my father was away from home on business, and my mother ill in bed. I shall never forget that winter evening: I can see the room before me now in the mysterious twilight; and, lit up by the flickering of the fire in the big stove, all the familiar furniture looked

strange and weird. Outside the white evening mist gave a ghostlike appearance to the garden; so drawing my little chair close up to that of my Norwegian friend, I asked him to tell me some exciting episode of his strange career. I tormented and bothered him till he yielded, and here is the story, almost verbally rendered, for I have a splendid memory, especially for anything that lays such hold on me as this did.



THIS IS HERR OLA OLSEN GLOSI-MODT, THE EMINENT NORWEGIAN SCULPTOR, WHOSE PERSONAL NARRATIVE THIS IS. HE ACCOMPANIED HIS FRIEND ASLAK AS "GO-BETWEEN."

From a Photo. by Joh Hassel, Copenhagen.

I will tell you an adventure I had more than ten years ago; it will make you both laugh and cry, I think. I was then only a young lad of nineteen or twenty, but I assure you it still makes my heart pat louder when I talk about it. We had been keeping Christmas at my father's farm, "Glosimodt," in Lillejord, Tellemarken. My parents had done their best to do honour to the old Norse hospitality, which demands that everybody shall rejoice and feast at Yuletide. In the large winter-room the table had during the whole week been decked with the grandest Christmas fare. Relatives and friends had arrived from all parts to feast and revel.

In the open place between the buildings and outhouses the snow had been trampled down and discoloured by the many carts and vehicles of all descriptions, with their bright little ponies, which brought and carried away the guests who in rapid succession had come to "Glosimodt." On New Year's Eve we were having extra frolics, and all we young people had been making merry with singing and dancing during the best part of the day.



HERE IS A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GLOSI-MODT FARM BUILDINGS, IN WHICH THE GREAT DANCE WAS GIVEN.
From an Engraving.

Pretty girls we had, and no doubt about it. There was the stately Synnöve Borasen, and the merry Gunhild Nygarden, and the two pretty sisters from Björnae, and many others. And plenty of smart young fellows there were as well, so we had danced the "Stabbelat" and all the other dances till we were fairly tired out.

The large room at "Glosimodt" was, I must confess, very badly lighted, and the tobacco-smoke hung about it like blue clouds, so that the old people playing cards at a table in the corner looked almost like ghosts. One of the fiddlers had fallen asleep, overcome with the fatigue of many nights' playing and carousing; and the other one, though he scraped vigorously on his fiddle, looked ready to drop from the high stool on which he was perched, like some quaint bird nodding in its sleep.

The girls, hot and panting, were fanning themselves with their aprons, and giggling and flirting with the young men; and large silver and pewter mugs full of home-brewed beer were being passed round, when suddenly Björn Johnsen jumped up, and seizing Ingebörg Moens's hand, called to the sleepy fiddler, "Hej Morten Pejksen, give us a 'Halling.'"

Two or three girls came forward to help Ingebörg.

"Here," cried little Gunhild, "to be sure you are not going to dance the 'Halling' with your hair in plaits," and her nimble fingers had soon undone the splendid tresses. Then Ingebörg, shaking out her golden mane, settled her white chemisette round her bust. Then holding out her hand to Halvor, she looked him straight in the face, and the two stepped together into the middle of the room.

Ugh! How horribly that fiddler played. The girls held their ears and laughed; the young men swore at Morten Pejksen, for much depended on his playing just now as the climax of the dance approached, when Halvor was to

jump so high that he could touch the beam of the ceiling with his foot.

Suddenly there was a bark of our dog outside, and the door was opened enough to let in a stream of cold air and the head of a man who peeped into the room. He was greeted by a

chorus of voices, "Hej! Hej! Here is Aslak Halvorsen. Has he brought his fiddle?"

My friend Aslak was soon dragged into the middle of the room. He looked half-dazed about him like someone coming in from the dark. He was trying all the time to make himself understood by me, but in the noise and tumult it was impossible for me to hear what he said. He was actually forced to take the old fiddler's place. His fiddle-case was opened, his instrument taken out and pressed into his hands. Then calls for "The Halling Slaat" filled the room.

I had elbowed my way up to him. "It is



HERE GLOSI-MODT'S FATHER AND MOTHER, AT WHOSE HOUSE THE NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES WERE BEING CELEBRATED.
From a Photo.



"HOLDING OUT HER HAND TO HALVOR, THE TWO STEPPED TOGETHER INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM."

kind of you to come and play for us, Aslak," I said.

"No," he answered, "I don't want to play. I did not come for that—I came for something else. But I will play for them, this one dance," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, "if you will come with me to-night to Myrebejen."

I gave a low whistle to show him that I understood his meaning.

"I am your man," said I; "here is my hand on it, and good luck to you, for you deserve it."

He had finished tuning his fiddle, and struck up the quaint old dance. How he played! Never did I hear such music; never had Halvor and Ingeborg danced like that. The onlookers could hardly keep quiet: they tripped about on their feet as if eager to join in the dance; they nodded and wagged and hummed the tune, and beat the time with hands and feet.

At last the dance was over, and I saw Aslak put his fiddle back in its blue-painted wooden case, drink off a mug of beer and two small glasses of corn-brandy; then he elbowed his way through the crowd and came up to me.

"Are you ready, Ola? Come along, it is getting late."

A few moments later we stood outside in the farmyard.

"Look here," I said, "you are surely not going to take the fiddle along with you? Better bring a stout stick like mine, for the snow lies high everywhere."

"No," he answered; "where I go the fiddle goes too."

For a few minutes we took counsel together whether to go by the high road or venture the short cut across the fell through the wood and down the brae. It was certainly much the shortest way, but, as the moon was not yet up, and the snow had destroyed every path and track, it might not save much time in the end.

However, we trusted to our knowledge of the country, and started at a brisk walk. You will wonder what our errand was? Well, I will tell you. Aslak was going to propose to Inger Bentsdotter Myrebejen, and I accompanied him as his "Belegut," or go-between. Why did we go at that hour? Because in Telemarken it was the custom to woo a girl by night, so that nobody but she would know who the suitor was; and if she refused him he would in this way avoid the public humiliation of being known

as rejected. That is why he always brings a "Belegut" with him. The word really means "the boy who woos for him"; and though the go-between does not actually do this, his duty is to get admission to the house and bring out the girl to the suitor who is waiting outside in the dark. We were both silent, and the crunching of the snow and the cry of a ptarmigan or other wild bird was the only noise we heard. The winter had set in early, and was unusually severe. We had to beat our hands together and stamp hard with our feet to keep ourselves warm. The sharp north-east wind came rushing up the valley, and caught us alternately in front and back, whilst we plodded in a zigzag up the fell.

"Maybe I had better left the fiddle at home; it numbs my fingers to hold it," said Aslak.

So we took it in turns to carry it.

"It will be better when we get into the wood," I said.

"When we get there," he answered, looking about him, searchingly. We were now on a kind of plateau, with not a trace of a path; and before us stretched the dark wood, almost black by contrast with the snow. It would not be easy to find tracks which would land us safely on the large brae on the other side; and to miss the path would mean getting lost in a deep ravine — impossible to get through on a winter's night like this.

So we trusted to our luck and passed into the wood. Here we found ourselves almost in perfect darkness, for the huge fir trees standing closely together prevented the snow from giving off any light. We stumbled about, and were tripped up by blown-down trees hidden by the snow; and although we didn't say so to each other we did not like it at all, and had but little hope of getting out of the wood before daylight. Besides, we began to feel tired, for we had kept Christmas for a whole week, with much drinking and little rest; and the sleepiness which extreme cold produces made us feel very much tempted to lie down. However, we knew too well the danger of yielding to this feeling, so, leaning our backs against a tree, we stopped to take counsel.

"It is no use, Ola, we had better give it up and try to track our way back," said Aslak.

I did not care much what we did. My only desire was to sleep; and I believe I must have been dropping off, for my ideas became quite blurred, when something that came rushing past my feet made me start.

"That was a hare," said Aslak; "he is in a hurry. There's another — look! And yet another. That means there are 'grey-legs' (wolves) about. What is to be done? We can't go back, for we shall meet them if we do. Come on; we must try to get away."

So we stumbled along—quite wide awake now, you may be sure. The moon had risen, and in its strong, cold light the dark tree-trunks seemed to leap and flit past us. Now and then we had to stop a moment to catch our breath and listen. Yes! There was a sound of something coming rushing on far behind us in the wood. Branches were crackling, and there was a muffled sound as of many thumping footsteps. We hurried on; not a word did we speak. We both knew the danger which every moment brought nearer to us.

How we did race along over the snow, through the dead branches and across frozen mountain streams, up hill and down hill. It was the wildest race I had ever been in. We had to stop a moment. "If we can only keep well ahead of them whilst crossing the brae, we may save our

skins," whispered Aslak, panting. A long howl, which came through the night from the dark wood behind us, set us off again. It was answered by several others coming from different directions; then another and another, which sounded nearer.

Good heavens! How we flew across the ground. At last we had reached the brae. It was here our greatest danger began, however. Whilst in the wood, the obstacles of the trees made it more difficult for the wolves to pursue us; but on the open brae they would be able to surround and attack us from several sides. You see, when a pack of wolves is pursuing its prey, there are usually two leaders which race on in front, whilst the rest of the band divide into groups to the right and left of their captains, so



HERR ASLAK HALVORSEN, WHO KEPT THE WOLVES AT BAY BY PLAYING DISCORDS ON HIS VIOLIN.

From a Photo.

as to intercept the victim should he attempt to turn from his course. Well, we were out of the wood, and before us lay the wide, snow-covered brae dazzling white in the moonlight. I began to feel exhausted, and it was clear that I at least would never get across the brae. Instinctively I turned to see the dreadful enemies whose trampling thud on the snow we could now distinctly hear.

It was indeed a picture full of terror; and I see it as clearly before me now as on that January night ten years ago! The brilliant moon; the dark belt of the pinewood, and the glittering silvery brae. A moment only; a rushing sound from the shade under the trees; and here and there bright green spots like glow-worms flitted towards us. Then a huge live mass of dark forms, some single, some in groups, came tumbling down the slope and out on the brae, each hideous figure now clearly defined by the moonlight on the snow. It was like some horrible living stream pouring towards us.

"Quick, give me the fiddle," called Aslak. "Here is your stick," he added; "save yourself! I brought you here; I will keep them off a while."

"What do you take me for?" I said, indignantly; "two are better than one."

He was breathing hard, and I heard that he

was trying to open the fiddle-case. I heard it, for I had only eyes for the wolves, who were gaining upon us with terrible rapidity, flying across the brae as if they had wings, and panting and breathing with queer noises like growls or short sharp barks like those of angry dogs. It took but a second to see it all; a few moments more and they would be upon us. I could distinguish their bristling hair, their switching tails, and the horrible fangs of the leaders. I

had nothing but my stick and Aslak the fiddle, so I knew our last moments had come. The Lord's Prayer was running through my brain, mixed up with thoughts of death and farewells to all and everything. I had grasped the stick firmly, and meant to sell my life dearly, when a piercing shriek as from a poor soul in agony burst upon the stillness of the wintry night. It was followed by the most soul-rending yells and sounds I had ever heard.

Was it our own voices? I wondered; and were we already in the claws of those demons whose fiery eyes and steaming breath seemed quite close to me now? At first I was too bewildered to understand anything, but I soon grasped it! The ear-splitting, heartrending noise and discords came from Aslak's fiddle. There he stood in the moonlight, scraping away at it like mad. At the same glance I saw the wolves suddenly stop, then they cowered down, huddled together in a large dark mass a hundred yards from us, their heads low down, and their green, glittering eyes moving restlessly forward and backward close to the snow. Now and then one of them would advance a little with slouching steps, only to retreat again in a terror-stricken, shamefaced way. And all the while the fiddle-strings sent forth the most excruciating sounds.



A WEIRD CONCERT—"AGAIN THE WOLVES BEGAN TO TAKE COURAGE, AND THE LEADERS ADVANCED TOWARDS US IN A DESPERATELY DETERMINED WAY."

"Lead me backward now," whispered Aslak.

Pick up the fiddle-case and take hold of my jacket. Mind I don't stumble; we must try to get across the brae before the brutes get accustomed to the music. I dare not turn round; I must face them all the while. Oh! There goes a string! Good Lord, the cold is too much for the guts. Quick—hold me up!"

Slowly we retired. It was a weird and gruesome march, I can tell you; and we saw to our dismay that when we had widened the distance between us the knot of horrible creatures began to untie itself, and the wolves, dividing themselves into groups, were advancing on us—not in a straight line, but in a wide semicircle on each side. They moved, however, in a hesitating, scared way, and often returned and fled back when some especially heartrending shrieks from Aslak's fiddle pierced the night. How the bow worked and scraped! The music became wilder and wilder, more and more desperate. It is impossible to give you an idea of the noise; it seemed to set one's brain on fire, to send an icy shudder down one's back, and make every nerve tingle and smart. The wolves had again huddled together, and seemed held by a mysterious spell.

"We shall soon be done for," said Aslak, huskily; "the strings won't stand it much longer."

Again the wolves began to take courage, and the leaders advanced towards us in a desperately determined way.

"Throw the fiddle-case at them; that will keep them off a bit."

I got the case out from under my arm, and taking good aim hurled it out in the brae. I saw it fall, a few yards in front of the "captains," who stopped short so suddenly in their race that those following after had no time to slacken pace, and so they all tumbled together into a great living mass of growling and snarling beasts. You see, they are the greatest cowards, those brutes; and anything unfamiliar to them—a trailing rope, a piece of flapping cloth, a basket, or any such thing will make them cower for a while until they get accustomed to it. We did not stop to watch them though, but took to our heels and ran; I really didn't know whether I stood on my head or on my feet. It was like an awful nightmare to me, and I hardly know how we reached the bottom of the brae, from whence we could see the snow-covered roofs of "Myrehejen" Farm.

The wolves were out of sight through the bend of the brae, but not for long. A rushing and skurrying noise made us look round, and there they were again. One by one we saw them re-appear over the white edge of the slope

we had descended in such flying haste. Mad with hunger, they had no doubt got over the formidable fiddle-case, and were now gazing upon us with alarming speed.

"May the Lord have mercy on us now," cried Aslak, as he again raised the fiddle to his chin—the fiddle which now had but one string fit to play on. But he knew how to manage it, and I wondered, even in my excitement, how that little instrument could produce such distressing screechings, such awful, piercing, heart-rending yells. Aslak continued to play on the highest string till all the air seemed full of the terrible wails.

A doleful howl came from the top of the brae; the wolves stood irresolute for a few seconds, and then suddenly turning tail they fled, and we saw them no more, for well they knew they were near a homestead. Death had never been so near to me as it was that night. The barking of a dog from "Myrehejen" recalled the real object of our perilous night march. I always wonder that Aslak felt up to that kind of thing, and that after what we had just gone through he still wished to propose marriage. But once the danger was over he had done with it, and his natural, easy-going state of mind returned.

A few moments later we stood in the farmyard, keeping well in the shade of the huge fir trees which surrounded the place. We were as hot as on a midsummer day. Aslak sat down on a wood-stack, wiping his forehead and panting distressingly. The barking continued, and soon I heard a door in the largest building being opened.

Now was the time for me to do my duty as "Belegut," so I went up to the door, shading my face with my hand; for if I were recognised it would not be difficult to guess whose "Belegut" I was. A boy in a red night-cap and a few garments awkwardly put on stood in the full moonlight, peeping carefully out into the yard. He seemed but half awake, and asked, yawning loudly:—

"What do you want?"

"We want Inger Bentsdotter Myrehejen to come out; here is a suitor for her," I answered.

"She is in the loft above the cow-house," said the sleepy boy, sulkily.

"Then fetch her out," I said, sharply, "for we have no time to waste. And show me a warm place where I can wait for them till they have got that business over."

"Hadn't he better woo her in the cow-house; for it is too cold to hunt her all over the place? I shouldn't like it myself," grunted the boy.

"I don't care where they go to," I answered; "it is their business and not mine; but look

sharp, for it isn't a night to be standing about without shelter."

The boy clattered along in his wooden shoes to the cow-house, and returned soon to say that "Inger Bentsdotter was ready to receive her lover—though not in the cow-house. If he would go into the state-room, above the 'stabur,' or larder, she would come up to him there." The boy climbed the stairs to the state-room and unbolted the door; then he returned to the house, and after having brought the girl's message to Aslak I followed him in.

We entered a kitchen or brew-house containing a kind of straw bed with some woollen blankets and a big skin or hide as coverings. This is the usual sleeping-place for the farm servants in Norway, and I was thankful to creep down among the straw and pull the blankets around me. Presently there was a sound of footsteps outside and a creaking of the stairs, together with the whispering of two voices, one a gruff bass and the other a high treble. Under the door I saw a line of yellow light.

"That's the old ones," whispered the boy. "They want to surprise you, and see who is the 'Belegut,' for then they can easily guess who is the suitor. Cover up your face with the skin."

I did so, but peeped out underneath it. The boy had jumped out of bed and was now standing close by the door, which was slowly opened, and the two old people peered carefully into the room. They held a lighted candle in front of them, but in a whiff it was blown out, and we were left in the deepest darkness, whilst the boy, giggling in his corner, enjoyed the trick he had played on the curious old people. The door was shut with an angry bang, and after some swearing and stumbling on the stairs outside, all was quiet again.

I fell into a sound sleep, and was awakened by a light shining on my face.

"Get up, Ola Olsen Glosimodt," called the boy.

"It is all right; they are in the big room, and oh,

my! aren't we all going to have a treat! I wish master had many more daughters to be wooed."

In the large winter-room a bright fire had been lighted. The mother, assisted by the maids, was bustling about cooking the cream porridge and boiling coffee. Every kind of delicacy had been put forth, for it was a well-to-do house, and Inger was the only daughter. The old man and Aslak were smoking their pipes in the inglenook on the bench, and next to them lay the fiddle, looking most pitifully dilapidated with but one string left.



"THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENED, AND THE TWO OLD PEOPLE PEERED CAREFULLY INTO THE ROOM."

Inger, who was leaning against her father's chair, was listening, pale with excitement, to Aslak's tale of our terrible encounter with the wolves and our hairbreadth escape.

"Yes," said old Benth, "they are impudent enough, 'the grey-legs'; but they soon put their tails between their legs when they hear the scraping of a fiddle. And a good job it is, too, for else I guess we should have had a funeral in the parish instead of a wedding."

Where Fortunes are Made by Theatre Applause!

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC LEES, OF PARIS.

An article bound to attract attention in British and American theatrical circles. Our own Paris representative investigates the famous "claque," or Paris system of paid professional applause. The "chef de claque" as a capitalist, financing managers! The whole history of an astonishing profession revealed for the first time, illustrated with photographs, and interspersed with amusing anecdotes.



MUST admit that at the outset of my inquiry into the mysteries of the *claque* of the various Paris theatres my heart almost failed me. The lurid picture which had been drawn of this curious institution, and of the men who kept it alive, was not altogether a pleasing one regarded from any point of view. The *claque* was tyrannical, and, octopus-like, it stretched out its tentacles over the stage and strangled the life out of real dramatic art. Further, *chefs de claque* were social outcasts—parasites, and even worse, who made a living by the exercise of a calling which, to say the very least, was beneath contempt. However, uninviting though the prospect was, I decided to undertake the task, particularly as it had never been done before. Certain words which M. Jules Claretie, the amiable manager of the Comédie-Française, himself had used in a letter to me acted as an incentive. Thus the plunge was taken, and, as an amateur—strictly as an amateur, mind you—I became an honorary member of that powerful and ancient institution which of recent years has been so much reviled, but reviled in vain.

For the benefit of those who do not know of this curious custom in French theatres it may be as well to explain that the *claque*, properly so called, consists of a small body of men, under the orders of a *chef*, who undertake to applaud the actors and actresses at certain set times. The *chefs de claque* gain what there is to be gained; whilst the rank and file of the *claqueurs* get nothing—or, at most, merely

the pleasure of seeing the play without paying for their seats. "Working deadheads" one might call them. Now, there are *chefs de claque* and *chefs de claque*, just as in other professions. The *chefs* at the great subsidized theatres in Paris, such as M. Dorlot and M. Guérin, of the Comédie-Française; M. Sol and M. Vilette, of the Opéra; and M. Giraudon, of the Odéon, are officials paid by the management to do a certain piece of work. They merely act their parts in the pit instead of on the stage. There is not very much difference, you see, between them and the actors. The salary which these important functionaries receive varies from 300 francs to 500 francs a month each, and for that sum they are expected to take with them into the theatre at each performance a certain number of men with big, strong hands, and intelligent enough to clap when they are given the signal by their leader.

The work of the *claqueurs* is not, as will be readily seen, intellectually of a very high order. The *chef* is supposed to have taken voluminous notes at the rehearsals of the play they are seeing performed; to

have consulted with the manager; to have chatted with the author—in short, to have made a close study of the entire work on which his "brigade" is to be engaged. He is the spring of the *claque*. The men under his orders, scattered here and there under the chandelier (for which reason they have been called "Chevaliers du Lustre"), are merely parts of the machinery, and they would no



OUR ENTERPRISING PARIS REPRESENTATIVE, MR. FREDERIC LEES, WHO ACTUALLY BECAME A "CLIQUEUR" HIMSELF IN ORDER TO ACQUIRE INFORMATION ABOUT THIS PECULIAR PROFESSION. (Photo. From a)

more think of applauding on their own account than they would think of flying.

Once upon a time there was a daring *claqueur* who did not wait for the signal; but his short connection with the profession—he was immediately relieved of his *fauteuil* for breach of discipline—hardly entitles him to the honour of mention in the same company with eminent *claqueurs*. The part he applauded happened to be the only good scene in the whole play. His sense of art, unfortunately, was stronger than his idea of duty. Seized with uncontrollable enthusiasm, he—the only man of taste among

the *claque*—made the house ring with applause. He is now one of the most eminent dramatic critics in Paris. However, though mere tools in the hands of their *chefs*, the *claqueurs* of the State theatres in Paris are eminently respectable men. There are sixteen of them at the Comédie-Française, and their names are down on a list in the possession of M. Dorlot, who keeps a sharp eye on their personal appearance. Some are small shopkeepers, whilst others are students of the drama, with

vague notions of some day or other becoming writers for the stage or dramatic critics!

But for benevolent *chefs de claque* think of the irreparable loss dramatic literature and criticism of the drama would have suffered! All that these leaders need spend each evening is *dix sous* for a coffee and cognac at the small *café* near the theatre where they assemble before the performance, and another "refresher" during the *entr'acte*. At the Opéra the members of the *claque* number thirty. They assemble every evening about ten minutes to seven o'clock at

the Café de la Rotonde, at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Lafayette, where, crowding round M. Sol or M. Valette, they answer to their names. The sight is one worth seeing. To watch these men, many of them doctors, advocates, and pupils of the Conservatoire with not sufficient money to spend on theatres, reminds one—in spite of their redingotes and tall silk hats—of the roll-call of one's schooldays. Each answers "*Présent*" to his name and receives a metal ticket, upon which is the number of his seat.

After one has given these details of the *claque* of the State theatres, little more need be said about the system. It is far too respectable to be interesting, and that is why I said there were *chefs de claque* and *chefs de claque*.

Having come into close contact during my wanderings from theatre to theatre with the most important *chefs de claque* in Paris and with many of their men, I have not the slightest hesitation in giving those outside State theatre circles a hearty recommendation as a most interesting class. Only during recent years, owing to the action of



THIS IS THE CAFÉ DE LA ROTONDE, WHERE THE MEMBERS OF THE OPÉRA CLIQUE MEET. [Photo.]

managements desirous of pleasing the theatre-going public, has the State theatres made it the custom to pay their *chefs*. The other theatres, such as the Vaudeville, the Nouveautés, the Variétés, the Palais-Royal, the Porte-Saint-Martin, and the Renaissance, keep to the good old rule which has been in force for time immemorial.

At those theatres we still hear the expressive slang which has been used for 'hreescore years in *claque* circles; and the romance, too, of the institution has not yet departed—admirable

things, for my knowledge of which I am largely indebted to one of the *intimes*, or regular *claqueurs*. He was an excellent fellow, this *intime*. As we sat side by side, waiting for the curtain to go up on the second act of a new melodrama, he told me little scraps of his personal history. How he had once been well-to-do, but had come down in the world; of his efforts (fortunately successful) in rescuing something from the financial wreckage in which he was involved; and how he was now content to eat in cheap restaurants instead of in dear ones, and to see the play from his *claqueur's fauteuil*, instead of from the box of former years. A man who had received a good education, he gave me the whole history of the *claque* in classical and in modern times.

Not everybody is aware that the institution of paid applauders in theatres dates far back in the history of the world. Nero is generally credited with its invention, for which reason *claqueurs* are called, in addition to "Chevaliers du Lustre," "Romains du Parterre." Suetonius tells the story of the

Roman Emperor who was seized with a desire to shine as a leading member of his private theatrical company, and so organized a body of men to applaud him under pain of death. Thank Heaven, it hasn't come to that with us yet! Serious attempts to form a permanent *claque* in Paris were not made until the time of Napoleon I. Here my friend became really interesting; he was upon the familiar ground of modern times—almost within his own recollection: and so I shall give his own words as nearly as I can.

"I remember talking with a very old friend of mine many years ago on this very subject," he said, when we were seated in a small *café*, near one of the boulevard theatres, during the interval. "He is dead now. He could tell many good stories, and one, at least, has stuck in my memory, because he used to say that it showed how the *claque* came to be organized. It seems that there were two actresses at the

Comédie-Française, named Mlle. Duchesnois and Mlle. Georges, who, being rival tragediennes, hired bodies of men to applaud them. Night after night these attended the theatre. Seated in the pit, the retainers of each of these ladies did their best to persuade the public that the one by whom they were employed was the finer actress. The rivalry became so keen at last that the pit degenerated into a prize-ring, in which *claqueurs* flung themselves upon each other and engaged in fierce fisticuffs. Heads were broken and eyes were blackened in this way, until one of the actresses, I believe it was Mlle. Georges, left the Théâtre-Français. But the struggle had lasted long

enough for the *claqueurs* to form themselves into an organized body. It became evident to them that there was an opportunity of forming a new profession; they were a power in the theatrical world, and, as such, they must have their price. The result was that these men imposed themselves on the managers of theatres and indirectly on the public. At the

time of the Restoration the quarrels of the Romantics and the Classics made their position still more secure."

My interesting companion proceeded to tell me what he knew of the *claque* from his own personal knowledge. Much of what he told me I already knew from mixing with his *confrères*; but there were several new facts which he taught me. For instance, I learnt that the staff of the *claque* consists of *intimes*, like himself—that is, regular *claqueurs* who are admitted to the theatre free of charge; *lavables* (a word formed from the verb "laver," which in theatre slang means "to sell"), who pay the *chef de claque* a low price for their ticket; and *solitaires*—that is, theatre-goers who, rather than go in with the crowd at the theatre doors, pay the full price for their seats.

The position of some of the *chefs de claque* at the large Paris theatres is a very enviable one from a financial point of view. He is a



ON THE LEFT M. EUGÈNE, CHEF DE CLAQUE AT THE NOUVEAUTÉS; ON THE RIGHT M. ALPHONSE, CHEF DE CLAQUE AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

From a Photo.

capitalist, a speculator. And because he has an eye for business he is looked down upon, and often sneered at, by the *chefs* of the sub-ventioned theatres who make little in comparison with him. They are highly respectable officials who rub shoulders with doctors, advocates, engineers, and pupils of the Conservatoire; while he is a mere *marchand de billets*—a theatrical spider who sits in a small *café*, with a theatre plan at his side, selling tickets to unwary provincials and English tourists for a third more, or perhaps twice or thrice their real value. Before the Minister of Fine Arts, a few years ago, made the *claque* at the Opéra into a State institution, they themselves did the very same thing, and I have known nine-franc tickets sold at a little office in the Rue Auber by the former *chef de claque* of the Opéra for as much as twenty francs each. This man used to receive fifty tickets, and sold them usually at five francs each. But when an opera was a great success and tickets were in demand, he naturally made people pay dearly for them. So the *chef de claque* is a speculator. He has a properly drawn up agreement with his manager, stating the sum he pays for his position; the length of time he is to be allowed to hold it; and the number and the kind of seats which are to be given to him each day. His duties are also set forth. He agrees to attend the rehearsals of each play, and to make notes in conjunction with the author and the manager.

Certain passages must be punctuated with applause, for many and various reasons. This scene is a little too long and, but for judicious applause, the actors and the audience would grow weary. Moreover, a well-placed volley of applause gives the actor time to breathe and relieves the monotony of a long speech. Perhaps a certain part of the play is rather weak. The *claqueurs* applaud and, by a subtle process of suggestion, the audience, if a gullible one, goes home fully convinced that the play is first-class. Or, again, a young and inexperienced

actor or actress is nervous, and feels the necessity of bursts of applause to give him or her confidence. In short, the *chef de claque*, in return for a certain number of tickets, performs a piece of work. Supposing a play to be a great success, then he quickly becomes a rich man, and there are many cases on record of *chefs de claque* who have died worth hundreds of thousands of francs. Auguste and Porcher, of the Opéra, both died immensely rich. The former was rich enough, before he became *chef de claque* at the Opéra, to pay 80,000 francs (£3,200) for his position. Besides the profit he made on tickets he received handsome presents from actors and actresses.

"More than one well-established *danseuse*," says Louis Veron, "paid him a monthly salary." Of my own knowledge there are many *chefs de claque* in Paris who receive from 100 francs to 300 francs a month from actresses in order that they may applaud their appearances on the stage and their encores. One cannot be surprised, therefore, that the *chef* in many cases quickly becomes a rich man, or that he usually has 25,000 francs, or even more, at the disposal of managers who may be financially embarrassed. It would be indiscreet to mention names, but I know one *chef* who advanced a well-known theatrical manager as much as 100,000 francs. The circumstances under which he risked so large a sum of money are perhaps worth relating.

The manager in question had had some rather heavy losses with unsuccessful plays, and the cost of the staging of the play he was bringing out at the time his friend the *chef* came to his rescue had further impoverished him. He was badly in need of money for current expenses; something more had to be done to the scenery at the last moment to make his play a success; men had to be paid "on the nail" for work they were doing, etc., etc. To make matters worse, his creditors, doubtless suspecting his financial difficulties, gave him little peace.



M. CHARLES BROFF, CHEF DE CLACQUE AT THE THEATRE DES VARIÉTÉS. [Photo.]

Almost out of his wits with anxiety, he took the *chef de claque* into his confidence, and, after pointing out the good qualities of his play and the chances of "making a hit," asked him to advance a sum of money. The *chef* was a man of judgment; he saw that the piece would, in all probability, be a great success; so he agreed to advance 100,000 francs on condition that a certain number of performances were to be placed to his account—that is to say, the receipts for those performances were to belong entirely to him. The play, as it happened, *was* a success. There was no real need for the *claque* to applaud: the public itself did this with whole-hearted delight. Tickets were sold by the *chef* and his friends at the theatre ticket offices at almost any price they liked to ask for them, and in a few months' time our interesting capitalist had not only got back his 100,000 francs, but had made an enormous profit in addition.

Numerous anecdotes of the *claque* occur to my mind. Told me by members of the profession, of all ages and positions, they represent how many-sided this queer calling is. Here is one story showing how the *claque*, like music or any other art, has its special phraseology, and how it has been regarded in the past, as in the present, as a true art. Mlle. Rachel had just played the chief rôle in one of the plays of Madame Emile de Girardin, and she considered that the *claque* had not applauded her with the usual vigour. She complained to the management, and was told that the *chef de claque*, being ill, had had to appoint a *confrère* of the boulevard as a substitute. Hearing of Mlle. Rachel's complaints, the *chef de claque ad interim* wrote her the following amusing letter:—

"Mademoiselle, — I cannot remain quiet under the reproaches which have fallen from a

mouth such as yours. At the first performance I applauded thirty-three times, and always myself. There were three 'acclamations,' four 'hilarités,' two 'tressaillements,' four 'redoublements,' and two 'explosions indéfinies.' And the stalls even got angry and cried 'Throw them out!' My men were very uncomfortable: they informed me they would never take on such a job again. Seeing this, I asked for the manuscript; carefully studied it, and felt bound to make some alterations for the second performance, cutting out some of the applause . . ."

Verily the *claque* is a great institution! Many attempts have been made of recent years to do away with it, but, apart from serving as an excellent subject for discussion in the daily Press, the campaign against it has been without result. Emile Augier and Alexandre Dumas *fils* tried their best to strike it a mortal blow; and where they failed it is little wonder that lesser lights have failed also. The theatre-going public do

not, of course, approve of the *claque*. Even I, who have actually belonged for a space to their body, and who, naturally, am more sympathetic to them than most people, have felt annoyed, when attending the theatre in the character of a private individual, at the mechanical applause coming from the pit or, as the case may be, falling from the gallery in the midst of the silence of an audience terribly bored by the production of some new dramatist or other. Many besides myself have felt, I am sure, much inclined to whistle shrilly as a protest. People have so protested, as a matter of fact, but little good it has done. The *claque* is as strong to-day as it has ever been, and until the vanity of actors and actresses is no more it is bound to prosper, and its *chefs* to become more or less of capitalists.



[1864] M. LOUIS, CHEF DE CLAQUE AT THE GYMNASSE. [1866.]

A Missionary Martyr in West Africa.

BY DR. T. J. TONKIN.

It is a strange mixture of tragedy and comedy, this narrative of Dr. Tonkin's. The missionary had come all the way from Canada to West Africa to preach the Gospel to the heathen, but the heathen rejected him, robbed him, and tried to raise money over his death and burial! Dr. Tonkin did everything humanly possible for the doomed man, and even found himself in a "tight place" as his executor.



T really hardly matters where he was going, for he never got there; but we, the members of the Hausa Association's West Soudan Expedition, found him at Zaria, a town in the Niger basin about 600 miles from the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. He had been having a very bad time. He had started from Lagos months before with £70 worth of outfit and a prejudice against rifles; his object was the preaching of the Gospel in the "interior." Now, if preaching the Gospel in Africa is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well; and to start with £70 worth of outfit is *not* doing it well. Moreover, the "interior" is a large place; and it came to pass that after our missionary had worked his way in some three or four hundred miles, he found himself with very few supplies in hand, and no immediate prospect of getting any more.

It appears that up to this time he had had a companion, whom he now dispatched back to the coast to hunt up more funds. The companion went back, and stayed there. Then the troubles of that missionary began. When one is getting to the bottom of one's pocket it is as difficult to find friends in Africa as elsewhere. This the poor man soon found out. Every petty little potentate squeezed as much as he could out of him, and kicked him on to the next. At last he landed in the clutches of a more powerful reprobate than the rest, who, under the guise of a purchase, fleeced him of the remainder of his possessions, and left him bare—or as near bare as makes no matter.

For some time our unhappy friend had been suffering from fever and dysentery. The anxiety of waiting month after month for the return of the companion who never came, and the harsh treatment he received at the hands of the petty kinglets on the road, aggravated his malady. For two months he waited for payment at the hands of the king who had eased him of the last of his belongings; but he waited in vain. Again and again he was put off; some times with derision, sometimes with violence. It would seem to have affected his mind. According to the account of his native servant, who stuck to him through all his difficulties (probably because he hadn't the pluck to run away), he was more or less delirious for weeks together. He was so feeble he could hardly drag himself about from place to place. At last he was actually driven by starvation to beg for food. He was nearing the finish. But, as a gleam of sunshine often precludes the close of a stormy day, he was destined to some little brightness before the last long rest.

How he did it I don't know, but with the help of his mare, an animal almost as attenuated as himself, and his last possession of any value,

he managed to cross a range of mountains about forty miles wide and reach the gates of Zaria, where he had heard food was cheap! Zaria was all agog with the news of the approach of a white expedition, and the officials of the town, who would otherwise probably have turned him out, regarded him with a speculative eye, and took him in. They calculated we would pay for him, and we did.



DR. T. J. TONKIN, OF BEDFORD, AS HE APPEARED WHEN GOING TO THE RESCUE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MISSIONARY.
From a Photo, by W. Salmon, Bedford.

Poor fellow!

He has been resting now for five long years in his lonely grave on the banks of the far-away Kaduna; but I still remember as if it were yesterday the wave of pity that passed over me as I entered the broken-down hut in which he was accommodated, and found myself face to face with its occupant. He lay on a ragged canvas stretcher. By his side was what was evidently intended for a meal—a handful of dirty native rice, sodden with moisture, and scattered over the bottom of a still dirtier frying-pan. One or two nearly empty tin boxes lay on the floor; beside the door stood his mare, hungry, filthy, and covered with ticks.

His servant Tom, a native Christian boy whom he had brought from Lagos, and who—from the fact that he had been educated in a mission-school and taught to read the Bible, speak English (of sorts), and wear white man's clothes—was about as useful to him as any reasonable person could expect he would be, roused him up and told him of my visit.

He turned and put out his hand in a hesitant, helpless, appealing kind of way, much as an infant or a blind man might do, to touch me—as if he doubted the evidence of his senses. I subsequently learned that he was twenty-

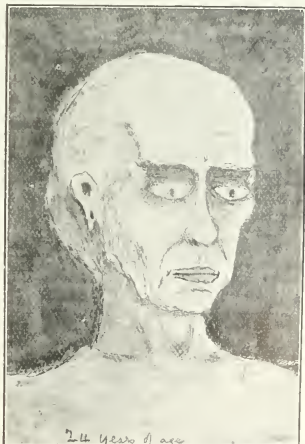


"I ENTERED THE BROKEN-DOWN HUT AND FOUND MYSELF FACE TO FACE WITH ITS OCCUPANT."

time. He thought that it might possibly be 1895—it was October, 1894. He had no

comforts; no food to speak of; no means worth considering, and no drugs at all. At least, almost none.

When I entered his tent he had only ten grains of Dover's powder left. That meant that he had only one solitary grain of opium between him and the unspeakable abdominal misery of chronic dysentery. Only those who have been in the clutches of the disease themselves know what this means. He was absolutely on his last legs. There was only one thing to be done with him. We must revive him as best we could. We must find him in money and food, supply him with a tent and porters, and put him in a hammock and start him off. And we hoped that Providence would be mercifu



THIS SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY DR. FOSKIN, REPRESENTS THE UNFORTUNATE MISSIONARY PRECISELY AS THE DOCTOR FOUND HIM, DYING. HE WAS ONLY TWENTY-FOUR!

and allow a brave man to reach the ocean, where lay his only hope of recovery.

During the days that elapsed before he was fit to move we made an effort to obtain payment for him from the potentate (an Emir known as the King of the Soudan) who had been the last and the most thorough of the influential scoundrels who had fleeced him. Mr. Robinson, our chief (now Canon of Ripon), sent a messenger to the Emir across the mountains, but all we got in response was a leopard skin that nearly blinded us all with pepper when it was unrolled, and a letter referring us to his chief agent in Zaria. We hunted up that functionary and had several interviews, but all he could suggest was payment in slaves. He wanted to give us a couple of girls. That, of course, we could not consider.

"Well," said he, when we pressed for payment in goods, "you needn't take the slaves yourselves. I'll give them to Ali" (Ali was a friend who was with us), "and Ali will sell them for you, and give your man the money. Will that do?"

No, that would *not* do; it was sailing *very* much too near the wind to do; so in the end we got nothing at all. As a matter of fact, I believe that if he had thought there was the smallest chance of our accepting the slaves, he would have never even offered them.

During the time taken up by these negotiations the patient made some slight advance towards improved health. We managed to relieve him of his pain, and of one or two of the other more disagreeable results of his disorder. But we could not impress upon him the seriousness of his condition. At times his hopefulness was very pathetic. He would soon get well—when he reached the coast. And he would return, and probably see us again before we left the country. Did we not think so? That was his photograph—didn't we think it like him? It was just about as much like him as it might be supposed to be like his great-

grandfather. And this, the picture of a bright, golden-haired Canadianne, was the girl he was going to marry. . . . At other times he would be querulous and difficult; but I think he never appreciated the fact that his end might possibly be near.

On the morning of Tuesday, November 6th, 1894, I saw him for the last time. On that morning he left the town of Zaria for the coast, with six of our trustiest Hausa porters, and some Nupes, whom he would insist on employing, in spite of our advice. He was in better health and spirits than he had been since we arrived. I said good-bye. Mr. Robinson

accompanied him some miles on the road; then he said good-bye. The little caravan crossed the river on the banks of which the parting had taken place, and disappeared into the bush. The solitary horseman left on the bank turned his face towards Zaria. It was the last white face poor Walters-ever saw.

For the purposes of this narrative I am calling him Walters. It was not his name, but it is near enough, and the reason for its selection will be immediately evident to all who knew the man; to those who met him before he embarked on his ill-fated journey, and especially to those few the memory of whose kindness he carried to his grave.

It was some days before we got any news of the traveller, then an itinerant cola-vendor reported having seen him at Ghirko, a town on the banks of the Kaduna, forty hilly miles south of Zaria. He never got farther. It was there the quarrel with his porters occurred—the Nupe portion of them; and the effort and worry proved too much for him. He succumbed.

On Sunday, November 18th, we were sitting at our morning meal when the doorway of the hut was darkened by a kneeling figure. It was one of the Hausa porters by whom Walters had been accompanied. He held out a note, which we hastily opened. It was written by Tom, the native servant, and it ran as follows:—



THIS IS THE CODE WISE WHERE THE KING OF THE SOUDAN WANTED TO DISCHARGE HIS DEBT TO THE MISSIONARY.

From a Photo. lent by Dr. W. H. Cross.

"Walters dead; pleas tel down quik."

It was a message that conveyed a good deal more than met the eye.

Walters was dead. His boy, not over well supplied with courage, was, in a sort of way, responsible for his late master's property. He was on the borders of a lawless district. He was a stranger, and worse than that, a stranger without any backbone, in a town full of reckless characters. He was in a nasty situation. If he were left alone, at the best he would be sold as a slave, and his late master's property quickly pooled among the more influential inhabitants of the place. But what Tom feared most was that some spirit bolder than the rest would rush the job; and that in the confusion a knife or knives would get stuck into him. It was quite possible. Many of the people by whom he was surrounded would not have considered the goods properly theirs, even after they had stolen them, unless they had knifed the previous holder. His dead body would be necessary to constitute their title. And Tom was unaffectedly anxious to avoid any arrangement on this basis. His note was almost a scream—"pleas tel down quik."

Well, he would not be left long. His master had been supplied by Mr. Robinson with a tent, our only hammock, some cloth, and brandy that we could ill spare; and—more precious than all—with a little store of silver dollars. We were not the kind of people to sit still while property of that sort was being sniffed at by black noses only forty miles away. There was no time to be lost. We wasted none in talking.

"You'd better go at once, don't you think?" said Mr. Robinson. And I went.

At eight o'clock that night I and the two native servants by whom I was accompanied laid out our mats and slept soundly, with our toes to the fire and our faces to the stars. We had left Zaria at four o'clock in the afternoon with the three grass mats just alluded to, ten pounds of boiled rice a bottle of honey, and a box of matches as our baggage. And we had made about six

miles when we camped. I was mounted. Five-thirty next morning found us once more on the road, and we kept going till nine o'clock at night. It was a long day's march. We covered over twenty-eight miles. Several rivers had to be crossed. One very deep one was being crossed by canoes. The ferryman, seeing that we were in a hurry, and probably had not time to go ten or fifteen miles down the stream to the next crossing, was inclined to be extortionate. There was the horse, he said, and he would charge me five thousand cowries for the job. I had not so much money with me, but he would not abate. There was no time for argument. Every hour that passed was one more hour during which someone might decide to loot those loads. I looked at my boys. Both of them had been with us all through the six weeks' march from Lokoja to Zaria. Often in the course of that journey, which was undertaken during the rains, we made river crossings at the rate of a dozen or so a day. Together we had tramped through scores of miles of mud and water. Loaded and on foot we had crossed flood-water and rivers well on to three-quarters of a mile wide. Was it likely we would boggle at a miserable little hundred-yarder—even though it were as deep as the pit? So once more to the ferryman!—

"Fifty cowries apiece for each of the men, and two hundred for the horse. Will you take it?"

"No."

"Then come along, my sons."

We did not even wait to go down to the



"WE PLUNGED INTO THE WATER, AND BEFORE THE CANOE-MAN HAD RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK WE WERE ON THE OPPOSITE BANK."

landing-place. From the bluff whereon we stood, some 4ft. above the river level, straight down, men and horse, we plunged into the water. It was all done in a moment, in the heat of impatience: and before the canoe-man had well recovered from the shock we were on the opposite bank, the black men laughing as only black men can, and the white one waving an ironical farewell as we plunged into the woods.

We stopped for the night at a little village called Ribago. We were only a few miles from our goal: but in Africa one cannot do more than a certain amount of travelling in one day, even for dollars. We were put up at the rest-house—a dilapidated hut standing in a small,



"NINE O'CLOCK ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING FOUND ME STANDING BEFORE THE HUT IN WHICH THE MISSIONARY HAD BREATHED HIS LAST."

weed grown compound, inclosed by a tattered grass-mat wall. I sent a man to pay a visit of ceremony to the head man of the place, whom I presented with some tobacco.

Nine o'clock on the following morning found me arrived at Ghirko, standing before the hut in which the unfortunate missionary had breathed his last. The hut stood with others in a large inclosure, which formed a kind of annex to the establishment of the governor of the town. The inclosure, part of which was grown over with pawpaws and guinea corn, was situated alongside the walls of the town, from which it was separated by a strip of bare and rocky soil.

The things that I had come to take charge

of were lying round about. There was the bed; there were the cases; there was the frying-pan; and—ah, yes, thank you, Tom—there were the dollars.

Nature had not furnished Tom with nerves of a high order. He was glad to get rid of those dollars. For several days they had attracted the attention of all the desperadoes in the place and focused it on him. He had been interviewed by the governor, who proposed that the silver should be deposited with him—for safety. Others, more or less powerful persons, warned him against the cupidity of the governor, and urged him to give *them* the dollars—to take care of. At last Tom, who knew by how slender a thread the threatening sword was suspended,

began to quake when the subject was mentioned, and heartily wished he had never heard the name of Maria Theresa or handled the silver on which it was stamped.

I visited Walters's grave. By the edge of a strip of guinea corn, on the piece of waste land between the huts of the governor's household and the town walls, I found the mound that marked his last resting-place. He had been buried, Hausa-fashion, about 18in. below the surface, packed with leaves and twigs, and faced to the morning. He was barely covered with earth. I thought

it would be nice if I could do something to make his grave more secure. I could not leave a compatriot lying open and unprotected, for the hyenas to dig up. I set men to work to bring rocks, and the cairn we erected would serve to mark his grave in the future, and secure him alike from human and jungle desecration.

From Tom's lips I gathered the story of his death. He quarrelled with the Nupe portion of his porters. They made demands for food-money, and he, knowing that we had arranged all that at Zaria, refused to pay. So they deserted. A man in ordinary state of health would have supported the circumstance with tolerable evenness; but Walters was not in an ordinary state of health. The quarrel was too much for him.

On the evening of the 16th of November I suppose it must have been evident that he was about to die, for the governor of the town came and ordered that he should be carried outside the walls, to die there. "Good enough for a Kaffir!" was, I believe, the phrase he used in this connection. But the head of the porters with whom we had provided him—one of the stanchest men I ever met—planting himself in the doorway, resolutely refused to allow it to be done. So the dying man was saved that discomfort.

At about midnight or early in the morning of the 17th the sinking man made his last effort. There were several little matters he wanted to attend to. Where was Tom?—After having attended to his wants, Tom returned to his mat. As he put out the lantern he saw his master turn over and look at him. When he awoke next morning he was still looking at him—dead! Twenty hours later the messenger was kneeling at our threshold with the news.

The governor, not having been successful in getting "the Kaffir" turned out of the town to die, now tried to make the affair an occasion for extortion. He might have known that, if he could not coerce the dying Kaffir, he would have less luck with the live one. He met me at the grave-side, and informed me that he had been put to considerable trouble and expense, for which he expected to be paid. I asked for items.

Well, in the first place, there was the shock to his town of having a white man die in it. I explained that as Walters had entered the place and paid his footing in the customary way, he had a perfect right to die there if he wanted to. Then there was the permission to bury, and the rights of the land in which the interment had taken place. I pointed out that permission to bury was worth very little, as the body would have to be buried anyhow. And as for the bit of land—well! I asked him to look at it.

He remained unaffected. A hundred and fifty thousand cowries was, he said, the price of the job, and a hundred and fifty thousand was what he meant to have. I said I was glad he was going to get it, but that in the meantime my paying limit was five thousand. He had better think it over.

An hour or two later he sent a message requesting me to call round at his house. I found him in company with some friends, one of them evidently a chief adviser. They began by trying to wheedle me into paying the sum asked. That failing, they plunged into argument. The town was their own; the stranger had died in it. The land was their own; the stranger was buried in it. Injury to town, so much; shock to feelings, so much; price of

land, so much; general goodwill, so much; total, so much—so very much!

I had only one answer: "Five thousand cowries."

Later in the day I was again sent for—summoned this time. On arriving, I found myself arraigned before what appeared to be the Cabinet of the place. The governor sat in the middle. Round the walls were ranged the rural advisers in two rings—inner ring elders, outer ring juniors. There was a place in the centre for me—the bar of the House. All were grave and gravely arrayed. I was to be impressed.

The governor motioned me with "silent dignity" to be seated. I curtly requested him to make his statement. What did he want? Was he still aching after that hundred and fifty thousand cowries? He confessed that he was. I sympathized with him, but said that anything beyond the amount I had already mentioned was, if not without my powers, at least well outside the scope of my intentions.

Then they tried threatening. I was informed of the power of the governor—how I and the goods were in his hands, and who was to hinder if he chose to consider all the property his? Grave fears were expressed concerning my safety if it became generally known in the neighbourhood that I had flouted the desires of the council.

If I had been seated this would have brought me to my feet. In their hands, was I? No; hardly. I did happen to be in their town, but I was still my own master and the master of my goods; and if they wanted to see who would hinder them taking those goods, they had better start the taking. I was tired of the thing, I said. They had been sending me messages and badgering me about all through the heat of the day, and I had had enough of it. I would make my final statement. They could have five thousand cowries as a fee for what had happened before I arrived, and two thousand extra as tips for their servants; and if they did not choose to take that, they could go without. They wouldn't get another shell from me.

On this the "House" was in confusion; the members sprang to their feet.

"Then you shall stay here till you've paid."

I faced round once more. "I shall leave this town at sunrise to-morrow morning—I and my men and my goods."

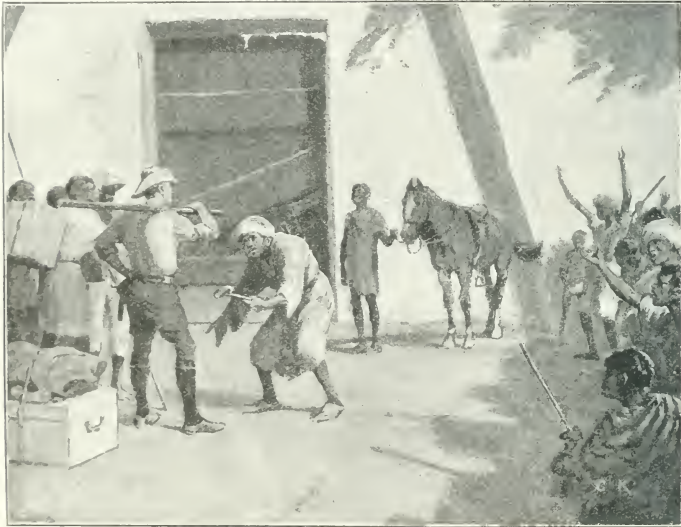
It's a royal game, is bluff.

On the following morning at sunrise precisely my little *cortège* left the compound and wended its way to the north gate. The whole place was in a state of excitement. The roads along which we passed were lined with people—more people than I could have believed the town

contained. The men marched in front; I brought up the rear. I was keenly awake. Every moment I expected some sort of attack to be made. As we neared the walls the reflection came over me that they were going to do it in the country; they didn't want a mess in the town. I breathed more freely; there was room in the open country. We reached the gate. A moment later my head man was shouting back to me that it was locked. Then I saw what the game was, and, with the laughs and jeers of the crowd all round me, I pulled up to reflect what an idiot I had been not to foresee so simple a manoeuvre. I was nonplussed. High walls, heavy gates made of the densest wood in the Soudan, and an Arab lock with a lever as thick as a waggon tyre, were things I

them, as I unslung a revolver weighing well on to 3lb. and took my stand about 5yds. from the gate. I knew as well as they did that a lock of that sort was a very valuable thing, and worth many slaves; but I'd got to get out, so I thought some of them had better trot along and tell the governor that the Bature (white man) had stuffed the thing full of cartridges, and that if the key were not produced in a brace of shakes, he was going to start shooting at it, and keep on shooting at it, till the cartridges exploded and blew it to atoms.

It beat the Arabian Nights. I had not even to rub a lamp. The words were barely out of my mouth when there rose at my side, apparently out of the ground, a middle-aged nigger, with anxiety on his countenance and a key as big as



"THERE ROSE AT MY SIDE A MIDDLE-AGED NIGGER, WITH ANXIETY ON HIS COUNTENANCE AND A KEY AS BIG AS A HATCHET IN HIS HAND."

hadn't bargained for. It was a situation in which a man either gives in or gets dangerous.

I was just getting decidedly dangerous, when a happy idea flashed into my mind. I recovered my balance in a moment. Dismounting, I threw the bridle to the head man, and stepped out for that gate. I slipped a Martini-Henri cartridge into the main opening of the lock, and filled up all remaining available holes with Winchesters. The crowd did not laugh now. They watched with undisguised anxiety.

I did not want to spoil a good lock, I told

a hatchet in his hand. Five minutes later we were in the open country. Then it was our turn to laugh.

A perusal of poor Walters's papers provided a pathetic sequel to a pathetic story. We unearthed a diary. With the exception of a few unimportant notes at the beginning, and a solitary word elsewhere, this sentence comprised the whole of the record:—

"Preached the Gospel to the Prince of Ilorin."

That was all, and he died for it.

In the Wonderland of New Zealand.

By G. E. ALDERTON, OF WHANGAREI, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

One does not usually think of New Zealand as a tourist country, yet as a matter of fact increasing thousands visit the marvellous Hot Lakes region yearly in quest of health or pleasure; and after Mr. Alderton's remarks on the eatable volcanoes and natives who elect deliberately to live in hot water, leaving Nature even to manufacture their war-paint, one is forced to the conclusion that the strangest resort on earth is to be found in a British Colony.



It was the Tarawera eruption of 1886 which destroyed our marvellous and much-loved pink and white Rotomahana terraces, and spread desolation all over the face of the Hot Lakes country. And yet in this thermal region of New Zealand, which has been so prolific of volcanic phenomena, and which contains all the most awfully weird and eerie sights between earth and Heaven, are to be found the most

long and half as broad, containing within these limits every phase of thermal activity, from the active volcano down to the modest "porridge pot" (boiling mud spring), with all the intermediate phenomena of geysers, boiling and steaming caldrons, blow-holes, mineral springs, etc., etc.

Whakarewarewa, situated close to the shores of Lake Rotorua, is to my mind the most interesting centre from which to study and view



SHOWING THE SCENE OF DESOLATION FOUR DAYS AFTER THE GREAT TARAWERA ERUPTION OF 1886, WHICH DESTROYED OUR MARVELLOUS PINK AND WHITE TERRACES. (Charles Spence)

valuable and efficacious curative springs on earth. People come from all parts of the world to these springs. There are nearly a dozen different Spas in the Colony, and to describe one of these is the object of this article; to attempt more would make the article too long and weary your readers. The thermal belt, or district, of New Zealand is about 100 miles

the thermal phenomena. Other centres such as Ohinemutu, Rotorua, Tikitere, Waiotapu, Wairakei, and Taupo have all their separate attractions on a larger or smaller scale, but they have nothing to show but what can be seen at Whakarewarewa. "Whaka," as it is locally called, has also the advantage of being the easiest to reach; it is just fifteen minutes' drive



[From a] THE AUTHOR SETS OUT TO OBTAIN PHOTOS, AND TEXT FOR THIS ARTICLE. [Photo.]

from the railway station. The hotel is built right alongside the hot springs, and the principal geysers are just in front. It is a weird spot. The earth all round is steaming and hot; the air is heavily charged with sulphurous vapours; steam from the blow-holes and geysers is rising in every direction; the Maoris are seen boiling their food in steam holes in the ground; and the visitor may even have the good fortune to experience an earthquake shock whilst here. Some people prefer omitting this item, but it is an "experience," and without it the tourist's travelling is not complete. No one seems to take to these earth tremors very kindly; in fact, the more familiar people are with them the less they seem to like them. They cause a horrid feeling. You feel so utterly helpless, just as if the earth were opening beneath you and you were falling into space. Sometimes, too, they cause a very nauseous feeling. Whaka has so many geysers and steam holes that it is said to be the

safest place in the district, on the assumption that so long as the steam finds plenty of vent there can be no volcanic outburst. But while that argument may hold good, there is nothing to prevent the bottom falling out of Whaka altogether. It is honey-combed and cavernous. The whole place is literally crumbling away; the earth is undergoing a process of slow "rot." If you poke a stick into the ground, steam immediately issues from the hole. If you put your finger into that hole, you will not repeat the operation. If you break off a piece of the rotten rock showing on the road-side, you will at once see that what was formerly a piece of solid basalt has undergone complete decomposition, and is now rotten and crumbles in your hand. Whaka is one of Nature's laboratories, and it has the rare merit of being "open to public inspection." There are not many places on the globe where the geologist can see the action of mineral



"THE HOTEL IS BUILT RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE HOT SPRINGS, AND THE PRINCIPAL GEYSERS ARE JUST IN FRONT." [Photo.]

waters and gases actually decomposing rock. If we go along to the geysers, and, finding the one called Te Wairoa quiescent, drop a bar of common soap into it, within ten minutes it will send up a column of boiling water roof-high. This looks like chemical reaction, but the quidnuncs say it is the oil in the soap which forms a film over the water, and by imprisoning the steam causes the explosion.

Another geyser goes off when the débris lying about it—mostly alum—is thrown in. The oil argument does not fit in here, however. At Whaka the volcanic action seems to be quite near the surface. For more than a mile round the hotel the ground is so rotten that it is quite unsafe for a stranger to go anywhere without a guide. The slightest divergence from the narrow tracks may mean serious injury and perhaps instant death. The ground is so treacherous in places that the crust may be no thicker than brown paper, and underneath may be boiling mud. Some bad accidents have indeed occurred, but fortunately they have not been numerous. One of the worst happened to a pretty Maori girl, who, on going to her *whare* at night, missed her footing and fell into one of the boiling mud wells. These wells or holes are all over the place, and to tumble into one means instant death. They are generally from six to twenty feet across, with precipitous sides. The mud boils in them like thick porridge simmering on a fire, with a dull "flop, flop, flop," as the steam escapes from the hideous mass. A few visitors have met with accidents through getting off the tracks, and have had their feet or legs burnt. If one is severely burnt, by the way, the wound will never properly heal. This may appear strange in a place so noted for the healing qualities of its waters; but, needless to say, even all the water here is not of a healing nature. Some water is actually just the reverse—so strong, that it will dissolve a zinc bucket in a few hours! That is not used, I need hardly say, for bathing purposes. The water used for bathing imparts to the skin a beautiful satiny feeling, and the bather experiences a delicious sense of

luxury. It also has the virtue of beautifying the complexion, and is therefore much used by the ladies who are not deterred from visiting these springs either by fear of earthquake or other seismic horror. To those fountains of Hygeia come youth and age; actual invalids, as well as those just out of health." Others visit the "youth-restoring fountain" in search of brighter complexions and those roseate hues which cosmetics fail to imitate. All sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, from all parts of the world, are to be found here in the season. Many are merely sightseers "doing" this great wonderland, but the majority are Hadjis to the shrine of health. The ailments cured by these hot sulphurous waters are very numerous, and persons interested in the matter should obtain from the New Zealand Agent-General in London the pamphlet compiled by the medical officer in charge of the Spas, and published by the Government. In cases of rheumatism, gout, skin diseases, neuralgia, sciatica, liver and kidney troubles complete cures can almost invariably be anticipated.

Life at Whaka during the summer months is very enjoyable. The climate is not too hot, the air is dry, and the weather nearly always clear. A voracious appetite is "indicated," as the doctors say. It is thought that, the air being heavily charged with the gases from springs and geysers, visitors derive considerable



THE QUAINT MAORI BABIES MIMIC THE DANCES OF THEIR ELDERS WHICH ARE NOT UP TO THE BENEFICIAL TOURISTS.

benefit by inhalation. "Change of scene" which the doctors always insist upon is obtained here in a very distinct and pronounced form. The native settlement itself is a very great attraction to visitors. The young women, some of them quite pretty, with their great, liquid, laughing eyes and finely-formed figures, act as guides; and while they all speak English fairly well, they have a quaint way of describing the sights about the place. They are very fond of dancing, too, and at night perform for the amusement of visitors, much as the Spanish gipsies do at Granada. They dance the *haka* and *poi* dances while the men perform the celebrated war dance. The men strip and look positive fiends. For expression of passion and wild, savage gesticulation and yelling the Maori war dance stands unique. The Spartans of old had a law compelling parents to teach their children dancing, but dancing is intuitive with Maori children, and the little niggers are as imitative as monkeys. They often give their elders completely away by performing a little by-play on their own account when the men are going through a very serious part of their dance. I remember seeing the Maoris dancing in great form one night, for the benefit of some tourists. They had worked themselves up to the passion of the Furies, when suddenly a little three-year-old ran in front of the warriors and mimicked them in the most droll manner. It "broke up the show," and the Maoris themselves laughed the heartiest.

The Maoris living at Whaka, by the way, are not fair specimens of the native race, for their environment makes them very indolent and useless. Visitors to the springs furnish the Maoris with a golden harvest, and you know what that means in any country. Apart from the fees earned by the guides, etc., every child in the place makes something, their chief source of revenue being gained by diving off the bridge or into the pools for pennies. The men get most of the pennies afterwards, and play pitch-and-toss all day long; that is all they do.

There is practically no work for them. The soil cannot be cultivated, and even the cooking is done in the steam holes. These are sometimes inside the *whares*, or native huts, but usually outside. The food to be cooked is put into a pot or can and dropped into the steam hole, which is then covered. The temperature of these holes is easily regulated. And, strange though it may sound, the Maoris themselves spend a great portion of their time in the hot pools. They sit in them for hours, and on rainy or cold days stay in them most of the day. They only leave them to get food or tobacco. It is not an unusual sight on a rainy day to see a man or a woman sitting in a pool comfortably smoking under an umbrella—or it may be an elegant little sunshade left behind by a summer visitor. The Maoris in this resort are terrible beggars, and contrive to get all sorts of presents from the visitors, from umbrellas to bell-toppers. This rather adds to the fun of the place, as on Sundays, when the Maori has "got 'em all on," you meet some wonderful oddities. The Maori, like all coloured gentry, has no idea of the ludicrous, but in loafing he can give the Italian points. He lies on the bare ground at night, wrapped in a mat. The ground being warm, little



CHILDREN BEGGING FOR PENNIES IN THE HOT POOLS. MANY OF THE MAORIS SPEND ALL THE COLD DAYS IN HOT WATER. [Photo.]

or no covering is required. So you see Nature provides him with blankets as well as cooking his food! The life of a Maori in this easy-going community is an ideal sort of existence. The Maoris take to it and seem to like it. They are a very happy race, always laughing, singing, and

dancing, and never so happy as when joking. They take nothing seriously; they are the children of play, and their lives are one round of gaieties spent among visitors, who for the most part come to drink champagne, smoke good cigars, and generally enjoy themselves, gout or no gout.

The New Zealand Wonderland has not inaptly been called "The World's Sanatorium." As year by year the unique healing powers of these waters become more known, people of means come from all parts of the world and take up their permanent residence in Auckland, so as to be near the hot springs. Auckland itself is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and is destined to be a great town in time, owing very largely to the fact of so many wealthy people coming to settle there for the sake of their health. Whakarewarewa is 171 miles from Auckland by railway, trains running daily.

Among the natural sights at Whakarewarewa the most notable, of course, are the geysers. These are on a fine white sinter terrace, where the solfatar formation has been laid completely bare. This place is but three minutes' walk

steam rises in a majestic column 300ft. or 400ft. high, forming at times very fantastic figures. When Pohutu is going to play the eruption is suddenly announced by a muffled roar of thunder from below, and the earth trembles. It is up—like a rocket. We stand spell bound—the sensation is so new and so very strange; the picture so beautiful, the paroxysms of the geyser so terrible. The wonderful grace and beauty of the ascending shaft of water veiled in steam and vapour hold us in silent admiration; and we watch with awe the convulsive throbs of this great engine of Nature as it shoots off column on column, each with the booming of a great gun. The steam clouds ascend high over our heads, covering us with the finest diamond rain, made beautiful with prismatic tints by the penetrating rays of the sun. An opposite draught of wind curls the column of steam towards us. A large pearl-like drop of the water, at about 212 deg. Fahr., falls fairly on the nose of one of our party. Fortunately he was a gentleman who had travelled considerably, and was a good linguist, so he was able to give expression to his feelings in a very forcible manner without the ladies



TOURISTS WATCHING THE TORFEDO GEYSER. A BAR OF SOAP WILL OFTEN CAUSE THE GREAT SCALDING TOURISTS TO WORK.

from the hotel. Pohutu is the principal geyser. It is, like most geysers, intermittent in its action, but it usually plays once in every twenty-four hours, throwing up a column of water 6ft. through and 100ft. high. The display lasts upwards of three hours. On a calm day the

being aware of his profanity. Our pretty guide, Pipi, however, naively remarked, "That the Pakeha war-dance, I s'pose?"

Pohutu rises alongside the great boiling caldron or water volcano, Te Horo, and when the geyser is not playing visitors stand

fascinated, watching the great, angry, seething, boiling pit, sometimes just simmering, or else suddenly, by a terrific paroxysm, throwing up tons of water to a height of about 100ft., while clouds of steam envelop the onlooker. Waikorohihi and the Indicator are smaller geysers which are nearly always active. Te Wairoa is considered by some a finer geyser than Pohutu, but it is seldom active, and

Nature, which could have sent us flying into eternity.

Whaka is very rich in having so many geysers, which are always intensely fascinating to visitors, some of whom sit and watch them for hours, impressed with the beauty of the steam clouds and the descending pearl-like drops which fall from the vapour like purest crystals.

Other thermal phenomena at Whaka com-



AN INTREPID NATIVE WOMAN GUIDE CLIMBING DOWN AN EARTHQUAKE FISSURE FOR STALACTITES.

From a Photo.

requires a bar of soap to make it play. This practice of "soaping the geyser," however, is prohibited, and consequently Te Wairoa is seldom on view. The only certain way of getting a good display is to select a bright moonlight night when nobody is about, and, unseen, soap the geyser yourself. That is what we did, an Australian friend and myself. We put three bars of soap down Te Wairoa, and he went off with a terrific roar, shaking the whole settlement. The Maoris, who were holding a *tangi* (mourning for the dead) in their meeting-house, were greatly alarmed, but would not venture out to see what was the matter. The display was a very magnificent one, the column of water rising fully 150ft. high, while the steam circled upwards for hundreds of feet. We stood watching this great convulsion of Nature alone—at least, we thought we were alone, for no human voice could have been heard in that chaotic noise—and we reflected upon our temerity in daring to raise the anger of this great manifestation of

prise an endless variety of wonders; but one feature has always struck me more than any other. The Maori cemetery is perched on a small hillock, near the geyser plateau. It is, perhaps, 100ft. high and almost an acre in extent, with banks nearly precipitous. But these banks are steaming all over with the solfataras gases, and the place looks like a huge natural crematorium. At the bottom of the banks are numerous "flopping" mud volcanoes—fearful chasms of boiling slime and seething, bubbling mud. These are the least interesting and the most repulsive of the sights, the black and brown "coffee-pot" ones at any rate. These volcanoes or mud springs are of all colours, from a dirty black to a fine creamy hue. A nearly pure white mud volcano, said to be composed largely of magnesia, furnished the natives with an article of diet during the war times when food was scarce. They subsisted on this food for days. Right alongside this eatable volcano, separated by only a few feet, is another of an entirely different character: it is of

hematite or iron ore. The ore has been reduced to putty by the solfatara gases, and, mixed with oil, it makes a most perfect paint. Strangest of all, the oil is provided by another adjoining mud volcano, whose top is covered with floating oil. This paint the Maoris use for painting their war-canoes and carved houses. In the old days they used to carry this paint to all parts of the Colony. Thus it will be seen that, however repulsive-looking these mud springs are, they serve many useful purposes. They are also used largely in reducing joints swollen by rheumatism. Sometimes patients are ordered to take a mud bath. They are rolled in the mud, and plastered with it from head to foot. They say the sensation is not unpleasant, but then they cannot see themselves as others see them. I showed one man a photograph of himself, but he secured the negative, and I cannot send you the picture.

Whaka is in every sense of the word quite a chemical storehouse. There are innumerable little lakes or ponds separated by only a few feet, and every pond of a different colour—blue, green, brown, red, yellow, black, white, etc. What their chemical constituents are, and how their waters are kept distinct as shown in their different colours, are problems for the chemist rather than the tourist.

Lastly, I give an impressive photo. taken only four days after the great Tarawera eruption of 1886, which rendered desolate the whole of this wonderful region. But any intelligent visitor to this marvellous country realizes at once the vast natural potentialities of upheaval that lie only half-dormant beneath the smoking shell of soil. A weird region where men eat volcanoes, and spend great part of their lives in hot water in the most literal sense.



WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED FROM TIME TO TIME IN THIS WONDERFUL REGION—STEAM RISING FROM THE GREAT TARAWERA
From a Photo. by UPHEAVAL OF 1886. [*Carlisle photo.*]

Our Arctic Trip, and What Came of It.

By J. RUSSELL-JEAFFRESON, F.R.G.S., Joint Leader of the Spitzbergen Expedition of 1897.

This well-known Arctic authority relates the story of his most terrible experience. How with the smashing of the boat almost all hope vanished, and how Mr. Walkey, the artist of the party, went on an amazingly plucky but impossible expedition to obtain relief. With illustrations from sketches done on the spot.



HIS story is the history of a series of accidents, one following the other in the most extraordinary and persistent manner, and culminating in the marvellous escape narrated herein. The chapter of accidents, indeed, broke up what would otherwise have been a most successful expedition for the exploration of the interior of Northern Spitzbergen, and caused a great deal of money, time, and material to be utterly wasted. Although there were but five men, all told, in the expedition, it was perfectly fitted out with every requisite for such a trip.

The expedition, which started in June, 1897, consisted of Captain W. B. Farnham and myself, accompanied by Huyshe Walkey, an artist and old school friend, and two Norwegian sailors, whom I had arranged to meet in Advent Bay, Spitzbergen. These two Norwegians had a little eighteen-ton walrus sloop, and I had arranged with them that they should take us north about the end of July towards the then comparatively unknown King Charles XII. land, which had been only partially explored the previous year by that well-known Arctic yachtsman, Mr. Arnold Pike.

Three days after leaving Tromsø our bad luck began. Just as I was about to get into the whale-boat to land on Bear Island—which had not been visited for over thirty years, the last man landing there being the famous Swedish explorer, Baron Nordenskiöld, then on his expedition towards the Pole—I fell heavily on the deck, in consequence of my nailed shooting boots slipping on a boiler-plate. For me, personally, and probably for the whole of the expedition, the result was most disastrous. Although I

did not know it, I had cracked the little (fibula) bone of my leg, which rendered me a cripple during the entire expedition. When it became evident that I was more or less disabled my companions begged me to give up the expedition and return to England, but this I flatly refused to do. You see, I had been saving up my money for years for this trip, and I had long set my heart upon it, so that, as you can readily understand, I felt it impossible for me to give up in this way at the very outset. I was determined to go on—at any rate to Spitzbergen—so I instructed the ship's carpenter to rig me up the best pair of crutches he could make by way of assistance. I may say here that I



THE AUTHOR, AND LEADER OF THE UNFORTUNATE EXPEDITION, MR. J. RUSSELL-JEAFFRESON, F.R.G.S.

From a Photo. by Graham, Leamington Spa.

begged my friends to push on north and leave me at our base camp in Advent Bay, but they gallantly declined to leave their crippled leader behind. So resolute was I, indeed, that although suffering excruciating pain from my leg I insisted upon landing on Bear Island, and was carried ashore only two hours after the accident happened. I was deposited gently on a snowdrift, whilst my companions went inland to add to their scientific collections, each according to his own particular *métier*. My friend, Mr. Walkey, knowing I had set my heart on seeing the interior of the country, positively carried me up the snow slopes to the top of the cliffs, so that I could, like Moses, look down on

land I had so long striven to reach, and yet which I was now, at the eleventh hour, fated never to tread or explore.

After two days in the ice, and when we had reached Advent Bay, I met with another accident! I and two of my companions, with Sir Martin Conway's nephew, were seated in his whale-boat, about to take some letters and parcels ashore, when a huge piece of ice threatened to crush us. In attempting to fend off this floe with an ice-axe the implement slipped, and I broke the little finger of my left hand.

But enough



CAPTAIN W. H. FARNHAM, M.A., F.Z.S.—AN OLD EXPLORER AND BIG-GAME HUNTER, WHO HAS FACED DEATH IN MANY LANDS.
From a Photo. by Graham, Leamington Spa.

of my own troubles: let us turn to the more interesting part of this ill-fated expedition. We stayed two days at Advent Bay waiting for our walrus-boat, which, however, did not turn up; and considering the state of the ice—which was packed so hard that we could scarcely get our big and properly built iron ice-steamer, the *Lofoden*, through—we could not expect the little sailing sloop to accomplish it, notwithstanding that she was strongly built with a twenty-two inch skin of hard wood, forming nearly perfect convex lines, which would enable her to glide upward out of the ice if nipped between two floes. So, having quite decided in our own minds that our boat could not turn up for a

fortnight or so, we resolved to accept the kind offer of Herr Witt, the manager of



OUR PARTY LANDING ON BEAR ISLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIRTY YEARS—A GREAT FEAT, THOUGH, IN THE TERRIFIC SWELL.



VIEW OF ADVENT BAY, SHOWING THE NORWEGIAN HUT WE OCCUPIED AFTER THE WALRUS HUNTERS RESCUED US FROM CAPE THORSSEN.

the steamship line whose vessel had brought us to Advent Bay. Herr Witt suggested that we should go up to Dane's Island if the ice permitted, this place being within twenty miles of the eightieth parallel. We were to go by the specially chartered steamer *Express*, which had been engaged by Herr Andrée, the Swede, who was then about to start on his perilous attempt to reach the North Pole by means of a balloon. This little vessel had been commissioned by the Andrée Expedition to convey to the leader his last mails just before he started. Herr Witt most kindly offered either to take us out to see the balloon start or to drop us and our sleighs on the north mainland of Spitzbergen to start our inland journey over the great white unknown inland ice.

It is interesting to know that in that year (1897) there were four Arctic Expeditions in Spitzbergen, a fact which may convey some idea of the vastness and unexploredness of this desolate region.

Two or three hours before the *Express* sailed there was great excitement. It seemed that one of the little walrus sloops (they are from sixteen to fifty tons, and have a crew of from five to ten men each) belonging to the fleet which annually sails from Tromsøe and Hammerfest to hunt on the Spitzbergen and the surrounding ice-pack, had been wrecked in October, 1896, and Sir Martin Conway had rescued the survivors of the crew, two of whom had died in the hut which they had built to winter in at Advent Bay, using as material their stranded boat's timbers. The three survivors had lived on the flesh of bear and deer which they had shot in the winter, and had dressed themselves in the skins of these animals. Another man, whose fate was unknown, had been left in January on the opposite side of the ice-fiord, which was over eleven miles wide. This man,

being ill, was deposited in an old ruined hut of the Nordinskiold Polar Company of 1876. As late as May the survivors, who had left him five months' food, fancied they saw lights across the water. So great was the excitement as to whether this solitary castaway was still alive or dead, that the *Express*, its deck heavily laden with our sleighs and the members of my expedition, as well as the Andrée party, as she was afterwards bound for

Dane's Gatt, landed us at the tiny bay, which we were destined to know so well, after she had had a morning's battle with the drift-ice that filled the fiord. Herr Witt, Captain Farnham, Baron de Gere, and Colonel Sir George Coleville rushed ahead, followed by the rest of the Andrée party — only to find, I am sorry to say, no recent traces of the lost man. A cross-bow and other wooden implements which he had made, and



THIS IS THE BRAVE ARIEST OF THE PARTY, MR. HULSHE WALKEY, WHO SET OFF ALONE TO BRING RELIEF. THE DRAWINGS HEREIN ARE FROM HIS SKETCHES DONE ON THE SPOT.

From a Photo. by H. Schueren, Antwerp.

which are now in my possession, together with a diary from November to March, were all the relics that could be found. The diary ended, "All well; longing for June and release. Now in good health; just off shooting." That was all. What was the fate of this castaway? God alone knows. It might have been a fall down a crevasse or it might have been a wounded bear or a slip on the inland snow, when after deer; and, although we were fated to spend the next six weeks of



COAST SHOWING CAPE THORSDEN. WE ALSO SEE HERE THE DRIFT-ICE WHICH BLOCS THE TIDE OF SPITZBERGEN ALL THE SUMMER.

our life in a ten-mile radius round this spot (Cape Thorsden), we found nothing to elucidate the mystery.

Three hours after we landed away went the steamer, and we felt reassured by a promise from Herr Witt that he would call for us at the same place two weeks later; or he would call at any cairn whose position we should agree upon. We had hoped that this period would give us time to cross the unknown belt from Dixon's Bay to Wyle Bay in the north, and explore the interior of this part of the country. We waved adieu to the steamer, hauled up our whale-boat, the *Little Cousin*, on the beach, and then I hobbled round on my crutches and helped to put up my two tents. Meanwhile Captain Farnham built a fire and Walkey, the artist, collected drift-wood, and brought down a lot of the logs from Nordinskiold's old pile on the cliff top. These logs had been left over from Nordinskiold's supply, which consisted of a ton or more. That, the first, night we sat talking over a tinned curry and a pannikin of hot grog, planning what we should do in the next few months. But no adage is truer than "Man proposes and God disposes." Of course, we

were most idle, and each day brought us our expedition and outfit of work.

In the course of a few days my leg grew a little better, and Wilkey could haul me up the two hundred yards of hill from our beach camp to the mainland plateau, which ran back two or three miles in a gradual slope to the virgin peaks of the mountains which stuck up out of the eternal inland ice of the unknown interior.

The great catastrophe was not long in coming. One morning on waking we were horror-stricken to find that our tent

was flooded with water several inches deep, and that our precious boat had been floated away altogether by an unforeseen tide-rise of over 6ft. With the boat went our baggage and 20ft. of painter. Our petroleum barrels had gone also, and our *Little Cousin* had likewise taken away nine-tenths of our food stores and a thousand and one little articles absolutely necessary for life in that desolate region, besides our sleighs and ski. That tide appeared to spell to us death by starvation, for Cape Thorsden was no place for game or birds.



SIR, RUSSELL-JEAFFERSON'S NORWEGIAN BOAT, "LITTLE COUSIN," WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY THE LOSS OF THE PORT THAT BURNED THE PERPETUATED COAST-TRIP.
1899 a Photo. by B. C. Knappe, Leamington Spa.

The water had risen in the night and flooded the beach on which we were camped. As a tide it was several feet above the oldest and highest winter (not to say summer) mark which we could see.

The boat being now lost, things looked at their very worst, because, except what was in our tent, we had lost all. Without the boat we could not now hope to reach the big casks of food left by the sloop near the camps of De Gere and Conway on the opposite side of the ice fiord. We were, in fact, completely cut off and without any means of communication. Luckily I found a heavy, tin-lined cartridge box and some fourteen tins of sea biscuit and beef which were dented and considerably knocked

We had less than three weeks' food, and, as it afterwards proved, there were something like one hundred and twenty impossible miles to be crossed before there was the slightest chance of coming upon a camp belonging to the other expedition. Between us and relief, then, there lay terrible stretches of unexplored glaciers (which, owing to the summer sun, had been rendered soft), besides snow-fields and raging glacier streams. There were also impassable morasses and perpendicular shale cliffs. Of course, we did not know these things at the time. Well, after waiting until the *Express* was two weeks overdue, we came to the conclusion that some accident must have befallen her on her pioneer voyage up inside Prince Charles



THE CAMP AT CAPE THORSDEN—FLAG OF THE EXPEDITION ON THE CLIFFS.

about, but otherwise all right. These things I picked up among the drift blocks of ice left on our beach by the receding tide. However, there was nothing for it but to make the best of it. I was still more or less a cripple, and whilst I was hobbling around collecting any flotsam and jetsam that might be of value, Farnham and Walkey were re-pitching the tent on higher ground, and putting our fuel, furs, clothes, and sleeping-bags in an advantageous place to dry. After this we had dinner, and then as it began to snow cheerfully, we sat in the tent discussing the miserable situation. If Herr Witt fetched us, all would be well; but if not, we were certainly doomed to a lingering death.

Foreland. Or perhaps her owner had forgotten his promise to fetch us—a surmise which afterwards proved perfectly true. Herr Witt had left for Norway, and a new captain was in charge. The *Andrée* party were landed on Dane's Island, and we were forgotten and lost; in fact, marooned, practically starving, and imprisoned at Cape Thorsden.

A mere four hours' sail in our boat would have taken us to the mainland, where we were practically certain of relief, but by this time our boat was swept away altogether and most likely crushed in the ice. Therefore, like rats in a trap, we were left to perish. Night after night, as the short Arctic summer drew to a

close and the terrible rigorous winter approached, we sat and talked over our chances of rescue, which appeared very scanty indeed.

Here I may say a word or two about my two brave companions. Captain Farnham was an old explorer and big-game hunter who had faced death in many lands and in many forms; and he was perhaps the calmest of us all. Walkey, with his youthful impetuosity, was ready for any daring adventure that might afford a means of escape, and he even volunteered to try to cross the twenty miles of fiord on a piece of drift-ice if I would only spare him one side of the tent by way of a sail. The alternative that he suggested was that he should make a raft out of Nordinskiold's old house; but I was to the last dead against such frightful risks.

As for myself I was, as you know, a cripple,

this I based our only hope of salvation. It was certainly necessary that we should do something, and do that something quickly. Presently Walkey suggested a bold course of action. His plan was that he and Farnham should start to walk the hundred and twenty miles of awful and unknown dangers that lay between us and Advent Bay, where we knew that there was a Norwegian summer settlement. The idea was that Farnham was to accompany him and carry everything for the first twenty-four hours—the three days' food, ice-axe, etc. Then when they parted Walkey would start fresh, as it were, and would not be fatigued by what we reckoned to be one-fifth of the trip.

This plan, however, was considerably modified, and Walkey started off alone. How well I remember his leaving. Farnham and I packed



MR. WALLEY WAVES A LAST GOOD-BYE BEFORE STARTING ON HIS SOLITARY HUNDRED-MILE WALK TO PRODUCE RELIEF.

and on that account more or less a burden to my brave companions. I felt so helpless that even if there had been a chance of the land trip round the coast succeeding, I could not have gone a mile. I even urged my companions to go and leave me, and trust to luck. I pointed out that most likely they would fall in with one of the Spitzbergen expeditions; for Advent Bay, a hundred and twenty miles from our camp, was a regular rendezvous for the fleet of sailing sloops before they returned home, and also a place where wrecked hunters would make for from any part of the country. On

his ruck-sack and started him off. The sombre cliffs returned our feeble three-man cheer, and probably the last thing Walkey saw was the tiny Union Jack that floated above our tent. The whole scene is faithfully delineated in the accompanying sketch, which shows Walkey waving his last good-bye on his way from our camp at Cape Thorsden to obtain help at Advent Bay. After I had watched him disappear in the distance, I wrote up my diary and retired to bed.

Farnham, though a fatalist, never gave in or despaired of our ultimate success; for he said

that "if the worst comes to the worst my wife knows of my whereabouts, and her relation, Lord Salisbury, will send a gunboat to fetch home our remains." This was not cheerful, but it seemed to contain a measure of consolation for Farnham. I remember his last words before we fell asleep that night. "By Jove," he said, "it is Saturday night and my birthday; if I were at home now," he added, wistfully, "I should indulge in an oyster supper and a bottle of '84 champagne."

Our greatest comfort in those days was our reindeer sleeping-bags, which helped us to pass away the dreadful hours in warmth and sleep. Nothing exciting occurred until about two days after, when, in the dead of night, whilst Farnham and I were sound asleep, I was awakened by a great crash on the tent wall. I took it to be a bear, and seizing my rifle, which I kept partly under my pillow, I rushed outside, and there, in the darkness, I discerned poor Walkey half-fainting and almost prostrate on the ground. I woke up Farnham, and together we carried in our unfortunate companion, who was wet to the skin, frozen stiff, ghastly pale, and utterly spent. I tore off his wet things and put on him my own warm clothes, seeing at a glance that it was chiefly exposure and cold that he was suffering from. This done, Farnham and I lifted him into my cosy sleeping-bag I had so recently vacated. Poor fellow, he was almost asleep during the process, and all he could mutter was, "I have failed, boys—I have failed"; then he burst into tears from nervous and physical exhaustion.

For more than fifty hours the brave fellow had tried to battle against the impossible, and it was lucky indeed that he returned alive to the camp. So glad were we to have him back that we quite forgot what his failure meant to us all. He slept—except when I woke him to give him some beef essence out of my medicine chest—for twenty-seven hours, and then woke as fresh as a daisy, and with a suggestion that he should have another try! I never saw such pluck in all my life. Walkey had much to tell about the frightful obstacles he encountered

on his way, and the next two sketches reproduced were done by himself from rough notes scribbled in his sketch-book. In the first we see him fording a torrent between Cape Thorsden and Skans Bay; all along the coast there were these impetuous glacier streams.

The second sketch reproduced shows the spot at which the brave explorer was obliged to turn



THE ARTIST FORDS A TORRENT BETWEEN CAPE THORSDEN AND SKANS BAY.

back. He is here seen testing the snow slope with his ice-axe before venturing upon it. He found, however, that it would be quite suicidal to trust himself upon the treacherous surface. Walkey worked his way along these ledges to this point, having done fifty or sixty miles from Cape Thorsden.

Whilst Walkey was away Farnham went off on his own account to explore the inland ice with a view to getting round that way to Advent Bay if at all possible. It may be asked why we have no photographs of what we saw and experienced. Alas! my hundreds of priceless negatives were lost with the other things in the boat.

After Walkey's attempt we remained quiet for a little while, and then after a consultation we resolved to try to cross the fiord by water, now that both Farnham and Walkey had proved the land journey to be impracticable, the snow-fields being soft and impassable even on snow-shoes, whilst the shale cliffs were altogether too rotten to afford foothold.

We had only two days' food now left in camp, and Farnham and I had been reduced to shoot-



THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE MR. WALLEY WAS OBLIGED TO TURN BACK AFTER HAVING COVERED FIFTY OR SIXTY MILES. WE HERE SEE HIM TESTING A TREACHEROUS SNOW SLOPE.

ing gulls, when I beheld a sight that fairly made me yell aloud with joy. One night we were at supper—supper by courtesy—when suddenly, in the middle of the meal, I rose up—apparently by inspiration, for I never knew why—and went out to the edge of the cliff to gaze seaward for the thousandth time. To my indescribable amazement I beheld a large boat—a row-boat—about three miles away among the great emerald green and turquoise icebergs which drifted up in the morning and down in the evening past our little camp cove. Shouting myself almost hoarse with excitement, I hobbled back to our tent and met my two companions rushing out in alarm. At first they laughed at me: “It must have been a piece of driftwood or a dark-coloured iceberg,” they said.

However, one of us made a rush for the glass, and a moment’s inspection then showed

that it was a boat without the least doubt. Then came a host of questionings. Whose boat was it? Could it be a rescue party, or—oh, frightful idea!—another party of castaways?—perhaps the *Lofenden* or *Express* survivors. “More to feed,” we groaned, “and no chance of escape.” A thousand thoughts of fear and joy, terror and alarm, rush through men’s minds at such a time. Next came our attempts to signal and our half mad exclamations: “They are going away—no, they are coming—no, going!” “Fire the rifles,” we yelled to one another; “pour the last half-gallon tin of paraffin on the tent itself and fire it; pile on the fire this, and this, and this. Chuck on your coat—anything for a smoke. It’s our only chance.”

A fire is made, and in a minute or so a dense column of smoke ascends like a twisted pillar high into the air. Hurrah! Hurrah! they see us—we are saved. They hoist a coat on an oar. We shake hands all round and congratulate each other. Then we tell each other we always knew there was no danger, and that we should ultimately be saved; while Farnham, in his quiet way, suggests that we would do well to give thanks to Him above who has guided this boat to our rescue.

Half an hour later our rescuers have pushed their craft—a staunch walrus fishing-boat—through the land ice, and we stand tremblingly shaking the rugged hands of our preservers, who turn out to be a boat’s crew of walrus hunters whose vessel is at Advent Bay, and who came here by the merest chance in pursuit of game. How eagerly and prodigally we opened the last few tins of food which we had kept for the perilous raft voyage across the fiord, and which we could not trust ourselves even to look at lately! We indulged in a royal banquet, and a few hours later were at sea once more, gazing—I nope for the last time—on that wretched rat-tr of a bay which so nearly proved our grave.

The Strange "Mount of Olives" near Constance.

By MRS. HERBERT VIVIAN.

Near the City of Constance is an ancient Abbey, which possesses a chapel, built to enshrine a fragment of the True Cross, and filled with wonderful old wood carvings. Hundreds of these are arranged round the walls on a miniature Mount of Olives, and they are here pictured by remarkable photographs and described by a lady who has studied them closely.



WONDER how many people if asked in which country Constance lies would be able to answer correctly. I am quite sure that nine-tenths of them would promptly reply that it is in Switzerland, whereas it really forms part of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and is accounted one of the brightest jewels of the Grand Ducal coronet.

Constance is a city that hardly receives its full share of attention from the globe-trotter and tourist, and its beautiful lake is shamefully neglected for the lakes of Geneva and Lucerne. Few of those who do visit Constance know, too, that close by there is one of the most curious

chapels in all Europe; and, indeed, no one should fail to make a pilgrimage to the marvellous Oelberg, or Mount of Olives, at Kreuzlingen.

Though in Constance you are in Germany, still you must cross the border to get to Kreuzlingen, and you will not have driven far out of the south gate of the town before a Swiss Custom House official starts up, like a Jack-in-the-box, out of a small house by the wayside and peremptorily stops your cab to find out whether you are conveying taxable goods into his fatherland. However, he is good enough to dismiss both your cab and your camera with the same airy wave of the hand, and



HERE YOU HAVE A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CURIOUS "MOUNT OF OLIVES" WITH ITS HUNDREDS OF QUAINLY CARVED FIGURES. YOU GET A CLOSER VIEW OF THE GROUPS IN THE FOLLOWING PHOTOS. (G. Wolf, Constance.)

you drive on with a light heart into the land of Teil. All the way along the road to Kreuzlingen, on either side, are pretty villas of all sizes, each in its neat little garden, with its grass plot as green as an emerald, and the beautiful rose-bushes, trailing clematis, and festoons of creepers, for which Constance is so famous. At last the cabby draws up before a great church, standing back from the road behind a handsome wrought-iron railing, and tells you that you will find there the chapel you have come to see.

Kreuzlingen is said to derive its name from the fact that the Bishop of Constance of a thousand years ago made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and there acquired a fragment of the True Cross. This he bequeathed to a body of pious souls, who had given themselves up to good works, the men to teaching the faith and the women to tending the sick. The spot where they established themselves was then called Crucelin in honour of the Cross, and thence the present

ings, which are about 250 years old, but of far older origin. Before the Thirty Years' War both abbey and church were situated much nearer the city of Constance. However, one of the Swedish generals in Gustavus Adolphus's army made the place his head-quarters whilst besieging Constance, and in the course of many a fierce fray the abbey suffered so much that it was deemed better, at the close of the war, to rebuild it, and the present site was chosen in preference to the old.

When the new church was finished, the relic was deposited in it in a place of honour on the high altar, but it was not until a hundred years later, in the middle of the last century, that the reigning abbot, whose name was Donderer, conceived the idea of erecting a particular chapel for the relic itself, decorated to represent the Mount of Olives, and intended to tell the story of Our Lord's Passion. The relic was also inclosed in a beautiful silver cross, adorned with precious stones, and placed in its



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM—NOTICE THE DISCIPLES CARRYING PALMS AND OTHERS—SERMONS, CHRISTIANS
From a Photo. (y) ON THE ROAD. [G. H. G. C. 1880.]

form Kreuzlingen is derived. During the Swiss war of independence and the Thirty Years' War this fragment is said to have had the most hairbreadth escapes from the Protestant enemy and destruction, and its fame proportionally increased.

The church is attached to the abbey build-

new shrine. However, at the dispersion of the monasteries this cross was sold, and the relic placed in a plainer and less costly one. It is now kept in a room attached to the church, and exposed to the view of the faithful on the high altar on great feast days only.

As you enter the church a friendly woman,

armed with a big bunch of jingling keys, comes to meet you, and offers to open the great iron-work gates that stretch across the chapel, cutting it off from the rest of the church. At first the effect is rather bewildering to the eye. The great crucifix in the centre dominates the whole scene, and below it is the so-called Mount of Olives. This consists of a kind of plaster erection, painted a pale greenish-grey colour, to represent a rocky, semi-circular hill, honeycombed with many caves, and with here and there what the artist imagined to be a Roman palace or Jewish room let in. Myriads of little figures, about 15 in. high, climb up or down the mountain, or stand about in groups.

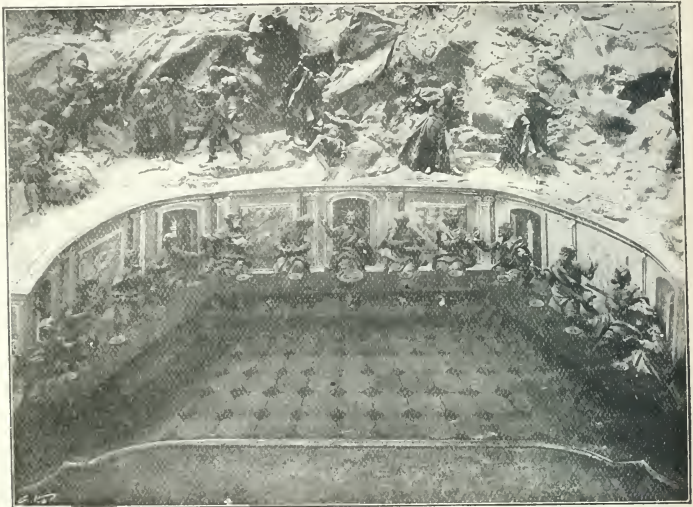
There are in all 325 figures, carved in wood of a reddish-brown colour. It is not considered likely that they can be all the work of the same artist, although some do say that they were carved by a Tyrolese sculptor, who spent eighteen years over his tremendous task. Most people, however, are agreed that more than one hand was responsible for these marvellous figures. Connoisseurs even claim to be able to trace at least four different styles, besides several figures that act as connecting links between the principal groups, and seem to have been added later.

The chapel was commenced by the Abbot Donderer in 1761, who was seized with a lively desire to beautify the abbey. He intended also to erect a similar chapel on the opposite side of the church representing various scenes from the childhood and life of Our Lord, but he died before he could carry out the plan. He bought the carvings on the Oelberg from a Constance merchant named Jacob Hofner. They were then valued at 4,000 florins, and the conditions of payment were that the Abbey should provide the vendor weekly with a

sufficient quantity of bread and meal for his use during twenty years.

To be appreciated thoroughly, the groups should be taken separately and examined, for in the view of the whole the figures must necessarily be so tiny that it would be impossible to do justice to the work. Therefore the most curious and characteristic groups have been singled out and reproduced here.

In the first we see the entry into Jerusalem ;



OUR LORD PRESIDING AT THE LAST SUPPER. ABOVE WE SEE THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST BY JUDAS.

From a Photo. by G. Wolf, Constance.

the disciples and followers of Our Lord are carrying palms, whilst others are spreading their garments in the way. The artist has allowed his imagination to run away with him somewhat in modelling the ass, for he gives it the shape of a horse and endows it with a luxuriant mane and tail. Indeed, if it were not for those unmistakable ears we should not dream that he could have intended it for an ass, but rather conclude that he intended to carry out St. Mark's description, which speaks of "a colt."

The next picture includes several scenes. In the centre there is the Last Supper, which is being instituted by Our Lord, His hand raised in benediction. The different expressions on the Apostles' faces are very well done, and their hands are outstretched in various gestures of reverence and adoration. They sit round a long table, each with his platter before him. Just above the Last Supper we see Our Lord



DESERTED BY ALL HIS DISCIPLES, CHRIST'S CAPTORS PREPARE TO TAKE HIM AWAY.

From a Photo. by G. Wolf, Constance.

betrayed by the kiss of Judas, and the soldiers approaching to bind Him; while a little farther on Peter is standing, his sword drawn, bending over Malchus, whose ear he is just going to strike off.

Presently we see Christ deserted by all His disciples and led away toward Jerusalem. A soldier goes on ahead, bearing a very modern-

looking lantern. The artist gives rein to his fancy in the dress of the soldiers, for they date from every age. Some are of his own period, whilst others are clothed in skins, and their headgear is peculiarly marvellous. Our Lord follows behind, and two men armed with clubs are urging him on.

In the next photo., which shows what is



OUR SAVIOUR IS BOUND AND LED AWAY BY THE SOLDIERS—NOTE THE EXPRESSION OF DIVINE RESIGNATION.

From a Photo. by G. Wolf, Constance.

considered a particularly fine group, Our Lord is bound and dragged along by the soldiers. His expression of divine resignation, His drooping figure, and patient look at the man who drives Him onward are beautifully portrayed. Just behind is a half-clad ruffian, with his club raised to strike. The figure of the soldier with the flag is a little masterpiece, and his attitude of command, with arm outstretched, is quite admirably expressed. The one on the left side of Our Lord might almost have stepped out of the army of



PETER DENIES HIS MASTER—OBSERVE THE COCK CROWING ABOVE.
From a Photo. by G. Wolf, Constance.

Frederick the Great, and, indeed, is not unlike the great King himself, with his little tight curls and sharp, wizened face. The costume resembles that of the eighteenth century far more than the first, and the cap might well belong to a Prussian soldier of that day.

Then comes a very quaint representation of St. Peter's denial. In the lower part of the photograph we see the Apostles standing round the fire with the servants in the hall of the high priest. The maid is accusing him of having been with Christ, and he is denying the



OUR LORD BEFORE PILATE FOR THE FIRST TIME—"HE STIRRETH UP THE PEOPLE."
From a Photo. by G. Wolf, Constance.

assertion with great energy. Just above the cock sits, perched on a rocky crag, while St. Peter, in an agony of self-reproach, has sunk down on his knees and is imploring pardon from God.

A very striking group is Christ brought for the first time before Pontius Pilate. In this the figure of Our Lord is decidedly not so good, and it is not a happy idea to place Him with His back to the governor. There is something very wooden and lifeless about the figure, and it seems as if it were only steadied by the rope which is held by one of the soldiers. On the other hand, Pilate and those surrounding him seem almost to breathe. The governor sits on a beautifully carved throne in a regal attitude. On either side of him are two lictors with fierce faces. Their monkey-skin caps, with the ape's head resting on their foreheads, are distinctly

Next we have Our Lord before Pilate for the second time. The Roman governor is in his robes of State, with a big umbrella carried over his head after the fashion of Eastern potentates. He is represented as showing to them Our Lord, who is overcome by the agony he is enduring. Pilate is saying, "Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus, which is called Christ?" And the crowd are pointing upwards and crying, "Let Him be crucified. His blood be upon us and on our children." Barabbas is seen on the right-hand side of the photograph, in chains, with his hands bound, and just above is Pilate washing his hands; one page holds the basin, whilst the other pours water from an ewer.

Then Christ is led away by the soldiery, who, after scourging Him and clothing Him in a



BROUGHT BEFORE PILATE FOR THE SECOND TIME. "WHOM WILL YE THAT I RELEASE UNTO YOU—BARABAS OR JESUS?"
From a Photo. by G. Wolf, Constance.

original, and give them a delightfully barbaric appearance. The chief priests and elders, in a state of fury, are accusing Our Lord and saying, "He stirreth up the people." The figure of the high priest, who is shaking his finger in Pilate's face, is perhaps the best in the whole collection.

scarlet robe, are mocking and ridiculing Him. One is spitting on Him; another smites Him on the head with a reed; whilst a third—a hump-backed dwarf—kneels in front of Him saluting Him derisively and saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!"

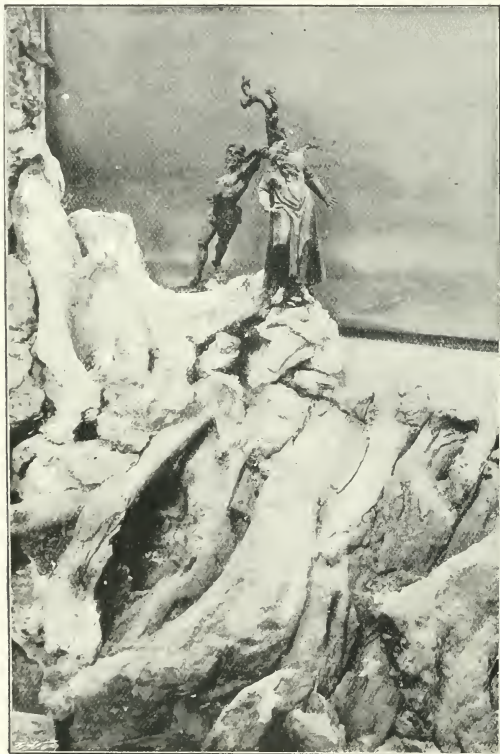
Last of all is perhaps the most curious and

tragic group of all this strange collection. It shows us the most horrible thing the sculptor could conceive in the way of evil spirits. The two solitary figures make the picture all the more striking, accustomed as we have been to so many actors in each scene. From a rough gnarled trunk, that might be a dragon tree in its distorted shape, we see Judas hanging. His attitude is one of despair, and the Evil One, who has been leading him on to take his life, waits beside him to gloat over his ruin.

It is difficult to extract much information from the fair lady in charge of the chapel, for she

contents herself with smiling copiously and assuring you in execrable Swiss-German, such as no sane person can understand, that these are very fine carvings, and that she knows of many a one who would give his eyes to get them.

The old abbey has now, alas! been turned into a college for school teachers, but the chapel, with its precious relic, still acts as a loadstar to many a pious pilgrim, whilst those of other faiths will be drawn to Kreuzlingen to wonder at the patience and skill of the creator of the Oelberg.



THE WEIRDEST OF ALL THESE STRANGE GROUPS—THE EVIL ONE GLOATING OVER JUDAS, WHO HANGS LIFELESS FROM A GNARLED TREE
From a Photo. by G. Wolf, Constance.

Dragged by a Wild Horse.

By MARSHALL LOGGIN.

Mr. Loggin was at the time a sheep-farmer in Uruguay. Going out one morning to pacify a newly acquired half-wild horse, the beast ran away; and when the author stopped him, and picked up his trailing rope, he dashed off again, this time dragging his unfortunate master by the ankle, like a sack of potatoes, over a terribly rocky country.



URING 1864 I found myself in the Republic of Uruguay, more generally known to its inhabitants as "The Banda Oriental." I had been sheep-farming and horse-breeding in South America for some years, and at this time had just changed from one farm to another. I lived on the Estancia (Ranch) Monson, which was situated about 126 miles from Montevideo, sixty from San José, and ninety from Santa Lucia. It was an out-of-the-way ranch, you see. The country was then suffering all the miseries attendant on the civil wars which are so eternally raging in that part of the world. The Government consisted of two parties: the "Colorados" or Reds, and the "Blancos" or Whites; and they seemed to have only the one idea of perpetual strife for mastery.

Horses are, by the law of the land, considered articles of war; and just previous to the time of which I am speaking no fewer than forty of mine, as well as many others belonging to neighbouring proprietors, had been seized by the soldiers of General Flores—of course, "Por il servicio de la Patria." The consequence was that I had but one animal remaining, and finding it impossible to do my work with this one only, I purchased a very quiet little mare and a wild young horse not half broken. This last beast was so strong in the neck that it was impossible to hold him to his picket if he took fright. His name was Moro, and he was a real wild horse not long caught.

One evening in the month of June—which is the middle of the South American winter—I had, before going to bed, picketed the wild horse, Moro, with a very strong hide rope or sogá, as it is called, and secured the peg as firmly as was possible in the ground; the little mare was also picketed near. Very early the next morning I was awakened by the sound of wild mares galloping past the house, to the accompaniment of loud neighing.

They are usually allowed to roam where they

please, and when (as is often the case) they stray on to another man's ground, it is usual to send out men on horseback to gather them together—having first of all, however, asked permission of the owner of the land to do so. But in this instance the persons to whom the mares belonged had *not* had the courtesy to inform me of their intentions, and I was consequently quite unprepared and prevented from taking proper means to secure my horses from accident or loss.

Now, the moment I heard the noise outside

I guessed the cause of it, and, springing out of bed, dressed myself as quickly as possible. When I got outside my house I saw my young horse rushing round and round the picket pin like a mad creature. I felt sure that it must soon succeed in breaking loose, and so I took the precaution of immediately bridling the mare. I had scarcely accomplished this when the pin gave way, and Moro set off at the top of his speed. Jumping on the back of my mare, I started in pursuit.

I must explain here that my farm consisted of about seven square miles of land, through which ran several streams. One of these, of some considerable size, and running from east to west, formed the boundary of

my property. The country was very hilly, and on the south-west exceedingly rocky. This last characteristic especially must be borne in mind. Large boulders of rock stood out in groups from the side of the hill; smaller ones were scattered between each group, and long grass grew all round, in many places completely hiding the smaller rocks. Before mounting the mare, I had taken care to provide myself with large wooden bolas—an apparatus consisting of three balls, fastened together with hide. Two of the pieces of hide connecting the balls are from 3ft. to 4ft. in length, but the third is much longer. These bolas are used for catching wild horses, and are thrown with great skill by the natives or Gauchos a distance of a hundred yards at full gallop.



MR. MARSHALL LOGGIN, THE VICTIM OF THIS TERRIBLE ADVENTURE, AS HE APPEARS AT THE PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by A. Swanlund, North Finchley.

The persons throwing them are called Boleadores. The bolas catch in the hind legs of the horse, tying them so that they cannot move. The balls are sometimes made of stone, but wood is considered better, as being less likely to injure the animal aimed at. The apparatus serves exactly the same purpose as the lazo of the South-Western States of Mexico.

With these bolas I then intended to ball the runaway if necessary; but after following him for about half a mile he suddenly stopped. I jumped off the mare and ran up to him, catching hold of the end of the trailing sogá or picket rope, which was still attached to his head. I was hoping to hold him, but, after looking wildly round for a few seconds, he started off again at a tremendous rate, dragging me after him with stunning rapidity. A fearful thing had happened, and I was about to suffer an experience so peculiar and painful, that it is nothing short of miraculous I am alive to write these lines.

Having unfortunately retained the bolas in my hand at the moment when the half-mad horse started, they became entangled in the sogá, while one end of them had also twisted itself round my left ankle in such a manner that, at the terrific speed at which I was dragged on my back, I could not possibly untwist it. The furious animal, more than ever excited and maddened by feeling me in this position, tore on more wildly than ever. The sogá was only tied round his neck, instead of being fastened to a halter (as that was an article rather scarce with me at the time), and as it passed between his fore legs it enabled him to pull as from a collar.

Finding myself in really terrible peril, I immediately sought for my revolver, but to my dismay found that in my haste I had forgotten it. I next felt for my knife (it is a wonder I had so much presence of mind—I marvel at it now), but that, too, was missing. I had before this been obliged to let go the sogá with my hands,

and now I was at the mercy of this mad brute, being dragged along on my back, like a sack of potatoes, by one leg—and that at a perfectly terrific pace, over ground covered with rocks and stones, and with the extreme probability of getting my brains dashed out every other moment. I tried to raise myself to a sitting posture, but this only made matters worse by causing me to roll over on my face, which was instantaneously bruised and cut horribly. I struggled with a feeling of mad despair for some time, until I became perfectly exhausted and lay back helplessly, only managing to keep my head from being knocked to pieces by bending my neck forward as far as I could. It was ghastly hideous, and almost stunning. At one time we came to a rock with which I foresaw that I must come into smashing contact. By a tremendous effort I managed to raise my body for a moment from the ground, receiving the blow on my right hip, and rebounding from the rock like a billiard-ball, rolling over and over on my poor mangled face.

After this I gave up all hope, and abandoned myself to utter despair, thinking only of death. None but those who have gone through moments of such deadly peril, expecting every breath to be the last, can realize the rapidity with which all my past life seemed to pass before me. The knowledge that my wife and little ones were only a short distance from me, but were entirely



"DRAGGED ALONG ON MY BACK LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES."

(This is no imaginary sketch, but an accurate representation of this extraordinary occurrence drawn by Madame Amyot under Mr. Loggin's personal supervision.)

unconscious of my extraordinary fate—of who would care for or protect them in a strange land thousands of miles from home, and among a set of savage, lawless men—these thoughts half maddened me. I thought, too, of my many short-comings: of how often I had been wanting in consideration and kindness; and so on, and so on. And now to have to leave all my loved ones in this sudden way, without a word of farewell, was, indeed, too dreadful. Even now I cannot look back on those awful moments without a shudder of horror. Completely worn out, and with a prayer to God for mercy, I became insensible; but I could not have gone more than half a mile in this state before I was aroused by a consciousness that something in my position was altered. I soon became aware that we were going through very long grass, which is called *paja*, and is much used for thatching. It is somewhat like pampas grass, and grows in hollows, and sometimes covers several acres of ground.

Instinctively I clutched at this grass, holding on to it with all my remaining strength; and for a time I succeeded in stopping the wild horse in his onward career, though he still continued to run round in a circle. I could, however, perceive that he was nearly exhausted, and was fairly covered with sweat and flakes of foam. Allowing myself once more to hope, I made a violent effort, and bending my body forward, succeeded in partially untwisting some of the coils of that ghastly rope. Scarcely had I commenced to do so, however, before the wretched beast bounded off again, startled and half crazy, while I clung to the grass with all my might. This amazing tug of war lasted some time; and I felt as though my arms and legs must be wrenched from their sockets, as by vigorous turns of the screw of a rack.

After many vain efforts I gave myself up for lost, for I felt that nothing short of a miracle could rid me of this demon who was dragging me to my grave. And yet deliverance was at hand. The end of this hideous disaster was as unexpected as its beginning. The maddened horse, who for some minutes had been slackening speed, suddenly started off once more with a jerking bound, and instantaneously the last noose which held my ankle slipped off and I

was left lying free, literally more dead than alive. It may explain matters somewhat if I remark that a *soga* is cut circularly out of a hide in one single piece, and that any moisture softens it, and, consequently, makes it larger, looser, and longer. And so, having passed through all the wet grass heavy with dew, the loops in the *soga*, or leather rope, that bound me to the wild horse had all become soft and slack, and thus the miracle of my delivery becomes explained by perfectly natural means. But to continue: The horse, released from the strain and apparently quite as powerful as ever, rushed madly away. In a state of the most utter exhaustion I remained lying there some time, and when I had recovered myself a little I found, on looking round, that I was in a hollow which I recognised as being about a mile and a half from a shepherd's hut.

A mile and a half! A hundred miles the distance seemed to me in my helpless condition. How should I ever get over that ground? And in these solitudes I had but little hope that any wayfarer would pass, or that help should come to me from anywhere. But life is too precious to be parted with so easily, and it is extraordinary what we are able to do when life is at stake. It now seems to me an impossible task what I did then; and yet had I not accomplished it I should not have been here to tell the tale. On hands and knees I crawled along

moaning and groaning in my agony, for there was not one little spot on my whole body which was not bruised and mangled and bleeding. Sometimes I tried to get up, and, holding on to the rocks and boulders and the shrubs growing thereabout, I managed to stumble on for a little while, but then I would fall down in a swoon, and when I recovered I would begin my awful pilgrimage over again. It must have taken me hours, for when at last I spied the shepherd's house as a tiny speck far away on the wide plateau, the sun was high in the skies. A last effort, almost superhuman, brought me within some hundred yards of the hut, and, as luck would have it, the old Paraguayan shepherd who occupied it was standing outside; I made signs to him to come to me, for I was too weak to raise my voice, and telling him, in a feeble whisper, of my desperate condition, I asked him to go and try to find my mare. He



THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MR. LOGGIN AS HE APPEARED AT THE TIME OF THIS INCIDENT—CATTLE BREEDING IN URUGUAY WAS A DIFFICULT AND HARASSING BUSINESS.

From a Photo.



"I HELD ON BY PUTTING MY ARMS ROUND HER NECK."

found her quietly grazing where I had left her, about three miles from the place where I then was. For these mares are so trained that, if the reins are simply left hanging down on the ground, the animal remains on the same spot; whereas they otherwise have the instinct of carrier-pigeons, and will return in a beeline to their home, however circuitous the way may be by which they have travelled from it. In these countries, where postal arrangements then were non-existent, a man leaving his home usually took a mare with him, so as to send her back to his family with a letter or other message.

The old man lifted me on to the back of my mare, and I held on by putting my arms round her neck. She carried me quietly and safely to the door of my

own house, where in a fainting condition I fell off, and was found by my wife. She contrived to get me indoors, and on to a kind of sofa-bed, from which I was unable to move for many long weeks. My clothes were torn to atoms, a few shreds alone remaining hanging on me. My socks were torn off round the tops of my Balmoral boots; but most mercifully—though strained, bleeding, and bruised from head to foot—I had broken no bones. The next day I sent a friend, who came to find and shoot the wild horse, but he did not succeed in doing so.

Some time after, however, a party of Gauchos caught him and brought him to me; and, notwithstanding his bad behaviour on that dreadful

occasion, Moro afterwards carried me gallantly many hundreds of miles.



"IN A FAINTING CONDITION I FELL OFF, AND WAS FOUND BY MY WIFE."

To Kerak and Back, and What Happened on the Way.

BY ELSIE M. FORDER.

This is the remarkable narrative of a holiday trip around the Dead Sea undertaken by Miss Forder and her brother, who is a missionary. Incidentally it conveys a vivid notion of what travel is like off the beaten track in the Holy Land; and it culminates in an attack on the party by the fierce Arab robbers that infest the stony deserts of Moab and Judæa.



We are accustomed to hear of a journey round the world or a voyage to the Polar regions, but a holiday trip round the Dead Sea is seldom undertaken. It was only by accident that I made that journey, and it proved far more adventurous than I had imagined. I do not wonder now that so few travellers go far beyond the Jordan. The loneliness of the way and the intense stillness are almost unbearable.

Starting from Jerusalem in the early morning of May 30th, 1893, with four Arabs and my brother, Mr. Archibald Forder, I set out for Kerak of Moab, whose modern name is Kerak. It is situated about ninety miles from Jerusalem, and our route lay *via* Jericho. Each of the party, with his baggage, was mounted on a stout donkey. Our road took us past the Garden of Gethsemane and the little village of Bethany. Here I longed to stop, but our Arabs hurried us on, and no halt was made until we reached a Khan, supposed to be the Inn of the Good Samaritan. Now it is only a piece of ground inclosed by four walls. Here we rested awhile, and then set out again for the hotel at Jericho. We had a lonely ride. The road was very rough, and makes a gradual descent all the way.

After the long, hot ride the grateful hospitality of the Jericho hotel was a pleasurable anticipation which we could not help dwelling upon during the last few miles of the road. But, alas! what was our mortification on coming to the hotel to find it closed, the season being over! We had expected rest and comfort, but instead, had to content ourselves with sitting on the ground and bearing the gaze of a multitude of men, women, and children. After about an hour of this we again mounted our donkeys and started for the Fords of the Jordan, where we now

proposed to spend the night. These few miles seemed longer than all the rest we had travelled. The way across the plain was terribly monotonous, winding continually in and out among sandhills. It was dark when we reached the banks of the Jordan. A great many natives were waiting to cross, and it was some time before our turn came. At last we were called, and had to get into a large, flat-bottomed boat like a punt. Camels, donkeys, Arabs, and we two English all huddled together. The boat reached the other side in rather a strange manner. Several of the men in the boat stood and pulled at a rope which was securely fastened

to a post on the other bank. In this primitive way we were safely conveyed across the stream. I believe that recently, by command of the Sultan of Turkey, a bridge has been constructed at this point. If so, it would certainly be a very great improvement.

On landing we at once gathered sticks and made a fire, filled our kettles from the river, and, when the water boiled, put in our tea, for we had no teapot, and only a tin cup to drink from. This was my first experience of camping out, and I shall not easily forget my feelings and thoughts that night as we lay on the bare ground with the stars overhead. For we were

compelled to travel as Arabs, and not as tourists, if we were to get safely into Moab. We were not allowed much rest, for about 2 a.m. our men called us to get up, and said we must move on, in order to cover the plain before the heat of the day. So up we got, mounted our donkeys, and set off. No halt was made again until we came to the waters of Heshbon. Here the animals were given a rest, and we made our morning toilet in the river and then had a rough breakfast. When we moved on we had a long climb before



MISS ELSIE M. FORDER, WHOSE OUT-OF-THE-WAY HOLIDAY JAUNT ENDED IN CAPTURE BY THE ARAB ROBBERS OF THE DEAD SEA.

From a Photo. by Whitcombe, Salisbury.

us, for we had to cross the mountains of Moab. What a wearisome day that was, sitting on the top of a loaded donkey under a scorching sun hour after hour! It was, indeed, a welcome sight when we saw a Bedouin encampment, looking like a black line, in the distance.

Some estimate of our bodily fatigue may be judged from the eager way in which we looked to those tents—the best of which could not compare with the worst gipsy encampment in England. Indeed, a Bedouin encampment does not really mean a series of tents, but, as our photograph partly shows, a continuation of rude coverings supported on poles. Beneath this



HERE IS A SNAPSHOT OF THE BEDGINS' TENTS AT WHICH MISS FORDER AND HER BROTHER RESTED.

roof herd promiscuously men, women, and children. On reaching it, and after the preliminary and necessary salutations, we tried to rest. But naked children and dirty women came crowding round us in such swarms that sleep was impossible. Most, if any, had never seen an Englishwoman before, and they intended to make the most of this opportunity, asking my brother all kinds of questions about me. "How far was I from my mother?" "Was I man or woman?" Then they would come and feel my cheeks, and examine my boots and clothes. To me this was most repulsive, for their dirt was horrible; but I had to take it kindly, for we were depending on them for our bread and safety. At sunset the women left us to go and grind the corn to make bread. The men who had been out with the goats or gathering in some little harvest came home later on; a goat was killed, a large fire kindled, and before very long all were sitting round a big pot, helping themselves to its savoury contents with their fingers and gnawing at the bones like dogs. I could not eat in this fashion, so begged some goat's milk, and with the new-made bread made my first meal in a Bedouin tent.

Another day's journey brought us to a place called Mienen. Here the natives lived in large

caves rather than houses. We went to the local schoolmaster, and he kindly received us and our baggage. We were told it would be unsafe to go on farther, as an inter-tribal fight had taken place recently, and the defeated tribe was waiting about the country ready to attack any who might come along. Our men—poor specimens of men they were—were much frightened, and returned to Jerusalem forthwith, leaving us about half-way on our journey to finish it as best we could. We tried every inducement to get men to take us on, but failed, so we were obliged to spend eight days in this miserable cave. Our boxes were piled round one corner, so that I might have some place where I could retire from the constant gaze of the curious Arabs. We had one box as a table, and took our meals sitting on the ground. Our host was very good, giving us bread freshly made morning and evening. We

also got some eggs and goat's milk. Being detained here gave me ample opportunity to watch Arab life; but as the Arabs evinced an equal curiosity about English habits, I am afraid neither of us showed quite in our true colours.

On the eighth day we prevailed upon two men to accompany us on to Kerak. We had to offer them a much larger sum of money than was usual, but eventually greed prevailed. Money always tempts a true Arab. It was necessary for us to wear the native dress now, so disturbed was the state of the country; and I was not even allowed to put up my white umbrella, as the Skour were scattered about the way we had to travel. Another night had to be spent in a Bedouin encampment, and then two more weary days of journeying. Sometimes we were stopped and questioned by fierce-looking Arabs, armed to the teeth, and carrying spears about 12ft. long. On June 10th we came in sight of Kerak. The journey had taken us thirteen days, and ought to have been accomplished in four.

Our photograph gives some idea of the appearance of the city. It was built as long ago as the time of the Crusaders, who, in their fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and temporary



MISS FORDER'S FIRST VIEW OF THE REMOTE AND STRANGELY SITUATED TOWN OF KERAK, LOOKING FROM THE DESOLATE VALLEY 800FT. BELOW. [Photo.]

possession, threw out various outlying forts to keep the enemy at bay. Kerak was one of these fortresses. It is situated on an almost impregnable rock, nearly 800ft. high, and can only be approached by a very narrow passage, which a few men could hold against thousands. The partial ruin of a very formidable castle or keep still remains, and is at present, I believe, used as a barracks by the Turkish soldiery.

As we were making the very steep ascent to this city (the temporary home of my brother) hardly knowing how to sit our donkeys, as their backs were almost perpendicular, we saw an Arab running quickly towards us, and in no friendly manner either. As soon as he reached my brother he sprang at, and pulled off, his moreer, a kind of rope worn round the head. Naturally, my brother tried to retain it, and the two pulled one against the other. My entreaties to my brother to let go were of no avail. At last the Arab got furious, and, drawing his dagger, he would have killed my brother, without the least hesitation, had he not given up the coveted treasure. The cause of all this excitement was simply a star from an English prize packet, placed in front of the moreer, and it was this bright but paltry object

that had roused the Arab's greed.

We stayed ten weeks at Kerak, and made friends with many of the natives, who took us about their city and over the castle, which was then a large and interesting ruin. The private dwellings of the natives, however, are not much to boast of. They are chiefly made by digging a huge hole in the

ground and roofing it, perhaps a foot or two above the surface, with a straw and mud thatch. You have to be careful in walking about the place that you do not stumble and fall through some poor native's roof.

When we thought of returning to Jerusalem we heard that quarantine was declared at the Jordan, and was likely to continue for some time owing to an outbreak of some infectious fevers in the district. For this reason we decided to try a much less frequented route—that which runs to the south of the Dead Sea. To travel alone was out of the question, and we waited until a caravan was passing on to Jerusalem by



MISSIONARIES' HOUSE IN KERAK. MR. FORDER HAD TO BUILD IT HIMSELF, AND A VERY CREDITABLE DWELLING IT IS. OUR AUTHORESS LIVED IN IT. [Photo.]



THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF KERAK. THIS FORTRESS DATES BACK TO THE CRUSADES AND DOMINATES THE FLAIN. [Photo.]

that route. One beautiful Sunday morning (I shall never forget it—it was, I think, August 13th, 1893) I said good-bye to Kerak, with all its pleasant memories and the kind friends and warm hearts I had found, even there in the Moabitish wilderness, during my short stay: and mounting two mules my brother and I joined the caravan and set our faces towards the Holy City. I had a fine mule to ride, and though I had to sit on top of my boxes, it was much better than a loaded donkey. We made a goodly party—about twenty men—including two devout Moslems; and at regular times these latter would stop, spread their mats on the ground, and go through their prayers in the various attitudes of Islam.

We started in good spirits. Our road lay due south, making a descent until the shores of the Dead Sea were reached. Whenever possible, we selected our halting-places near a stream, so that we might fill our water-skins and give the animals a good drink. The men did not allow us much rest, however. They were

able to endure any thing themselves, and many of them even walked all the way.

Coming down nearer the shores of the Dead Sea, vegetation became more abundant; and before we could reach water we had to pass through a small forest of grasses and rushes, and had to spread our hands in front of us to force a passage. On the shores of the sea, quite close to the water, we camped for the night. The animals were quickly unloaded and a fire made. Then, like Jacob of old, we found a stone for a pillow and tried

to sleep. But that, we soon found, was impossible. The heat was terrible and the mosquitoes worse. Even the natives, used to the climate, say, "It is like purgatory." Never shall I forget the stillness of the night. Such a starry sky overhead; the sea looking like glass; while the mountains behind us stood out darkly in all their solemn majesty. After a few hours of this so-called rest we continued our journey within sight of the sea,



THESE ARE SOME NATIVES OF KERAK WITH WHOM THE FORDERS MADE FRIENDS DURING THEIR STAY IN THE TOWN. [Photo.]

and reached another village or encampment about eight. Naked children swarmed round us with eager curiosity, and the women were as bad until the time came for them to make their bread. When they had baked it we were given as much as we wanted. It was made in very long, thin cakes, and they brought it to us hanging over their arms, as we should carry a shawl. This was the only time I had bread of this kind. Leaving here we had to cross the Valley of Salt, at the extreme south of the Dead Sea. This is the boundary of Moab; and thence we passed into the wilderness of Judæa. Here we spent a night—or, rather, part of it. The ground was very stony. Here, again, it was impossible to sleep, for we could not lie in any one position for more than a few minutes, the stones made it so uncomfortable. So we moved on, feeling cheered at the thought of reaching Jerusalem in two or three days. What a terrible climb we had then! I hardly knew how to keep my seat, for my mule was constantly slipping on slabs of rocks or over great boulders. We were very tired and very hungry, and our water-skins had given out when we came to the ruins of Masada. Here we decided to halt and unload the animals. It was about eight in the morning, and we sat down to a breakfast of bread and cucumber—all that was to be had for love or money.

We had not been sitting in this way very long before I noticed that something was troubling the men of our party. They began to talk apart in low tones and with an alarmed look. Suddenly I heard confused sounds and yells, and before I could ask any questions I was pulled from the ground, a cloak thrown over me, and I felt myself being dragged down a steep and rocky place. At the bottom of this gully was a cave, and into it I was hurriedly thrown. What my feelings were during that short journey must be imagined. I was dreadfully frightened, for I hadn't the slightest idea why I had been so unceremoniously bundled down there, and, of course, I knew not what

the Arabs' intentions might be, or what was befalling my brother. Here I stayed for several minutes, however, and then was immensely relieved to see my brother. I think it was before he came that I heard the firing of guns and hoarse shouts, and on looking from the cave saw our men running in all directions. When my brother came I learned that our caravan had been attacked by Arab robbers, who lurk about that district in large numbers in order to plunder all who may come that way insufficiently protected.

After a while we left our cave and ventured to the spot we had so suddenly left. Here was confusion indeed. All the baggage lay in heaps on the ground, and was being overhauled by some of the roughest-looking men imaginable. On seeing my brother they searched him and demanded money. As he had none, they took nearly all his clothes, and were in the act of cutting off one of his fingers to gain possession of a plain gold ring which he wore and prized, but one more superstitious than the rest prevented, saying evil would befall them if they hurt a white man. After this he found a sheltered nook for me and covered me up. Our men, too, brought water-skins and whatever property they could get for me to hide under my cover, for I was comparatively safe, as Arabs consider women beneath their notice.

We were detained nearly all day, and had scarcely any food. Our plunderers satisfied their greed by taking thirteen donkeys, four mules, one horse, seventy-four goats, a lot of money from the debt collection, and all the best of the baggage. They then left us to get on as best we could. We had not much heart after this to continue our journey. It took the men some long time to pack up the rejected goods. Some of it had to be hidden among the rocks, as there were not enough animals left to carry it.

The mule I had been riding was taken, so I had to finish the journey on a poor loaded donkey. In this state we could make but slow progress, and had to spend another night in the



AN ARAB MARAUDER OF THE MOABITISH DESERT. HE CARRIES A SPEAR OVER 12 FT. LONG.
From a Photo.

open, our only food being the milk from a few goats which the robbers had deigned to leave us. Next day we did not get so far as we hoped. The men would stop on a high stony plain for hours, exposed to the full blaze of the sun, in order to talk over their misfortune. They had no bread, and only a little flour, which they mixed with water, kneading the dough in their dirty hands for some time, and then setting light to a heap of manure (for there was nothing else to be got). This fuel was allowed to smoulder a long time, and finally the lump of dough was laid on the top to cook. This it never did, but when they deemed it ready, they divided the sorry cake among all, kindly giving us a portion. But, hungry as we were, we could not eat such heavy stuff, especially after seeing it made and cooked.

Having lost so much time in the day, we travelled on late into the evening. We were all among hills, and our party gradually got scattered until we were reduced to five—three men, my brother, and myself. That night we lay on the ground almost too weary and hungry to speak. The night, too, was bitterly cold, although the day had been so scorchingly hot. My brother had only part of a native dress to protect him, and my jacket had been taken by the robbers, though what use they could make of that I cannot think.

In the early morning we were found by the rest of our party. They told us we were not far from Hebron. Cheered by this news we set out once more, but were doomed to have our spirits damped again, for shortly after, meeting a man, we were told that quarantine was in force at Hebron, and we should not be allowed to enter for ten days. To travel farther in our exhausted state we felt would be madness, so we decided to go to Hebron and see for ourselves. We reached the city about five in the morning. But few people were about, and, no one preventing us, we went straight to the house of some American missionaries known to us. Here,

although it was so early, we found a hearty welcome, and I experienced the blessedness of human sympathy, for we were both nearly done up. The savoury breakfast which our kind hosts set before us we were almost too weary to partake of, hungry as we were, and I fell asleep directly I lay down. We must both have presented a pitiable spectacle, having slept on the ground in the open for six nights. Our clothes, or rather, what was left of them, were full of dust; my hair was perfectly matted, and our faces were almost as dirty as natives'.

The men who had accompanied us also tried to get into the city, but were captured, and so we did not have their company on the remainder of our journey to Jerusalem. I cannot express too emphatically our sense of gratitude to those kind American missionaries for all they did for us, and the "God-speed" they gave us on our way. We were fortunate in securing a Hebron man who could supply three donkeys, and would take us on that night. He advised us to keep indoors during the day, or we, too, might get detained. For this I was very sorry—Hebron looked so lovely, with its numerous olive trees, and vineyards, and queer houses. But safety was our first consideration. Our journey had proved quite adventurous

enough for me, at any rate, and I had no desire to see the inside of a Turkish House of Detention. So we, like Brer Rabbit, "lay low." The road from Hebron to Jerusalem is good. We got to Bethlehem in the early morning. Women were going and coming from the vineyards with baskets of grapes on their heads; others were fetching water. Everything looked peaceful and serene. It was an idyllic rural scene, but we did not halt until Jerusalem was reached. Thankful, indeed, were we to be safe once again within its mighty walls. It was less than three months since we had gone out by the North Gate, and now we were returning by the South, glad that our Arab life was over and our adventurous visit to Kerak ended.



THIS IS MR. ARCHIBALD FORDER, OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ALLIANCE, KERAK. NATIVE DRESS IS NECESSARY IN SO FANATICAL A TOWN. [Photo.]

South African Snap-Shots.

BY J. HARTLEY KNIGHT.

II.

This completes the article, showing by means of actual photos, the various phases of life which would strike a new-comer in that great region towards which the eyes of the world are now turned. The photos, showing the result of cattle sickness and how the Boers become such good marksmen are both topical and instructive. The author of this paper is a journalist who has lived in Cape Colony for years.



T is a fact that as a rule the hewers of wood and drawers of water in South Africa are the women. No male dorky will do these things unless he is absolutely obliged to. Of course, when he engages himself out as house-boy he must take and fetch at bidding of the "baas" or "missus." Not so, however, when he is in his own kraal. There he lords it as only a savage can do, and his wives do all the bread-winning. And very hard some of these poor creatures work too, as they patiently

It is believed that the upright carriage of these women and their graceful bearing generally are due to their habit of carrying heavy weights upon their heads. When they have got rid of their wood they generally expend the proceeds in beads or red ochre—enormous quantities of which commodities are disposed of in a year by the various European traders. The beads go to the decoration of the blanket, whilst the red ochre is smeared upon the face—to preserve the complexion!

The Kaffir witch doctor (unlike the prophet) is not without honour in his own land. Here is the portrait of one, supported on either side by a faithful spouse. The man of medicine is "all there," as 'Arry would say, in the matter of costume, and his head-gear is fearfully and wonderfully made. It errs only on the side of simplicity. It is a mass of feathers, and its conception does not say much for the ingenuity of the designer. We have seen the most wonderful effects, in the way of head-gear, produced by broken tobacco-pipes, lids of condensed milk tins, "knuckle" bones, and what not. But a heap of feathers! For the rest,



"AS A RULE THE HEWERS OF WOOD AND DRAWERS OF WATER IN SOUTH AFRICA ARE WOMEN."
From a Photo.

sow and reap while their lord and master idles the day away.

Wood-carrying, too, is done by these Pondo women, the wood being taken to the towns to kindle the fire that cooks the food of the white man. Sometimes, when out riding on the veldt, one will come across a dozen or so of these women marching steadily along in Indian file, and carrying great bundles of firewood, usually of the thorn variety, upon their woolly pates. This wood is sometimes carried for miles at a stretch, and is then hawked from house to house until it is disposed of, at 3d., 6d., or 9d. per bundle, according to the state of the market.

an old blanket or a piece of frouzy sacking covers the witch man from shoulder to ankle, but here and there about his person, more or less exposed to view, he carries an evil-smelling canvas bag, or a leathern pouch, stuffed full of articles representing his stock-in-trade. And a precious collection of rubbish it is too—tufts of human hair, fragments of bones, herbs and roots, leathern thongs, bone snuff-boxes full of snuff and tobacco, and a thousand and one things picked up in the wake of civilization. He has his pipe full on—as a matter of fact, he is seldom without it: and whilst his left hand holds a stick, upon which is a bundle, across



THE WIFE OF A WITCH DOCTOR, INTERFERING WITH THE TEXT, RESPECTING THE KREVE WITCH DOCTOR. (Photo.)

his shoulder, in his right he carries a rude kind of whip, which sometimes plays a not unimportant part in his operations.

These witch doctors are for the most part unmitigated frauds. Once on a time—and not so very long ago either—the witch doctor was a power in the land; but now, thanks to the firm hand of the authorities, his claws have been cut, and the operation of “smelling-out” formerly largely performed by these gentry has

been rigorously put down—although there is good reason to believe that the practice is still indulged in *sub rosa*. “Smelling-out” was pretty sport for everyone excepting the unfortunate “smellee.” If A contracted the measles or got a pain in his pantry through over-feeding he would fancy himself bewitched, and straightway send for the witch doctor. That astute individual, having been well feed, would forthwith proceed to “smell out” the person—B, let us say—who had bewitched poor A. Now, B might be a perfect stranger to A—had never even heard of him, perhaps—but that would avail him naught. As the witch doctor decreed, so it must be, and the unhappy B very soon received his quietus.

Our next picture is one full of sadness. It was taken on the Buluwayo road, and is a striking testimony to the terrible ravages of the rinderpest—a plague which, during the past two or three years, has almost devastated South Africa of its cattle and robbed the natives of their chief source of wealth. The ox in the picture—the last of the herd or team—is dying, and its owner, the very picture of despair, sits grimly awaiting the end. He will not have long to wait; the breath will soon have left the animal, and then, if it is allowed to remain where it is, the *aasvogels* (or vultures) will come and make short work of the carcass. On a certain Christmas Day, some nine or ten years ago, we saw a sight on the veldt outside Johannesburg which even now we cannot recall without a shudder.



THE LAST OX—A PATHETIC OBJECT-LESSON ON THE RAVAGES OF CATTLE SICKNESS IN SOUTH AFRICA. From a Photo. by Barnett, Johannesburg.



From a] HOW THEY CROSS THE NONTWANI RIVER IN ZULULAND. [Photo.

It was an ox dying by the roadside—just like that in the photo. We came upon it quite suddenly at a bend in the road; but, instead of a Kaffir for company, the poor beast was surrounded by hundreds of *aasvogels*, silently gloating over the feast to come. To this day we remember the cruel beaks of these ill-omened birds and the still crueller expression of their eyes. As we approached—somewhat timidly, we confess—one or two of the hideous creatures flapped lazily out of our path, and one more daring than the rest flew upon the neck of the dying animal. These *aasvogels* are the natural scavengers of South Africa, and as such do a good work for the community at large. They have certainly been in clover during the past few years, for during that time hundreds of thousands of oxen have been carried off by rinderpest, and so provided them with more food than even they,

we fancy, could comfortably dispose of.

Still, there is cause for thankfulness that every ox in the country has not been carried off; and science is able to do much. That this is so will be seen by our next photograph, wherein you will see some excellent specimens of the Afrikaner ox. This picture comes from Zululand, and illustrates the method of crossing the Nontwani River there on the backs of oxen. It wants some doing, simple as it looks; for although the ox is used in South Africa to bear the yoke, it is disposed to resent the additional indignity of having to carry human beings. Some oxen are tractable enough, and will suffer their native owners to ride them at will. The

native boys in the picture are clearly riding the oxen for the pure fun of the thing rather than any desire not to wet their ankles in fording the drift, which at this point is less than knee-deep.

The native's love of fun has been already referred to in this article. He will laugh quite heartily even when, as in our next picture, the joke is against rather than with him. This is a bun and treacle competition between natives in Umtali, Mashonaland, and great fun it is—for the onlookers. This particular contest took



From a] BUN AND TREACLE NATIVE SPORTS OCCUPATION DAY AT UMTALI, MASHONALAND. [Photo.



THE AVERAGE KAFFIR'S NOTION OF BRIDGING A STREAM IS EXTREMELY PRIMITIVE (MOLOPO RIVER, NEAR MAFEKING).
From a Photo. by D. Taylor, Mafeking.

place last Occupation Day but one, on which occasion the whole town turned out to see the native sports, of which this was one of the items. On these occasions the arrangements are very simple. The buns, thickly covered with golden syrup, are attached by a short string to a cord stretched between two vertical posts, and all the competitors have to do is to go in and win. Their hands are securely tied behind them, while the buns are set wobbling on their strings by a shake of the canes. The frantic efforts of the boys to grab the well-treacled buns with their teeth is an exceedingly funny business. In a very short time their faces glisten with the sticky stuff, and the addition of a bag or two of flour vastly enhances the comicality of the effect. More often than not the bun will stick against the nose of the competitor instead of his mouth, and at such times the spectators simply shriek with delight. Evidently, at the moment the photo. was snapped off a bag of flour had caught the tallest Kaffir, and this, maybe, is the cause of the excessive hilarity displayed by the young white gentleman

in shirt sleeves and felt hat, a little to the right of the Kaffir. Indeed, the faces of all the onlookers sufficiently testify to the rollicking nature of the scene.

The average Kaffir's notion of bridging a stream or ravine is extremely primitive. If there is a fallen tree-trunk handy he will throw it across the gulf, and so the bridge is made. Then he performs prodigies of valour in his attempt to cross from one bank to the other, and perhaps winds up by falling into the stream and inflicting grievous bodily harm upon himself. Sometimes he will utilize a gnarled and twisted tree root that repeated rains have washed bare of earth, and which has been left high and dry. A bridge of the kind is to be found across the Molopo River at plucky little Mafeking, of which we give an illustration. The crossing of this bridge is not unattended by danger, as one false step, or an overbalancing, would mean a cold bath (and perhaps something worse) for the unlucky person who thus distinguished himself. That this bridge is pretty strong is evidenced by the photo., which shows five persons supported by it at the same time.

Here is another way they have of crossing rivers in some parts of South Africa. It frequently happens that after heavy rains the railway track is in some places completely under water—if, indeed, it be not washed away altogether. Our picture—taken on the Shashi River, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate—gives a good idea of the curious effect produced by a railway train plunging into the stream in order to get to the opposite bank. In



A TRAIN PLUNGING INTO THE SHASHI RIVER IN BECHUANALAND.
From a Photo. by D. Taylor, Mafeking.

the photo. the progress of the train is being watched with much interest as, with full steam on, the engine dashes ahead and churns the stream into foaming waves. Sometimes the water in these rivers rises so high that it is impossible for a train to cross, and passengers and officials have perforce to remain on one side of the river until such time as the waters have subsided. When a "washaway" has occurred on the line—and these have been frequent on the Buluwayo railway—there is a wait of many hours until the damage has been roughly mended.

In Khama's country, in which the river shown in our last picture is situated, that curious creature, the giraffe, may still be met with in considerable numbers. A very fine specimen of his kind is the giraffe that figures in the accompanying picture. He is beautifully marked; and we believe the colouring of this particular animal excited much remark, when the photo. was taken, by reason of its extraordinary richness. It is a fact that in the freedom of the veldt the colour of the giraffe is far more striking than it is in captivity. The bulls are a dark chestnut and the cows a bright yellow; the calves being a deep lemon colour. Picture, if you can, a whole drove of these beautifully-marked creatures scudding across country on the first scent of danger! Time was when giraffes were met with in South Africa as far south as the Orange River, but you won't find any thereabouts now. No: they have learned wisdom from their experience, and if a man wants a giraffe nowadays he has to trek to the desert lands of the North Kalahari and the wilds of N'gamiland. Adult giraffes are not easily captured alive; and when captured are only reared with difficulty.

Indeed, the conveyance of these animals from their native land to the various zoological

gardens of civilization entails considerable trouble. Her Majesty the Queen (for a beautiful giraffe a year or two ago. It was a gift from the Bechuana chief Ratanan to Khama, as is popularly supposed), and was shipped to this county at great trouble and expense. The result was that it no sooner reached these shores than it incontinently died. So rare is the giraffe now, and so great the difficulties of bringing him over sea when you have got him, that we believe his market value landed in London is something like a thousand pounds.

"Pay liquidators Kimberley Central Diamond Mining Co., Limited, or order, five million three hundred and thirty-eight thousand six hundred and fifty pounds sterling"—£5,338,650. 'Tis a good round sum, as Shylock would say, and quite sufficient to keep one going in tolerable comfort for at least three-score years and ten. This cheque was presented ten years ago in Kimberley on behalf of the now famous De Beers Consolidated Mining Co., Limited, in settlement of a little deal between that company and the Kimberley Central Diamond Mining Co., whereby the latter company became absorbed in the former. Up to quite recently this cheque held the record as being the biggest thing of its kind ever drawn and cashed. It bears date

18th July, 1889, and is made payable on the Kimberley branch of the Cape of Good Hope Bank (an institution no longer in existence), whose rubber stamp-mark plainly denotes that this vast sum was duly "paid" to the lucky liquidators. The cheque bears the signatures of Messrs. Nind and Compton, two of the then directors of the De Beers; and also that of the late Mr. W. H. Craven, for many years secretary of the great diamond mining company.

The original big cheque is carefully treasured among the valuables of the De Beers



"IN KHAMA'S COUNTRY THE GIRAFFE MAY STILL BE MET WITH.
From a Photo.



Company. Of course, since the payment of the cheque for £10,000,000 sterling, drawn upon the Bank of England by the Chinese Government in settlement of the Chino-Japanese war indemnity, the De Beers' cheque no longer holds the record as the biggest thing of its kind on earth.

Our next photograph is not that of a mushroom field in Brobdingnag, but a kraal (pronounced "crawl") or native village, of the kind to be met with in almost every part of South Africa. Seen from the summit of a hill, or kopje, a native kraal has quite a taking appearance. It usually consists of two or three rings of huts with an open space in the middle for the safeguarding of cattle; this space being inclosed by a stout fence-work composed of mimosa and other thorn bushes, varying from 6ft. to 12ft. in height. Then again

the whole kraal is ringed in by a natural growth of scrub and bush, so that the interior is not easily approached save by the recognised entrance. The huts are made of "wattle and daub," but so cunningly is the work performed that they last for years, and are absolutely water-tight.

It will be observed that a couple of huts on the left-hand side are "ringed" by themselves. This is probably the residence of the headman, or chief, of the kraal, who is responsible to the



YOU WILL MEET NATIVE VILLAGES ("KRAALS") LIKE THIS IN ALMOST EVERY PART OF SOUTH AFRICA.
 From a Photo. by W. Ransoh.



SUNRISE SEEN FROM ABOVE THE CLOUDS AT GRAAFF-REINET—SPANDEU KOP RISING IN THE MIDDLE.
From a Photo. by W. Roe & Son, Graaff-Reinet.

authorities for the good behaviour of his people. Beyond the kraal is an immense mealie field. Mealies (or Indian corn, as we call it) are the staple food of the Kaffir, and astonishingly well he thrives on it. The corn, when ripe, is pounded to dust in primitive fashion, and the flour thus obtained is boiled, and becomes "mealie pap." The boiling is effected in a three-legged iron pot, and when the mess is ready the niggers squat round it, and each helps himself by the simple method of plunging a spoon or a piece of wood into the pot and conveying it loaded with pap to his mouth. Boiled, as the Kaffirs boil it, mealie pap is the most insipid of dishes, but there can be no question as to its nourishing qualities.

Our readers will agree that our next photograph is very beautiful. At first glance it suggests nothing so much as a huge rock standing grimly forth in a sea that has been lashed into foam and fury by the wind. It is, however, nothing of the kind. The photo. was taken from a point many hundreds of feet above sea-level, as the sun was rising over the "Valley of Desolation," in the Graaff-Reinet district of Cape Colony. The soft, fleecy whiteness is composed of

masses of beautiful clouds and the dark, odd-shaped mass of rock in the middle of the picture is the Spandau Kop. It is worth a journey to Graaff-Reinet to see the brilliant atmospheric effects for which the Valley of Desolation is famed. If the valley were in Europe half the tourists of the world would flock to see it and rave about its mysteriousness. This valley is so called from the peculiar formation of huge basaltic pillars, some of which are between 300ft. and 400ft. in height. The town of Graaff-Reinet—a picturesque little place, locally termed "gem of the desert"—is only about three miles from Spandau Kop, and no tourist engaged in "doing" South Africa should omit to pay it a visit.

Our last photograph shows a couple of Boers out for a day's shooting on the high veldt. In front we see the spring and blés bucks which they have killed, while in the background are the inevitable Cape cart and the outspanned horses cropping the grass. The men seen in our snapshot were such remarkably good shots that, given a packet of ten cartridges, they would guarantee to bring down one buck per shot—and that in spite of the fact that, owing to the extraordinary flatness of the veldt, it is well-nigh impossible to get nearer than a 300-yards range. Our photograph gives a very good idea of the limitless expanse of level veldt which forms the typical background of scenes in the Transvaal. It is no wonder that men born and bred in such a country should be good shots.



HERE WE SEE A PARTY OF TYPICAL BOERS OUT FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING ON THE HIGH VELDT. WITH
From a] A PACKET OF TEN CARTRIDGES THEY EXPECT TO BRING DOWN TEN BUCKS. [Photo.

The Queer Crime of Paul Richard.

By CHARLES GÉNAUX, OF PARIS.

This is the most extraordinary narrative of romance in real life that you have read for many a long day. M. Charles Génaux, the well-known artist-photographer of Brittany, was told of this strange affair by one of his relatives, who presided at the trial, and he himself visited the spot and interviewed the characters. Finally M. Génaux conceived the extraordinarily original idea of inducing Marie Louise and her lover to pose in such a manner as accurately and charmingly to illustrate the remarkable topsy-turvy story of love and jealousy which he elicited from their own lips. Specially written in French, and translated by the Editor.



PRELIMINARY word of explanation is necessary. The tribunal of Vannes, in the month of May, 1898, condemned one of the persons who figure in this story to two years' imprisonment. Now I, so to speak, have reconstituted this curious romance, and that on the very spot where it took place. You will see that the two young people who figure most prominently in this strange tragedy are reproduced in the photos. which I have taken.

Naturally, the third person, being both then and now in prison, was not forthcoming, but he has been replaced in my snap-shots by a typical fisherman of the country.

I left Paris about the middle of June last to return to Lower Brittany. I stopped a little while in Rennes, where one of my relatives occupies a distinguished position in the magistracy. The moment he saw me my uncle accosted me something like this:—

"I have only just finished presiding at the assizes of the tribunal of Vannes, and one of the cases which we judged from day to day stands out very prominently in my mind, so that I thought of you. It occurred to me that it would make an excellent narrative for that singular English magazine which publishes only true stories of adventure." (Of course the worthy magistrate meant *THE WIDE WORLD*. —ED.) "The curious case that I speak of,"

pursued my uncle, "was one of jealousy, and it very nearly led to a double murder. But even now there is time to do the thing, for if you have occasion to go to Cossureau you will see there the living characters of this tragedy."

I thanked my uncle, and at once wrote on my tablets the names of these two young people, "Marie Louise James, seventeen years, mussel fisherwoman"; "Jean Rio, nineteen years, fisherman at the Bergerie, and liable for duty in the fleet." Lastly, the condemned man, "Paul Richard," who had wounded Jean Rio by stabbing him five times with his knife.

Some weeks later I found myself at the Roche-Bernard, near the mouth of the Vilaine. A friend of mine, a local landowner, invited me to visit his vineyards at Cossureau. The moment I heard the name of the hamlet I said to myself: "Good gracious! I must accept this invitation, for now is my time to investigate the strange tragedy of Paul Richard." I even arranged to pass several days in the village in order to gather from the victims' own mouths the details of the affair.

"Ah! you ought to speak to little Marie Louise herself," suggested my friend. "She is a dear, nice, pretty little girl, and the moment you see her you will be well able to understand how any hot-blooded lad should be ready even to ply his knife for her sake."



THIS IS MARIE LOUISE, THE HEROINE OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY TRAGEDY, IN THE IDENTICAL CLOTHES SHE WORE ON THE ALL BUT FATAL DAY. [Charles Génaux.]

Next day we arrived at the hamlet of Cossureau, which is pleasantly situated on the summit of a cliff overlooking the sea. Excited by my wish at once to elicit the story, I was soon presented to a few young fishermen, and as you may suppose, not many minutes after we found ourselves before the deplorable-looking cabin of the James family. Marie Louise herself opened the door. She was indeed charming, a *petite* brunette, with clear grey eyes. I found her people rather stupid, but soon made both them and Marie Louise herself acquainted with my idea and my wishes. The girl was only too ready to tell me the story exactly as it happened. I give it, substantially in her own words.

"In these villages of the coast there is a peculiar kind of good-fellowship subsisting between the boys and girls. You see, m'sieu, we work together, and this leads to friendship, frequently transformed later on into marriage. And yet I assure you that flirting is out of the question, because we are far too tired after our hard day's work to think of anything else except eating, drinking, and sleeping. Every day on the lower beach I sally forth to pick up mussels on the rocks and in the ooze. That isn't much, perhaps, but it is the returning home that tells, laden, as I usually am, with a sackful of mussels, so heavy that I can only stagger along beneath it. It weighs you down and kills you. Naturally enough, I soon got someone to help me. Jean Rio is a strong fellow, and on those days when he did not go out on the sea himself, fishing for soles, he used to carry my burden for me and escort me home with enormous quantities of mussels. Oh! he was so good, this Jean! He knew — yes, indeed! — he knew the very best places to look for mussels, and, thanks to him, I earned more and more, and yet was less

tired than ever at the end of the day. Do you wonder then, m'sieu, that I struck up a grateful friendship with him? And yet never, not even on my birthday, did I allow him to kiss me.

"Now, Rio had a comrade, of the name of Paul Richard. The two were of about the same age, and loved one another like two brothers. But what did I say? Two brothers? Oh! far more than that! Their lives seemed so closely bound up together that the thing was carried to quite ridiculous extremes. Indeed, frequently when my Jean and I met, Paul would go for a stroll with us; and if ever we insisted upon leaving him, and I chanced to look round, I always saw his sad, longing gaze fixed, not, indeed, upon me, but upon his beloved.

"Paul Richard was the handsomest lad in all the country-side, and at the same time he was more intelligent and better educated than the rest, because he had studied for the priesthood, but had suddenly quitted the seminary and returned to the country. And yet he had taken with him into the village the manners of a gentleman, and none knew better than he how to set his cap at the young fisher-girls.

"Knowing this, I was the more astonished in that he never greeted me or treated me nicely. Indeed, every time he had occasion to look at me his strange, dark eyes seemed to pierce me



"OFTEN DURING OUR LONG CHATS I WOULD LEAN OVER MY JEAN AND LALLY HIM FROM HIS GLIMMERY THOUGHTS." [Charles G. Drake. From a Photo. by]

through and through. One day I said to my lover: 'Do you know, your friend Richard makes me afraid? Dear Jean, when you see him, do tell him not to look at me thus.' 'Nonsense, you are joking, Marie Louise! You know as well as I that Paul is the most intimate and loving of all my friends.'

"In the course of time, the friendship that I had for Jean Rio became stronger, and, indeed—I am able to avow it now that we are formally engaged—it developed into love. The villagers often saw us together, and every time Jean returned from the shrimp-fishing he never failed to pass long hours with me at the little rocky grotto of Korrigans. Yes, m'sieu, there—just outside the hamlet of Cossurau—we arranged the future as lovers will, and wrought all sorts of pretty plans that might conduce to our happiness. Often during our long chats I would lean over my Jean and rally him from his gloomy thoughts, for he was

which, had he let it fall, we must inevitably have been dashed to pieces! I screamed and pointed, and, of course, Jean looked up.

"'What are you doing, you silly fellow?' cried my lover, in an angry voice.

"Paul put the boulder down and called out, 'Oh, yes, silly fellow—very silly!'

"He seemed so dejected that we really pitied him.

"Some days after this strange incident I was waiting, as usual, at the grotto of Korrigans for Jean, who was a little late. At last I thought I saw him coming along with his fishing-net and basket. I ran to meet him, and was amazed to see in his place Paul Richard running towards me, smiling and amiable, and yet with an expression which I had never seen before.

"'Good morning, Marie Louise,' he said. 'Jean won't be long coming now, for I only quitted him a few minutes ago.'

"Before I had recovered from my surprise



"I STOOD FACING HIM WITH FOLDED ARMS, AND MY BACK AGAINST THE ROCKS."

From a Photo. by Charles Géniaux.

apt to brood and mourn over the fact that perhaps several years must yet elapse before we could realize our dream. One day—oh! that terrible day!—we were chatting like this, Jean and I, when suddenly I chanced to raise my eyes, and was horrified to perceive on the summit of the cliff above us Paul Richard himself, ghastly pale, and holding suspended exactly over our heads an enormous lump of rock, by

Paul threw himself on the sand near me, his fishing-net at his feet. Never before had I noticed how sweet his voice was. He spoke with a strange softness, and yet by a vague instinct of mistrust I stood facing him with folded arms, and my back against the rocks.

"'And so you love Jean very much?' he asked. Then he began to chat to me about his friend, and that so lovingly that I could

scarcely refrain from smiling. All of a sudden, however, he rose up, trembling and agitated. 'I love him, too,' he murmured. 'Yes, I love him more than you do, for he has been my comrade from childhood, and for him I would give my life a thousand times. It has long been my intention to make a tour of the world with Jean, for we are as two fingers of the same hand, inseparable even unto death.'

"Some time after this I saw the two together. Paul was amiable enough on this occasion, and expressed regret for his stammer and angry words. He was quite lively, even, and very nice to me. 'Ah!' said he, 'I envy that lucky fellow Jean, who has found such a dear, good little woman.' Saying these words he tickled me under the chin with such boldness and yet with such good humour that we all



"AH!" SAID HE, "I ENVY THAT LUCKY FELLOW JEAN, WHO HAS FOUND SUCH A DEAR, GOOD LITTLE WOMAN."
[Charles Géniaux.]

"'Oh,' I protested, 'but my Jean has promised me to remain here when we are married.'

"'Married! You will *never* be married!' was the swift reply. 'You know the saying: "A man married is a man drowned." At all events, I swear that you will never take from me the love of Jean. Adieu!'

"These strange words filled me with terror, and when I met Jean I told him about this interview. With a pensive air he said, 'Yes, Marie Louise, you are right. Paul is becoming most extraordinary. Only yesterday he implored me with his eyes full of tears to go away with him and embark for the China Seas. Of course I refused, and then he said: "Don't speak any more to this woman, who is changing your heart towards your friend. Can you not see that, without parents and without relatives, I have only you in the world? And if I lose you, wretched am I, and woe unto me."

"'I begged him to calm himself, and at the same time endeavoured to make peace with him. "Ah, later on, Paul," I said, "you will be the constant, loved, and honoured guest in our little house, and then we will be more together than ever, you and I."

laughed together, we three, Jean protesting meanwhile: 'Ah! when we are married I shall have to forbid these little games!'

"Paul's countenance changed instantaneously as he repeated: 'Married! Ah! yes—married, married!'

"So saying, he walked away without even bidding us good-bye.

"'He becomes stranger and stranger, your friend,' said I to Jean.

"'Soon our two families made arrangements for our official engagement, and it was decided that our marriage should be celebrated the moment my Jean returned from his service with the fleet.*

"Paul was one of the first to be acquainted with the news of our approaching wedding, and the moment he heard it he recoiled, pale and trembling, as though someone had struck him a blow. Then he went to seek his comrade, and they two went off together fishing for shrimps. When they were on the beach of La Bégerie—so called because there is a big farm of sheep and cows on the cliffs—they

* Most of the fishermen of Brittany are called upon for periodical service in the French Navy.—Ed.



THEY GO TO SEEK HIS COMRADE, AND THEY TWO WENT OFF TOGETHER FISHING FOR SHRIMPS. [Charles Gouinat.]

stood chatting a little while, until Paul remarked, abruptly, with a distracted air: 'For God's sake, don't speak to me of Marie Louise!' After a moment's pause he added: 'I see dreadful things in my brain, because I have decided never to lose the love and goodwill of my best friend.'

"Indeed, this became a fixed idea in his mind, and on that particular occasion he remained absolutely silent during all the hours they worked together.

"Jean told me afterwards that he accidentally let his shrimping apparatus fall into the water near some rocks, and seeing that it was in danger of being smashed up and his friend put to great inconvenience and expense, Paul literally hurled himself into the water and, at the risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocks, recovered the net. In the struggle he cut and bruised his hands badly. Naturally, Jean thanked him with all his heart, yet he responded only in a trembling voice: 'Oh! that I had a chance to die for you! Only, I implore you not to marry this girl.'

"Now," continued the vivacious little Marie Louise, "I come to the day of the crime. On the 11th of March of last year I was returning home after a heavy bout of washing, and carried a large basket of linen in my arms. Suddenly, whom should I see running towards me but Paul Richard? I was about to greet him as usual when, to my utter stupefaction, he leapt upon me and struck me violently in the face with hands covered with blood. A moment or two later I realized that he was trying to strangle me, crying, as he did so: 'Jean first, and now you! I have killed him—I have killed him! Now it is your turn, wretched girl whom I hate!'

"Hearing my cries, the neighbours rushed up to us and delivered me from my would-be murderer, whom they bound with ship's rope. With great presence of mind others ran down to the beach. And, indeed, they were all but too late. There lay my beloved Jean, apparently quite lifeless, and with five terrible knife-wounds in his body! An hour or two later, and the rising tide would inevitably have drowned him." And the poor little Bretonne began to weep copiously.

I thanked her most cordially, and then asked her if she would be willing to place herself at my disposal on the morrow for the taking of the photographs. I told her I wanted her lover with her in the identical dress, and in the identical places where these cruel scenes were enacted. She consented to do this.

"Now, let us go along and see Jean Rio himself," said I to my local friend. The villagers pointed out to us the fisherman's poor hovel at the place known as La Bégerie. When we entered the hut Jean Rio was drying one of the big skate with which the fishermen make soup during the winter. I introduced myself politely, and said I should much like to hear from his own lips an account of his strange struggle with his comrade.

Possibly, in a romance, Jean Rio would be a most handsome and engaging young fellow; but, as this is a narrative of real life, and as anyone who so pleases can interview Marie Louise and her lover for themselves in their Breton home, I must tell you the truth and describe Jean Rio as a surly, unattractive person, whom it is a miracle any girl should take a fancy to.

"What, again?" he growled. "All right then, if it will amuse you, here goes. Only bear in mind that this is about the thousandth time I have been compelled to tell the tale."

Behind his back I made a sign of astonishment to my friend, who quite understood me. We were both amazed that so ugly and boorish a young fellow had been able to inspire little Marie Louise with any sentiment other than positive aversion.

Here is Jean's account as we gleaned it from his own lips:—

"Shrimps were not plentiful on that day, and at length, depressed and disgusted, I threw my basket and net on one side. For a few minutes I collected certain varieties of seaweed on the rocks, and then, almost without a moment's warning, Paul Richard appeared. He seemed to be breathing heavily.

"'You're out of breath,' I remarked. 'Why, you've been running.' But he said not. Several

only that,' he went on, breathlessly. 'But I have signed on for both!'

"'Good heavens!' I laughed, again. 'Why, you've gone crazy, man! How can you go if you like; but as for me, I shall remain here!'

"'Ah! and so it is that wretched girl who holds you so strongly?' he sneered. 'But never mind! In the ordinary way you are a good fellow, and a friend whom I love above all others. Yes,' he went on, almost in a shriek, 'it is this wretched creature who has captured your heart, and now you hate and detest me! Swear to me,' he raved, crazily, 'that you will remain my friend and forget this woman.'

"His manner suddenly changed to pleading. 'Oh, if you only knew how much I am suffering, how much I fear to lose the friendship of my life! I would kill you, and her with you, if I thought that one day you would repulse me!' His mood had altered again.

"I thought this extraordinary interview had



"WHILE WITH MY LEG I WAS TRYING TO TRIP HIM UP, FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS WEAPON DESCENDED AND WAS DRIVEN INTO MY SHOULDER." JEAN RIO HIMSELF POSED FOR M. GÉNIAUX IN THE PRECISE SPOT WHERE THIS DRAMATIC SCENE TOOK PLACE; AND THE REAL ASSAILANT BEING NOW IN PAUL, HIS PLACE WAS TAKEN BY ANOTHER FISHERMAN. (Charles G. Geniaux.)

times he appeared to be about to say something, but the words stopped themselves on his lips. At last he burst out, nervously, 'Look here, Jean, the steamer *Ville de St. Nazaire* goes—leaves—for South America on the 10th of June. They want two men—yes, two men—and I have proposed myself and you. Not

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gone far enough. 'Paul,' roared I, violently, 'I forbid you to say these things! At the same time I tell you once for all that your manners displease me. Go!—clear out where you like!—and leave me to live my life happily with Marie Louise.'

"No sooner had I mentioned her name than

he threw himself upon me and hurled me to the ground, beneath a huge rock. He foamed at the mouth and ground his teeth. Naturally enough I was very much alarmed, and cried, 'You must be mad! Why, Paul, Paul, what are you going to do?'

'You will see,' he said, desperately, with his eyes full of tears. 'Oh, I am wretched—so wretched!' He began to weep. I thought myself lost. My quondam friend's face was hideous with passion and hatred. 'I ask you for the last time,' he said, presently. 'Will you go with me and leave this girl?' 'No, no,' I cried, resolutely. 'And you—you fill me with horror.'

'I remember that I caught the flash of something in his right hand. I knew it was his knife, and while with my leg I was trying to trip him up, for the first time his weapon descended and was driven into my shoulder. But I am used to hardship and pain, m'sieu, so I didn't cry out. We were strangely calm, both of us, at that weird interview, but I knew that death was staring me in the face.'

'Jean, Jean,' he screamed and pleaded, 'come with me! Let us go and forget everything. I will serve you as a faithful dog. I will be your slave: but do not abandon me.'

'By way of reply I spat in his face' (Not very heroic this.—C. G.) "and dug my nails into his arm. Next moment he stabbed me deliberately four times with his knife. I felt the warm blood gushing out in every direction, and I fainted away. I think he believed me dead. As a result of these cruel wounds I hovered several weeks almost between life and death; for, to make matters worse (I learned this from the doctor), Paul's knife was dirty, and so had poisoned the wounds. To-day I am cured, m'sieu, and only the scars remain. My left arm was pierced three times, my shoulder badly hacked, and besides I had a serious stab in the chest."

"I suppose you hate your would-be murderer with all your heart?" suggested my friend to the young fisherman.

"Not at all," replied Jean. "I believe he's mad!"

"If I mistake not," I added, "Paul Richard's

counsel at the trial suggested that Paul himself was in love with Marie Louise, and that it was through passionate jealousy that he attempted to murder you?"

"It is false—completely, utterly false," said Rio, rising angrily. "Paul Richard never spoke one word of love to my sweetheart."

"Well, then, to what motive do you attribute his curious attack?"

"He feared that he was never going to see me again—that is to say, after my marriage—and it was his great ambition to pass his life in undivided friendship with me."

"And yet," said I, sarcastically, "he endeavored to kill you—you whom he professed to love."

But this was evidently a subject which Jean Rio did not care to discuss further. At any rate, this much is certain: that the tribunal of Vannes found in Richard's case certain extenuating circumstances, and the verdict was that he had acted in a moment of temporary insanity. But no one will ever be able to say why Paul attempted to murder his best friend. Will anyone, I wonder, ever know the secret of that strange heart? Romantically-minded readers of this curious narrative will no doubt imagine for themselves a great unspoken love, desperate as well as silent, for Paul well knew that Rio was the man whom Marie Louise loved best in the world. The magistrates condemned Paul to two years' imprisonment; but, as my uncle remarked to me more than once (and you will remember that it was he who presided as magistrate at the trial of Paul Richard), "We have punished him for the knife-wounds, but God alone knows what was the real motive for his act."

The day after the interviews recorded herein—a glorious June morning—I was conducted by the two lovers to the identical places where this strange drama took place, and there I asked them to carry out their promises to me to assist me in taking the photos, which illustrate this narrative in so peculiar a manner.

Readers of THE WIDE WORLD will be interested to know that when I developed the plate showing the scene of the combat, Jean Rio declared it was a representation so exact that the mere sight of it made him tremble afresh.

How the Spirit-Wrestlers Came to Canada.

BY DELEVAN L. PIERSON, OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A distinguished American missionary editor tells us all about a most remarkable sect, whose members, persecuted in Russia, recently emigrated to Canada. They eat no meat, have property in common, and offer no resistance to violence. The men refused to serve in the Russian army; hence the persecution. That the Spirit-Wrestlers are a brave and hardy race will be evident from the remarkable photo showing the team of women dragging the plough.



It is not an uncommon sight, in some parts of Europe, to see women harnessed with dogs, and drawing carts or canal boats; but it may seem strange that in Christian Canada women drag the plough without even the help of a beast of burden. These women

are Doukhobors, thousands of whom have been driven from Russia by persecution, and have been welcomed in Western Canada, where they have been given land and other help to enable them to make a living.

Now, why were these people driven from their homes in the Caucasus? Because the Government of the Czar — author of the Peace Conference — would not allow them to live up to their belief in "Peace at any price." For a century and a half these Doukhobors ("Spirit-Wrestlers"), as they are called, have been subject to terrible persecution because of their peace-loving nature and their persistent refusal to take up arms against their fellow-men. Five thousand of them are still in exile in Siberia, and seven thousand others have sought refuge in Western Canada.

They call themselves "Universal Brotherhood Christians"; and the sect first appeared about

150 years ago in South Russia. They believe in taking literally the Bible commands to "Love your enemies" and "Resist not evil"; and from the first they have suffered much persecution from the religious and political rulers of Russia. Alexander I. allowed them to settle on the shore of the Azof Sea; but Nicholas I.

in 1840 banished them to Trans-Caucasia, where it was thought the wild frontier tribes would probably exterminate them. There, however, they won the friendship of the hill tribes, and enjoyed half a century of prosperity and peace.

The man whom the Doukhobors now look up to as their leader is Peter Verigin. In his younger days he is said to have been rather wild, for conscription had not as yet been introduced to the Caucasus, and as the Spirit-Wrestlers waxed fat, they forgot

the precepts of their fathers, and smoked, drank strong drink, accumulated private property, discussed their religion only as a matter of intellectual interest, and eased their consciences by much charity. Then arose Peter Verigin, who set himself energetically to work to revive the old faith and customs of the Doukhobors. He and they returned to vegetarianism and total abstinence from intoxicants and tobacco. They re-



A TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR FAMILY, PERSECUTED IN RUSSIA, UNDER EXTREMELY UNFAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES THESE PEOPLE EMIGRATED TO CANADA.

From a Photo. by Baldwin and Gibson's, Winnipeg.

divided their property voluntarily, so as to do away with the distinctions between rich and poor, and again they began to insist on the strict doctrine of non-resistance to violence. The Imperial Russian Government felt that Peter Verigin would be better removed, especially as the conscription was then being introduced into the Caucasus. He was therefore, about twelve years ago, banished to Lapland, but was afterwards transferred to Obdorsk, in the north of Siberia, in order that he might be more completely cut off from his people.

The Doukhobors, however, did not abstain from trying to establish communication with Verigin even at that distance. They also dispatched one of their number to visit him. After many weeks of travelling, this Doukhobor reached the last post-town before Obdorsk. Here he had to change reindeers, and while he was resting he was visited by a man, who questioned him as to his destination and the object of his journey. The Doukhobor told no lies: but suspecting that he had to do with an emissary of the police, as soon as the visit was over he made haste to get fresh reindeers harnessed to his sledge, and pushed on quickly to Obdorsk. He reached his destination safely, saw Peter Verigin, had some conversation with him, and delivered letters. But their interview had not lasted very long before the police arrived in pursuit of the traveller, and sent him back again to the Caucasus. Some time later the same Doukhobor was again dispatched on the same errand. His mission was now more difficult than before. The police supervision of the Doukhobors had become stricter, and the police in the north had been warned to keep a stricter watch over Verigin.

But somehow or other the Doukhobor finally reached Moscow, where he consulted friends as to the best mode of procedure. He was advised that it was useless to attempt the direct road to Obdorsk, which he had travelled before. The only thing for him, therefore, was to travel to Archangel, and then drive eastward, with reindeers, many hundreds of miles till he reached Obdorsk from that side. He set out, but at Archangel was arrested and ordered back to the Caucasus. The police furnished him with a passport marked with instructions that he was to be allowed to travel nowhere but towards his own village. With this pass he was sent from one police post to another. Before he had gone far, however, he found that the name of his obscure Caucasian village was not familiar to the police-officers into whose hands he had passed, and he availed himself of this to turn his face eastward and push on once more toward Obdorsk, using his pass, when necessary, as a

proof that his journey was sanctioned by the police. In this manner he made his way almost to Verigin's place of exile—almost, but not quite. He was once more arrested: and this time the police took care of him till he reached the Caucasus.

It is customary for the inhabitants of the Caucasus to possess arms, and during their period of prosperity the Doukhobors owned weapons to protect them from bandits. When they again began to practise non-resistance, however, they felt that so long as one possessed weapons it was difficult to keep from using them when robbers came to steal a horse or cow. So to remove temptation and to prove their principles to the Government, they resolved to destroy their arms. This decision was carried out simultaneously in the three districts they inhabited on the night of the 28th of June, 1895. In the Kars district the affair passed off quietly. In the Government of Elessavetpol, however, the authorities made it an excuse for arresting forty Doukhobors under the plea that this was rebellion against army service. But it was in the Government of Tiflis that they fared the worst. There a large assembly of men and women gathered at night to burn their arms, meanwhile singing psalms. The bonfire was already burning low, and the day had begun to dawn, when two Cossack regiments arrived on the scene and were ordered to charge the defenceless crowd. They set about flogging men and women indiscriminately with whips, and they kept it up until they had worn out their lashes and the Doukhobors' faces and clothes were covered with blood.

Why this was done nobody seems to know. No one was tried for it, and no one was punished; nor has any apology or explanation ever been offered to the Doukhobors. The authorities in St. Petersburg depend for their information on the local authorities who committed this blunder or perpetrated this crime. The newspapers have strict instructions not to make any reference to such matters; and three friends of Count Leo Tolstoi, Vladimir Tchertkoff, Paul Birnkoff, and Ivan Tregonboff—who went to St. Petersburg with a carefully-worded statement of what had occurred, and who wished to see the Emperor about it, were banished without trial and without even being allowed to make the matter public.

More amazing still, punishment fell, not upon those who had done the wrong, but on those who had suffered it unresistingly. Cossacks were quartered on their village, and there insulted the women, beat the men, and stole property. Four thousand people had to abandon their homes, sell their cultivated lands at a few days' notice, and be scattered in

banishment to unhealthy districts, where about a thousand of them perished in three years from want, disease, or ill-treatment.

A middle-aged woman thus describes some of the milder forms of abuse to which they were subjected by Cossacks: "Four of us women were going from Spaski to Bogdeanooka, and on the road we were overtaken by a hundred Cossacks, who brought us into Bogdeanooka. They there placed us in a coach-house, and led us one by one into the yard. There they stripped us, and flogged our bare bodies so that you could not count the strokes. Two of them held us and four flogged. Three of us stood through it, but one they dragged about so that she could not stand."

Twelve Doukhobors who were in the Russian army refused to serve longer, and were condemned to join a penal battalion. A year later they were so emaciated that they could scarcely be recognised. On one occasion they "were laid down, and on each side of them were stationed drunken men, who began to flog them with thorny rods like ferocious wild beasts." Each received thirty strokes. Three of these men are still in the penal battalion, while the other nine were sent to Siberia, where some have died. The situation became more and more unbearable for the Doukhobors, and many vain attempts were made to secure concessions from the Government.

Finally, in 1897 the Empress Maria, mother of the present Czar, visited the Caucasus and learned about their character and condition. She brought the matter to the attention of the Czar, and on February 21st, 1898, permission was given to those not already liable to military service to leave the country. The permission came none too soon. Out of one company of 4,000, who had been driven from their homes, 800 had died in two years and a half. Friends in England and elsewhere came to their assistance, and set to work to help them choose a place for their future home. Where should they go? Already the fame of their industry and honesty had travelled abroad, and France, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, the United States, and other countries were anxious to secure them as settlers. One colony went to Cyprus, but found the climate unsuitable. Finally their attention was directed to Canada, and Alymer Maude visited the Dominion and

secured the promise of land in Manitoba and an allowance of one dollar per head for the settlers.

The shiploads of Doukhobors began to come to their new homes early in January, 1899, over 2,000 at a time; and now there are over 7,000 of these strange and interesting people settled in Manitoba. The welcome given to the first contingent was overpowering in its cordiality. When they arrived they were the topic of conversation all over Canada. Reporters met them as soon as they appeared off Halifax, and accompanied them from there to St. John,



"SHIPLOADS OF DOUKHOBORS BEGAN TO COME TO THEIR NEW HOMES EARLY IN JANUARY, 1899." (Photo from a)

N.B. A salute of artillery greeted them at the port and crowds blackened the quays. The railway journey was a triumphal procession, the Doukhobors holding a reception to the citizens at every stopping-place. The impression they created was most favourable; their cleanliness was praised, as though foreign immigrants were expected to be dirty; their splendid physique and picturesque costumes were admired, and their politeness extolled.

Until the severity of the winter moderated,



FROM 1900 BY PULLING TO BUY CATTLE, THE WOMEN TURNED TO IN TEAMS AND DRAGGED THE PLOUGH THEMSELVES. [Photo.]

and accommodation could be made ready in the Colonies, the Doukhobors were lodged in Government shelters at various points—Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Yorkton, and Dauphin. Some of the men went out at once to help erect houses on the land, whilst the rest settled down in their quarters. Some got jobs at wood-splitting and the like, but for the most part shoemaking, whittling wooden spoons and forks (in great demand as souvenirs), and, for the women, cooking, cleaning, and needlework occupied their time.

At Winnipeg a woman organized an English class, which was a great success, the Doukhobor children proving apt scholars, and eager to learn.

When the snow disappeared at the latter end of March ploughing and digging the land were in full swing. There were more ploughs than teams to draw them, so the Doukhobors, women as well as men, hitched themselves to ploughs and broke the sod. In some cases the plough was "manned" entirely by women, some twenty of them uniting their strength to get it along. Those not ploughing dug the ground with spades or attended to other necessary work.

All the Canadians who have had personal dealings with the Doukhobors speak highly of them. The Canadian axe-men who helped in building the temporary log houses, working with the Doukhobors some six or seven weeks, have nothing but good to say of them—their industry, good humour, and their brotherliness to one another. A Scotch-Canadian lumberman—foreman in charge of one of the two parties

—was enthusiastic in his praise; they were, he said, good, Christian people, such as he had never seen before, and he trusted they would not be corrupted by too much contact with other settlers.

An interpreter employed by the Dominion Government, after being with the Doukhobors since they arrived in the North-West, has decided to settle permanently near them. And a doctor on one of the boats which brought them out felt so drawn towards them that he resigned his position in order to volunteer his services for a few months in exchange for bare living expenses.

The power that Christianity in its truest sense has of civilizing is made manifest in this instance. These people, deprived of even the few necessities of life common to the children of the soil; hunted from pillar to post, made to herd like beasts of the field, beaten, ill-treated, and mothers separated from their children and wives from their husbands, are to-day the most polite, orderly people it is possible to imagine. The villages they are building testify to the powers of organization and inherent orderliness of the people. The results of self-discipline are apparent in the people as a whole, and the very core of their religious conviction is self-restraint.

The absence of anything like noisiness or excitability strikes one the instant one moves about among the villages. The very children



From a

EXTERIOR OF A DOUKHOBOR'S HUT IN WESTERN CANADA.

[Photo.]

are curiously quiet and gentle in their mode of play, and they are miniatures of their elders in more than their picturesque costume.

There is something unutterably pathetic to those who live in this wrangling, noisy world of the nineteenth century to see women and children of the Doukhobors quietly and silently bearing with a great patience the load that is laid upon their shoulders.

Their hard labour is marvellous, and varies in kind from the finest embroidery to the building and plastering of houses.

Most of the men are obliged to leave home to earn money, and the women help the few men left in the village to build the houses, and not only tread the mortar and use their hands

as trowels, but actually cart the logs themselves, drawing them for miles with the aid of two simple little wooden wheels, no bigger than those of a child's go-cart. The earth for the mortar, too, was carried on their backs in baskets woven of willow, or huge platters hewn out of logs, the water being carried at times for half a mile in two buckets hewn like the platters out of trunks of trees, and hung at the end of a long sapling. A deep trench was dug, and by the edge sat a score of women less strong than their Spartan sisters, chopping, with a rude hatchet, hay or grass, to mix with the water in the trench or pit. Bucket after bucket of water was

poured in from the primitive wooden pails, while six women with skirts kilted up nearly to their waists trod the mortar as smooth as paste. Another gang of women carried it in wooden troughs to the houses, where six or eight others plastered the logs both inside and out with the cold clay paste.

The neatness of the work was astonishing, for while in some cases logs large enough to build a log house were to be found, in others they had to be woven out of coarse willow branches; the upright posts alone being of sufficient strength to support the roofs of sods (two layers), laid on with a neatness and precision seldom seen. The walls of the houses themselves were not only stuffed with clay, but

presented, both inside and out, — smooth surface as if the trowel of a first-rate plasterer had been at work. In many cases these people had neither tools nor nails, and yet the exacting work of the interior of the houses is a marvel of ingenuity. Their great ovens, moulded out of clay, always presented a symmetrical appearance, which the appellation "mud oven" does not convey. They are built close to the entrance, and occupy a space of about 5ft. square. There are always three or four niches which are used to keep things warm and act as tiny cupboards; while the flat top, about 4ft. from the roof, is occupied on cold days by the old grand dame, with her never-idle knitting needles. Close to her



FIGURE 1. INTERIOR OF A DWELLING BUILT BY THE WONDERFUL DOUKHOBOR HOUSES. [Photo.]

perhaps swings the curious cradle, covered with a curtain drawn close round it, and containing a chubby baby in real swaddling clothes, and looking for all the world like a parcel tied up with broad ribbons.

We are convinced that the history of this interesting and unique people has only just begun. Russia's loss is Canada's gain. The Spirit-Wrestlers have now a chance to show the stuff that is in them.

The following appeared in the daily paper recently: "So well have the Doukhobors, the Russian Quakers, prospered in Canada, that of the money advanced to them by the Government, to buy machinery and implements, they have returned 80 per cent. in less than a year."

A Lady's Meteor-Hunt Above the Clouds.

By GERTRUDE BACON.

That the person who went through the following exciting and well-told adventure is a lady renders the narrative doubly interesting. During November of last year it was arranged that Miss Bacon should accompany her father, the Rev. J. M. Bacon, F.R.A.S., as assistant in the balloon generously placed at his disposal by the "Times" newspaper for the observation of the expected meteoric display. All three aeronauts narrowly escaped with their lives, our authoress herself sustaining a broken arm. Her photos. will be found most interesting.



HE great shower was generally predicted by astronomers for the early morning of Thursday, November 16th; but since we were warned that it might very possibly arrive twenty-four hours earlier, it was decided to have the balloon inflated and ready by the previous night.

For this purpose Messrs. Spencer and Sons, the well-known firm of aeronauts, in whose capable hands the necessary arrangements were left, elected in favour of a large balloon fitted with a solid or "ripping" valve, which would allow of little or no leakage of gas during the many hours the silk might have to remain filled. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that an ordinary balloon valve is provided with a spring, by which it can be opened and shut at pleasure. A solid valve, on the contrary, is hermetically sealed until the last moment, when a sharp wrench tears the whole away, leaving a large orifice which cannot afterwards be closed. Owing to this circumstance, and to the large amount of gas liberated, such a valve can only with safety be ripped open when the balloon is quite close to earth, otherwise an ugly fall is the consequence.

The scene of the ascent was the inclosure of the Newbury gas-works, where Mr. Stanley Spencer, to whose personal care we were committed, arrived with

his aerial craft during the Tuesday morning. The aerial ship that he brought with him was worthy of his command—a shapely monster of 56,000 cubic feet capacity. The process of filling was shortly commenced.

Tuesday night, November 14th, was luckily a clear one, and we were able to satisfy ourselves that there was not sufficient promise of the expected display to warrant our ascending. On Wednesday night dense clouds overspread the entire heavens, and we decided to make the ascent at about four o'clock in the morning, from which hour until six astronomers had predicted the height of the brilliant heavenly shower. We reached Newbury at midnight.

There was something strange and unusual about the scene of our start which rendered it not a little effective. A moist, heavy mist, through which the light of the almost full moon could scarcely penetrate, lay like a pall over all, and damped the folds of the great balloon as it towered up into the darkness, rustling gently, every now and then, to the light night breeze blowing from the eastward. Despite the hour a large crowd had gathered around, dimly revealed in the light of the gas-lamps. There were many kind friends present to wish us "bon voyage," and many eager hands were extended to help our skilled and genial aeronaut, who, in gold-laced naval cap and jacket, swinging



THE REV. J. M. AND MISS G. BACON AS THEY APPEARED ON REACHING THE EARTH ONCE MORE. MR. BACON'S CLOTHES ARE TORN AND HIS CAP MISSING; WHILST OUR AUTHORESS HAS A BROKEN ARM.

From a Photo. by Rev. J. S. W. Stanwell.

himself deftly among the ropes as he made his final adjustments, looked every inch the sailor he has such good right to consider himself. Many were the surmises as to the course we were likely to take, the general opinion being that we should travel due west, following the

aneroid slung in the light of the Davy lamp overhead. The lights of the sleeping town were still beneath us; but now we discharged our first bag of ballast, and immediately found ourselves enveloped in dense cloud. The heavy folds of damp, clinging vapour hung like a smothering blanket round our already moisture-laden balloon, and two more ballast bags had immediately to be emptied over the side. Nor was this enough. At 4.50 we were 3,000ft. high, proving the mist to be 1,500ft. thick at least; and as we rose no more, another 50lb. was got rid of — an almost unprecedented loss of sand for so short a period.

But the contents of the fourth bag had scarcely been discharged when, as in a flash, the moon burst forth in matchless splendour and the stars shone down from a perfectly clear sky. And into what a fairyland had we penetrated! And what a sublime panorama was spread around! The moon was of a strange, tawny, copper hue; and round her was a large



FILLING MR. BACON'S BALLOON AT NEWBURY GASWORKS.
From a Photo. by Miss Gertrude Bacon.

course of the great Bath Road; and since this would bring us to the sea-coast in about sixty miles, we agreed that in the event of our losing sight of the earth above the clouds, it would scarcely be safe to remain aloft more than three hours—or four at the outside.

Our paraphernalia was soon stowed away in the car. It comprised a camera for a possible shot at the stars; a specially constructed apparatus for collecting meteoric dust that might be floating in the upper regions; note-books and pencils, a Davy lamp, rugs and great-coats, and a thick packet of sandwiches. Nothing had been omitted. Even life-belts were provided in view of possible accidents, but being at the last moment deemed unnecessary, they were left behind. Lastly we ourselves scrambled into our wicker basket, the superfluous sand-bags were lifted out, the last restraining rope released, and then swiftly and smoothly we rose into the air amid the cheers of the crowd. "Which way are we drifting?" shouted my father to the sea of upturned faces below, but the answer was drowned in the general outcry; and in another moment the noise had died completely away and perfect calm and stillness wrapped us round.

It was then half-past four. In five minutes we had reached 1,500ft., as indicated by the sensitive

and glorious halo of brightest prismatic colours, weird and wondrous, but supremely lovely. The stars twinkled vividly overhead, and beneath lay a sea of snow-white cloud, all piled and heaped in waves and mountain billows, as of some wind-tossed ocean—but with this difference, that the outlines were all of the softest filmy vapour, glistening in the moonlight, with deep purple shadows beneath. And from this calm, still sea came no murmur of waters, but an utter silence prevailed and a perfect peace that might have belonged to Heaven itself.

For a moment we were lost in breathless admiration. Then we thought of the meteors, and realized that the stupendous shower we had learned to expect so much of was *not* in progress. Not a single shooting star would issue from the radiant, and we shortly found ourselves sinking back into the mist. Another bag was swiftly dispatched, and immediately after we saw our first meteor. But one shooting star doesn't make a shower, and we were much more concerned to note that we were still falling earthwards. It was scarcely five o'clock. We had already sacrificed five bags, and two more had to go almost immediately. It was altogether beyond Mr. Spencer's experience, as it was also against his professional instinct, to part with weight so rapidly. He could only



THIS ONE OF MISS BACON'S SNAP-SHOTS GIVES A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE OCEAN OF CLOUD THAT GLISTENED BELOW THEM.

From a Photo. by Miss Gertrude Bacon.

suppose it due to the enormous condensation of moisture upon the silk during the passage through the cloud, and the chilling of the gas in the colder upper regions. However, we had come to see the shower of meteors, or prove its absence, and we urged him to keep above cloud-level for at least a short while longer; and indeed, after the seventh bag we noted with satisfaction that we sank no more, but preserved a uniform height of about 3,000ft.

For an hour or so we floated thus, keeping a sharp look-out upon the meteors, of which, altogether, we caught a glimpse of some nine or ten. It was just upon the stroke of six, as tolled out from some village steeple far beneath, when we first beheld in the eastern sky the breaking flush of day. Very lovely was this rising dawn of green and copper shades, and very rapidly it overspread the heavens; while opposite in the westward the dulled moon was slowly creeping behind the eddying mists,

which now hid her in a thick veil, and then, falling away again, allowed us one more peep of her darkened, misshapen face. Then from below came such a chorus of shrill, piercing cock-crows that it seemed as if the whole countryside must be one vast poultry farm; and the lowing of cattle and yelping of dogs rose up as joyful greeting to another working day.

In twenty minutes it was broad daylight, and the moon had fled for good. Again we turned to our aneroid, expecting our descent to be near at hand; but we were still riding at 3,000ft. though no more ballast had been discharged. And now for the first time a new and uncomfortable thought stole into our minds. In a short time longer the sun would have risen upon us, and his warm beams would be drying the silk and expanding the gas—in which case should we not rise instead of fall, and rise for how long?

"Would it be safe to pull the valve-rope," I asked Mr. Spencer, "supposing that in half an hour we were still at our present height?" But he answered most emphatically that it would not, and henceforth we watched the drifting cloud banks anxiously, as they stretched up clammy arms towards us, yet ever just too far away to reach us in their damp embrace.

Half an hour passed, not over happily, despite the changing beauty of the dawn; and then at length, in golden splendour, the glorious sun appeared. All eyes turned once more upon the graduated dial, and then, indeed, it is no shame to own, as we owned to each other—if not in actual words, at least in sobered faces and gloomy hints—that our hopes sank within us. We had risen almost another 500ft., and were still rising. The mists fell away below us for the last time, like baffled spirits of the night, and the tightened red and yellow silk spread its dry folds to a cloudless sky.

One thing was abundantly clear. Under no circumstances could we hope to come down to earth till noon (distant five long hours) was passed. As the day wore on we must surely rise up into the heavens, where no cloud would form to shield us; and if this had been the only consideration it would not have seriously distressed us. The difficulty lay in the awful un-



MR. STANLEY SPENCER, THE WELL-KNOWN AERONAUT, AND CAPTAIN OF MR. BACON'S BALLOON.

From a Photo. by G. W. Austen.

certainty of our whereabouts; our inability to see the earth or judge in any way our direction or speed; and the probability, growing every moment nearer a certainty, *that we were approaching the sea*, out over which we must surely float mile after mile, beyond the reach of aid, till with declining day our balloon settled down upon the watery waste to rise no more.

And in order to demonstrate that this danger was a very real and very near one, let it be borne in mind that we had already been aloft almost the full time that had seemed to us safe, even with but a light wind, considering the direction we believed ourselves to be taking. Already the coast must be no considerable distance ahead; and yet many long, inevitable hours were surely before us. Could there be even a reasonable hope that afternoon would find us yet within the bounds of the United Kingdom?

The one thing that afforded us some satisfaction was the conviction, based on the sounds of earth, that we were travelling extremely slowly. At one time for the space of a good half-hour we hovered over one particular farmyard, whence the braying of a donkey, the bellow of a cow, and the specially strident and high-pitched voice of an insistent cock formed a continual concert very gratifying to our strained ears. But we were rising rapidly, at the rate of 600ft. in every quarter of an hour, so that such rural sounds were before long lost to us—though the whistle of locomotives still came up shrill and clear. The thought that we might presently rise so high as to lose sounds of earth altogether was a far from pleasant one, and served to intensify the loneliness, isolation, and danger of our position. We were now high above the cloud-floor, which lay some thousands of feet below us like a boundless frozen sea. The sun was blazing full upon us with such overpowering brilliance that we were glad to tie handkerchiefs and scarfs round the ropes of the car to form some kind of shield for our heads. My father in particular stood in need of such protection, for he had contrived to drop his cap over the side, and now was wearing a handkerchief instead, the knots hanging down in unbecoming fashion about his face. In truth, we presented a woebegone appearance; but despite the gravity of our position the ludicrousness of it all at once overcame us, and we burst into hearty laughter over a situation that contained not a little of the comic as well as the tragic element.

Indeed, the brightness and beauty of the scene, as well as its novelty and charm, would have dispelled all gloomy forebodings had this been possible. But now occurred an incident

that brought us back sharply to the realities of our position. We had been making a frugal breakfast off our somewhat dry sandwiches, and had forgotten for the moment to strain our ears for the now faint echoes of earth, when suddenly there rose to us a wild, piercing note that held us breathless for an instant, with mutual accord, we exclaimed to each other, in consternation, "We are over the sea!" The sound was the familiar and unmistakable wail of a steamer's siren, and mingled with it the clash and clang of metal in the dockyards of a seaport town. Aye, and what was that soft and sighing murmur that rhythmically rose and fell in gentlest accompaniment, so faint, and yet fraught with such awful significance? It was the breaking of waves upon a shingly beach.

And still the sun blazed down, and still the tense silk rose into the cloudless sky; and our hopes sank low indeed. To climb the netting and pierce the balloon above the equator was out of the question. To pull the valve meant in all probability to fall like a stone. And though a chance there was that the silk might form itself into a parachute, and if we threw everything out of the car might bring us down alive, still it was but a chance, and the alternative was so fearful that we unanimously chose to wait the consequences as we were, trusting to the chance of a possible rescue by a passing ship or boat from the shore, and preferring in any case to be drowned rather than dashed to pieces in such an appalling descent to earth.

That we were over some big seaport city at this moment was amply evident. The roar of crowded streets and busy life was filling our ears with a deep, continuous hum. Was there no help for us from the thousands beneath, so ignorant of our peril above the clouds that hid us from their view? It so happened that we had with us a thick budget of Press telegram forms, ruled one side and plain the other, and these, at my suggestion, we now employed as means of communication with earth. With red and black pencil I scrawled on each a hasty message of distress. My father then folded the paper into three-cornered notes, which Mr. Spencer labelled "Important" and dispatched over the side. They ran as follows:—

"URGENT! Large balloon from Newbury overhead above clouds. *Cannot descend.* Telegram to sea-coast (coastguards) to be ready to rescue.—(Signed) BACON and SPENCER." I thought it might be interesting to give a facsimile of one of these identical messages on which we considered our lives depended.

Work such as this helped to divert our thoughts and occupy our time. During the next two hours we wrote and threw over some

T.—No. 42	POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.	Page _____
(For use as second and subsequent sheets of Press Messages only.)		
URGENT		
Large Balloon from Newbury overhead, above clouds, cannot descend Telegraph to Sea Coast (Coast Guards) to be ready to rescue -		
11.15 a.m. Thursday		Bacon & Spencer
G & S 3122 6.95—[2925] 290m 7/95at		

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF ONE OF THE URGENT MESSAGES FOR ASSISTANCE WHICH WERE DROPPED FROM THE HELPLESS BALLOON.

three dozen of these misses. Where they went to is still a mystery. Doubtless the majority fell into the Bristol Channel, twenty miles of which we were now unknowingly traversing. Only in one case have we since heard the fate of our labours. One of the earliest, written at a time when it now appears morally certain we had scarcely reached the eastern suburbs of Bristol, was picked up next day on the top of a mountain in Glamorgan-shire, twenty miles only from where we eventually landed three hours after our letter was dispatched!

Shortly before twelve o'clock we found we had attained the height of 9,200ft., almost two miles high—a fact not calculated to allay our fears. A few more minutes elapsed, devoted to our literary efforts and to taking a snap-shot or two of the clouds, of ourselves, the balloon above us—anything to pass the time that dragged so wearily. Suddenly my father, who had again turned to the aneroid, announced the unexpected tidings that we had fallen nearly 2,000ft., and were still steadily sinking. This was good news in truth, nor was it all, for almost simultaneously Mr. Spencer, whose keen eyes had been searching the cloud-floor, suddenly exclaimed that he could see land. Eagerly

we craned our necks over the basket, and beheld clearly enough that the boundless cloud-sea, though still resembling a vast expanse of snow, had now the appearance of melting under a noon-day sun, and was breaking here and there into small black pits and holes through which, every now and again, fleeting glimpses could be caught of infinitely tiny roads and fields, trees and build-

ings, all sweeping past at a great rate, but proving conclusively that earth and not sea was yet beneath us.

Already it seemed to us that our troubles were over, and our hopes rose with a bound, only to receive a temporary check on finding that we were again rising. True we did not



BEAKING EARTH AGAIN—THIS VIEW AFFORDED THE AÉRIAL PASSENGERS HEARTY RELIEF, FOR THEY FEARED THEY WERE OVER THE SEA.
From a Photo. by Miss Gertrude Bacon.

attain to our former elevation, and shortly after fell to still lower levels; but we saw that our descent, though sure, was also going to be a very slow one. Our stout old balloon was dying hard; while it had become clear that our velocity before the wind was considerable. Should we not, we wondered, even now, reach the ocean before our wonderful voyage had ended?

And thus for two long hours more we watched — with what eagerness! — the fateful race between cooling gas and freshening breeze. Two hours of keenest suspense and alternate hopes and fears. It took three-quarters of an hour to sink 5,000ft., but another hour elapsed before a height of 3,500ft. was recorded, while through the opening cloud-pits the landscape rushed past with ever-increasing speed. At length we were level with the mist, and after another long delay the white arms of cloud had claimed us, and the sun was hidden for good. A few minutes we were lost in the bosom of the stifling cloud, and then we emerged, beneath, this time. And, oh, joy! a peaceful prospect of green fields and quiet pastures spread before us. We were falling very fast, too fast, perhaps—though not for worlds would we risk another rise by parting with a grain more ballast. Our trail-rope already swept the tops of the trees, and the grazing horses scattered in terror at the strange monster bearing down upon them. Then came in the skill of the practised aeronaut. Only a few seconds remained to him, yet in that time he had chosen his landing-place—a green paddock. He had given the sharp wrench that ripped the valve, cast over a ballast-bag to check the fall, and released the cunning catch that sends the grapnel crashing down to the ground. All beautifully done, without hurry and without delay.

And if our landing had depended on Mr. Spencer's skill alone, surely none would have been safer or easier. But there was another unsuspected power to reckon with. We were descending among the mountains of the western coast of Wales, and the breeze which had there been blowing a gale the last few days

was still gusty and boisterous, as it swooped down among the hills. We pitched, indeed, on the spot chosen, but with a crash that strained every groaning twig of our wicker car and broke my right arm near the wrist, as we rolled over together, well-nigh out on the ground. And then, as with a mighty sail, the wind caught the flapping silk in a wild gust and swept us madly across the ground in a furious steeplechase, while we held on like grim death and wondered what the end might be. An ugly five-strand barbed wire fence loomed first in the way. Through this we crashed, cutting the wire like pack-thread. The basket shielded us somewhat, yet one strand passed above it and tore the garment almost entirely off my father's right leg. Then came a half-grown dead oak tree, and this also we passed through, carrying away the whole upper portion in our ropes, while the branches swept our faces. But the root at least held firm, and in this our grapnel was now secured. Presently, as we lay tossed and breathless in the car, came cheery voices and brawny arms, and the yet struggling monster was held to earth while we scrambled out at length, too devoutly thankful for our safety to pay much regard to what Mr. Spencer considers the roughest landing he has ever experienced, even as the whole voyage was the most perilous of the many hundreds he has made.

Perilous, indeed! Almost the first words addressed to us by our kindly helpers were that we had descended at Neath, in South Wales, only a mile and a half from the open sea, to which we were heading when we fell. For nine and a half hours had we been drifting above the clouds, and less than ten minutes more would have seen us out over the Atlantic,

twenty miles of which we had already traversed. But nowhere in all the world could we have met with a warmer or more hospitable welcome: and in the kind hands of Mr. Jones, of Westernmoor, and his daughter our troubles were soon forgotten.

Thus ended happily a voyage fraught with deepest interest from first to last, and which we three who braved its perils together are likely to remember for the rest of our lives.



THE COLLAPSED BALLOON, SHOWING A BRANCH OF THE OAK TREE IT CARRIED AWAY IN ITS HEADLONG FLIGHT OVER THE GROUND.

From a Photo. by Miss Gertrude Bacon.

The New Boy in a Breton School.

BY KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER.

A collection of humorous original snap-shots, showing the different phases of the trying ordeal which the new arrival in a village school in Brittany has to go through at the hands of the other boys. Incidentally, the article contains a good deal of information concerning the educational methods in vogue in picturesque Brittany.



OUR Joseph! The awakening was cruel! All his illusions and dreams of that mysterious school-life, so full of excitement and charm, rudely dispelled the very first day! The ordeal of the "new boy" is usually short and sharp—that is if he has plenty of pluck, and shows that he can give as good as he receives. But woe to the faint-hearted, for his tortures will surely be prolonged until another new boy comes along to create a diversion.

The new boy's fate is much the same in the little schools of Brittany as elsewhere, as we shall see from the series of snap-shots taken in a village school in Morbihan which are here reproduced. In France education has become compulsory; but apparently in the country remote from large towns the law is somewhat freely interpreted, and parents send their boys to school as late in life as possible. There are so many ways in which they can earn a shilling or two to add to the weekly income—and in Brittany the peasants are so terribly poor.

Thus it happened that only yesterday our new boy, Joseph, was minding Farmer Jéhan's cattle under heaven's blue vault, with the fresh, brine-laden breezes blowing in upon him from the sea. To-day, however, finds him walking along the dusty village street, a large basket containing his dinner in his left hand, and under his right arm a book. It is the 1st of September, the opening day of the school year.

The old boys are on the watch, and appear to scent the new boy from afar; they are off on his track at once, eager for the sport which will go far to relieve the tedium of the first day of

lessons. They catch him up in front of the school-house, and at the sound of their voices the master comes out on to the doorstep to receive his unruly crew. Then Pierre, the *mauvais-génie* and bully of the school, pointing with his forefinger in the direction of Joseph, introduces him as the new boy to the stern and spectacled arbiter of his fate.

Now Joseph is, I am afraid, doomed to have a bad time of it during the next few days. With downcast eyes and flushed face he stands, painfully conscious of the many teasing eyes turned full upon him; he tries to speak, but an absurd lump rises in his throat and chokes him: he wishes himself back in the meadows among his dumb friends, the cows and the flowers.

Circumstances are decidedly against him; yet, although his shyness makes him look awkward and stupid, Joseph is no blockhead; in fact, he is quite as intelligent as his comrades. As soon as the boys have settled into the places assigned them the first formalities are gone through, and the new boy is put through his paces.

"Stand up!" says the master, in a severe tone, "and take off your cap."

In this primitive establishment arrangements are of the simplest description: there are no pegs for the caps, these being thrown down on the floor anywhere. You see, they come in handy for cleaning slates, and so on.

"Your name—now, be quick about it," thunders the impatient master.

Half-suppressed titters from his comrades only help to increase the new boy's embarrassment. At last he falters, in a strangled voice, "Joseph!"



"AT THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICES THE MASTER COMES OUT TO RECEIVE HIS UNRULY CREW." [Charles Géniaux.]



taught himself to read out of his mother's Prayer book, therefore he can now say his prayers. He does his elbows ferociously into the desk, supports his head on his hands, and puckers his brow. Now is the time to show what he really can do.

Here there are no divisions into "forms" or "standards"; the handful of boys are all taught together, and if the master finds that the new boy is dull he will only attempt to teach him reading and writing—just enough, in fact, to read his *Petit Journal* later on and to write a few words.

"Stand up, Prigent!" says the master, suddenly. "Now enumerate the rivers of France; and you, Gloanec," turning to the angelic-looking boy in the long blouse, "you point them out on the map."

"Yes, sir, I know them very well. First there's the Seine—then—then the Seine, then——"

"But Joseph who? Joseph what? What is your surname?"

"*Le Rougeot*" (Rufus—or, in school parlance, *carrots*).

Mocking laughter bursts from a dozen throats at this. The unfortunate new boy, utterly disconcerted, has blurted out his father's nickname!

In the villages of the west of France families are almost exclusively known by nicknames, and in many cases their real names are well-nigh forgotten.

But Joseph soon corrects himself, and the master, with a sigh of relief, enters "Joseph Prigent" in his register.

It is now afternoon, and our second illustration shows the boys busily conning their geography books. The master, tired of teaching, has set them to learn the rivers of France.

When asked to state what he knew, Prigent had declared with some pride that he



From a Photo. by "PRIGENT HESITATE, AND LOOKS UP AT WEL BELING" [Charles Géniaux.]

Prigent hesitates and looks up at the ceiling for inspiration—his mind is a perfect blank.

"Go on," says the severe voice of the master. But all Joseph sees up there among the dingy rafters is a green meadow with the foam-flecked sea beyond and his favourite *Mouchette* lashing her flanks with her tail to drive off the flies.

Pierre, whose long arms have meanwhile been engaged in passing some mysterious objects behind the new boy's back to a confederate on the other side of him, prompts him.

"The Seine. . . the Mississippi!"



"JOSEPH PULLS OUT ONE BY ONE THE MISSING FOOT-GEAR BELONGING TO THE MASTER.
From a Photo. by Charles Goulaux.

"What!" thunders the master; "the Mississippi—in FRANCE!"

And so it goes on, amid jeers and gibes from the boys, and rebukes and ejaculations from the master, till the miserable victim feels so confused that his brain reels, and he mechanically repeats all the nonsense which the mischief-makers behind him whisper so earnestly.

The mysterious objects referred to above have now found their way into the basket, which travels back guided by an impish foot to its place in front of Prigent. Suddenly the master becomes thoughtful. He has missed something from its accustomed place, and, watched with the keenest delight by the boys, he gets up and looks this way and that, peers over his spectacles, and finally, moved to righteous but unwise anger, he cries: "Who has taken my slippers?"

No answer.

"Who is it? Unless I have his name at once I shall keep the whole class in."

The boys point to the new boy. "Please, sir, *he* has got them in his basket."

"It isn't true, sir," protests the unfortunate new boy; "I haven't touched them."

"Come, empty out your basket, and let there be an end to all this," roars the incensed dominie. And our next photograph shows us the sequel.

With stupefaction Joseph pulls out one by one the missing, well-worn, and somewhat nondescript

foot-gear belonging to the master.

And the latter is so divided between the joy of seeing his lost property turn up again and indignation at the daring theft of the slippers, that he fails to divine, as we do by looking at the faces of the boys, who are the real perpetrators of the atrocious deed.

The master in his fury takes a step towards the new boy; he would dearly like to box the young rascal's ears. However, the law in France is most stringent against corporal punishment in schools; therefore, he wisely refrains.

This is a golden opportunity for Joseph to come out triumphant from the ordeal of the day. Had he laughed and said, "Sir, someone has been playing me a trick!" all would have been well, and he would have risen high in the respect of his school-fellows. But, alas! he did nothing of the sort. He explained to the master that it was his two neighbours who had stolen and secreted the slippers in his basket. Then there arose a regular tumult.

"Oh, the story-teller! The sneak! The tell-tale!" and yells of execration filled the little sanctuary of learning.

"Take that, and that, and that!" A perfect shower of blows fell upon his back and head. One little fiend tugged at his hair, another pinched him, and those who were too far off to reach him clenched their fists savagely in impotent rage.

"That'll teach you to tell tales, you sneak!" The master is almost powerless against the tide

of popular frenzy. Besides, masters never like boys who tell tales of their school-fellows or get them into trouble. But the pedagogue soon resumes his seat at his desk, and passively waits until the tumult has partly subsided. Then, after repeatedly tapping with his stick on the desk and calling out "Silence," he delivers the new boy's sentence at once:—

Prigent did not know his lessons; Prigent caused a tumult; Prigent was caught in the act of stealing; Prigent denounced his school-fellows. Therefore Prigent will have a detention, and will spend Sunday shut up in the school.

Poor Joseph hears this decree with a feeling of positive horror. Choking sobs shake his breast; it is so unfair! What will his mother and father say to this disgrace?

The new boy cuts no heroic figure. He is not very manly; he has but little pluck; but does not the forlorn little figure appeal to you a little? Can you not remember the first time you were wrongly accused and unjustly punished—the bitter, bitter smart, the indignation, and, at first, the utter loneliness, and the feeling that all the world—*your* little world—was against you?

Four o'clock rings out from the village church. The faces of the boys brighten up, and when the master claps his hands they jump up with exclamations of joy. But their faces grow long when they hear these words:—

"The behaviour of the whole class having been disgraceful on this first day of school, all the boys will be kept in till five."

The dismay is only momentary, however, for the little imps have the prospect of making merry over the new scapegoat, who is terribly disappointed with his first glimpse of school-life.

Instead of learning their imposition the boys exchange amenities, play tricks on Joseph, and fill up the rest of the time with such intellectual pastimes as holding each other's noses and studying the different gradations of



THE CLIMAX—"THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO TELL TALES, YOU SNEAK!"
From a Photo. by Charles Géniaux.

nasal twang thus imparted to one another's speech.

At last they are free, and Joseph gives a sigh of relief. But, alas! his troubles are not over yet! As soon as the master's back is turned his companions bind the new boy's wrists together with twine, push him down on to the stone seat in front of the school, and then proceed to the "Ordeal of the Prussian Blue," as they call it. One of them makes a rough spill, and dipping it into the ink, which has a decidedly blue tinge, he ornaments his victim's face, while the others look on with ever-increasing delight, passing criticisms and offering suggestions which may or may not be adopted.

When the living work of art passes out of their hands his face appears to be a mass of bruises, and seeing his son enter in such a sorry plight, *Le Rougeot* exclaims: "Good heavens! how the wretches have knocked thee about!"

But his mother with superior discrimination says: "Go and wash thy face, my boy, and no one will be any the wiser!"

In the evening, when relating his woes over his bowl of soup, perhaps we might observe that his eyes have changed from black to red.

"Cheer up, Joseph, my lad, and be plucky, for thou wilt get many a real 'black eye' before they have done with thee," says the old peasant to his son. "The sooner thou canst learn to hold thy own, the better for thee, my lad. And, besides, every day will find thee growing less and less of a 'new boy.'"

Prisoners in the Boer Camp.

By BLOFIELD WALKER.

It is a most interesting and highly topical narrative of personal experience and adventure which Mr. Walker has to tell of his capture by the Boers during the last war, and all that he saw in their camp and suffered at their hands. Mr. Walker has no reason to love the Boers. In 1885 his brother volunteered to help Montsoia against the Boer raiders, and met his death at their hands in Mafeking.



CHRISTMAS DAY in the year 1880 found a party of three of us on the Lydenburg Goldfields. Comrades we had been in the Zulu and Sekukuni campaigns as volunteers,

and now we were mates together, digging and delving for the golden nuggets, having east aside the Martini rifle for the pick and shovel. For days previous to this Christmas Day—which we were destined to remember for many a Christmas after—we had all been putting in our spare time preparing for the coming feast. Imagine the three of us, then, seated



THIS IS MR. BLOFIELD WALKER, WHO HERE TELLS OF HIS STRANGE EXPERIENCES AS A PRISONER IN THE BOER CAMP.
From a Photo.

on empty boxes, stood on end, gathered round our old, rickety, packing-case table. Stoning plums we were, if you please, and preparing the tough old gobbler with his stuffing. Bread-making and bread-baking we were, too; and lastly, but not by any means least, we were trying our hands at pastry.

We had risen early, intending to complete the final preparations for the Christmas feed. Speedily the huge open fireplace was crammed with steaming pots and billies. The pudding, which had already been boiling off and on during the past two days, was for the last time lowered gently into its bath, or rather bucket of boiling water; for we did not possess a pot big enough to cook it in. And all the morning we were busily employed, bossing the fire, doing odd jobs, and giving our little mud shanty a general overhauling and tidying up. Neither did we neglect to decorate the hut, but hung around ever-

greens, to remind us of childhood's days, of hearth and home, in dear old England.

The hour for feeding was fast approaching, when suddenly in the doorway appeared the black figure of a Kaffir, carrying in one hand his stick; and stuck in the cleft made at one end was a letter. This letter proved to be from a friend residing some thirty miles distant. The note was opened and hastily scanned by one of our party.

"Good God! boys, can it be true?" he ejaculated, excitedly devouring every word of the note. "The—head—quarters," he read aloud, pausing between each word to give emphasis to the meaning; "the head-quarters—of the—94th—under Colonel Anstruther—have—been—cut—up—by—the—Boers—at—Bronker's Spruit."

"Nonsense, old chap," we exclaimed; "you are humbugging." And really for the moment we thought he must be taking a rise out of us, so incredible did the news seem. "Here, hand the letter over!" and with one accord we fell upon its contents, passing the note from hand to hand, and reading it over and over again in dumfounded silence.

Then one of us broke the spell of horror by exclaiming, "No, it can't be true! It's impossible!—*must* be some mistake."

Then we fell to debating on the possibility of the tidings being a hoax on the part of our friend. But he had sent the missive by a special messenger, and then again the tale was too ghastly for a joke. Moreover, a letter was



From the BRONKER'S SPRUIT, WHERE THE BOERS CUT UP THE "94TH." *[Photo.]*



HERE WE HAVE A VIEW OF THE TOWN OF LYDENBURG, FOR WHICH MR. WALKER MADE.
From a Photo.

a letter in those days, and to give an idea how cut off we were from the civilizing influence of the penny post, it must be stated that our nearest postal town was Lydenburg, a good thirty-five miles to our west, and the route to it lay over a terribly rough and mountainous country. Railways and telegraphs were marked by their absence; and a post of once a week carried by native runners was considered a luxury to be thankful for.

Naturally, then, this Christmas letter put us all in a very ferment of agitation and desire for immediate action; and we were not long in arriving at the conclusion that we must be up and doing. "Let us saddle up at once, boys, and ride round to the neighbours and break the news," was the general verdict. Ordering one of our natives to drive in our horses from the veldt, where they were comfortably grazing, we hastily swallowed some food—leaving, however, both turkey and pudding to frizzle and boil, or do what they pleased; for the calamitous tidings had given us no stomach for Christmas fare.

Our horses saddled, away we scampered over the lumpy, ant-bear dug veldt to relate to all and sundry in the scattered neighbourhood the news of the Boer rising and their first bit of fun—shooting down from measured distances the colonel, officers, band, and men, even

down to the poor little drummer boy of the 94th Regiment.

Having called on all our neighbours (and I fear not without spoiling their Christmas appetites), two of our party decided upon riding at once to Lydenburg, where a company of the 94th had been left stationed under Lieut. Long. The two were Mr. Fred. V. Kirby, author of "In the Haunts of Wild Game" (Blackwood), and myself. We wanted all details of the massacre, and at the same time to offer our services as volunteers to defend the fort which we knew was being hurriedly constructed. So off we started, and covered the thirty-five miles in double

quick time. Lieut. Long, the regimental doctor, and Father Walsh, a Roman Catholic priest (and a rare fine specimen of a Britisher he was, too), came out to welcome us, unitedly exclaiming: "We expected soon to hear from the Goldfields." I must mention, too, that we received a most cordial welcome from Mrs. Long, the lieutenant's wife. This lady on our arrival was busily employed in making a large Union Jack for the ornamentation of the flagstaff of the fort.

We had a long chat with Lieut. Long, and informed him of our wish to volunteer our services, and also to aid the fort by bringing in men from the Goldfields: this providing the lieutenant would undertake to supply arms and



HELL'S GATE, SHOWING THE ROAD THE WAY THEY TOOK WHEN THE LORD GAVE HIM.
From a Photo.

LYDENBURG.

ammunition to all. He accepted our services, and those of others whom we might persuade to join us, cheering us at the same time with the assurance that there were sixty spare rifles in the fort and an abundance of cartridges.

We resolved to leave the fort that night, under cover of darkness, and ride right through to the Goldfields, then make a few hurried personal arrangements, and induce as many Goldfield hands as possible to return with us to Lydenburg. Our personal comforts had been most thoughtfully attended to during our stay of a few hours in the fort; and our horses had been stuffed to their hearts' content with good forage. Therefore, man and beast felt ready and willing to tackle the trip out to the fields again. Our plan was to re-enter the fort at night with our company of volunteers. As to our ability to procure these helpers, we, at that time, entertained little or no doubt. We were, therefore, given the "password" for the two nights following.

These plans decided upon, we turned in for forty winks. We had fixed to begin the journey from the fort at two o'clock a.m. At 1.30 a sentry ruthlessly awakened us, our horses were saddled up, and we were soon *en route*. When we had left Lydenburg some eight miles to the rear without encountering a single soul, we suddenly became aware that the solitude was broken by the figure of a small Boer lad. The boy had "off-saddled" his pony, and was sitting by the roadside. He treated us to a prolonged and silent scrutiny. After passing him the thought occurred to us that the incident of his presence was somewhat peculiar: for what business could take a young nipper of about ten on the road at that unearthly hour, when he ought to have been in bed? We wheeled our horses round to bring an eye to bear on his further proceedings. The lad was in the act of "saddling-up." We watched him mount and disappear in the direction of Lydenburg. It seemed certain our visit to the fort and possibly our intentions of bringing help were known to the Boers, and they, believing us the emissaries of secret service, had set a watch upon our movements. How-

ever, in spite of these misgivings we arrived in safety at our shanty, and held a hurried council of war with our "Third," who had remained behind at the hut.

We decided that our "Third" should ride to Lydenburg by a different route, making a *détour* by visiting Pilgrim's Rest and Mac Mac, two mining camps lying twenty miles to our north. This "round" journey was selected because we believed a corps of volunteers might be raised among the miners and prospectors of these camps. Our "Third" was to conduct the men to the fort, and for this purpose he was furnished by us with the necessary password, as given us, for the two nights. A hurried hand-shake and a "Good luck to you, old chap," and away he rode, remarking, confidently, "We shall meet in the fort either to-night or to-morrow night."

As for ourselves, we made a start by riding round to all the neighbours to ascertain if they

were on the volunteering "lay." Greatly to our chagrin, however, not a promise could we get out of any one of them. They were, one and all, chock-block full of excuses. With some, the time for making their preparations was too short; with others, I am sorry to state, the excuse was the inadequacy of the



PILGRIM'S REST, WHERE THE "THIRD" WENT TO RAISE VOLUNTEERS.
From a Photo.

pay. We had been deputed to make an offer of 5s. per diem. One old friend and campaigner, however, had actual reason on his side to prevent him joining forces with us, for his wife and family were with him, and there was no means at hand to transport them to the fort. But he gave us the second best help to his own services, by supplying us with a trusty servant to carry the few necessities of clothing we had hurriedly got together. And then his wife packed us up some grub for the road. We decided it would be better to walk and not ride, this time, into Lydenburg; and we hoped to accomplish the journey under cover of the darkness of night. With favourable circumstances we knew we could do the thirty-five miles before the light arrived, to bring probably embarrassing Boer attentions.

At sundown, therefore, after a hearty hand-shake and "God speed you" from our old

friend and his wife, we trudged off, with our commissariat native following close behind our heels. As after-events proved, it was well we had decided upon walking, and not riding, thereby saving our horses from ultimate capture by the Boers. We carried no arms, and the Kaffir was not severely burdened by the change of clothes our belongings amounted to.

The first eight miles we covered in first-rate style and time; then, alas! it came on to rain hard, with thunder and lightning. What a night it was! We were continually losing our path. Then my companion's boots, which, unhappily for his comfort, were new ones, caused much delay, and at last, in disgust and desperation, he took them off, and handed them to the Kaffir to carry; whilst he, poor wretch, struggled along the diabolical rough road, with bare feet. The Kaffir's "wows" and "clicks" of disapproval were frequent and loud.

On we plodded, until at last sheer exhaustion and thirst compelled us to call a halt. It was five o'clock a.m., and we were not quite half-way to our destination, which was the fort. A fog, the successor of the rain, had settled down around us in a dense, impenetrable mass. We began to question and fear that in the darkness we had strayed from the right path. We were considerably relieved, therefore, to hear the Kaffir language being spoken a short distance ahead. We hailed the speakers, and by a continued interchange of sound succeeded in finding them. We forthwith borrowed, or rather hired, for half a crown a blanket of them, and, rolling ourselves a tight coil in its comforting warmth, lay down for a trifle of rest and a glimpse of daylight. When the fog dispersed and light came these Kaffir allies of ours proved to be Shangaans on the way home to their country. They were travelling from the Kimberley diamond fields, a nice little walk of about 700 miles; each man or youth of the company carrying a "swag" of fully 90 lb. weight. Every Kaffir had a pair of boots, for the most part brand-new. These acquisitions of civilization they were careful to carry suspended by the laces across their shoulders or slung round their necks, being fine ornaments.

The light being with us, we discarded the blanket, and rose stiff and sore to plod our weary way to the fort. My companion's feet were shockingly cut about. We were both wet through, and like Job knew all our bones by their doleful aching. In fact, we were generally down in the dumps, and to make matters more trying we had to keep a sharp look-out for Boers, as we felt pretty certain they would keep a watch on the road to the fort. Our fears

proved only too true, for on a spot of our vigilance, when we were within three miles of our destination, a dozen mounted Boers suddenly appeared from behind a rough log-pile, and whipping up their horses galloped towards us, their rifles ready for use. Here was a miss indeed—and actually within sight of the fort, too! We felt mad with disappointment, but were unarmed and therefore totally helpless. Quite possibly this lack of arms, which at the time caused us strong regret, saved us from being shot down where we stood. We were speedily surrounded. The ugly, dirty, ragged beggars crowded round us, bringing their rifles close to our heads. They were a vehement and greatly excited crowd; and the looks they cast at us were of murderous intent. One or two of the unwashed gathering did not confine themselves to looks: "Let us shoot the verdomde rooineks," and their voices rose loud and hoarse in angry bloodthirstiness.

For a few minutes this threat seemed more than likely to be put into execution. Even to this day, I often wonder some one of them did not pull a trigger, their fingers hovered so playfully as they handled the instrument of death. There was one fellow in particular—a cross-eyed brute, possessed of a double-barrelled twelve-bore. This man was simply in a state of frenzy for the sport to begin.

By way of parenthesis I must state that this same Boer a few weeks afterwards blew out the brains, from behind, of an unfortunate Englishman named Green, as he was being led prisoner by some Boers into their camp in Lydenburg. This case of brutal murder was but one of many committed by these ignorant, mixed-breed savages. But to return to our own position, which, though not as yet arrived at the murder stage, was quite dangerous enough to create uncomfortable qualms. Fortunately for our continued presence on this earth, however, the leader of the crowd proved more humane than the rest, and put his spoke into the wheel for our benefit, saying, "No, we'll not shoot 'em, but march 'em off to our camp and let 'em be tried by the commandant." At least, this is what our slight acquaintance with the Dutch language led us to understand.

After much tongue-wagging this decision of their leader's was finally accepted; and a lively play of significant gestures enabled us to form a pretty clear estimate of the fate to be meted out to us on our arrival at the Boer camp. A move being presently decided upon, the Boers mounted. Then some wag among their number suggested that "reims" (ox-hide cords) should be placed round our necks, and, further, that for security and sport we should be tied to their



"A LINGERING SIGHT OF THE BOERS—THEY HAD APPEARED THROUGH THE THICK BUSHES BEHIND THE KOPPEL."

horses. But as their idea of fun and ours differed, we were glad the leader again interposed, and the march started in a more simple manner. The mounted Boers rode alongside and behind us, with their rifles ready for firing; and during every moment of the seemingly interminable time passed in covering the twelve miles to the Boer camp we expected to get a shot from behind. And our fears in this respect became logical in the light of after events. For added to the cowardly murder of Mr. Green was the fiendish doing to death by these pariahs of the veldt of Captain Ellicott, Doctor Barbour, Mr. Honey, and how many others God alone knows!

Away we were forced to trudge, feeling, I must admit, a bit down on our luck. My companion, after a tramp of close on thirty miles with bare feet, long since become badly cut and bleeding, was certainly not in a condition for making further efforts. But protestations, even had we cared to indulge in them, were hopeless; we were quite powerless to help ourselves. Our Kaffir was marched along with us, carrying my companion's boots, and a fearful long face he pulled; he had not bargained for all this.

The following morning we overheard some Boers discussing the boy's escape. We supposed, therefore, the Boers had not considered his capture of much importance, so they took no trouble to guard him. We were glad to hear that he had managed to escape, and in a faint way we hoped that it might prove the fore-runner of our own. We were to learn afterwards that the boy had taken my companion's

were wearing two complete suits of underwear, to say nothing of the coats, waistcoats, and unmentionables! As may well be imagined, when the sun came out, which it did with great power during our enforced march, we found ourselves rather overclad. But it raised a laugh between us in spite of our woes, and we wondered what our captors would think of the habits and customs of the "verdomde Englishmen" if they took it into their thick heads to peel us on our arrival in camp.

We learned afterwards of the Kaffir's arrival home—that is, at his master's house. Our friend and his wife vainly questioned the boy as to what had happened to us, and it was some days ere they heard the story of our fate. The Kaffir was so thoroughly frightened by his narrow squeak, that all he could manage to answer in his own language was, "I don't know, Boss; but here are the boots."

It was quite four o'clock in the afternoon ere we arrived at the Boer encampment. Our escort since our capture had been considerably augmented, so that we presented quite an imposing company of ragamuffins, for, truthfully, our own appearance bordered close upon the beggarly. Unwashed, unshaved, and red-eyed with weariness and want of sleep, we did not give our captors many points of exterior advantage. The news of the capture of two Englishmen had preceded us, so that on our arrival the entire camp, old and young, turned out to greet us with gibes, snarls of rage like those of angry dogs, and insolent looks. We were marched into a space between two waggons,

boots with him. As for the rest of our belongings—our change of clothing—we had saved ourselves the loss of that. For we had been driven to a somewhat strange expedient. During the rain we had encountered on the "Devil's Knuckles" it grew so chilly that we took the bundle from the Kaffir and donned the garments as a means of extra warmth. So when we were captured by the Boers we

where commandants and field-cornets, seated for the most part on three-legged waggon stools, were employing their leisure in the pipe of peace (for which read "war") and the discussion of the "rooineks"—otherwise red-necked strangers. These principals were surrounded by a crowd of dirty unwashed countymen. Some were lounging or lying full length on the veldt. Others were seated on the waggon-boxes; whilst others again were grinning baboon-like at their comrades through the waggon-spokes.

One of the chief bosses among this motley throng was a commandant of much local evil reputation. Sir Garnet Wolseley during the British occupation tried hard to effect the capture of this inhuman creature, in order that the justice he so well deserved might be meted out to him. No one will ever know how many Kaffirs this cruel wretch of a Boer has put out of the way with his own hand, and God alone knows how many have been sent out of the world at his instigation.

Brought before the commandant to be examined, we thought our chances of liberty pretty small. As a first proceeding our letters were opened and read. This was done by an Irishman, who, possibly for his country's good, had left it and thrown in his lot with the Boers. This person, we learned when the war was at an end, escaping the bullets of his sometime countymen on the battlefield, met with his death by lightning whilst riding during a thunder-storm.

With respect to the letter-searching we flattered ourselves we had been rather cute, for during the march we had contrived to destroy, unnoticed, several rather compromising documents—mainly letters penned by certain residents of the Goldfields to occupants of the fort. The Boers tried their level best to get at the object of our journey to Lydenburg. The fact of our being unarmed seemed to puzzle them, and in a way to confirm our answer that we were travellers on the Queen's highway, and had as much right to the road as themselves. As for our business, it was of a purely private nature.

Failing to get any information out of us, they decided to keep us prisoners until they had considered our case. And from the sullen, ferocious looks cast at us we felt the verdict when pronounced would probably be our death-warrant. We thought the end would be that, without further trial or bother to themselves, we should be brought out and shot. And in this pleasant pastime of brain-scattering we looked for our old friend "Cross-eye" of the escort to be well to the front with that rickety double twelve-bore of his. The long tramp had made

us thirsty, and seeing a dint of water standing a few yards from where the commandant and his men were stationed, one of us walked forward to get a drink. Then up rose a chorus of warning Dutch voices, addressed to a party of Boers standing about the ditch. "Keep your eye on him, Cornelius and Piet, there! Watch the rooinek carefully, or it is our belief he will run away."

These loud-voiced remarks greatly mortified the companion remaining by the waggon, and so raised his ire that, summoning all the knowledge of Dutch he possessed, he angrily gave the Boers to understand that their knowledge of Englishmen was extremely limited if they thought one of them would run away and leave his comrade in the lurch. Of course, this defence of a chum's honour was received with scorn and abuse and much laughter.

We were taken after a time to a Kaffir out-house, where the "Tottie" servants usually slept; the building being situated a short distance from the laager. We were thrust into its one room, a dark, noisome hole, windowless, and redolent of previous Hottentot occupation. Some grass was cut for bedding, and a piece of ancient waggon sail bestowed on us as covering. At the only doorway a long, lanky, highly-flavoured Kaffir was stationed, armed with assegais and an old "brown Bess," doubtless charged with a good handful of powder and a quantity of lead and old iron. He was doing the double duty of guard and gaoler over us, with full instructions, of course, immediately to "pot" us should we attempt to escape. However, owing to the lamentable condition of my companion's feet, we could not turn our thoughts in this direction. Later on, though, when we had rested, and my friend's feet arrived at the healing stage, we held our first council of war. We decided that when we should feel in marching order, in the dead of night, and having watched our opportunity, we should seize and gag our ducky gaoler, annex his blunderbuss and assegais, and then make a bee-line for the fort.

So from day to day we matured our plans, and it must be admitted some were of a most ghastly character, in reference to those persons rash enough to attempt interference with our projects. The difficulties of escape were increased by our not being permitted the solace of our single-roomed prison, for at one end several Kaffir servants of the Boers slept, ate, and jawed nearly all night snoring the remainder.

One thing must be said of the Boers in their favour—the fact of their not cutting down the food supply. We were served with good food, as feeds went. We did our best to pass the

time by chatting and sleeping, but were always anxious concerning the Boers' decision as to our fate. In the daytime Boer visitors were continually arriving in camp, and each fresh arrival was brought along to have a look at the two "verdomde rooineks." We became quite accustomed to these visits, and grew to regard this being placed on show as a kind of heavy joke to be made as light of as possible. Often after a doze we would wake up to see half-a-dozen ugly young Boers squatting, Kaffir-like, on their haunches in front of us: and we understood by their gestures, and a word here and there of their language, that they were employed discussing our ultimate fate, and giving their thick-headed opinions regarding the war outlook generally.

These discussions afforded us amusement, and also a means of passing the dreary hours. We would speculate on the number and names of the Boer leaders certain, in our estimation of their merits, to expiate their crimes in the halter's noose.

Time passed with us very slowly: but one dull, misty morning the monotony was broken by the rattle of chains outside our prison walls. "What's this?" we exclaimed; "leg-irons arrived, perhaps, to cheer us up." The door was thrown open and two Kaffirs, heavily chained together with long waggon-trek chains, were pushed into the room, and told to lie down next to us. The rattle of the chains, the rush of cold, misty air, and the dejected appearance of our new companions made us feel a wee bit humpy. Furthermore, a cadaverous-looking Boer in charge of the Kaffir prisoners suggested to his field-cornet that it would be just as well to fasten the end of the trek-chain to our legs.

The field-cornet, a Boer of the same happy turn of humour, quite agreed, saying, "Yah! But I have no orders to do so." However, he left, promising the other that he would suggest the chain attachment. Fortunately for us the motion was not carried by the higher authorities.

The Boers having taken their departure, we

were at liberty to turn our attention to our fellow-captives, who proved to be two Natal Zulu Kaffirs, Lanky Boy and his brother. Now, in Lanky Boy we recognised an old acquaintance, and the recognition proved mutual. Of course we knew Lanky Boy, for who among the old volunteers in the Sekukuni Campaign of 1878 and 1879 had *not* seen or heard of Lanky Boy—the brave, straight, and honest Natal Zulu, Captain (now Sir Marshall) Clark's constant black attendant? How often round camp fires had the troopers of Raaf's Rangers and Ferricr's Horse chatted about Lanky Boy's prowess; and how, in 1878, he saved the gallant Captain's life by clubbing with his Snider carbine a Makatese who was on the point of stabbing his master. Lanky Boy spoke English well, and as he lay on the grass litter next to us, chained to his brother, he told us the story of his capture.

It appeared the Boers had somehow got wind of Lanky Boy's intention of joining the force in the fort. Poor, unjustly-used Lanky Boy! All his belongings (and he was rich for a Kaffir, owning land, horses, and cattle), even to the clothes he was wearing, were annexed by the freebooters who arrested him. But as yet his faith in the power and justice of the Great White Queen, and documentary evidence, had not been shaken. He said to us: "Bosses, I want you to take a note of all my things, that my wife may

get compensation when the Queen's soldiers take the country again."

His speech was made in simple faith and the belief that England, strong in arms, was certain to redress the wrongs of her loyal subjects. Lanky Boy went on to say that he had made mention of his wife as the one to benefit because he entertained little hopes of escaping with his own life. "I think, Boss"—addressing my companion—"the Boers mean shooting me, for, you see, I'm a black man." Having completed the catalogue of Lanky Boy's effects to his satisfaction (for the Boers had returned us our letters and the other contents of our



MR. FRED VERBEEK, BOER AUTHOR'S COMPANION IN BOER CAPTIVITY.

From a Photo. by Debenham & Smith, Southampton.

pockets), we listened to the history of his capture.

He stated that at grey dawn he heard horses approaching, and guessing that the Boers were come to shoot or take him prisoner, he immediately seized his rifle and rushed out of the hut. Some Boers had already seized his brother and bound him, and were now holding him as a shield in front of themselves, meanwhile calling

keep pace with the horse. But when it came to a bit of flat ground, the Boers made their horses canter, and several times my brother and I were nearly strangled."

The four of us, two whites and the blacks, were on show in this wretched hole of a dwelling for a whole week, and kept in continual suspense as to our fate, until one morning we were told the Boers were shifting camp that day to a place nearer the British fort, and we prisoners were to be taken along with the column. This news cheered us up a little, as any change was better than none at all.

Therefore we were glad the Boers kept to the programme of the morning, and in the early part of the afternoon they inspanned their waggons, preparatory to trekking for a position just outside Lydenburg, and within two thousand yards of



"SOME BOERS HAD ALREADY SEIZED HIS BROTHER, AND WERE NOW HOLDING HIM AS A SHIELD IN FRONT OF THEMSELVES."

on Lanky Boy to surrender. The Boers were well in a line behind their prisoner, so that Lanky Boy could not get a shot in without killing his brother.

Seeing the difficulty, the brother yelled out, "Fire away, and never mind me. You will kill me, I know, but then the same bullet will do for one or two Boers behind me."

"No," said Lanky Boy, "I won't shoot my own brother."

And with that he dashed his rifle to the ground and surrendered. The Boers then pillaged his huts, and divided the spoil among themselves, and his cattle and horses were driven to the Boer camp.

"But," said poor Lanky Boy, "the worst was to come. They bound our hands behind us, then placed a noose round our necks and tied each of us to a Boer's saddle. Then they mounted, and off we started for this camp, which, as you know, Boss, is more than thirty miles. As long as we were going over the hills it was not so bad, as we could walk quickly or trot and

the English camp. We two white men were put into a waggon with a strong mounted guard surrounding us. Lanky Boy and his brother were made to walk behind, chained and lashed together, so that we were truly sorry for them.

A four hours' trek brought us to the camping ground, and there, just across an intervening river, we could see the fort, and a red-coated sentry of the gallant 94th pacing to and fro. At this period of the war no shots had been exchanged between the Boers and the British: the ball opened about a week later. This very afternoon was destined to bring about our release, though when the Boers lagged their waggons and formed a new camp we had little hopes of freedom. The ox-teams were loosed in the yoke and went feeding on the fresh wheat: suddenly a stir of unmistakable excitement ran through the Boer assemblage, and from our position in the prison waggon we could see there was some expected sensation under way.

Presently another prisoner was rushed into the camp, and then we saw all the Boer leaders

standing in groups, conversing vehemently and with much gesture, for all the world like a crowd of angry baboons. Suddenly an order given by a commandant rang out through the camp: "Fetch him along," and the prisoner—a white man—was shoved to the front. Before the poor fellow knew what was intended four dirty young Boers had seized him, one each to arms and legs, and held him face downward about a foot or so from the ground, whilst a tall, muscular Boer set to work with a double buffalo-hide rein and gave him twenty-five.

This outrage, which made our blood positively boil with indignation and the sense of our utter helplessness, we were obliged to witness, being within a few feet of the poor sufferer. The last stroke given, the Boers dropped their victim on the ground. Recovering himself after a time he rose, and, in a dazed kind of way, exclaimed, "Good God!" It was pitiful. This exclamation of the unfortunate man's seemed to tickle the Boers immensely, and they yelled out a mocking chorus of "Good God!" intermingled with shouts of coarse laughter. The poor fellow was then headed for the town of Lydenburg and told to "loop" (go); a couple of mounted Boers being told off to see that he did not make his way into the fort.

Shortly after this brutal and unnerving outrage we were brought from our waggon prison, before the same brute of a commandant who had ordered the flogging described. Our hearts sank somewhat, but greatly to our astonishment—for we had expected no less than to be shot there and then—we were told that the commandant had decided to send us back to the Goldfields. But if at any time we were caught away from the fields whilst the war lasted, we should be shot dead on the spot. Our sentence being pronounced, we were marched back to the prison waggon, subjected on the way to a fire of jeers and taunts until our blood boiled with suppressed fury.

Early the following morning we were brought out once more, and marched, under escort, for some miles on the Goldfields road. We had said farewell to our fellow-prisoners, Lanky Boy and his brother, encouraging them to keep their spirits up and endeavour to escape. This, we learned, they managed to do about a month later. Some sympathizing outsider contrived to supply them with a key fitting the padlock securing their chains, so one fine morning Lanky Boy and his brother were missing—much to the

amazement of the Boers. The two Kaffirs made treks for Natal, some 300 miles distant, travelling by night and lying low during the daytime.

But to return to our own adventures. One Boer member of our escort repeatedly came to a stop, and, whirling round his horse, scornfully pointed towards the fort with his rifle, exclaiming, "In a few days now we shall be shooting those cursed red-coats down like Bok," adding, with a brutal chuckle, "And that's what we ought to have done with you two verdomde Englishmen."

At last they left us in the veldt on the road to our camp; but there were still anxious moments for us, as, until we were quite out of range, we felt we were in danger of getting bullets in our backs, for by these methods many were put out of the way during the war.

But probably at head-quarters it was thought that should anything untoward happen to us the whole Goldfields population would rise to a man, directly it became known, and avenge our murder. And it was much to the Boers' interest that the diggers should remain quiet and enable them to devote all their time and energy to the subjugation of the Lydenburg Fort with its gallant little band of one company of the 94th Regiment and a few volunteers.

Our life upon the Goldfields for the next three months was a monotonous, but none the less anxious, one. The only news coming to hand during this period was the lying reports brought in by the Boers; and the Boers' powers of lying were indeed wonderful. After the Amajuba disaster the lies were especially marvellous in conception, and the numbers of the troops routed and killed amounted to thousands.

Few Boers in those days had ever approached or seen the sea, and most of them had not the slightest idea of what it was like. One Boer was known to have visited the coast and seen the ocean, and he was so astonished by the movement of the waves and the white foaming surf that he filled a bottle from the waves to bring home "up country" to show his friends the "live water." Upon his arrival home, the "explorer" invited his friends to come and see the bottle uncorked; but on pouring the clear still salt water into a basin he was thunderstruck at its tameness and bitterly disappointed, exclaiming, "Good heavens! it has died on the road; it was all alive when I bottled it."

Odds and Ends.

You will notice that each photo. shows in a very vivid manner some curious or interesting phase of life in regions more or less remote. And you cannot help acquiring valuable knowledge as you glance at these photos, and read the brief description accompanying each—knowledge more accurate and practical than that contained in academical text-books.



TRAVELLER driving through the endless pine forests of the Landes in South-West France cannot fail to be struck by the great gashes with which every trunk is seared. Some are scars of long standing, now almost healed up, while others are of quite recent infliction, and the life sap is pouring out into little tin cans which have been tied below the gash. This is the work of the resin-gatherers. A tree is first cut when its trunk is about 1yd. in circumference. Towards the end of January the *arrousinéy* (the Basque name for a resin-worker) takes an iron rake and removes the bark from the whole surface destined to be operated upon during the year. He must be careful not to uncover the wood, as that would seriously damage the tree. Directly the cold weather is over—usually about the middle of March—he takes a small curved axe known as a *hapchott*, and makes a gash at the foot of the tree. After this he must make a fresh gash every week just above the last one, keeping this up until the series of gashes make up the complete wound, known as a *care*. Next year he begins operations again at the top of this wound, and goes on up to 13ft., when he leaves it to heal, and recommences at the other side of the tree. Thus fresh wounds are added year by year until the trunk is nearly square in appearance. When a gash has to be made out of reach, the *arrousinéy* uses a peculiar kind of ladder known as a *pitée*, which he climbs in a very strange and skilful manner. The *pitée* is nothing more or less than a stick, with little triangular steps projecting from it, and the *arrousinéy* puts his right foot on a step and curls his left leg round the ladder between it and the tree, thus leaving both hands free to make the *care* with his *hapchott*. To make anything like a decent

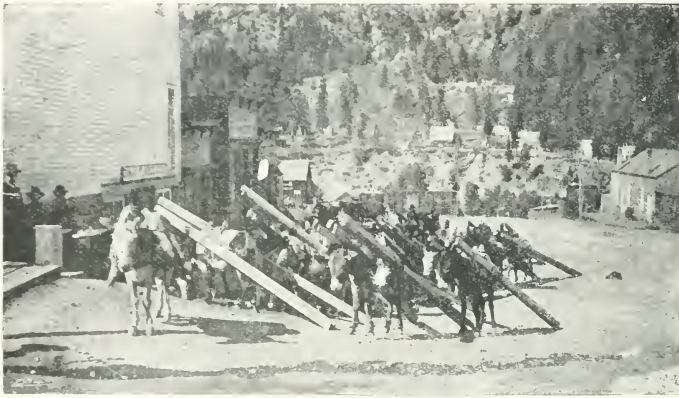
living he must gash as many as *three hundred trees* in the course of a day. Our photo gives a very good idea of the surroundings amidst which the *arrousinéy* does his curious work of wounding and bleeding the pine trees.

Right in the heart of the mighty Rockies, two miles above sea-level, lies the mining town of Ouray. Far above even this dizzy altitude,



[Photo a] 1.—WOUNDING AND BLEEDING THE PINE TREES IN THE LANDES. [Photo b]

however, among the eternal snows, the hardy prospector runs his tunnels and washes out the gold. Here—far removed from the railroad, and even from the neighbourhood of any town—the miners have to have recourse to the cheerful little *burro*, or Rocky Mountain ass, which is the sole means of transport. Our next photo. shows a number of these hardy animals, laden with trailing lumber for the "gold belt," lumber for houses, for shaft props, and a hundred other things. It is almost incredible how much these patient creatures can carry. They are to be met with far up on the steep mountain trails, patiently plodding along with their back-breaking and trailing loads. To the left may be seen the severely plain offices of



—HOW PACK ANIMALS ARE TAKING UP MASSIVE PI-ROPS FOR THE MINES.
From a Photo. by W. H. Jackson, Denver, Col.

the Ouray newspaper, which rejoices in the attractive name of the *Plain-dealer*. Truly, wherever a handful of Anglo-Saxons are gathered together they must have a journal of some sort to represent their views and air their grievances—if it be only a manuscript production got up in Central Africa or on board ship.

The rough life of the Texan cowboy has always had a certain fascination for stay-at-home folk. His superb horsemanship, his wonderful skill with the lasso, and his dare-devil fearlessness have endeared him to the hearts of all lovers of adventure. Our next photograph, therefore, is of peculiar interest, showing as it does one of the most important operations on a Texan ranch—the watering of the immense herds of half-wild cattle. Texas is alternately a sun-baked waste or an earthly paradise, according as a period of refreshing rain succeeds long-continued drought. After the rains, lakes are to be found in all the hollows of the prairie. The thick brush puts out sweet-scented bloom; the ground under foot

is covered with a veritable carpet of flowers, and even the ubiquitous prickly pear produces a beautiful yellowflower. The stockman has learnt by bitter experience to make provision against the dreaded drought, and accordingly dams are constructed across watercourses and creeks, which catch and hold the water during the long, dry months. During

this time all the vegetation is scorched up, and things go hard with the cattle. The prickly pear, however, which grows wild all over the prairie, has often proved the salvation of the stock at such a time. A machine has been invented which burns off the needle-like spines, and the fruit then forms nutritious food for the hungry beasts. The sheet of water seen in our snap-shot is artificial, and is of considerable depth. The cattle, guarded only by half-a-dozen vigilant cow-boys, appear to be enjoying themselves immensely, and some idea of the vastness of a Texan ranch may be obtained from the fact that the multitude of beasts here seen form but a very small proportion of the herd.



From a Photo. by W. H. Jackson, Denver, Col.—TEXAN COWBOYS WATERING IMMENSE HERDS OF HALF-WILD CATTLE.

[Photo.]



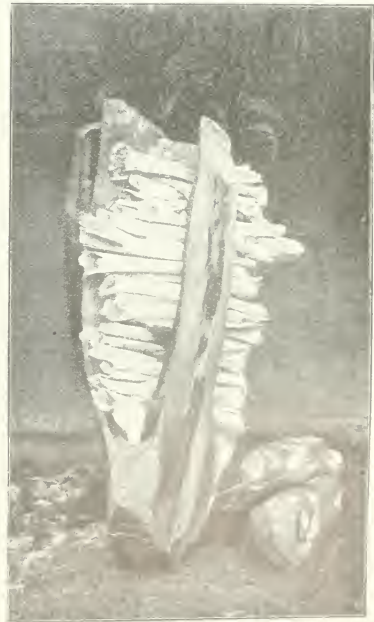
4.—A HOLIDAY IN THE BACKWOODS—TWENTY-FOUR DEER IN A SINGLE DAY. [Photo.]

Deer throughout the United States has come to be a scarce game. Even in the Far West, along the Pacific slope, they are scarce enough, except in one locality. This is the southern half of the State of Oregon, in the lava-beds country. This strange district is covered for many miles with lava, some areas of the mass being spread with soil. The swamps caused by the leakage or overflow from the pot-holes and lakes are filled with wild fowl—teal, duck, reed birds, and geese. The Indians hunt this game in an original way. They steal stealthily under cover of the tall tules and in the soft ground to where the birds are sitting, then springing suddenly out upon them they strike about with long sticks right and left, knocking down as many as possible while the birds are flushing and getting under way. Generally the Indians do this kind of hunting in small bands, and an onslaught of this sort by half-a-dozen Indians generally brings down several hundred out of the flock. But these little assaults are insignificant trifles when made upon an aggregation of ducks acres in extent, and which positively blacken the skies when they arise. In this district, too, deer can be found in abundance in the fall of the year. The party of five seen in the photo. shot twenty-four in one day, only sixteen of which they were able to pack that night into camp. Of late parties of professional hunters have taken to visiting the place, and hundreds of deer are killed in a season. But as the animals are not fat until the autumn, when the breeding is over, the plentifulness of the game has not perceptibly diminished. The hunters preserve the hides and horns and cut the meat into strips, which they dry in the sun. If this be impracticable, it is half roasted over a fire upon a gridiron of wire netting, and when thus cured it is carried

out of the country and sold at the stores in the towns and settlements.

Fiji cannibal occurrences are suggested by the sketch by painting illustration. This is a forked limb of a tree in which human bones had been placed after a cannibal feast in 1877. It was found by the secretary of Lord Stanmore, formerly Governor of Fiji, and the re-

mains consisted principally of leg and arm bones. Such discoveries as these are not at all uncommon in the Fiji Islands, for in the bad old days of cannibalism the natives, after a feast, invariably threw the clean-picked bones into a crevice in some convenient tree. Lord Stanmore relates the fact that on one occasion



5.—THIS IS WHAT THEY DID WITH THE HUMAN BONES AFTER A CANNIBAL FEAST IN FIJI. [Photo.]



—THE FETTER PRISON OF CHRIST IS REPRESENTED IN EMBLEMS FROM A 1600 THROBOKELIAN VILLAGER SHRINE. [Photo.]

our *ode-de-camp* came upon a party of Fijian cannibals in the very act of indulging in a feast of human flesh. They had cooked a man's leg, and were having it served up for breakfast with a certain kind of vegetable very like spinach, the inevitable accompaniment of such a dish.

Next we have a photograph of a typical village cross at San Francisco, a small village near Pari, in the province of Minas Geraes, Brazil. On the cross are represented all the paraphernalia of Christ's Crucifixion, including the dice, spear, sponge, scarlet robe, ladder, crown of thorns, and sword; and, as you will see, the natives have even gone to the trouble of including a hammer and a pair of pincers. This remarkable object-lesson in the Passion of Christ may be said to commence with the denial of Peter,

which is represented by the frolicsome cock surmounting the whole curious structure.

The idea of being able to reach the heart of Siberia by water was scouted some forty years ago, when M. Sidroff, a merchant prince of Siberia, brought forward the theory that the ice-bound Kara Sea could be forced and passage made to the mouths of the great Siberian rivers Yenisei and Obi, which connect with the very heart of Asia. M. Sidroff offered a reward of £2,000 to the first man who should make the sea passage from Europe to the estuary of the Yenisei. This offer attracted the notice of Capt. Joseph Wiggins, a Tynesider, who set out in the steamer *Diana*, in 1874, successfully passed through the Kara Sea, and entered the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei rivers. Several other ships followed in the wake of the intrepid English mariner, and in 1887 a company was formed in Newcastle to establish commercial relations with Siberia. A 400-ton steamer called the *Phoenix* was equipped, and under Captain Wiggins made for the Kara Sea and the Yenisei River; the intention being to get as far as Yeniseisk. The difficulties attendant upon navigation in the Kara Sea may be estimated when it is said that the ship has to watch a favourable opportunity when the ice, suddenly parting, leaves a narrow channel. Through this she must dart at full speed, as the slightest miscalculation would mean that she would be "nipped" in the ice, and probably remain there for a whole year. The *Phoenix* got through safely, and went as far as Yeniseisk. While in



—WHEN THE GREAT ICY RIVER BROKE UP, THIS SHIP WAS HURLED FROM A INTO A VILLAGE WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS. [Photo.]



8.—NOT A BATTLESHIP, BUT A HUGE FLOATING OPIUM WAREHOUSE ON THE HUANGPOO RIVER. [Photo.]

the Yenisei, however, the vessel got ice-bound and had, perforce, to wait until the break-up of the ice. Now, the breaking-up of an ice-bound river in Siberia is like a convulsion of Nature, and the poor little *Phoenix* fared badly. She was carried bodily down the river, and at length brought headlong to the shore, where she was hurled upon a landing-stage near a village, completing her work of destruction by smashing to atoms some barges and small cottages. The photo. herein reproduced depicts the stout little vessel as she lay embedded in the ice, amid the scattered remnants of the pier and houses she had destroyed.

Our next photo. shows a huge floating opium store on the Huangpoo River, a tributary of the Yang-tse-kiang. Here the supply of the pernicious weed is regulated by officials, whose quarters on board their floating home are very roomy and comfortable. Although the habit of opium-smoking is attended with such disastrous results to the victim, the plant itself is used for a variety of useful purposes. When young it has the appearance of lettuce, and is a very palatable vegetable when cooked. The prepared extract is regarded as a sort of "poor man's

tread" in the country districts of China, where, applied externally as a plaster, or taken internally in the form of a pill, it is considered an effective panacea for all the ills that John Chamaun is heir to—and *that* name is legion.

The annual "treat" of opium would appear to be an all-Indian institution with Sunday schools all over the world. Here we see a part—and by no means the least important part—of an Indian Sunday-school outing. It is important because it shows the preparation of the food, always a serious business at such functions. In the two large earthenware pots, or *gharras*, a goat-curry is seething; while the other pot contains *dal*, a mysterious substance something like thick pea-soup. On such occasions the necessary goats are taken out to the picnic by the boys, and then a master—or someone else skilled in such matters—kills and skins the animals and prepares them for the pot. A "kitchen range" is quickly improvised, and presently the savoury odour of the curry begins to float across the grass, titillating pleasantly the palates of the youngsters, some of whom may be seen waiting expectantly in the background. This particular picnic took place in the Singbhum district of Bengal, and was the annual "treat" of the Sunday-school attached to the S.P.G. Mission at Chaibasa.

The normal condition of the interior of



9.—A SUNDAY-SCHOOL "TREAT" IN INDIA MEANS AN OUTFIT OF OPIUM. [Photo.]



10.—THE FLOODS ARE COMING! PART OF A FLOCK OF 26,000 SHEEP BEING HURRIED TO HIGHER GROUND (CULGOA RIVER). *(From a Photo.)*

Australia is one of long-continued drought, but sometimes a reversal of the ordinary state of affairs takes place, and from a land of sun-baked plains and shadowless forests it becomes a vast lake, all but a few high places being covered. Then the long-neglected bridges over the rivers become useful in shifting stock from the low-lying stations to places where they will be at least safe from drowning. There is nothing more trying in the arduous work of the Australian stockman than extricating sheep from a flooded paddock, perhaps four or five miles in extent. The accompanying photo. was taken on a Culgoa River station during the great flood of 1890, and shows part of a flock of about 26,000 young sheep, which, after being mustered in a five-mile flooded paddock, pulled bodily out of bog-holes, swum over creeks, and rescued from innumerable other dangers, are now seen crossing a sheep-bridge leading to higher country and safety. A few days after the

flock passed over the bridge was covered by the all-embracing waters, and was not seen again for over two months.

Football, as played in the islands of the Caroline group, in the South Pacific, is rather a curious sport. To begin with, there is no ball, and the players simply hop about instead of progressing in the usual manner. No referee is necessary—the laws of the game being delightfully simple—and

“hacking” and “fouling” are unknown. The only “ball” used is the naked foot, and it is the object of each player to push his opponent over by pressing on the sole of the upheld foot with his own. Directly a man is pushed over or compelled to come down on to his two feet he is out of the running, and the last man left hopping is the winner. There is plenty of fun and excitement. In our photo. we see the last two men left in the struggle about to engage in the final encounter which will decide the game; the combatants who have already been put “out of action” look on with keen interest.



11.—“FOOTBALL” IN THE CAROLINES. THERE IS NO BALL, BUT THE PLAYERS HOP ABOUT ON ONE LEG, AND TRY TO KEEP IN THAT POSITION. *(Photo.)*

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