Eric Parker Ryman
from his father.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

MAY, 1902, TO OCTOBER, 1902.

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TRAVEL
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"TRUTH IS
STRANGER
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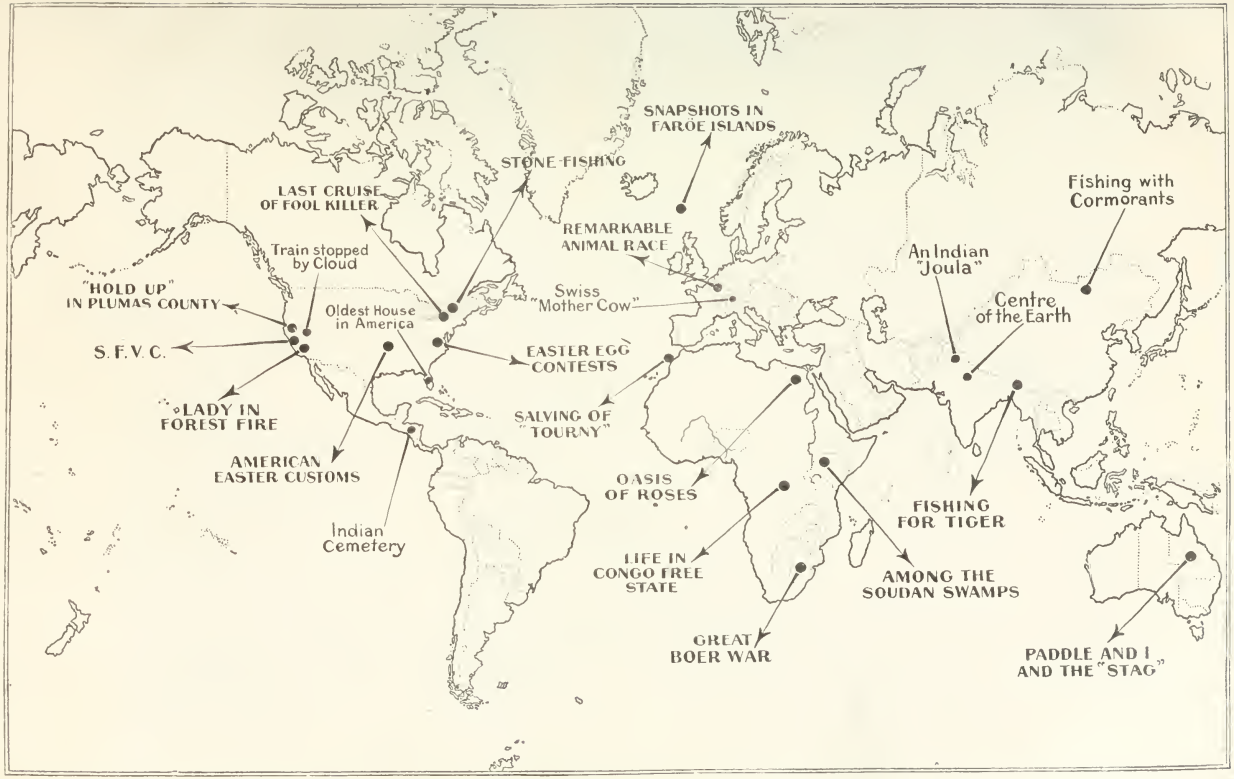

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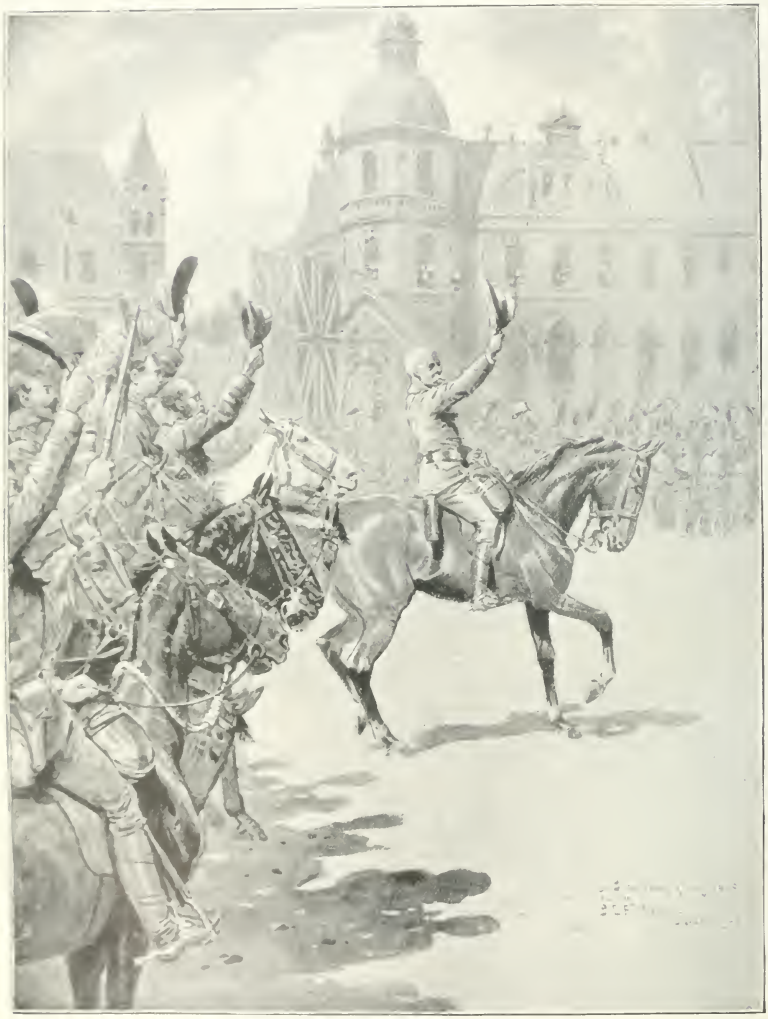

THE HOISTING OF THE BRITISH FLAG AT PRETORIA—LORD ROBERTS CALLING FOR THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN.

Drawn by [illegible]. From a Sketch by C. E. Fripp, R.W.S.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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The Great Boer War.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

By arrangement with the Author and Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers, Dr. Conan Doyle's famous work—universally acknowledged to be the standard history of the South African War—is here given exactly as it appeared in book form.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MARCH ON PRETORIA.

IN the early days of May, when the season of the rains was past and the veldt was green, Lord Roberts's six weeks of enforced inaction came to an end. He had gathered himself once more for one of those tiger springs which should be as sure and as irresistible as that which had brought him from Belmont to Bloemfontein, or that other in olden days which had carried him from Cabul to Candahar. His army had been decimated by sickness, and eight thousand men had passed into the hospitals; but those who were with the colours were of high heart, longing eagerly for action. Any change which would carry them away from the pest-ridden, evil-smelling capital which had revenged itself so terribly upon the invader must be a change for the better. Therefore it was with glad faces and brisk feet that the centre column left Bloemfontein on May 1st, and streamed, with bands playing, along the northern road.

On May 3rd the main force was assembled at Karee, twenty miles upon their way. Two hundred and twenty separated them from Pretoria, but in little more than a month from the day of starting, in spite of broken railway, a succession of rivers, and the opposition of the enemy, this army was marching into the main street of the Transvaal capital. Had there been no enemy there at all, it would still have been a fine performance, the more so when one remembers that the army was moving upon a front of twenty miles or more, each part of which had to be co-ordinated to the rest. It is with the story of this great march that the present chapter deals.

Roberts had prepared the way by clearing out the south-eastern corner of the State, and at the moment of his advance his forces covered a semicircular front of about forty miles, the right under Ian Hamilton near Thabanchu, and the left at Karee. This was the broad net which was to be swept from south to north across the Free State, gradually narrowing as it went. The conception was admirable, and appears to have been an adoption of the Boers' own strategy, which had in turn been borrowed from the Zulus. The solid centre could hold any force which faced it, while the mobile flanks, Hutton upon the left and Hamilton upon the right, could lap round and pin it, as Cronje was pinned at Paardeberg. It seems admirably simple when done upon a small scale. But when the scale is one of forty miles, since your front must be broad enough to envelop the front which is opposed to it, and when the scattered wings have to be fed with no railway line to help, it takes such a master of administrative detail as Lord Kitchener to bring the operations to complete success.

On May 3rd, the day of the advance from our most northern post, Karee, the disposition of Lord Roberts's army was briefly as follows. On his left was Hutton, with his mixed force of mounted infantry drawn from every quarter of the Empire. This formidable and mobile body, with some batteries of horse artillery and of pom-poms, kept a line a few miles to the west of the railroad, moving northwards parallel with it. Roberts's main column kept on the railroad, which was mended with extraordinary speed by the Railway Pioneer Regiment and the Engineers, under Girouard and the ill-fated Seymour. It was amazing to note the shattered culverts as one passed, and yet to be overtaken by trains within a day. This main column consisted of Pole-Carew's 11th Division, which

contained the Guards, and Stephenson's Brigade (Warwicks, Essex, Welsh, and Yorkshires). With them were the 83rd, 84th, and 85th K.R.A., with the heavy guns, and a small force of mounted infantry. Passing along the wide spread British line one would then, after an interval of seven or eight miles, come upon Tucker's Division (the 7th), which consisted of Maxwell's Brigade (formerly Chermside's—the Norfolks, Lancolns, Hampshires, and Scottish Borderers) and Wavell's Brigade (North Staffords, Cheshires, East Lancashires, South Wales Borderers). To the right of these was Ridley's mounted infantry. Beyond them, extending over very many miles of country and with considerable spaces between, there came Broadwood's cavalry, Bruce Hamilton's Brigade (Derbyshires, Sussex, Camerons, and C.I.V.), and finally on the extreme right of all Ian Hamilton's force of Highlanders, Canadians, Shropshires, and Cornwalls, with cavalry and mounted infantry, starting forty miles from Lord Roberts, but edging westwards all the way, to merge with the troops next to it, and to occupy Winburg in the way already described. This was the army, between forty and fifty thousand strong, with which Lord Roberts advanced upon the Transvaal.

In the meantime he had anticipated that his mobile and enterprising opponents would work round and strike at our rear. Ample means had been provided for dealing with any attempt of the kind. Rundle with the 8th Division and Brabant's Colonial Division remained in rear of the right flank to confront any force which might turn it. At Bloemfontein were Kelly-Kenny's Division (the 6th) and Chermside's (the 9th), with a force of cavalry and guns. Methuen, working from Kimberley towards Boshof, formed the extreme left wing of the main advance, though distant a hundred miles from it. With excellent judgment Lord Roberts saw that it was in our right flank that danger was to be feared, and here it was that every precaution had been taken to meet it.

The objective of the first day's march was the little town of Brandfort, ten miles north of Karee. The head of the main column faced it, while the left flank swept round and drove the Boers from their position. Tucker's division upon the right encountered some opposition, but overcame it with artillery. May 4th was a day of rest for the infantry, but on the 5th they advanced, in the same order as before, for twenty miles, and found themselves to the south of the Vet River, where the enemy had prepared for an energetic resistance. A vigorous artillery duel ensued, the British guns in the open as well against an invisible enemy. After three hours of a very hot fire the mounted infantry got across the river upon the left and turned the Boer flank, on which they hastily withdrew. The rushing of a kopje by twenty-three West Australians was one gallant incident which marked this engagement, in which our losses were insignificant. A Maxim and twenty or thirty prisoners were taken by Hutton's men. The next day (May 6th) the army moved across the difficult drift of the Vet River, and halted that night at Smaldeel, some five miles to the north of it. At the same time Ian Hamilton had been able to advance to Winburg, so that the army had contracted its front by about half, but had preserved its relative positions. Hamilton, after his junction with his reinforcements at Jacobsrust, had under him so powerful a force that he overbore all resistance. His actions between Thabanchu and Winburg had cost the Boers heavy loss, and in one action the German legion had been overthrown. The informal warfare which was made upon us by citizens of many nations without rebuke from their own Governments is a matter of which pride, and possibly policy, have forbidden us to complain, but it will be surprising if it does not prove that their laxity has established a very dangerous precedent, and they will find it difficult to object when, in the next little war in which either France or Germany is engaged, they find a few hundred British adventurers carrying a rifle against them.

The record of the army's advance is now rather geographical than military, for it rolled northwards with never a check save that which was caused by the construction of the railway diversions which atoned for the destruction of the larger bridges. The infantry now, as always in the campaign, marched excellently; for though twenty miles in the day may seem a moderate allowance to a healthy man upon an English road, it is a considerable performance under an African sun with a weight of between thirty and forty pounds to be carried. The good humour of the men was admirable, and they eagerly longed to close with the elusive enemy who flitted ever in front of them. Huge clouds of smoke veiled the northern sky, for the Boers had set fire to the dry grass, partly to cover their own retreat and partly to show up our khaki upon the blackened surface. Far on the flanks the twinkling heliographs revealed the position of the wide-spread wings.

On May 10th Lord Roberts's force, which had halted for three days at Smaldeel, moved onwards to Welgelegen. French's cavalry had come up by road, and quickly strengthened the centre and left wing of the army. On the morning of the 10th the invaders found them-

BOERS SETTING FIRE TO THE VELDT TO COVER A RETREAT.
Drawn by A. Pearce. From a Sketch by Henry Lea.

selves confronted by a formidable position which the Boers had taken up on the northern bank of the Sand River. Their army extended over twenty miles of country, the two Bothas were in command, and everything pointed to a pitched battle. Had the position been rushed from the front there was every material for a second Colenso, but the British had learned that it was by brains rather than by blood that such battles may be won. French's cavalry turned the Boers on one side and Bruce Hamilton's infantry on the other. Theoretically we never passed the Boer flanks, but practically their line was so over-extended that we were able to pierce it at any point. There was never any severe fighting, but rather a steady advance upon the British side and a steady retirement upon that of the Boers. On the left the Sussex Regiment distinguished itself by the dash with which it stormed an important kopje. The losses were slight, save among a detached body of cavalry which found itself suddenly cut off by a strong force of the enemy and lost Captain Elworthy killed, and Haig of the Inniskillings, Wilkinson of the Australian Horse, and twenty men prisoners. We also secured forty or fifty prisoners, and the enemy's casualties amounted to about as many more. The whole straggling action, fought over a front as broad as from London to Woking, cost the British at the most a couple of hundred casualties and carried their army over the most formidable defensive position which they were to encounter. The war in its later phases certainly has the pleasing characteristic of being the most bloodless, considering the number of men engaged and the amount of powder burned, that has been known in history. It was at the expense of their boots and not of their lives that the infantry won their way.

On May 11th Lord Roberts's army advanced twenty miles to Geneva Siding, and every preparation was made for a battle next day, as it was thought certain that the Boers would defend their new capital, Kroonstad. It proved, however, that even here they would not make a stand, and on May 12th, at one o'clock, Lord Roberts rode into the town. Steyn, Botha, and De Wet escaped, and it was announced that the village of Lindley had become the new seat of Government. The British had now accomplished half their journey to Pretoria, and it was obvious that on the south side of the Vaal no serious resistance awaited them. Burghers were freely surrendering themselves with their arms, and returning to their farms. In the south-east Rundle and Brabant were slowly advancing, while the Boers who faced them fell back towards Lindley. On the west, Hunter had crossed the Vaal at Windsorton, and Barton's Fusilier Brigade had fought a sharp action at Rooidam, while Mahon's Mafeking relief column had slipped past their flank, escaping the observation of the British public, but certainly not that of the Boers. The losses in the Rooidam action were five killed and twenty-six wounded, but the Boer losses were for once considerably more than the British. The Yeomanry had an opportunity of showing once more that there are few more high-mettled troops in South Africa than these good sportsmen of the shires, who

only showed a trace of their origin in their irresistible inclination to burst into a "tally ho!" when ordered to attack. The Boer forces fell back after the action along the line of the Vaal, making for Christiana and Bloemhof. Hunter entered into the Transvaal in pursuit of them, being the first to cross the border, with the exception of raiding Rhodesia early in the war. Mahoney, in the meanwhile, was following a course parallel to Hunter but south of him, Hoopstad being his immediate objective. The little Union Jacks which were stuck in the war maps in so many British households were now moving swiftly upwards.

Buller's force was also sweeping northwards, and the time had come when the Ladysmith garrison, restored at last to health and strength, should have a chance of striking back at those who had tormented them so long. Many of the best troops had been drafted away to other portions of the seat of war. Hart's Brigade and Barton's Fusilier Brigade had gone with Hunter to form the 19th Division upon the Kimberley side, and the Imperial Light Horse had been brought over for the relief of Mafeking. There remained, however, a formidable force, the regiments in which had been strengthened by the addition of drafts and Volunteers from home. Not less than twenty thousand sabres and bayonets were ready and eager for the passage of the Biggarsberg Mountains.

This line of rugged hills is pierced by only three passes, each of which was held in strength by the enemy. Considerable losses must have ensued from any direct attempt to force them. Buller, however, with excellent judgment, demonstrated in front of them with Hildyard's men, while the rest of the army, marching round, outflanked the line of resistance, and on May 15th pounced upon Dundee. Much had happened since that October day when Penn Symons led his three gallant regiments up Talana Hill, but now at last, after seven weary months, the ground was reoccupied which he had gained. His old soldiers visited his grave, and the national flag was raised over the remains of as gallant a man as ever died for the sake of it.

"TALLY-HO!" YEOMANRY GALLOPING INTO ACTION.
Drawn by F. T. Wanzh. From a Sketch by Henry Lea.

The Boers, whose force did not exceed a few thousands, were now rolled swiftly back through Northern Natal into their own country. The long strain at Ladysmith had told upon them, and the men whom we had to meet were very different from the warriors of Spion Kop and Nicholson's Nek. They had done magnificently, but there is a limit to human endurance, and no longer would these peasants face the bursting lyddite and the bayonets of angry soldiers. There is little enough for us to boast of in this. Some pride might be taken in the campaign when at a disadvantage we were facing superior numbers, but now we could but deplore the situation in which these poor valiant burghers found themselves, the victims of a rotten Government and of their own delusions.

Hofer's Tyrolese, Charette's Vendeans, or Bruce's Scotchmen never fought a finer fight than these children of the veldt, but in each case they combated a real and not an imaginary tyrant. It is heart-sickening to think of the butchery, the misery, the irreparable losses, the blood of men, and the bitter tears of women, all of which might have been spared had one obstinate and ignorant man been persuaded to allow the State which he ruled to conform to the customs of every other civilized State upon the earth.

Buller was now moving with a rapidity and decision which contrast pleasantly with some of his earlier operations. Although Dundee was only occupied on May 15th, on May 18th his vanguard was in Newcastle, fifty miles to the north. In nine days he had covered one hundred and thirty-eight miles. On the 19th the army lay under the loom of that Majuba which had cast its sinister shadow for so long over South African politics. In front was the historical Laing's Nek, the pass which leads from Natal into the Transvaal, while through it runs the famous railway tunnel. Here the Boers had taken up that position which had proved nineteen years before to be too strong for British troops. The Rooineks had come back after many days to try again. A halt was called, for the ten days' supplies which had been taken with the troops were exhausted, and it was necessary to wait until the railway should be repaired. This gave time for Hildyard's 5th Division and Lyttelton's 4th Division to close up on Clery's 2nd Division, which with Dundonald's cavalry had formed our vanguard throughout. The only losses of any consequence during this fine march fell upon a single squadron of Bethune's mounted infantry, which being thrown out in the direction of Vryheid, in order to make sure that our flank was clear, fell into an ambuscade and was almost annihilated by a close-range fire. Sixty-six casualties, of which nearly half were killed, were the result of this action, which seems to have depended, like most of our reverses, upon defective scouting. Buller, having called up his two remaining divisions and having mended the railway behind him, proceeded now to manœuvre the Boers out of Laing's Nek exactly as he had manœuvred them out of the Biggarsberg. At the end of May Hildyard and Lyttelton were dispatched in an eastern direction, as if there were an intention of turning the pass from Utrecht.

It was on May 12th that Lord Roberts occupied Kroonstad, and he halted there for eight days before he resumed his advance. At the end of that time his railway had been repaired and enough supplies brought up to enable him to advance again without anxiety. The country through which he passed swarmed with herds and flocks, but, with as scrupulous a regard for the rights of property as Wellington showed in the South of France, no hungry soldier was allowed to take so much as a chicken as he passed. The punishment for looting was prompt and stern. It is true that farms were burned occasionally and the stock confiscated, but this was as a punishment for some particular offence and not part of a system. The limping Tommy looked askance at the fat geese which covered the dam by the roadside, but it was as much as his life was worth to allow his fingers to close round those tempting white necks. On foul water and bully beef he tramped through a land of plenty.

Lord Roberts's eight days' halt was spent in consolidating the general military situation. We have already shown how Buller had crept upwards to the Natal Border. On the west Methuen reached Hoopstad and Hunter Christiana, settling the country and collecting arms as they went. Rundle in the south-east took possession of the rich grain lands, and on May 21st entered Ladybrand. In front of him lay that difficult hilly country about Senekal, Ficksburg, and Bethlehem which was to delay him so long. Ian Hamilton was feeling his way northwards to the right of the railway line, and for the moment cleared the district between Lindley and Heilbron, passing through both towns and causing Steyn to again change his capital, which became Vrede, in the extreme north-east of the State. During these operations Hamilton had the two formidable De Wet brothers in front of him, and suffered nearly a hundred casualties in the continual skirmishing which accompanied his advance. His right flank and rear were continually attacked, and these signs of forces outside our direct line of advance were full of menace for the future.

On May 22nd the main army resumed its advance, moving forward fifteen miles to Honing's Spruit. On the 23rd another march of twenty miles over a fine rolling prairie brought them to Rhenoster River. The enemy had made some preparations for a stand, but Hamilton was near Heilbron upon their left and French was upon their right flank. The river was crossed without opposition. On the 24th the army was at Vredefort Road, and on the 26th the vanguard crossed the Vaal River at Viljoen's Drift, the whole army following on the 27th. Hamilton's force had been cleverly swung across from the right to the left flank of the British, so that the Boers were massed on the wrong side.

Preparations for resistance had been made on

the line of the railway, but the wide turning movements on the flanks by the indefatigable French and Hamilton rendered all opposition of no avail. The British columns flowed over and towards without a pause, tramping steadily northwards to their destination. The bulk of the Free State forces refused to leave their own country, and moved away to the eastern and northern portions of the State, where the British generals thought—incorrectly, as the future was to prove—that no further harm would come from them. The State which they were in arms to defend had really ceased to exist, for already it had been publicly proclaimed at Bloemfontein in the Queen's name that the country had been annexed to the Empire, and that its style henceforth was that of "The Orange River Colony." Those who think this measure unduly harsh must remember that every mile of land which the Free Staters had conquered in the early part of the war had been solemnly annexed by them. At the same time those Englishmen who knew the history of the State, which had once been the model of all that a State should be, were saddened by the thought that it should have deliberately committed suicide for the sake of one of the most corrupt Governments which have ever been known. Had the Transvaal been absorbed as the Orange Free State was, such an event as the second Boer War could never have occurred.

Lord Roberts's tremendous march was now drawing to a close. On May 28th the troops advanced twenty miles, and passed Klip River without fighting. It was observed with surprise that the Transvaalers were very much more careful of their own property than they had been of that of their allies, and that the railway was not damaged at all by the retreating forces. The country had become more populous, and far away upon the low curves of the hills were seen high chimneys and gaunt iron pumps which struck the North of England soldier with a pang of homesickness. This long distant hill was the famous Rand, and under its faded grasses lay such riches as Solomon never took from Ophir. It was the prize of victory; and yet the prize is not to the victor, for the dust-grimed officers and men looked with little personal interest at this treasure-house of the world. Not one penny the richer would they be for the fact that their blood and their energy had brought justice and freedom to the gold-fields. They had opened up an industry for the world, men of all nations would be the better for their labours, the miner and the financier or the trader would equally profit by them, but the men in khaki would tramp on, unrewarded and uncomplaining, to

THE VANGUARD OF LORD ROBERTS'S ARMY CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER.
Drawn by R. M. Paxton. From a Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

India, to China, to any spot where the needs of their world-wide Empire called them.

The infantry, streaming up from the Vaal River to the famous ridge of gold, had met with no resistance upon the way, but great mist banks of cloud by day and huge twinkling areas of flame by night showed the handiwork of the enemy. Hamilton and French, moving upon the left flank, found Boers thick upon the hills, but cleared them off in a well-managed skirmish which cost us a dozen casualties. On May 29th, pushing swiftly along, French found the enemy posted very strongly with several guns at a point west of Klip River Berg. The cavalry leader had with him at this stage three horse batteries, four pom-poms, and three thousand mounted men. The position being too strong for him to force, Hamilton's infantry (19th and 21st Brigades) were called up, and the Boers were driven out. That splendid corps, the Gordons, lost nearly a hundred men in their advance over the open, and the C.I.V.'s on the other flank fought like a regiment of veterans. The open formation of the troops, the powerful artillery behind them, and perhaps also the lowered morale of the enemy combined to make such a movement less dangerous than of old. In any case it was inevitable, as the state of Hamilton's commissariat rendered it necessary that at all hazards he should force his way through.

Whilst this action of Doornkop was fought by the British left flank, Henry's mounted infantry in the centre moved straight upon the important junction of Germiston, which lies amid the huge white heaps of tailings from the mines. At this point, or near it, the lines from Johannesburg and from Natal join the line to Pretoria. Colonel Henry's advance was an extremely daring one, for the infantry were some distance behind; but after an irregular scrambling skirmish, in which the Boer snipers had to be driven off the mine heaps and from among the houses, the 8th Mounted Infantry got their grip of the railway and held it. The exploit was a very fine one, and stands out the more bril-

Drawn by] THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS AT DOORNKOP. [*C. E. Fripp, R.W.S.*

There had been an inclination to smile at these citizen soldiers when they first came out, but no one smiled now save the general who felt that he had them at his back. Hamilton's attack was assisted by the menace rather than the pressure of French's turning movement on the Boer right, but the actual advance was as purely frontal as any of those which had been carried through at the beginning of the war.

liantly as the conduct of the campaign cannot be said to afford many examples of that well-considered audacity which deliberately runs the risk of the minor loss for the sake of the greater gain. Henry was much assisted by J Battery, R.H.A., which was handled with energy and judgment.

French was now on the west of the town, Henry had cut the railway on the east, and

Roberts was coming up from the south. His infantry had covered one hundred and thirty miles in seven days, but the thought that every step brought them nearer to Pretoria was as exhilarating as their fifes and drums. On May 30th the victorious troops camped outside the city while Botha retired with his army, abandoning without a battle the treasure-house of his country. Inside the town were chaos and confusion. The richest mines in the world lay for a day or more at the mercy of a lawless rabble drawn from all nations. The Boer officials were themselves divided in opinion, Krause standing for law and order while Judge Koch advocated violence. A spark would have set the town blazing, and the worst was feared when a crowd of mercenaries assembled in front of the Robinson Mine with threats of violence. By the firmness and tact of Mr. Tucker, the manager, and by the strong attitude of Commissioner Krause, the situation was saved and the danger passed. Upon May 31st, without violence to life or destruction to property, that great town which British hands have done so much to build found itself at last under the British flag. May it wave there so long as it covers just laws, honest officials, and clean-handed administrators—so long and no longer!

And now the last stage of the great journey had been reached. Two days were spent at Johannesburg while supplies were brought up, and then a move was made upon Pretoria, thirty miles to the north. Here was the Boer capital, the seat of Government, the home of Kruger, the centre of all that was anti-British, crouching amid its hills, with costly forts guarding every face of it. Surely at last the place had been found where that great battle should be fought which should decide for all time whether it was with the Briton or with the Dutchman that the future of South Africa lay.

THE BATTLE OF DOORNKOP—THE DERBYSHIRES ADVANCING.
Drawn by J. Nash, R.I. From a Sketch by C. E. Fripp, R.W.S.

On the last day of May two hundred Lancers under the command of Major Hunter Weston, with Charles of the Sappers and Burnham the scout, a man who has played the part of a hero throughout the campaign, struck off from the main army and endeavoured to descend upon the Pretoria - Delagoa railway line with the intention of blowing up a bridge and cutting the Boer line of retreat. It was a most dashing attempt; but the small party had the misfortune to come into contact with a strong Boer commando, who headed them off. After a skirmish they were compelled to make their way back with a loss of five killed and fourteen wounded.

The cavalry under French had waited for the issue of this enterprise at a point nine miles north of Johannesburg. On June 2nd it began

its advance with orders to make a wide sweep round to the westward, and so skirt the capital, cutting the Pietersburg railway to the north of it. The country in the direct line between Johannesburg and Pretoria consists of a series of rolling downs which are admirably adapted for cavalry work, but the détour which French had to make carried him into the wild and broken district which lies to the north of the Little Crocodile River. Here he was fiercely attacked on ground where his troops could not deploy, but with extreme coolness and judgment beat off the enemy. To cover thirty-two miles in a day and fight a way out of an ambuscade in the evening is an ordeal for any leader and for any troops. Two killed and seven wounded were our trivial losses in a situation which might have been a serious one. The Boers appear to have been the escort of a strong convoy which had passed along the road some miles in front. Next morning both convoy and opposition had disappeared. The cavalry rode on amid a country of orange groves, the troopers standing up in their stirrups to pluck the golden fruit. There was no further fighting, and on June 4th French had established himself upon the north of the town, where he learned that all resistance had ceased.

Whilst the cavalry had performed this enveloping movement the main army had moved swiftly upon its objective, leaving one brigade behind to secure Johannesburg. Ian Hamilton advanced upon the left, while Lord Roberts's column kept the line of the railway, Colonel Henry's mounted infantry scouting in front. As the army topped the low curves of the veldt they saw in front of them two well-marked hills, each crowned by a low squat building. They were the famous southern forts of Pretoria. Between the hills was a narrow neck, and beyond the Boer capital.

For a time it appeared that the entry was to be an absolutely bloodless one, but the booming of cannon and the crash of Mauser fire soon showed that the enemy was in force upon the ridge. Botha had left a strong rearguard to hold off the British while his own stores and valuables were being withdrawn from the town. The silence of the forts showed that the guns had been removed and that no prolonged resistance was intended; but, in the meanwhile, fringes of determined riflemen, supported by cannon, held the approaches, and must be driven off before an entry could be effected. Each fresh corps as it came up reinforced the firing line. Henry's mounted infantrymen, supported by the horse-guns of J Battery and the guns of Tucker's Division, began the action. So hot was the answer, both from cannon and from rifle, that it seemed for a time as if a real battle were at last about to take place. The Guards' Brigade, Stephenson's Brigade, and Maxwell's Brigade streamed up and waited until Hamilton, who was on the enemy's right flank, should be able to make his presence felt. The heavy guns had also arrived, and a huge cloud of *débris* rising from the Pretorian forts told the accuracy of their fire.

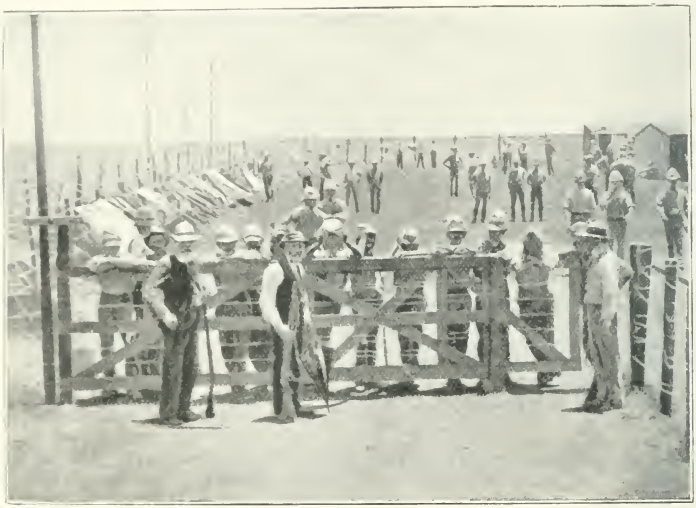
But either the burghers were half-hearted or there was no real intention to make a stand. About half-past two their fire slackened, and Pole-Carew was directed to push on. That *débonnaire* soldier with his two veteran brigades obeyed the order with alacrity, and the infantry swept over the ridge with some thirty or forty casualties, the majority of which fell to the Warwicks. The position was taken, and Hamilton, who came up late, was only able to send on De Lisle's mounted infantry, chiefly Australians, who ran down one of the Boer Maxims in the open. The action had cost us altogether about seventy men. Among the injured was the Duke of Norfolk, who had shown a high sense of civic virtue in laying aside the duties and dignity of a Cabinet Minister in order to serve as a simple captain of Volunteers. At the end of this one fight the capital lay at the mercy of Lord Roberts. Consider the fight which they made for their chief city, compare it with that which the British made for the village of Mafeking, and say on which side is that stern spirit of self-sacrifice and resolution which are the signs of the better cause.

In the early morning of June 5th the Coldstream Guards were mounting the hills which commanded the town. Beneath them in the clear African air lay the famous city, embowered in green, the fine central buildings rising grandly out of the wide circle of villas. Through the Nek part of the Guards' Brigade and Maxwell's Brigade had passed and had taken over the station, from which at least one train laden with horses had steamed that morning. Two others, both ready to start, were only just stopped in time.

The first thought was for the British prisoners, and a small party headed by the Duke of Marlborough rode to their rescue. Let it be said once for all that their treatment by the Boers was excellent and that their appearance would alone have proved it. One hundred and twenty-nine officers and thirty-nine soldiers were found in the Model Schools, which had been converted into a prison. A day later our cavalry arrived at Waterval, which is fourteen miles to the north of Pretoria. Here were confined three thousand soldiers, whose fare had certainly been of the scantiest, though in other respects they

appear to have been well treated.* Nine hundred of their comrades had been removed by the Boers, but Porter's cavalry was in time to release the others, under a brisk shell fire from a Boer gun upon the ridge. Many pieces of good luck have we had in the campaign, but this recovery of our prisoners, which left the enemy without a dangerous lever for exacting conditions of peace, is the most fortunate of all.

In the centre of the town there is a wide square decorated or disfigured by a bare pedestal upon which a statue of the President was to have been placed. Hard by is the barnlike church in which he preached, and on either side are the Government offices and the Law Courts, buildings which would grace any European capital. Here, at five o'clock on the afternoon of June 5th, Lord Roberts sat his horse and saw pass in front of him the men who had followed him so far and so faithfully—the Guards, the Essex, the Welsh, the Yorks, the Warwicks, the guns, the mounted infantry, the dashing irregulars, the Gordons, the Canadians, the Shropshires, the Cornwalls, the Camerons, the Derbys, the Sussex, and the London Volunteers. For over two hours the khaki waves with their crests of steel went sweeping by. High above their heads from the summit of the Raad saal the broad Union Jack streamed for the first time. Through months of darkness we had struggled onwards to the light. Now at last the strange drama was drawing to its close. The God of battles had given the long-withheld verdict. But of all the hearts which throbbed high at that supreme moment there were few who felt one touch of bitterness towards the brave men who had been overborne. They had fought and died for their ideal. We had fought and died for ours. The hope for the future of South Africa is that they or their descendants may learn that that banner which has come to wave above Pretoria means no racial intolerance, no greed for gold, no paltering with injustice or corruption, but that it means one law for all and one freedom for all, as it does in every other continent in the whole broad earth. When that is learned it may happen that even they will come to date a happier life and a wider liberty from that 5th of June which saw the symbol of their nation pass for ever from among the ensigns of the world.



WATERVAL CAMP, WHERE THE BRITISH PRISONERS WERE KEPT. [*Photo.*

* Further information unfortunately shows that in the case of the officers of the General's party the treatment was by no means good.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DIAMOND HILL—RUNDLE'S OPERATIONS.

THE military situation at the time of the occupation of Pretoria was roughly as follows. Lord Roberts, with some thirty thousand men, was in possession of the capital, but had left his long line of communications very imperfectly

guarded behind him. On the flank of this line of communications, in the eastern and north-eastern corner of the Free State, was an energetic force of unconquered Free Staters who had rallied round President Steyn. They were some eight or ten thousand in number, well horsed, with a fair number of guns, under the able leadership of De Wet, Prinsloo, and Olivier. Above all, they had a splendid position, mountainous and broken, from which, as from a fortress, they could make excursions to the south or west. This army included the commandoes of Ficksburg, Senekal, and Harrismith, with all the broken and desperate men from other districts who had left their farms and fled to the mountains. It was held in check as a united force by Rundle's Division and the Colonial Division on the south, while Colvile, and afterwards Methuen, endeavoured to pen them in on the west. The task was a hard one, however, and though Rundle succeeded in holding his line intact it appeared to be impossible in that wide country to coop up altogether an enemy so mobile. A strange game of hide-and-seek ensued, in which De Wet, who led the Boer raids, was able again and again to strike our line of rails and to get back without serious loss. The story of these instructive and humiliating episodes will be told in their order. The energy and skill of the guerilla chief challenge our admiration, and the score of his successes would be amusing were it not that the points of the game are marked by the lives of British soldiers.

General Buller had spent the latter half of May in making his way from Ladysmith to Laing's Nek, and the beginning of June found him with twenty thousand men in front of that difficult position. Some talk of a surrender had arisen, and Christian Botha, who commanded the Boers, succeeded in gaining several days' armistice, which ended in nothing. The Transvaal forces at this point were not more than a few thousand in number, but their position was so formidable that it was a serious task to turn them out. Van Wyk's Hill, however, had been left unguarded, and as its possession would give the British the command of Botha's Pass its unopposed capture by the South African Light Horse was an event of great importance. With guns upon this eminence, the infantry was able, on June 8th, to attack and to carry with little loss the rest of the high ground, and so to get the pass into their complete possession. Botha fired the grass behind him, and withdrew sullenly to the north. On the 9th and 10th the convoys were escorted over the pass, and on the 11th the main body of the army followed them.

THE STORMING OF ALLEMAN'S NEK.

Drawn by George Soper. From a Sketch by an Officer of Rimington's Guides.

The operations were now being conducted in that extremely acute angle of Natal which runs up between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. In crossing Botha's Pass the army had really entered what was now the Orange River

Colony. But it was only for a very short time, as the object of the movement was to turn the Laing's Nek position, and then come back into the Transvaal through Alleman's Pass. The gallant South African Light Horse led the way, and fought hard at one point to clear a path for the army, losing six killed and eight wounded in a sharp skirmish. On the morning of the 12th the flanking movement was far advanced, and it only remained for the army to force Alleman's Nek, which would place it to the rear of Laing's Nek, and close to the Transvaal town of Volksrust.

Had the Boers been the men of Colenso and of Spion Kop, this storming of Alleman's Nek would have been a bloody business. The position was strong, the cover was slight, and there was no way round. But the infantry came on with the old dash without the old stubborn resolution being opposed to them. The guns prepared the way, and then the Dorsets, the Dublins, the Middlesex, the Queen's, and the East Surrey did the rest. The door was open and the Transvaal lay before us. The next day Volksrust was in our hands.

The whole series of operations were excellently conceived and carried out. A position which the Boers had been preparing for months, scored with trenches and topped by heavy artillery, had been rendered untenable by a clever flank movement, the total casualties in the whole affair being less than two hundred killed and wounded. Natal was cleared of the invader, Buller's foot was on the high plateau of the Transvaal, and Roberts could count on twenty thousand good men coming up to him from the south-east. More important than all, the Natal railway was being brought up, and soon the central British Army would depend upon Durban instead of Cape Town for its supplies—a saving of nearly two-thirds of the distance. The fugitive Boers made northwards in the Middelburg direction, while Buller advanced to Standerton, which town he continued to occupy until Lord Roberts could send a force down through Heidelberg to join hands with him. Such was the position of the Natal Field Force at the end of June. From the west and the south-west British forces were also converging upon the capital. The indomitable Baden-Powell sought for rest and change of scene after his prolonged trial by harrying the Boers out of Zeerust and Rustenburg. The forces of Hunter and of Mahon converged upon Potchefstroom, from which, after settling that district, they could be conveyed by rail to Krugersdorp and Johannesburg.

THE GUARDS MARCHING INTO KROONSTAD ON THEIR WAY TO PRETORIA.
Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.I. From a Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

Before briefly recounting the series of events which took place upon the line of communications, the narrative must return to Lord Roberts

at Pretoria, and describe the operations which followed his occupation of that city. In leaving the undefeated forces of the Free State behind him the British general had unquestionably run a grave risk, and was well aware that his railway communication was in danger of being cut. By the rapidity of his movements he succeeded in gaining the enemy's capital before that which he had foreseen came to pass; but if Botha had held him at Pretoria while De Wet struck at him behind the situation would have been a serious one. Having once attained his main object, Roberts could receive with equanimity the expected news that De Wet with a mobile force of less than two thousand men had, on June 7th, cut the line at Roodeval to the north of Kroonstad. Both rail and telegraph were destroyed, and for a few days the army was isolated. Fortunately, there were enough supplies to go on with, and immediate steps were taken to drive away the intruder, though, like a mosquito, he was brushed from one place only to settle upon another.

Leaving others to restore his broken communications, Lord Roberts turned his attention once more to Botha, who still retained ten or fifteen thousand men under his command. The President had fled from Pretoria with a large sum of money, estimated at over two millions sterling, and was known to be living in a saloon railway carriage which had been transformed into a seat of Government even more mobile than that of President Steyn. From Waterval-Boven, a point beyond Middelburg, he was in a position either to continue his journey to Delagoa Bay, and so escape out of the country, or to travel north into that wild Lydenburg country which had always been proclaimed as the last ditch of the defence. Here he remained with his gold bags waiting the turn of events.

Botha and his stalwarts had not gone far from the capital. Fifteen miles out to the east the railway line runs through a gap in the hills called Pienaars Poort, and here was such a position as the Boer loves to hold. It was very strong in front and it had widely-spread formidable flanking hills to hamper those turning movements which had so often been fatal to the Boer generals. Behind was the uncut railway line, along which the guns could in case of need be removed. The whole position was over fifteen miles from wing to wing, and it was well known to the Boer general that Lord Roberts had no longer that preponderance of force which would enable him to execute wide turning movements, as he had done in his advance from the south.

BOER SCOUTS CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF CUTTING TELEGRAPH WIRES.
Drawn by Wal Paget. From a Photo.

His army had decreased seriously in numbers. The mounted men, the most essential branch of all, were so ill-horsed that brigades were not larger than regiments. One brigade of infantry (the 14th) had been left to garrison Johannesburg, and another (the 18th) had been chosen for special duty in Pretoria. Smith Dorrien's Brigade had been detached for duty upon the line of communications. With all these deductions and the wastage caused by wounds and disease, the force was in no state to assume a vigorous offensive. So hard pressed were they for men that the three thousand released prisoners from Waterval were hurriedly armed with Boer weapons and sent down the line to help to guard the more vital points.

Had Botha withdrawn to a safe distance Lord Roberts would certainly have halted, as he had done at Bloemfontein, and waited for remounts and reinforcements. But the war could not be allowed to languish when an active enemy lay only fifteen miles off, within striking distance of two cities and of the line of rail. Taking all the troops that he could muster, the British general moved out once more on Monday, June 11th, to drive Botha from his position. He had with him Pole-Carew's 11th Division, which numbered about six thousand men with twenty guns, Ian Hamilton's force, which included one infantry brigade (Bruce Hamilton's), one cavalry brigade, and a corps of mounted infantry, say, six thousand in all, with thirty guns. There remained French's Cavalry Division, with Hutton's Mounted Infantry, which could not have exceeded two thousand sabres and rifles. The total force was, therefore, not more than sixteen or seventeen thousand men, with about seventy guns. Their task was to carry a carefully-prepared position held by at least ten thousand burghers with a strong artillery. Had the Boer of June been the Boer of December, the odds would have been against the British.

There had been some negotiations for peace between Lord Roberts and Botha, but the news of De Wet's success from the south had hardened the Boer general's heart, and on June 9th the cavalry had their orders to advance. Hamilton was to work round the left wing of the Boers and French round their right, while the infantry came up in the centre. So wide was the scene of action that the attack and the resistance in each flank and in the centre constituted, on June 11th, three separate actions. Of these the latter was of least importance, as it merely entailed the advance of the infantry to a spot whence they could take advantage of the success of the flanking forces when they had made their presence felt. The centre did not on this as on several other occasions in the campaign make the mistake of advancing before the way had been prepared for it.

French with his attenuated force found so vigorous a resistance on Monday and Tuesday that he was hard put to it to hold his own. Fortunately he had with him three excellent Horse Artillery batteries, G, J, and O, who worked until, at the end of the engagement, they had only twenty rounds in their limbers. The country was an impossible one for cavalry, and the troopers fought dismounted, with intervals of twenty or thirty paces between the men. Exposed all day to rifle and shell fire, unable to advance and unwilling to retreat, it was only owing to their open formation that they escaped with about thirty casualties. With Boers on his front, his flank, and even on his rear, French held grimly on, realizing that a retreat upon his part would mean a greater pressure at all other points of the British advance. At night his weary men slept upon the ground which they had held. All Monday and all Tuesday French kept his grip at Kameelsdrift, stolidly indifferent to the attempt of the enemy to cut his line of communications. On Wednesday, Hamilton, upon the other flank, had gained the upper hand, and the pressure was relaxed. French then pushed forward, but the horses were so utterly beaten that no effective pursuit was possible.

During the two days that French had been held up by the Boer right wing Hamilton had also been seriously engaged upon the left—so seriously that at one time the action appeared to have gone against him. The fight presented some distinctive features, which made it welcome to soldiers who were weary of the invisible man with his smokeless gun upon the eternal kopje. It is true that man, gun, and kopje were all present upon this occasion, but in the endeavours to drive him off some new developments took place, which formed for one brisk hour a reversion to picturesque warfare. Perceiving a gap in the enemy's line, Hamilton pushed up the famous Q Battery—the guns which had plucked glory out of disaster at Sanna's Post. For the second time in one campaign they were exposed and in imminent danger of capture. A body of mounted Boers with great dash and hardihood galloped down within close range and opened fire. Instantly the 12th Lancers were let loose upon them. How they must have longed for their big-boned, long-striding English troop horses as they strove to raise a gallop out of their spiritless, overworked Argentines! For once, however, the lance meant more than five pounds dead weight and an incumbrance to the rider. The guns

were saved, the Boers fled, and a dozen were left upon the ground. But a cavalry charge has to end in a re-formation, and that is the instant of danger if any unbroken enemy remains within range. Now a sleet of bullets hissed through their ranks as they retired, and the gallant Lord Airlie, as modest and brave a soldier as ever drew sword, was struck through the heart. "Pray moderate your language!" was his last characteristic remark, made to a battle-drunken sergeant. Two officers, seventeen men, and thirty horses went down with their colonel, the great majority only slightly injured. In the meantime the increasing pressure upon his right caused Broadwood to order a second charge—of the Life Guards this time—to drive off the assailants. The appearance rather than the swords of the Guards prevailed, and cavalry as cavalry had vindicated their existence more than they had ever done during the campaign. The guns were saved, the flank attack was rolled back, but one other danger had still to be met, for the Heidelberg commando—a *corps d'élite* of the Boers—had made its way outside Hamilton's flank and threatened to get past him. With cool judgment the British general detached a battalion and a section of a battery, which pushed the Boers back into a less menacing position. The rest of Bruce Hamilton's Brigade were ordered to advance upon the hills in front, and, aided by a heavy artillery fire, they had succeeded, before the closing in of the winter night, in getting possession of this first line of the enemy's defences. Night fell upon an undecided fight, which, after swaying this way and that, had finally inclined to the side of the British. The Sussex and the City Imperial Volunteers were clinging to the enemy's left flank, while the 11th Division were holding them in front. All promised well for the morrow.

By order of Lord Roberts the Guards were sent round early on Tuesday, the 12th, to support the flank attack of Bruce Hamilton's infantry. It was afternoon before all was ready for the advance, and then the Sussex, the London Volunteers, and the Derbyshires won a position upon the ridge, followed later by the three regiments of Guards. But the ridge was the edge of a considerable plateau, swept by Boer fire, and no advance could be made over its bare expanse save at a considerable loss. The infantry clung in a long fringe to the edge of the position, but for two hours no guns could be brought up to their support, as the steepness of the slope was insurmountable. It was all that the stormers could do to hold their ground, as they were enfiladed by a Vickers-Maxim, and exposed to showers of shrapnel as well as to an incessant rifle fire. Never were guns so welcome as those of the 82nd Battery, brought by Major Conolly into the firing line. The enemy's riflemen were only a thousand yards away, and the action of the artillery might have seemed as foolhardy as that of Long at Colenso. Ten horses went down on the instant and a quarter of the gunners were hit; but the guns roared

DIAMOND HILL—THE INFANTRY RUSHING THE RIDGE.
Drawn by W. B. Wollen, R.I. From a Sketch by T. Baragwanath.

one by one into action, and their shrapnel soon decided the day. Undoubtedly it is with Conolly and his men that the honours lie.

At four o'clock, as the sun sank towards the west, the tide of fight had set in favour of the attack. Two more batteries had come up, every rifle was thrown into the firing line, and the Boer reply was decreasing in volume. The temptation to an assault was great, but even now it might mean heavy loss of life, and Hamilton shrank from the sacrifice. In the morning his judgment was justified, for Botha had abandoned the position and his army was in full retreat. The mounted men followed as far as Elands River Station, which is twenty-five miles from Pretoria, but the enemy was not overtaken, save by a small party of De Lisle's Australians and Regular Mounted Infantry. This force, less than a hundred in number, gained a kopje which overlooked a portion of the Boer army. Had they been more numerous the effect would have been incalculable. As it was, the Westralians fired every cartridge which they possessed into the throng and killed many horses and men. It would bear examination why it was that only this small corps was present at so vital a point, and why, if they could push the pursuit to such purpose, others should not be able to do the same. Time was bringing some curious revenges. Already Paardeberg had come upon Majuba Day. Buller's victorious soldiers had taken Laing's Nek. Now the spruit at which the retreating Boers were so mishandled by the Westralians was that same Bronkers Spruit at which, nineteen years before, the regiment had been shot down. Many might have prophesied that the deed would be avenged; but who could ever have guessed the men who would avenge it?

Such was the battle of Diamond Hill, as it was called from the name of the ridge which was opposite to Hamilton's attack. The prolonged two-days' struggle showed that there was still plenty of fight in the burghers. Lord Roberts had not routed them nor had he captured their guns; but he had cleared the vicinity of the capital, he had inflicted a loss upon them which was certainly as great as his own, and he had again proved to them that it was vain for them to attempt to stand. A long pause followed at Pretoria, broken by occasional small alarms and excursions, which served no end save to keep the army from *ennui*. In spite of occasional breaks in his line of communications, horses and supplies were coming up rapidly, and by the middle of July Roberts was ready for the field again. At the same time Hunter had come up from Potchefstroom and Hamilton had taken Heidelberg, and his force was about to join hands with Buller at Standerton. Sporadic warfare broke out here and there in the west, and in the course of it Snyman of Mafeking had reappeared, with two guns, which were promptly taken from him by the Canadian Mounted Rifles.

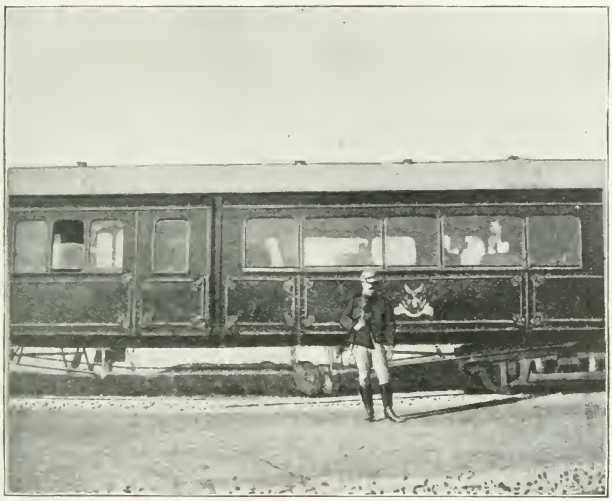
On all sides it was felt that if the redoubtable De Wet could be captured there was every hope that the burghers might discontinue a struggle which was disagreeable to the British and fatal to themselves. As a point of honour it was impossible for Botha to give in while his ally held out. We will turn, therefore, to this famous guerilla chief, and give some account of his exploits. To understand them some description must be given of the general military situation in the Free State.

When Lord Roberts had swept past to the north he had brushed aside the flower of the Orange Free State Army, who occupied the considerable quadrilateral which is formed by the north-east of that State. The function of Rundle's 8th Division and of Brabant's Colonial Division was to separate the sheep from the goats by preventing the fighting burghers from coming south and disturbing those districts which had been settled. For this purpose Rundle formed a long line which should serve as a cordon. Moving up through Trommel and Clocolan, Ficksburg was occupied on May 25th by the Colonial Division, while Rundle seized Senekal, forty miles to the north-west. A small force of forty Yeomanry, who entered the town some time in advance of the main body, was suddenly attacked by the Boers, and the gallant Dalbiac, famous rider and sportsman, was killed, with four of his men. He was a victim, as so many have been in this campaign, to his own proud disregard of danger.

The Boers were in full retreat, but now, as always, they were dangerous. One cannot take them for granted, for the very moment of defeat is that at which they are capable of some surprising effort. Rundle, following them up from Senekal, found them in strong possession of the kopjes at Biddulphsberg, and received a check in his endeavour to drive them off. It was an action fought amid great grass fires, where the possible fate of the wounded was horrible to contemplate. The 2nd Grenadiers, the Scots Guards, the Yorkshires, and the West Kents were all engaged, with the 2nd and 79th Field Batteries and a force of Yeomanry. Our losses incurred in the open from unseen rifles were thirty killed and one hundred and thirty wounded, including Colonel Lloyd of the Grenadiers. Two days later Rundle, from Senekal, joined hands with Brabant, from Ficksburg, and a defensive line was formed

between those two places, which was held unbroken for two months, when the operations ended in the capture of the greater part of the force opposed to him. Clements's Brigade, consisting of the 1st Royal Irish, the 2nd Bedfords, the 2nd Worcesters, and the 2nd Wiltshires, had come to strengthen Rundle, and altogether he may have had as many as twelve thousand men under his orders. It was not a large force with which to hold a mobile adversary at least eight thousand strong, who might attack him at any point of his extended line. So well, however, did he select his positions that every attempt of the enemy, and there were many, ended in failure. Badly supplied with food, he and his half-starved men held bravely to their task, and no soldiers in all that great host deserve better of their country.

At the end of May, then, the Colonial Division, Rundle's Division, and Clements's Brigade held the Boers from Ficksburg on the Basuto border to Senekal. This prevented them from coming south. But what was there to prevent them from coming west and falling upon the railway line? There was the weak point of the British position. Lord Methuen had been brought across from Boshof, and was available with six thousand men. Colvile was on that side also, with the Highland Brigade. A few details were scattered up and down the line, waiting to be gathered up by an enterprising enemy. Kroonstad was held by a single Militia battalion; each separate force had to be nourished by convoys with weak escorts. Never was there such a field for a mobile and competent guerilla leader. And, as luck would have it, such a man was at hand, ready to take full advantage of his opportunities.



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S FAMOUS "TRAVELLING CAPITAL"—THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN WHICH HE TRANSACTED STATE BUSINESS WHILE MOVING FROM PLACE TO PLACE.
From a [[*Photo.*

(*To be continued.*)

The curious result of a fishing trip in Assam. The author hooked a very strange fish, but after a desperate fight for his life had the satisfaction of landing his prize.

THE scene of this incident—which is probably unprecedented in the annals of sport—was the wild and remote north-eastern confines of Assam, immediately at the foot of the lofty mountain ranges of the Duffla and Mishmie territories. This tract of country, which is covered with an almost impenetrable growth of primeval forest jungle, and inhabited only by elephants, tigers, and numerous other big game, is intersected by several magnificent rivers, abounding in fish, which debouch from the mountain gorges, and after a rapid and turbulent course ultimately fall into the mighty Brahmaputra. Only the most intrepid sportsmen venture into these wild and malarial jungles, where not only is one in constant danger of attacks from wild animals, but also from the

THE RIVER BANK NEAR THE SPOT WHERE MR. SHERWILL MET WITH THE ADVENTURE HEREIN DESCRIBED.
From a Photo.

wild tribes inhabiting the above-mentioned territories, who at times make short excursions down the rivers. It was whilst my friend B—— and I were out on a shooting and fishing expedition in these jungles, accompanied by three elephants, our servants, and boatmen, that this adventure occurred.

Having fished for the greater part of one day with indifferent success, we determined to pitch our camp on a convenient sandbank by the riverside, and landed from the boats for this purpose. This camp is shown in my second photograph.

From a] BHAGMARA CAMP, FROM WHICH THE AUTHOR STARTED ON HIS FISHING EXPEDITION. [*Photo.*

Finding that an hour or so of daylight still remained, I was tempted to try fishing from the bank, so picking up my rod and affixing a new trace and spoon bait, I proceeded up-stream for several hundred yards and commenced operations at the foot of a likely-looking rapid. Meeting with no success, however, I moved still farther up, until the height of the bank immediately behind me precluded my going any farther, as it made casting without fouling the jungle behind a matter of considerable difficulty.

After a cast or two, as I had been expecting, my line fouled behind me in what I naturally thought was the jungle. Turning round to see where the line had caught, I was just in time to get a glimpse of a huge yellow body coming through the air straight at my head. I involuntarily ducked, just as the yellow mass flashed over me and fell with a mighty splash into the river a few yards from my feet.

The instant I recovered from my surprise I looked towards the river, and was utterly dumfounded at the sight that met my gaze. A fine tiger was swimming towards the opposite bank as hard as he could go!

Lost in amazement, and intently watching the brute swimming off, I had completely forgotten my rod, to which my attention was now drawn by the line suddenly tightening. Much to my surprise, I found the line was in the water. Preparatory to beating a hasty retreat, I commenced reeling in the line, and was puzzled to feel a considerable strain on it. More curious still, the line was bearing in the direction the tiger was swimming in. By this time the line was quite tight, and to my utter astonishment I found it was firmly attached to the tiger's head!

I was now placed in a most awkward predicament, and completely at a loss how to act. The strain I had put on the line had checked the tiger's progress, and he seemed in doubt as to whether he would return to my side of the river again. I knew full well that if he did he would probably make short work of me, so I slackened off the line. It was too late, however; the brute had determined to return, and was now rapidly making for me, although the strong current carried him down somewhat.

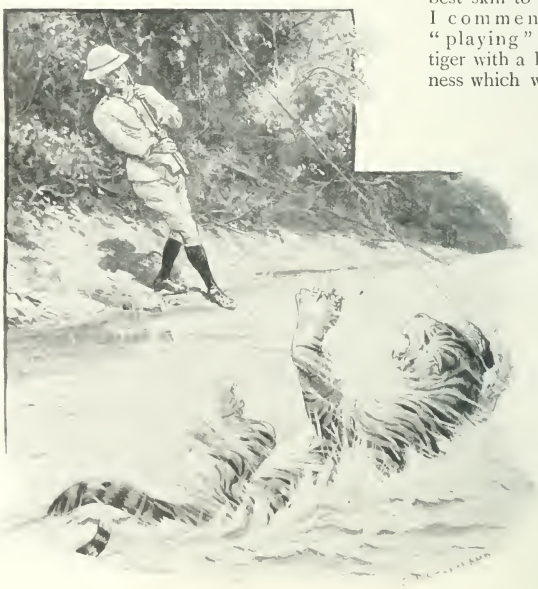
My first impulse was to make a bolt for it, but as the brute was now between me and my only channel of escape, and would most probably be landing just as I would be passing the spot, my chances of getting away were distinctly nebulous. I tried to attract my friend B——'s attention at the camp by shouting, but the tiger was now rapidly nearing the bank, and there was only one thing for me to do, and that was to try and drive him off. Throwing down my rod, I ran frantically down-stream, and commenced pelting the brute with stones and yelling wildly at him. My fusillade did not at first check him, as my aim was anything but accurate. As he still came steadily on I tried to control myself a little, and at last hit the brute one or two stinging blows, which stopped him for a second or two. The next few minutes caused me intense excitement, as it was a case of life and death for me. If I failed to beat him off and he succeeded in effecting a landing I knew only a

few minutes would elapse before the brute would have finished me. I pelted him as hard as my tired arm would admit, but still he came on, and with a few strokes more would be ashore. Just as I turned round to fly I caught sight of a piece of drift-wood about 10ft. long, which I hurriedly picked up, and just before the brute landed I thrust it with all my force into his side. He seized the piece of wood savagely with his teeth, and then ensued a most desperate struggle. The tiger tried his utmost to get possession of the wood, and at times nearly precipitated me into the river, but I hung on to it in desperation, strengthened by the knowledge that I was fighting for my life.

It was now apparent to me that the fact of the tiger having seized the stick in his mouth was going to be my salvation, as he was now in danger of choking from the water which he was swallowing. As I had anticipated, he presently released his hold, and I lost no time in again thrusting the wood into his ribs. This time I succeeded in pushing him off. The brute swam beyond the reach of my stick and hesitated for a few seconds. Finally, to my inexpressible relief, he commenced swimming towards mid-stream. Feeling tempted to try and accelerate his retreat I was on the point of stoning him again when it occurred to me that the annoyance might have the opposite effect and bring him back again, so I decided to leave him alone.

The brute having now got a safe distance off I contemplated making tracks for the camp, when my friend B—— and the boatmen suddenly appeared on the scene. I was more than delighted to see that B—— had his rifle with him. Being thus reinforced I made for my rod, just in time to catch it as it was disappearing into the river. Having now time to collect my thoughts, I realized the fact that if the tiger once succeeded in landing on the farther side he would very soon make short work of the tackle and get off, so I brought pressure to bear on him in the hope of preventing the brute from effecting a landing. Although a very considerable strain was now on the line he still kept forging ahead, and I was almost in despair of being able to check him. At last, however, the continual strain began to tell on him, and I was delighted to find that the line was not now running out. I therefore ventured to try and see if I could control his movements by reeling in. The strain was now as much as the tackle could be expected to safely bear. By this time my friend was quite near, and I hurriedly told him I had "caught a tiger" and would give him particulars later on. Further than giving vent to an incredulous "*What?*" he made no reply; but the look of utter surprise upon his face when he fully grasped the situation was most comical. It was with considerable difficulty that I prevented him from firing at the tiger then and there. It was, however, quite evident, as I pointed out to him, that should he kill the brute it would in all probability sink, and the tackle was certainly not strong enough to drag him out with. B—— now instructed the boatmen to get to a safe distance, whilst he himself took up a position on the bank behind some jungle, just opposite where the tiger would in all probability land, if I could only induce him to return.

Bringing my best skill to bear, I commenced "playing" the tiger with a keenness which words



"[illegible] OVER AND SPLASHING AND [illegible] VEXT TO BLOOD-CURDLING GROWLS."

fail to express. After a stubborn resistance I seemed at last to be getting the better of the brute, when by a mighty effort he succeeded in gaining a few feet. B—— called out to me to try and simply keep him from getting any farther away, when he would soon get exhausted. But as we had been fighting each other for fully half an hour, and the brute showed very little signs of tiring, I was afraid darkness would come on before he could be tired out, so I determined to "rush" matters a little. The strain on the line was now very considerable, but at last the tiger yielded to it, and once I got him on the move I kept a steady pull on him. Nearer and nearer he came—much against his will, as could be easily seen. If he could have used his full strength, of course he would have broken away in a second, but the fact that he had to keep on swimming was immensely in my favour. Moreover, the leverage which I was able to exert on his head handicapped him considerably. My heart was now beating rapidly from excitement, and I called out to B—— to be ready for the brute and to fire at him the moment he landed, for I was not only anxious to get the tiger, but to save myself from an untimely end. We were all now keenly watching the brute being slowly but surely brought to land. I noticed, for the first time, that the tiger was firmly hooked by the right ear, having evidently got in the way as I made a cast. He bore a most fiendish look on his face, as well he might.

"I SUCCEEDED IN PLANTING A BULLET FAIRLY IN HIS NECK."

Finding himself within twenty feet of the bank, he made a most unexpected and desperate bid for liberty, by a series of frantic plunges which very nearly snapped the tackle. After this ineffectual attempt to free himself the brute became very excited, and commenced turning over and splashing and giving vent to blood-curdling growls. He was endeavouring, apparently, to get hold of the line, which, fortunately, I was able to keep fairly tight. After some more unsuccessful attempts to release himself he simmered down and came quietly to shore. The moment he touched land and before B—— could fire the brute made one bound clean out of the water on to the bank, and with an angry growl disappeared into the jungle. Imagine my feelings of disappointment and disgust when I saw the brute get this far and no shot fired. I was just beginning to inwardly abuse my friend's dilatoriness and my own bad luck when I heard the rifle go off, and the next moment B—— shouted, "I've got him!"

This was indeed a most welcome surprise, as I had given up all hopes of ever seeing the brute again. Without a moment's hesitation I rather injudiciously hurried towards my friend, who was now emerging from his hiding-place. I was just beginning to congratulate him when he disappointed me by telling me he had only wounded the tiger, which had now disappeared into the jungle. I threw my rod down in utter disgust, but picked it up again when I found it being slowly dragged towards the jungle, which showed that the unfortunate tiger had not yet succeeded in freeing himself from the line, which, after being dragged for some little distance, stopped.

After a hurried consultation we decided not to follow the tiger up, as the jungle was too dense. I therefore looked round for a suitable tree, and after having climbed it I had the line passed up to me. I commenced pulling

very carefully, and next moment the brute responded with some angry growls. By following up the direction of the line, and after a long and eager search, I was rewarded by catching a glimpse of the tiger lying under a bush. I lost no time in getting B— to hand me up the rifle, took a steady aim, and fired. Next moment the infuriated brute charged furiously towards the tree, causing B— and the boatmen to beat a most precipitate retreat. The tiger stopped for a second directly under the tree, and I succeeded in planting a bullet

for. B— listened with rapt attention to the particulars of my adventure.

The conclusion we came to was that the tiger must have been stalking me and was preparing for his spring just at the very moment my spoon luckily caught his ear. I say luckily, for undoubtedly, had my line not fouled him, I should certainly never have turned round and seen him coming. The result would have been that another death would have been added to the list of those "killed by tigers" which figures in the annual returns of the country.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS "CATCH." THE LINE HAS BEEN MENDED, AND THE PICTURE "POSED" TO SHOW HOW THE TIGER WAS HOOKED AND PLAYED. [*Photo.*

fairly in his neck, which laid him dead. After making absolutely certain that the tiger was dead, I ventured to come down my tree and joined B— and the boatmen, who had now returned. Upon examination the tiger proved to be a fine male, measuring 9ft. 7in. We found the spoon bait still firmly attached to his ear, although the line itself had snapped, no doubt when he made his last charge.

Hurrying the boatmen off to fetch a boat, I sat down with feelings of considerable pride and satisfaction at having landed one of the strangest "fish" that any sportsman could possibly wish

Undoubtedly the sudden jerk caused by the hooks catching in his ear, and the pain arising therefrom, made the brute "take off" somewhat more strongly than he would otherwise have done, with the result that he passed over me.

The boat having now arrived, we hoisted him on board and returned to camp. Just before turning in for the night I wrote up my diary, the entry reading as follows:—

"26th December, 1896.—At Bhagmara camp, landed, after about an hour's most exciting play, a *Tigris Assanicus* weighing nearly 400lb. and measuring 9ft. 7in. in length."

Life in the Congo Free State.

By Captain Guy Burrows.

I.

Captain Guy Burrows was, until a few months ago, the senior British officer in the service of the Congo Free State Government, whose highest decorations he holds. In this article he gives an interesting account of his experiences among the dwarfs and cannibals of this great Central African country.

TROPICAL AFRICA has been brought so near home by the improved means of communication established in recent years that the getting there is almost a commonplace. A fleet of steamers ply regularly between the West Coast and the Congo, and the passage out is only a matter of days. That is as far as the coast is concerned; but the interior is another matter, and is likely to remain so for some time. In this respect the Congo State is fortunately situated when compared with many other West African Colonies—it has the advantage of navigable rivers from end to end of its domain. The steamers from Liverpool turn in from the Southern Atlantic to the spacious estuary of the Congo River, whence it is possible, with the exception of a few miles, to travel by water almost as far as the sources of the Nile. And it was by this route that I had to proceed in order to take up my duties as Commissioner of the Aruwimi district of the Congo Free State.

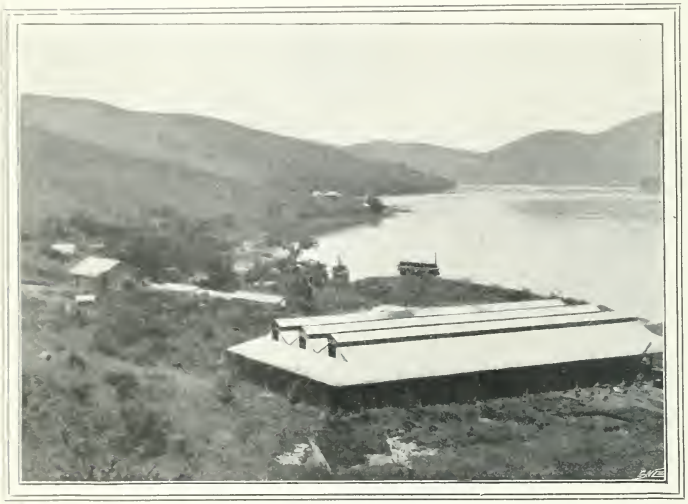
CAPTAIN GUY BURROWS.
From a Photo. by Rody's, Brussels.

Life on the Congo when I first went out was not by any means "all beer and skittles." Voyaging long distances in the native "dug-outs," or tramping through jungle, marsh, and forest, was by no means lively work. Again, the lack of fresh meat, bread, and often salt was as often as not followed by attacks of malarial fever or, still worse, by dysentery.

In very many cases also the punitive expeditions sent out against revolted tribes ended in disaster. One such case occurred to myself a fortnight after my arrival at my station in the Upper Welli in 1895. A week after our arrival the commandant of the district took ten whites and 600 black soldiers to punish a native chief who had been engaged for some time previously in aiding and abetting the Dervishes against the State. Nine days after leaving the station the State troops were cleverly ambushed by the natives, and in less than ten minutes these warriors, armed with spears and shield, had broken through the square formed by the native soldiers and massacred some sixty men and wounded about the same number. Out of the ten white men present one was killed and another slightly wounded, for the majority did not wait to exchange any unnecessary compliments with the charging crescent of black warriors, but made the best of their sprinting powers. Later on I again experienced a very similar occurrence from the same cause, but disaster on this occasion was practically averted by the enemy themselves, owing to their attacking the column on the march in the front and rear simultaneously, and thus unwittingly preventing half the black troops from bolting back along the road which they had been following.

Past Banana, the Congo seaport, and past Boma, the seat of Government, the steamers

are able to navigate the Congo until you sight the white houses of Matadi, the terminus of the Congo Railway. This town is shown in my first photograph nestling at the foot of a stony ridge on the south bank of the great river. At Matadi progress by water ceases, for it lies just below the great rapids in whose seething waters no vessel could live for a moment. This circumstance alone has brought about the development of the place into one of the most important stations of the Lower Congo.



[Photo. a] MATADI, THE TERMINUS OF THE CONGO RAILWAY. [*Photo.*

The long, low roofs of the ivory and rubber sheds, where the valuable produce of the Equatorial forests lies ready for shipment, gleam in the sweltering sun, and above them stretch the straggling houses and factories connected with the various trading companies. Matadi, as I have said, is the terminus of the railway line which runs to Leopoldville, formerly called Stanley Pools. Along this line all merchandise from the interior must pass, and by it all supplies go up to the agents in the interior. Consequently Matadi is a busy place, and its importance is increased by the fact that it is the seat of Government for the Cataract district of the Congo State. It is not, however, an attractive place. The lofty hills are bare of all but scrub vegetation, which grows terribly monotonous to look upon, and when you have spent a few hours in Matadi you realize that the name is exactly descriptive of it—Matadi in the native language meaning "the place of stones."

The white houses on the spur of rock which juts out into the river are those of the English factory. It was over this point and up to the Swedish mission on the hill-side beyond that Stanley tried to build his famous road by blasting the rocks—whence he earned his native nickname of Bula Matadi, "the stone-breaker."

But now a railway takes us over what was formerly a difficult and dangerous track, and the journey to Leopoldville is a very different undertaking today from what it was when I first visited the Congo. Then, accompanied by a section of native soldiers and a file of laden porters, I had to make most of the journey on foot; today you may go up in a comfortable train, and are even charged excess on your personal luggage over a certain weight, quite in the best English manner.

Matadi is an important mission station; but nobody who has not visited the Western Coast of Africa can realize how small an oasis in how great a desert is the biggest missionary undertaking. Outside the small area under the direct influence of the mission there is but one deity—the fetish. The heathen in his blindness, as Kipling says, bows down to wood and stone—wood for choice. He carves a more or less grotesque face, and the rest is a matter of taste. I came across one figure—seen in my second snap-shot—whose principal ornaments consisted of a profusion of tenpenny nails and a large cowrie shell. But anything will do; an old tin pot is another favourite fetish decoration. The one I have photographed is a fair specimen of the fetish of the Lower Congo, but I have generally found that the uglier they are the more they seem to be feared and reverenced.

The fetish is sometimes inclined to be a nuisance. On one occasion I wanted to build an outhouse at the far end of a plantation, where tools and other implements might be stored. I was told by the chief, however, that

A POWERFUL NATIVE FETISH—ITS BODY WAS LITERALLY COVERED WITH TENPENNY NAILS.
From a [*Photo.*

indefinite way I gathered that the fetish power was regarded as being invested in these monkeys, or that they were the embodiment of the fetish idea, or anything else you please. But I could not have my work interfered with by the ghosts of a lot of chattering apes and the fears of those big children the natives, so I witch-doctored the monkeys after an improved recipe of my own—I shot the lot. Thereafter the spell was supposed to be lifted, and no further objections were raised; but the empty cartridge-cases were seized upon by the men as charms against any further manifestations in the same place. I am glad to say none occurred; the spell I had used was too potent.

After Matadi, the character of the country changes and the barren rock gradually gives way to wooded slopes, thickly interlaced with tropical vegetation. Numerous rivers have to be crossed, and in parts the line is a marvel of engineering. Not far below Matadi there is a pretty corner known locally as the Devil's Cauldron. The river makes a sharp curve—I had almost said it described a right angle—and the sweeping waters of the Congo, thus suddenly checked, surge and boil and hiss as

this was fetish ground, and that terrible misfortunes would follow any attempt to build on it. I tried to get some closer idea of the fetish, but could get no more material information than a recital of vague terrors of the kind that frighten children at night. So I began building my outhouse, during the course of which operation some monkeys came and sat in the trees, highly interested in the proceedings. In some

A PRETTY VIEW ON THE RIVER LUFU—THE RAILWAY BRIDGE IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.
From a Photo.

they beat against the rocks in the stream. More peaceful scenery, too, is met with on the way up, as the preceding photograph shows. This is a view on the River Lufu—a lazy scene of drooping verdure and peaceful waters under a tropical sun, with a glimpse of the ugly railway bridge in the distance. It is fairly typical of the banks of almost all of the Congo rivers. A dense tangle of creepers, through which it would be almost impossible to penetrate, hangs down over the waters. These plants and creepers are often variegated in colour, ranging from cream to crimson; but there is no variety in a boat journey along a Congo river, and the prettiest scene grows monotonous if you never see another. Moreover, this overhanging mass of vine and bramble makes splendid cover for the native canoe. It is even chances that the natives sight you before you sight them; and with native suspicion they immediately paddle under the creepers, where they await your passing in safe concealment, and, maybe, take a pot-shot at you with a poisoned arrow as you pass.

One day last year I was visiting a village on the Upper Aruwimi—a journey I had to make by canoe. It was a warm day and we were swinging along at a good pace, the boatmen singing and laughing, I lying silently in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly the natives stopped their chant. I guessed they had sighted something, but they never volunteer information, so I asked what was the matter. "Movement," was the answer, but they were not quite sure where. So I ordered half of them to paddle on slowly and the other half to keep a close watch. Nothing stirred among the creeper-covered banks, so we went cautiously forward, peering to the right and left, till I thought we must be well out of the range of anybody who might have been lurking on ahead when the natives had taken alarm. So I gave the command to "paddle all," and at that moment an arrow flew by me and passed through the bush on the other side. It was impossible to say whence it came and quite useless to attempt a search for the hidden boat that sent it. So I repeated "paddle all," and we were soon out of range. I should like to have hidden my own boat and have played the game of hide-and-seek to the end; but we should have wasted a good deal of time—perhaps to no purpose—for the other boat might perhaps have waited till nightfall if they suspected us of trying to trap them. And to beat the bush for them would have been to play into their hands.

The train journey to Leopoldville is soon over. Leopoldville is an important station just above the rapids, and well within earshot of their continuous roar. These rapids, which are shown in my next photo., are a majestic sight at any time. Sheets of spray and foam are thrown up by the stream as it dashes against the boulders. It is a deadly torrent of angry waters, with more than one disaster to its credit. I never saw a mishap there myself; but a brother officer of mine once described to me the wreck of the *Ville de Verviers*, a small steamer engaged in up-river work. It was in the summer of 1896, and she had just set out up-stream with supplies for the stations in the interior. Suddenly the captain, with his engines going at full speed, turned his vessel round and headed straight for the rapids, to the amazement of everybody on shore. He must have been seized with a sudden fit of madness at the sight of that awful torrent—such a madness as makes people jump

THE TEPEULE RAPIDS AT LEOPOLDVILLE, WHICH HAVE BEEN THE CAUSE OF MORE THAN ONE DISASTER.
From a Photo.

From a] THE DAILY BATH OF THE STATE EMPLOYÉS AT COQUILHATVILLE. [*Photo.*

off towers or bridges from a great height. The steamer made straight for the rapids as hard as she could go. In a moment she was in the torrent, and, bow forward, turned a complete somersault, after which she was smashed to matchwood in a moment. She was never seen again, neither was her captain nor the engineer. Of her crew of Bangalas two were saved—they held on to a long packing-case containing trading guns and were thrown out on the Belgian side of the river.

The natives at Leopoldville tell of a man who many years ago shot the rapids in a canoe and came out on the French side. Who this man was I have no idea; I never learnt his name nor further details of his incredible exploit, which, so far as I am concerned, must go unsung.

Above Leopoldville the river is navigable, and the journey is continued in small steamers so long as the traveller keeps to the main stream. There are many interesting stations along the route, and some oddly Equatorial sights to be witnessed. At Coquilhatville, for instance, I snap-shotted the Government employés taking their daily bath in the river. It is a curious sight. The men and women are marshalled at their respective inclosures; generally the band plays them down to the water, and on the word of command in they go. Their daily dip is compulsory, but they need no

THE EUROPEAN LINES AT COQUILHATVILLE.
From a Photo.

compelling. They love the water and greatly enjoy the fun they get out of their communal bathing, for the native in his purely natural state is a scrupulously clean person, and generally bathes two or three times a day. Most of them swim like fish. Coquilhatville, where this photograph was taken, was founded by Stanley. It lies just under the Equator, whence it derived its former name of "Equator," and as Equatorial stations go it is a very pleasant place. The European lines, next shown, are superior to those at most places, and the importance of the place as an administrative and trading centre affords the possibility of a larger white population than is usual. Coquilhatville is a great centre for the coffee plantations which form one of the Congo Government's biggest experiments. Altogether I believe about a dozen stations in the Congo country are under cultivation for the production of coffee. At Leopoldville there are also extensive gardens, and the whole undertaking is under the expert direction of an Englishman—Mr. Malet, formerly of Ceylon, and a planter of vast experience. The above photo. shows a coffee plantation at Coquilhatville. Native labour is comparatively plentiful and cheap; but up to the present Congo coffee has not found a very wide field in the markets of Europe. The difficulty and expense of transport are the main causes of this; but I believe at some not very distant date these obstacles will be overcome and Congo coffee will be quoted in competition with the produce of Brazil and the East.

A TYPICAL COFFEE PLANTATION AT COQUILHATVILLE. [*Photo.*

The Bangalas are the principal natives around Coquilhatville. They are a very interesting people, with some curious and rather barbaric customs, but they take kindly to civilization and make excellent work-people. The women wear a curious brass collar round their necks, as shown in the next photograph. This is hollow and is highly burnished, and upon its size depends the importance of the woman who wears it. The bigger the collar, the more important the lady; but the honour of wearing the biggest collar has its disadvantages. During the life of the chief the lady with the biggest collar is the favourite wife, and she domineers accordingly over all the other wives; but when the chief dies she is selected to be killed—to keep him company, as they say. These Bangalas, by the way, are cannibals to a man.

A BANGALA MAN AND WOMAN—THE LADY WEARS A HEAVY BRASS COLLAR ROUND HER NECK. [*Photo.*
From a]

(To be continued.)

S.F.V.C.

By H. DALBIAC HARRISON.

An interesting chapter from the early history of San Francisco. The town was being hopelessly misgoverned by a corrupt gang of ex-convicts, and the "S.F.V.C." was formed to depose them from power and punish the criminals who flourished unmolested. Mr. Harrison describes how this energetic association went to work and what it accomplished.

IT was in the year 1849 that I took up my quarters in what was then the infant settlement of San Francisco, California. The town had only just been started, and everything in it was carried on in a most primitive fashion. I had started business at the same time as many others, but at this very early stage of the town's history there were few of the conveniences of civilization, and of proper local government there was none. Every man had to look after his own property, and a revolver was one's inseparable companion — and a companion whose aid had frequently to be invoked.

THE AUTHOR, MR. H. D. HARRISON.
From a Photo.

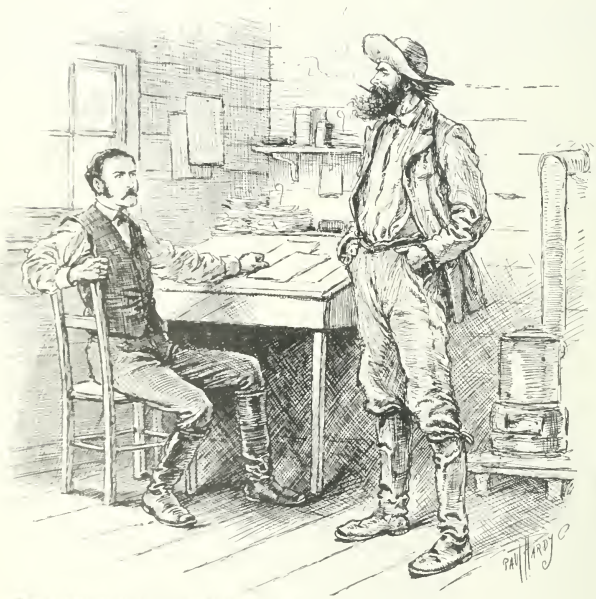
At this period it was the custom in England to transport all criminals over-seas, most of them going to the penal settlements in Australia. After their term of years had expired they were not allowed to return home to England again, although they were at liberty to go to any other country, and so other nations had the benefit of receiving this scum of the English population. It was just about this time that the news of the great gold finds in California spread far and wide, inflaming the imagination of people all over the world. The convict population of Australia was

not slow to take advantage of this chance of enriching themselves. Time-expired convicts arrived in great crowds in the first ships from Australia, and soon, to the consternation of the respectable part of the community, San Francisco was simply flooded with these dangerous "undesirables."

All the town appointments were of four years' duration, after which period the members were re-elected under a system of manhood suffrage. Under these circumstances it will be easily seen that San Francisco was soon completely in the hands of these desperadoes, who were in the majority in the town. The sheriff, judges, port wardens, policemen—in fact, all the people in authority—were chosen by the convicts from amongst their own ranks.

The state of affairs that ensued can easily be imagined. Life became almost unendurable for the older inhabitants, and lawlessness was the order of the day. Things, as might be expected, rapidly went from bad to worse. Gangs of half-drunken men would ride wildly down the streets, shooting as they went. Nothing and no one was safe from them, and no means could be taken to stop these excesses, as the convict-elected policemen refused to arrest and the judges to convict.

For some time past, too, the town had been suffering from destructive incendiary fires, and it was noticed that these outbreaks invariably started amongst store-houses filled with valuable consignments of goods. When the fires commenced the distracted owners of course rushed out into the streets to try and procure waggons to convey their goods to a place of safety. The incendiary gangs had arranged for this contingency, and had a set of conveyances ready close at hand. These the unsuspecting merchants would engage at once, filling them with their most valuable wares and directing their drivers to take them to various places. It is needless to say that the goods were never seen again. It was afterwards discovered that the waggons were driven to the sand-hills, where the goods were buried and afterwards disposed of by the clever thieves.



"[illegible] VELL WILLING, TO LET HIM RENT A SMALL ROOM ADJOINING MINE."

One day I was sitting in my office, thinking over the general insecurity of life and property in the town, when a man I knew, Belcher Kay by name, came in. He was a port-warden, and after a short conversation he asked me if I were

willing to let him rent a small room adjoining mine, which I did not use, as an office. This I agreed to do, quite unsuspicious of the sort of man I was receiving under my roof.

I must explain here that most of the offices, mine included, were built on piles out into the bay, the water being very shallow. This arrangement was most convenient for landing passengers and goods from the ships. Warehouses now stand on this site, which later was filled in with sand. On account of the tide and storms the offices were considerably above the level of the water, and a boat could with ease pass beneath them.

The duties of the port-warden were to examine the goods as they arrived on board the ships, and give certificates to the owners as to their condition. This, of course, gave him the *entrée* to most of the offices. There being no banks yet started in the town, the merchants kept all their cash on the premises, and for that purpose most of them had large iron safes.

Belcher Kay, as was afterwards discovered, was in league with the worst characters in the town, being an ex-convict himself, though personally he was a most pleasant and well-educated man. He employed the opportunities afforded by his frequent visits to the merchants in taking careful note as to the position, etc., of their safes, which he duly reported to his confederates. When night fell, boats with muffled oars would silently steal through the long avenues of piles under the rooms, and the men, with as little noise as possible—which the wash of the sea made hardly perceptible—cut squares from the boards of the floor under the safe, which was then quietly lowered into the boats. When the merchants arrived next morning they would find a gaping hole in the office floor and their precious safe gone!

I was somewhat surprised that I had never received a call from these unpleasant visitors—none of whom were ever caught, by the way—as I was known to be doing very well at the time, and consequently had generally a large amount of money on the premises. I afterwards discovered, when other facts came to light, that I had to thank Mr. Belcher Kay for this exemption. A visit to my premises was several times suggested by the gang, but Kay refused to allow it, saying that I was a friend of his and that he would not have me molested.

The state of anarchy in the town had just about reached a climax, when one night I received a visit from a friend named Coleman. He came to consult with me as to whether any means could be taken to put an end to the disgraceful state of affairs which existed. "If nothing is done," he said, "all we merchants might as well give up and leave the town. Neither life nor property is safe."

Things certainly had come to such a pass that the respectable part of the community had absolutely no power left in their hands. We agreed that the only remedy was combination, and we knew, furthermore, that when once a workable plan of action was devised the law-abiding part of the community would be only too thankful to put down the outlaws with a very firm hand. We talked long and earnestly, discussing ways and means, and on separating that night we agreed to meet the following evening, each bringing one friend upon whom he could thoroughly rely. And so the "San Francisco Vigilance Committee" was started.

At the next meeting we each had a trusty friend, and after talking over the proposed campaign separated, arranging to meet again under the same conditions as before. This "snowball" plan of obtaining adherents worked remarkably well. Each new member brought in a friend, who in turn brought in someone else, until at last our numbers were superior to those of the convict gang who had the town in their grip. We then formed a committee of a dozen members, my friend Coleman being nominated chairman and myself one of the members. We arranged that some of our party should always be sitting to receive new members and to transact business. Besides this we had frequent meetings, at which the members had to give an account of their neighbours. If the information received about any particular man was not considered satisfactory two of the members were sent to his residence, and he was requested to appear before the court and satisfy them as to his respectability, etc. The first man we summoned in this way absolutely refused to come, but when our "Vigilantes" produced their revolvers, and told him sternly that if he made any resistance force would be employed, he considered discretion the better part of valour and came sulkily along. On his arrival he was arraigned before the committee and requested to state his means of livelihood. Just that and nothing more—but it was quite sufficient to floor him. He was unable to give a satisfactory answer, and he was accordingly told that if at that time on the morrow he was still in San Francisco he would be tried by the committee, and if found guilty would be hanged within three days. Then he was allowed to go, and by night he had fled the town.

This system acted like wildfire. Very few of the convict gang remained to be had up before this self-constituted court, which was feared the more in that its operations and power were shrouded in mystery. The committee arranged

"THE 'VIGILANTES' PRODUCED THEIR REVOLVERS."

among themselves that the town fire-bell should be rung if any serious matter had to be discussed, when all members were to assemble at once. On one occasion, a Saturday, three of the worst characters in the town were in our hands. After the trial, at which the prisoners were proved guilty of innumerable crimes, the "S.F.V.C." published a notice to the effect that the prisoners had been sentenced to death.

On the Sunday morning after the trial I have just mentioned, when most of the committee-men were at church, the fire-bell was suddenly heard ringing furiously. With one accord the whole congregation sprang to its feet and rushed from the church, followed by the clergyman. On arriving at the head-quarters of the "S.F.V.C." the consternation was great. The three prisoners had been carried off by force by the sheriff — a convict-elected official — and his posse and lodged in gaol, where, of course, they would have had the usual mock trial and have been acquitted.

It looked as though for once the Vigilance Committee had been beaten. After a short consultation, however, the chairman appeared at the window, and addressing the waiting crowd below informed them that the prisoners would be brought back and the sentence duly carried out as arranged. The crowd slowly dispersed, and many were the conjectures as to how the "Vigilantes" would contrive to carry out the sentence, seeing that their men were safe under lock and key in the gaol, and guarded by all the power and influence of the convict gang. It was looked on as a test case — whether the officials, who stood for corruption and injustice, or the "S.F.V.C.," the champions of progress and public safety, were the stronger. Meanwhile the committee chose five men, the most determined of their number, and these were told that at all risks they must bring back the three men next day, dead or alive. These men laid their heads together and soon evolved a plan. Their first act was to go to a blacksmith, who put a strong iron sole inside one of the men's boots—for what purpose will be seen anon.

It was the custom at this time for prisoners to be fed by their families, and their meals were taken to the prison at regular hours. At ten o'clock that night four of the "Vigilantes" concealed themselves in a shed near the gaol. The remaining man, cleverly disguised as an old woman, presented himself at the door of the prison with a basket, saying he had come to provide food for one of the prisoners, whom he named. The prison door was then opened on a chain, as was the custom, in order that the porter might take in the provisions. The supposed old woman, however, placed her foot, on which was the boot with the iron sole, in the opening and whistled shrilly. The porter, suspecting treachery, at once slammed the door, but without effect. The other "Vigilantes" now rushed out from their hiding-place, and with crowbars soon demolished the chain. The porter was at once seized, and with a pistol placed at his head was told to lead the way to the cells where the committee's prisoners were confined.

Without much loss of time the three men were safely marched back to the Vigilance Committee's quarters, where they were shut up under a strong guard of members. Next day the whole town was agog to know what had happened, and great was the rejoicing of the law-abiding section when it became known that the men had been duly re-arrested by the committee.

It was not long after this that, thanks to the energetic efforts of the "S.F.V.C.," the rest of the convicts were under arrest, and when the next ship left the port they were given in charge of the captain, who had strict injunctions to shoot any man who attempted to land on American soil. He was also warned that if this order were not carried out it would be better for him not to re-appear in San Francisco harbour.

"THE OTHER 'VIGILANTES' RUSHED OUT FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACE."

The "Vigilantes" were thorough in all things.

After this wholesale "clean out" of the ex-convict officials and their supporters business went on without interruption, and no more difficulties were put in the way of the town's prosperity. It rapidly increased, and soon became the flourishing community which it now is. Our Vigilance Committee continued to act for four years—its existence now thoroughly recognised by the Government—after which period it resigned office, for, thanks to its efforts, the bad old days were gone for ever. The new elections then took place, and the responsible posts were filled up by trustworthy people pledged to the maintenance of law and order and the furtherance of the young city's prosperity.

SNAP-SHOTS IN THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

By Mrs. L. F. K. von Thiele.

Although situated within a comparatively short distance of England, the Faroe Islands are practically unknown to the great majority of Britishers. That this quaint group of islands is well worth a visit the accompanying article will abundantly prove.

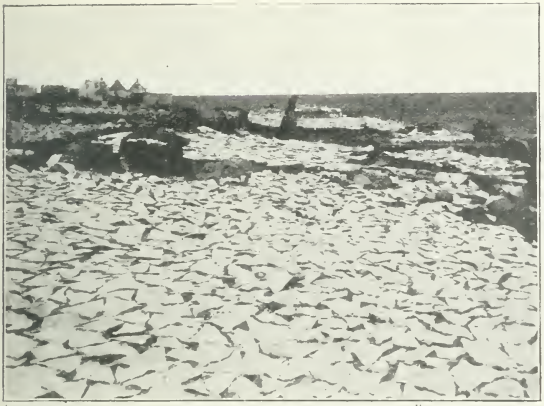
VERY few people in England seem to have any idea where the Faröe Islands are situated, although they are, without doubt, some of the most interesting islands in Europe. Being only thirty-six hours' journey from England they are well worth a visit. The islanders, being cut off from the rest of the world and marrying only among themselves, retain customs which must at one time have been universal in the North of Europe, but which have gradually died out elsewhere.

The Faroe scenery is magnificent — wild, beetling crags, thousands of feet high, against which the sea dashes furiously; precipitous hills, having the appearance of terraces rising one above the other, covered with vivid green grass: beautiful waterfalls and streams, land-locked fjords, and little fishing villages nestling in the hollows—all combine in kaleidoscopic variety to charm and arrest the eye by their novelty and beauty.

So narrow are many of the channels through which our steamer passed that we could almost touch the cliffs on either hand. Some of the islands are uninhabited except for the sheep grazing on the short, thick herbage, and these become so wild that they have to be stalked and shot like game. On some of the islets you may see a solitary farmhouse perched aloft on a height like an eagle's eyrie. Many of the farmers with their families live on these wild, inaccessible spots year in, year out, never seeing a human face except for the yearly visit of the priest, who comes to baptize any children born in the preceding twelve months, or in the spring and autumn when a fine day presents itself and the sea calms down sufficiently to allow of a boat being lowered to carry the sheep to the capital in exchange for the necessaries of life.

There was scarcely a ripple on the water, the blue of the sky reflecting itself in the deeper blue of the sea, as we came to anchor in the spacious bay on the south-east of Strömö, with the houses of Thorshavn, the capital of the islands, clustered irregularly on the hills around, looking as if a good push would send them tumbling down into the harbour. Farther on these hills give place to lofty cliffs rising to a height of 1,000ft., and covered with green grass, with here and there grey ridges of stone cropping through. Nowhere can one discover trees of any sort, not even a bush or shrub, but in spite of this there is no monotony in the scenery, for the variety of colouring and form of the islands and the brilliant atmosphere more than compensate for their absence. The whole harbour was alive with the long, narrow boats of the Faröese, their gunwales rising high up out of the water and the slender oars flashing in the sunshine as they dipped in and out, the fine, well-knit forms of their occupants silhouetted against the sky as they propelled their craft with vigorous strokes towards our ship, keeping time by chanting a wild *saga*, whose haunting melody pursued us long after the singers had passed out of sight.

[From a] THORSHAVN, THE CAPITAL OF THE FARÖES. [Photo.



"WE SAW WHAT WE TOOK TO BE IMMENSE QUANTITIES OF LINEN"—AS A MATTER OF FACT IT WAS FISH LYING IN THE SUN TO DRY.
From a] [*Photo.*

The Faröese are magnificent fellows, with fierce blue eyes, corn-ripe yellow hair, ruddy complexions, and thick beards, and their dress is particularly becoming. Their short trousers, reaching to the knee, are made of homespun cloth, woven by the Faröese women during the long winter evenings, adorned with several brass buttons, a short woollen coat fastened down in front with buttons, striped cloth square jelly-bag cap, generally red and blue, grey stockings as thick as cloth, and shoes of yellow tanned skins resembling moccasins, formed from a single piece of skin wrapped closely round each foot, gathered at the top and heel by stitches which give them a puckered-up appearance, and fastened round the ankles with a bright-coloured woollen string, furnishing a costume which is both picturesque and practical. All the men carry a *grinda knivur*, a knife for killing whales, stuck in a leather girdle round their waist.

As we were being rowed ashore we saw what we took to be immense quantities of linen lying out on the rocks to dry; in fact, the whole town seemed to have chosen the day of our arrival as its washing day. The curious part of the whole affair was the size of the articles. They looked too large for handkerchiefs and yet too small for sheets. What could they be? When we got closer, however, we discovered that it was not washing, but cod-fish, drying in the sunshine; and everywhere we went we came across cod in various shapes and forms, either being washed or dried, or piled up in great stacks covered with tarpaulins, waiting to be transported to the South of Europe as stock fish.

There was no quay, so we landed straight from the boat on to a wooden landing-stage, and made our way rather painfully over piles of boulders — which were felt very plainly through our thin boots — towards the little town, disturbing on our way a number of ducks, which were swimming about in a stream that ran into the sea.

The town is most picturesque and quaint. The houses are of all sizes and shapes, planted down higgledy-piggledy wherever a few square yards of comparatively level ground can be found among the rocks; and so mixed up are the houses and rocks that it is often very difficult to discriminate between the two. This resemblance is further heightened by the nature of the houses themselves, for they are mostly hewn out of the rocks or have a foundation of unhewn stone, on which is placed a wooden

A VIEW IN THORSHAVN—THESE LITTLE WATERCOURSES ARE USED FOR A VARIETY OF PURPOSES.
From a] [*Photo.*

A GOAT BROWSING ON THE GRASS-GROWN ROOF OF A COTTAGE. [*Photo.*

hut from one to two stories high, thatched with turf, where brilliant emerald-green grass grows in great luxuriance, and is used as a browsing ground for the goats and sheep of the neighbourhood. The windows are of glass, neatly hung with lace curtains and adorned with flowering plants. The chimneys are of wood, painted in black and white stripes. At one time turf was always used for fuel, but of late years coal, which can be imported very cheaply from England, has taken its place, the fishing smacks bringing it back as ballast.

The streets in Thorshavn are chiefly remarkable for their absence, their place being taken by narrow, winding alleys only a few feet in width, leading in and out among the houses in a most bewildering fashion, so that after a few minutes' walk it is impossible to locate one's whereabouts, especially as many of these corkscrew alleys lead literally to nowhere. A few of them are paved with huge, rough boulders and stones, but the rest are left severely alone, the roadway having been hardened by the constant tramping of generations of skin-clad feet. Where the rock crops up through the ground it has been left to form part of the road—if you trip over it, so much the worse for you. There is not a single wheeled vehicle in the whole group of islands; in the interior most of the carrying is done on ponies' backs, on account of the hilly nature of the country. These ponies resemble the Icelandic ones, being small, sturdy beasts with thick coats and shaggy manes. It is said the original stock came from Iceland, but the warmer climate has had the effect of slightly increasing their size while decreasing their surefootedness. Goods are carried in long, narrow crates, slung on either side of the animal, and in order that they shall not gall its sides a sheep-skin and a mat made of hay are placed underneath. These ponies are invariably led, so they are not of much use for riding, for they will not stir an inch unless there is somebody at their head. In some parts the difficulty of getting from place to place is so great, owing to the height of the hills, the crookedness of the paths, and the narrowness of the passes, that even the ponies cannot be used. If a person has the misfortune to die at any of these out-of-the-way places, the only possible way of bringing the corpse to the nearest churchyard is by securing it to a board and tying the board to a man's back.

The Faröese women are remarkably pretty, with an abundance of golden hair. They have blue eyes and exquisite peach complexions. Their everyday dress consists of a full dark cloth skirt, a bodice of the same, with a striped shawl round the shoulders, a gaily-coloured apron, a handkerchief round the head, thick woollen stockings, and the universal skin shoes. The children are dressed as miniature copies of their parents, although straw hats for the girls and cloth caps for the boys are gradually coming in fashion. It was marvellous to see the way the youngsters ran about in their skin shoes over sharp-edged rocks and knobbly boulders without appearing to feel the slightest inconvenience. It is said that their feet become as hard as horn from never wearing any other kind of foot-gear. A very small minority of the townspeople wore wooden clogs over the shoes; but this may have been only for show, as they took them off when they wanted to get along quickly.

TWO CURIOUS TOMBSTONES—"THE TUBS HOLDING THE PLANTS WERE INSCRIBED WITH THE NAMES AND VIRTUES OF DEPARTED WORTHIES."
From a Photo.

As we made our devious way up the uneven lanes in a despairing hunt for the post-office we were struck with the friendliness of the Faröese towards us and the polite way in which we were greeted. The men one and all took off their caps and bowed, while the women smiled and nodded.

It was suggested that before commencing our tour of the sights of Thorshavn we should go to the hotel—for Thorshavn actually boasts an hotel. After spending a considerable time wandering about and losing our way in the tortuous mazes of these weird lanes we came at last to a house which was the usual Faröese mixture of stone and wood. Staring letters a couple of feet long informed us that this was The Hotel—a fact we should certainly never have guessed without the friendly board. We were welcomed by a short, stout man with good nature beaming from every pore of his red, perspiring face, and were ushered into a small parlour, furnished with a table and a horse-hair sofa with chairs to match, whose beauties were veiled by starched crochet antimacassars spread stiffly over them. The walls were adorned, or rather disfigured, with some terrible coloured prints of the early Victorian period. The *menu* consisted of bread, butter, cheese, coffee, and eggs, and although the fare was simple it was delicious, the cheese being particularly good. In the "Visitors' Book"—for the hotel possessed a visitors' book—we found mostly Danish and Icelandic names, with only a sprinkling of English. We wrote our names down and two gentlemen of our party composed stanzas of music in honour of the Faröe Islands, so that future visitors should see what distinguished Britishers had once honoured the hotel with their presence.

Our first visit was to the church, a wooden building of fairly large dimensions, with plain exterior and narrow windows ranged on either side, the only outside adornment being a wooden spire with a globe on top, the whole structure reminding one irresistibly of a toy Noah's Ark. Some of the monuments in the churchyard were most curious. We noticed especially two shallow wooden tubs, holding fine monkshood plants in full blossom. The tubs were painted a bright green and on them were inscribed in large white letters the names and virtues of two deceased Faröese worthies. There were no flower-decked mounds as with us, but the grass was neatly cut on the flat earth. The monuments consisted in most cases of wooden tablets with the usual inscriptions.

Our wanderings led us past the Governor's house, the pride of the islanders; and contrasted with the wooden huts it certainly did seem a magnificent mansion. In the garden were all the different vegetables and fruit that can be grown in the Faröes, such as potatoes, cabbages, turnips, rhubarb, red and black currants—these latter being of large size and in great profusion—and several hardy flowers, sweet-williams, marigolds, etc. The shrubs planted about were miserable specimens; the few shivering leaves that had appeared seemed to be

From a] THE TALLEST TREE IN THE FAROE ISLANDS. *[Photo.*

humbly apologising for their very existence. I reproduce here a photograph of the tallest tree in the Faroes—a sickly-looking twig, in all conscience. It would be easy enough to grow a much greater variety of vegetables and fruit were it not for the terrible winds and heavy snowstorms, for the climate of the Faröes is very mild, there seldom being ice on the ponds thick enough to bear a person's weight.

Running through the town are several little streams flowing over large blocks of stone lying in irregular masses at the bottom. The water comes down from the hills in great force and strength, and after a heavy rainfall the channels are filled up to the brim and overflow their banks, carrying away all obstacles. They seem to be used for many purposes—for the supply of drinking water and for laundry work, besides being the favourite feeding-place of the ducks. As we passed by we noticed a little girl helping her mother to wash the clothes; they knelt on the ground beside the stream, holding the articles to be cleansed in the water with one hand, while with the other they beat them with a wooden clapper, something like a cricket bat.

THE GOODES LITTLE PARLIAMENT HOUSE—THE MEMBERS GET 2S. 3D. PER DAY DURING A SESSION OF SIX WEEKS!
From a Photo. by W. J. Oliver.

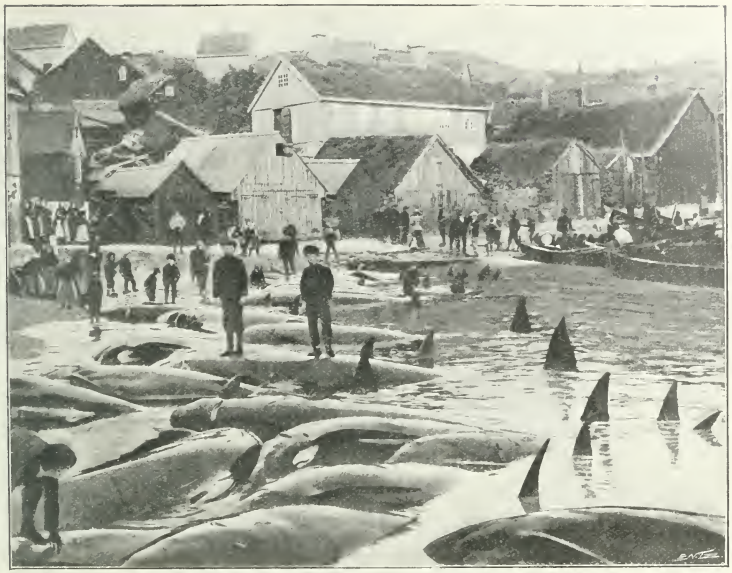
We next went to the Parliament House, which, although open, was not in Session, so we didn't hear a debate. The Faröese are certainly most economical in the way they house their worthy representatives, for the august chamber consists of one small room with six long benches at one end, taking up the whole width of the room. These were evidently for the Ministers and officials, the rest of the members seemingly having to content themselves with standing in the body of the hall. The only ornamentation is a fine crystal chandelier, a print of the King of Denmark, and a Royal coat of arms. The Faröese are also economical in the payment of their members, who receive two kroner (about 2s. 3d.) per day for six weeks, the time the Parliament is in Session.

The Faröe Islands were once captured by the English in the commencement of the nineteenth century. I say "captured," although, as a matter of fact, there was very little capturing about it. When England and Denmark were at war a ship was sent to seize the Faröes, and when it arrived—the guns at the tiny little fort evidently not having considered it necessary to take any notice—the captain went on shore and interviewed the Governor, asking him which he preferred, to be annexed or bombarded. The Governor never hesitated for a moment. He said that if the English had taken such a violent fancy to the Faroes they were quite welcome to have them; but of one thing he was quite sure—he didn't want any bombarding. So the islands were duly annexed, and the man-o'-war sailed off. Some time after, when peace was declared between the two belligerents, the English captain came back and informed the Governor that as the war was now over the Faröes were returned with many thanks. The Governor took the restoration very philosophically, evidently thinking all foreigners were mad and the English the maddest of all.

On our way back to the ship we passed several patches of potatoes and barley and women busy making hay. Under the eaves of the cottages hung disgusting-looking strips of flesh, a few inches in width and several feet in length, the inside purple red and covered with what appeared to be scaly black leather. They turned out to be strips of whale's flesh drying in the sun ready for winter consumption.

The week before there had been a big catch of whales numbering several hundreds, the barbour at Thorshavn being filled with the great fish brought from the place where they had been caught to furnish meat for the community. When fresh the flesh is described as being delicious—a cross between tender beef-steak and liver—but after it has been kept some time it becomes anything but palatable to strangers, although the Faröese delight in it. The whales average from 20ft. to 30ft. in length and weigh over a ton; but they are not the true whale from which whalebone is obtained, and which fetches a great deal of money. These are occasionally caught near the coast, for we saw a huge monster lying dead in one of the bays.

The Faröese are most generous in their deal-

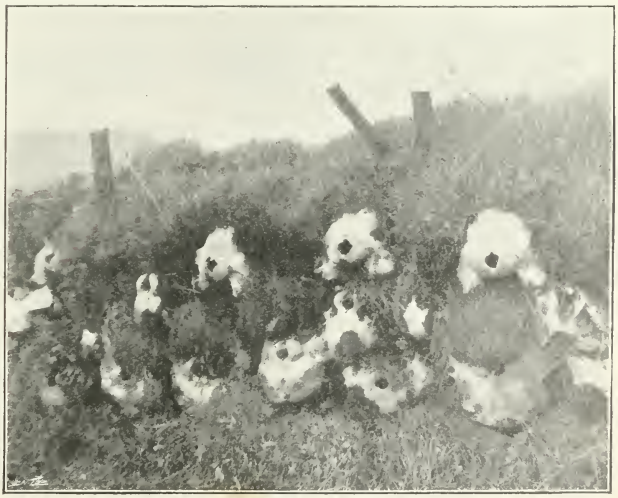


From a] A SCHOOL OF WHALES IN THORSHAVN HARBOUR. *[Photo.*

ings with those less fortunate than themselves; for after the whales are cut up pieces are distributed not only among the population of the district where the catch occurred and those who had all the hard work and danger of driving the whales into the shallow bays where they were slaughtered, but the church and the widows and orphans also receive a share, and as whale's flesh constitutes to a great extent the meat supply of the inhabitants this generosity is most praiseworthy.

At one village a fine wall of whales' skulls has been erected, the skulls gleaming like white alabaster from out the green turf in which they are embedded, giving a curious effect as of giant mosaic work.

The Faröese eat scarcely any vegetables, their diet being almost entirely composed of fat of every sort and fresh fish, and strangely enough they do not suffer from leprosy or other kindred skin diseases like their neigh-



From a] A WALL OF WHALES' SKULLS AT A FARMHOUSE. *[Photo.*

bours, the Icelanders, who live under much the same conditions. So devoted are the Faröese to fat that the lighting of the streets had to be abandoned owing to the inhabitants climbing up the posts and drinking all the oil out of the lamps directly it became dark at nights!

A peculiar kind of fishing was being carried on near the ship when we returned. A man sat in a boat gently rowing backwards and forwards, while a lad in the stern held a rod on which was tied a strong woollen thread. From this depended a piece of fine wire a couple of feet or so in length, holding a small tin hook with a piece of fish-skin as bait. The lad let the end of the rod trail right into the water, so that it was submerged for a quarter of its length, and as the boat moved so the rod moved behind. This kind of fishing is done only in the evenings and during the light summer nights, and is said to be very successful, as many as a couple of hundred fish being taken by one person. Fish of every kind swarm all around the Faröes, and in the mountain tarns the water is thick with trout varying in weight from four to nine pounds, which give excellent sport to travellers.

THE "WHITELEY'S" OF THORSHAVN—A CURIOUSLY UP-TO-DATE GENERAL STORE.
From a [*Photo.*

That same evening a ball was given by the Faroese in honour of some Danish students who were visiting this distant dependency of their country, and as we heard that it was possible to procure tickets for the festivity we decided to go and see what kind of dances the islanders patronized. At the apothecary's—where every modern nostrum under the sun was to be procured—we bought our tickets, one krone for the ball only, or two kroner for the ball and banquet, which cannot be called unreasonable.

The funny little Parliament House, where the ball was held, was very prettily decorated with the Danish national colours, the red and white showing up well under the light of the numerous candles. The "quality" sat on benches at the top end of the room, and we followed on our own initiative, for nobody invited us. The crush and crowd were overpowering, and we thought we should never make our way through the solid wall of people, but by degrees we did manage to reach the desired haven. The national dance was in full swing and was being followed with the greatest vigour and perseverance by a closely-packed mass of perspiring men and women. It was a sort of country dance without any pairing, for sometimes there would be a dozen men side by side, or a dozen women, and there was absolutely no limit as to age, for every age was represented, from mere children to people of close on a century. They kept up a species of snaky circle, something like the winding of a river, and for music they sang a monotonous chant with a curious rhythmic cadence running through, keeping time by beating the floor with their feet. Of instrumental music there was none. Each person held his next neighbour by the hand or arm, so that the circle was never broken. There were no steps in the dance so far as could be seen, the dancers simply shifting from foot to foot while they circled round and round. Sometimes they moved quite slowly, as in a funeral march, then quicker and quicker until it became a mad gallop, the men leaping into the air and stamping with all their might and main. Then it subsided again into a walk, the changes not appearing to take place at any particular time, but according as the spirit of the words and music seized upon the dancers. Some of the men chanted with the most passionate vehemence, their eyes blazing and every nerve tingling in their frames; they were evidently beside themselves with excitement. The shriller voices of the women, rising high above the din, goaded the men on until the whole atmosphere seemed to palpitate with magnetic electricity.

The Faröese are so fond of their native dance that they dance it every Sunday evening, often commencing at about seven or eight and keeping on until six the next morning. Of course, it would be an impossibility for any person to dance the whole time, so they keep on until they are exhausted, when they break away from the circle and rest until they recover their strength. The circle itself never stops moving round from the time it commences in the early

DURING THE LONG WINTER NIGHTS THE WOMEN ARE VERY INDUSTRIOUS.
From a Photo.

evening until the next morning, when the dance is finally declared finished. It is said that the song they chant is an old Faröese *saga* recounting the brave deeds of their ancestors. It contains something like two hundred verses, so that it takes a considerable time to get through.

As it is only in a dance of this description that the native gala dress is worn we had a very good opportunity of studying it, and very picturesque and becoming it is. The girls wear a full dark stuff skirt reaching to the ankles, a black velvet bodice laced across the front over a white chemisette, turned in at the neck, with short, plain sleeves coming half-way between the shoulder and elbow, a little silk Paisley shawl over the shoulders, and a gaily-striped apron. The hair is drawn plainly off the face, braided into several plaits, and turned up under a little black silk or velvet Dutch cap tied under the chin. The men wear fine black cloth knee-breeches, fastened with gold buttons, a cut-away coat, and knitted stockings with low shoes, the whole having a curious resemblance to an English gentleman's Court costume. By their side they carry a very ornate whaling knife, more for ornament than use, for the ones actually used in whale hunts are larger and stronger.

At an adjacent house another dance was in progress, only this was not so interesting, for everything—dances, dress, and all—was much more European, and there was even an apology for a band. This room was not only decorated with red and white hangings, but also with festoons of green leaves and mottoes of welcome in Faröese and Danish. There were a great many speeches, and after these were finished large trays full of glasses and decanters of wine were brought round, and we were asked to help ourselves to a glass of the liquor; it tasted and looked like pink ginger wine, and was certainly neither intoxicating nor heady. After we had charged our glasses we were given a toast. We were not at all sure whom or what we were toasting, but, nevertheless, we toasted away with great gusto. As for one of our fellow-passengers, he excelled even the islanders in the fervour and frequency of his cheers. They do not say, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" but "Hoch, hoch!" and then, after a slight pause, "Rah, rah, rah." It sounded to me like the yapping of a mongrel cur, but everybody else said it was very fine and inspiring.

Songs were the next feature of the entertainment, and the visitors were presented with copies of these, but as we knew neither Danish nor Faröese, they were not of much use to us. The Faröese national hymn is like the music of the national dance, melancholy and hopeless to a degree, an undercurrent of intense sadness wailing through the melody from beginning to end. Our fellow-passenger came out strong in the singing: we could hear him above everybody. His pronunciation must have been striking, for his knowledge of the language was about as extensive as our own, while his voice was more noted for strength than beauty. He said, however, that the great thing in that kind of singing was "volume," and he certainly carried out his theory most energetically.

It was about midnight when we left the ball, and it was then so light that we could easily see to read small print. There seemed to be a fairy spell over the whole land—everything was so peaceful and calm as we wended our way to the harbour. Not a sound could be heard but the ripple of the water as it lapped the shore, and it was with a sigh that we stepped into our boat and left quaint, old-time little Thorshavn behind us and returned to the prosaic civilization of the twentieth century.

A "Hold-Up" in Plumas County.

By Theodore C. Boyd, late of Plumas County, California.

Describing how two foolish youths, inspired by a course of pernicious literature, resolved to turn highwaymen and "hold-up" the United States mail-coach. The programme was duly carried out, but unexpected developments ensued and the affair ended disastrously for the highwaymen.

MR. CASTRO was seated on the porch of the Plumas Hotel at Quincy, enjoying his after-dinner smoke. He had finished the business that had brought him to this northern part of California, and expected to leave in the morning for his home in San Francisco. While at Quincy Mr. Castro had become acquainted with General Wade, of the United States Army, a veteran of the Civil War, who a month before had come across the Continent to visit his brother, Mr. Thomas Wade, attorney-at-law, who had given Castro a good deal of assistance. The General's furlough, however, was nearly up, and he intended to leave in the stage-coach in the morning. Castro would thus have his company as far as Reno, at which point the General would go east and he south.

THE KNOTT RANCH, WHERE THE COACH PASSENGERS ALIGHTED FOR REFRESHMENTS.

Another passenger, he knew, would be Johnson Sides, chief of the Piute Indians of Nevada, a man who had helped Charles Crocker to find the best route across the Rocky Mountains when the Central Pacific Railroad was built. Only three more persons were booked for the trip. They were Sam Kee, a Chinaman who kept a store in Quincy and supplied all the Chinese help to the ranchers; Patrick Maloney, a labourer on the Shaw ranch; and the Rev. L. Martin, who had lectured at Quincy and collected funds for a mission to China.

Castro rather regretted his departure, for he had found the Wades very congenial people—especially Miss Phœbe, the daughter. He spent his last evening in Quincy at the Wade mansion.

Castro was called very early in the morning, as his landlady, a conscientious soul, wished him to have plenty of time to do justice to the excellent breakfast she set before him. After thanking her and bidding her good-bye, he went out to the porch, where he found that the stage-coach was already at the door, the driver busy stowing away parcels, the mail, and Wells Fargo's express matter.

The General and his brother presently arrived, and there were the usual hand-shaking and cordial farewells. Maloney, who wished to ride with the driver, was helped up, and the Rev. Mr. Martin handed the driver a carpet-bag well stuffed with circulars, which he asked him to take good care of. He then took his seat beside the Chinaman, whom he had converted to Christianity at a revival meeting in Quincy. All the passengers being seated, the driver cracked his whip and started his horses off at full speed, the "handy man" of the hotel calling to him not to forget the messages he had given him to friends in Beckworth In a minute the stage was enveloped in a cloud of dust, and it was presently bowling through the woods on the north bank of the Feather River.

The General and Castro conversed merrily, but the old Indian was silent. The minister made one attempt to talk to him, but was unsuccessful, so he plied his convert, Sam Kee, with questions about China. Sam replied at length, and furthermore volunteered the information that there were hundreds of small communities in Modoc and Plumas Counties, California, the people of which had been born and brought up without ever having heard the Gospel, and who were as much in need of missionary efforts as the people of China.

It was nearly noon when they arrived at a ford where the stage crossed the muddy river. The road then led through a meadow, bare of trees, on which cattle were grazing. Some distance off stood a solitary house and a barn, while in the background was the forest, and above that towered the Eureka Peak, with its

crown of snow standing out sharply against the cloudless blue sky. The stage stopped in front of the house to give the horses a drink, the nose-bags were hung over their heads, and all the passengers got out to stretch their cramped limbs.

A Chinese helper appeared on the veranda and was promptly button-holed by Sam Kee, who probably obtained from him an order for some China gin and opium. He then told the passengers to come inside and have some lunch. They were supplied with all the bread, butter, and milk they wished without charge, and, needless to say, they did not want for an appetite in this pure mountain air, 4,000ft. above sea-level. After a hearty meal all took their places in the stage except the Irish labourer, who insisted on remaining behind to sleep.

"THEY SUDDENLY CAME UPON A MAN STANDING IN THE ROAD, HIS FACE COVERED WITH A CLOTH PIERCED WITH EYE-HOLES."

In a short time they came to a cross-road leading to the mining camp of Johnstown, where a man was waiting with a waggon to transfer more mail matter to the stage-coach. Their way now led over thickly-wooded hills and wound sharply around corners, where the river bubbled hundreds of feet below. At one of these turns they suddenly came upon a man standing in the road, his face covered with a cloth pierced with eye-holes. Pointing a pistol at the driver he sternly ordered him to stop, which that individual did with comical alacrity. The next order was to throw out the mail and express matter. This command the driver obeyed, throwing out also the bag of tracts intrusted to him by the minister. Looking round Castro saw another masked man standing at the side of the road. He was partly hidden by the bushes, but he carried a pistol, which was pointed at the passengers.

The robber spokesman now went close to the stage and ordered all the passengers to come out. They had hitherto remained quiet, too astonished to offer any resistance, but at this order, which foreshadowed the handing over of their money and valuables, the General drew a pistol and aimed at the robber's head. The second robber, thinking his comrade was in danger, immediately fired, the ball striking the General in the breast; and, with a choking cry, the old veteran fell backwards.

Both the highwaymen appeared stunned by the result of the shot, and in agitated tones told the driver to go on and carry the wounded man to Beckworth as soon as possible. It struck everyone in the stage that they seemed amateurs at the business.

The poor General fell back into Castro's arms and whispered, "Don't let there be any lynching. I feel sure they are only boys—let the law look after them." Then he became faint. The Indian put up his knife, which he had drawn to defend himself, and assisted in placing the General in an easy position across the seats. He then examined his wound, and announced that the bullet had penetrated the General's lungs.

Meanwhile the driver had climbed back into

his seat, and the stage now rattled off towards Beckworth, where medical aid might be obtained for the wounded man. The last Castro saw of the robbers they were examining the pile of mail matter in the road.

When the stage arrived at the Beckworth Hotel a cot was brought out, on which the General was placed and carried into the house. The Indian chief then procured some turpentine, and steeping it in some herbs he had with him gave it in small doses to the General, whose condition began to improve. Sides then offered to ride to Reno for a surgeon, and Castro, who was deeply grieved at his friend's mishap, gave him a letter and money and started him off at once.

All the people of the place had by this time assembled in front of the hotel, eager to get particulars of the "hold-up." Who had done it? Was anybody killed? The postmaster, more practical, called for volunteers to go out and capture the robbers, and he selected half-a-dozen men out of the multitude who offered themselves and set out in pursuit of the highwaymen. Meanwhile, Castro had dispatched a mounted messenger to Quincy to inform Mr. Wade of the accident.

"THE POSTMASTER CALLED FOR VOLUNTEERS."

When the news that the stage-coach had been "held-up" reached Quincy it naturally caused great excitement in that usually peaceful community. Here was a blot on the fair fame of law-abiding Plumas County. How the other counties would chuckle! A town's meeting was at once held and an expedition prepared for the purpose of tracking the robbers and lynching them, as a warning to other evil-doers. The sheriff diplomatically took command of the expedition in order that he might maintain the law; for, needless to say, he had no intention of allowing the robbers to be lynched.

No time was lost in setting out. When the party reached the Knott ranch—where the coach had halted for water and refreshments—they found the Irish labourer there and told him about the "hold-up." "The scoundrels!" he said. "If I had gone on with the stage they would have got my hard-earned wages! I'll catch a horse and go with you."

Meanwhile the people from Beckworth, led by the postmaster, had arrived at the scene of the robbery, and proceeded to search for traces of the thieves. Suddenly one of them gave a yell and pointed up the mountain, where stood two men, apparently hesitating whether to advance or retire. Seeing that they had been observed the two strangers bolted incontinently.

This looked decidedly suspicious, and accordingly the Beckworth men gave chase. The fugitives did not run far. Arrived at an old log cabin which stood in a clearing they dashed inside, barricaded the only entrance, and made other preparations for resistance.

When the pursuers reached the hut a consultation was held. They were prudent men, and none of them were particularly keen on getting shot. Accordingly it was decided that they should surround the cabin and endeavour to starve the robbers out. A cordon was drawn round the clearing, and the men prepared for a long wait.

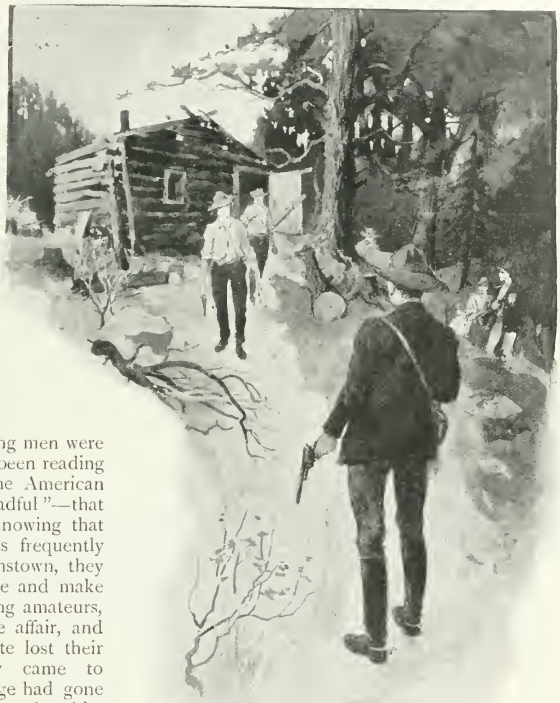
Things were at this stage when the Quincy expedition, led by the sheriff, appeared on the scene. He smiled when he heard of the arrangements made by the Beckworth people, and at once advanced boldly to the hut, calling out to the inmates that he wished to speak to them. "Look here," he said, "I've got a strong force here, and if the boys have to take the hut by force they will assuredly lynch you. Your best plan is to surrender quietly at once. I'm the sheriff, and I promise you a fair trial."

There was a hurried consultation inside the hut, and then the door was opened and the two robbers walked out. A cry of amazement went up from the men around. They were mere boys, frightened and dejected-looking! They gladly put themselves under the sheriff's protection and were taken to Quincy, where they were placed in the gaol, the valiant citizens saying nothing more about lynching when they saw the extreme youth of the culprits.

It transpired that the two young men were residents of Johnstown, and had been reading some of the "dime books"—the American form of the English "penny dreadful"—that make heroes of desperadoes. Knowing that a large amount of treasure was frequently sent east from the mine at Johnstown, they concluded to "hold-up" the stage and make themselves rich at a stroke. Being amateurs, however, they rather bungled the affair, and when the General was shot quite lost their heads. Moreover, when they came to examine their booty after the stage had gone on they found very little of value, the shipment of gold they expected to secure having been postponed. Knowing they would be pursued, they went up the mountain to a deserted log cabin to pass the night, expecting to walk to Reno in the morning. They had nothing to eat, and at daylight they left, but had only gone a short distance when they saw below them a party of men—the Beckworth party. They ran back to the cabin and barricaded themselves in. The sequel the reader knows.

We must now return to the General. A surgeon duly arrived from Reno, and under his care and that of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wade the old veteran began to improve. Castro found a letter waiting for him at the hotel, urging him to return to San Francisco at once, as business required his presence. So, after taking leave of the General and Mr. and Mrs. Wade, he set out for home.

About two months afterwards he received a letter informing him of the General's complete recovery, and also saw an account in the papers of the trial of the would-be highwaymen. Owing largely to the interest taken in them by the public, on account of their youth, they were given what was, considering the gravity of their offence, a very light sentence—two years in San Quentin Prison.



"THE DOOR WAS OPENED AND THE TWO ROBBERS WALKED OUT."

A Remarkable Animal Race.

By Frank Horton.

There is a craze among French society ladies just at present for keeping extraordinary pets. Taking advantage of this fact some leading members of the aristocracy recently organized a race between their pets, the competitors including a lion cub, a monkey, a goose, a tortoise, a bantam, a sheep, a guinea-hen, a turkey, and an Egyptian beetle.

THE peculiar taste some ladies display in the selection of a pet is astonishing. To many the dog or cat does not appeal, being considered too conventional. Therefore, in order to create a sensation, some animal or bird quite out of the ordinary is chosen, and the stranger the pet she decides upon the more pleased is the owner with her choice, no matter how peculiar the pet may appear to other people.

French ladies excel in this curious predilection for strange pets. The Princess de Lucinge has a young lion, which she fondles with as much pleasure as if it were an ordinary lapdog; Mlle. de Yturbe, a prominent figure in Parisian society, treasures a South American monkey; the Baroness de Berckheim has a tortoise; the Countess de Beauregard a magnificent fat goose; and Mlle. Fournier-Sarloveze an Egyptian beetle. These are only a few of the most notable examples, but it does not by any means complete the list.

A short time ago these ladies and many others bearing some of the most illustrious titles in France, including the most prominent leaders of Parisian society, organized a race—a race which is unique both in the annals of sport and social functions. The race was to be between their various pets — ducks, beetles, monkeys, or whatever they were. The scheme was a gigantic success, and the contest was productive of great amusement to the spectators privileged to witness it.

From a] THE [illegible] DE LUCINGE WITH HER LION CUB. *[Photo.*

According to the rules governing the race no animal was to be entered that could be easily handled. By this rule dogs, cats, donkeys, and horses, with other kindred animals commonly made pets, were excluded. Furthermore, each competing pet had to be handled by a lady, who was to drive or coax her charge from behind. On no account was the lady to go in front of the competitor, while pulling was strictly debarred. All urging had to be done from behind, and in view of the obstinate nature of some of the competitors this was no easy matter, though it provoked considerable amusement.

The scene of the contest was the ground of the Sporting Society of Compiègne, one of the most popular country clubs, patronized by the *élite* of the society of Paris. A course was duly marked out and every preparation taken to render this extraordinary race as successful as possible.

Each lady led her pet on to the course by means of a distinctive ribbon. Before the race was run the competitors were viewed by a committee and a prize awarded for the most original entry. This trophy was carried off by the Princess de Lucinge with her lion cub. The inspection over, the competitors made their way to the racecourse, the Princess de Lucinge—since she had captured the prize for originality—leading the way. As the Princess entered the ring with her cub the spectators gave vent to a cheer, and the animal, unable to comprehend the cause of the commotion, promptly showed his teeth and assumed a fighting aspect. At first all the attempts made by his mistress to soothe him were unavailing; but ultimately they succeeded, and the cub immediately apologized for his belligerent behaviour by rolling playfully on the grass, nearly pulling his aristocratic mistress over with him and bringing her into violent contact with the Baroness de la

From a] THE CUB OBJECTS TO THE APPLAUSE AND REFUSES TO MOVE. *[Photo.*

From a] THE BARONESS DE LA MOTTE AND HER BLACK GOAT. [*Photo.*

Motte, who was entering at that moment with her black goat. The latter animal resented this unusual reception, and at once commenced butting all and sundry, pulling his distracted mistress from one side to the other. Order, however, was at last restored between the lion and the goat, and both animals laid down quietly on the grass to await the arrival of the other competitors.

The other contestants comprised the South American monkey belonging to Mlle. de Yturbe; the fat goose of the Countess de Beauregard; the guinea-hen of the Countess de Bourgon; the sheep of the Princess de Broglie; the tortoise of the Baroness de Berckheim; a 40lb. turkey—the pet of Mlle. Barton; and a bantam rooster belonging to Mlle. Outrey.

From a] THE COUNTESS DE BOURGON'S GUINEA-HEN. [*Photo.*

The last competitor to appear aroused considerable curiosity and speculation. Mlle. Fournier-Sarloveze entered the ring with a long silken thread dangling in front of her and terminating, apparently, in the grass. That it was attached to some living creature, however, was conclusively proved by the fact that the ribbon moved forwards before her. Closer inspection proved the curiosity to be an Egyptian beetle—surely the most extraordinary competitor that ever entered in a race.

The contestants, as they appeared upon the course, were duly lined up by the starter. No race ever provoked so much amusement as was caused on this occasion. The trouble that the marshalling of the competitors caused can be better imagined than described.

The judges almost despaired of ever starting the race. First the turkey would jog off on an expedition of its own in some contrary direction. Then the lion made incessant efforts to meet the black goat in mortal combat, or else rolled upon the grass. Not one of the competitors, with the exception of the tortoise, appeared to realize the responsibility of its position. The tortoise, in accordance with its mythical proclivity, made strenuous efforts to get under way, but handicapping, of course, was not allowed.

At last, however, the various members of the menagerie were brought up to the scratch and the judges shouted "Go!" Immediately there was an indescribable scene of excitement and bustle. Each animal, startled by the commotion, darted forward. Scarcely, however, had the race begun when the judges sternly ordered a fresh start. Why, no one apparently knew, until it was seen that the beetle, while waiting the starting signal, had twisted and twirled about to such an extent that the silken thread to which it was attached had got inextricably tied up with the grass, thus preventing any forward movement on the part of the insect. With considerable trouble the beetle was released from its awkward predicament, and the animals were once more ranged up in line. Just as the judges were about to deliver the starting signal, however, the bantam, for some reason, darted forward with remarkable energy, presumably after some insect that happened to be passing at the moment. This threw the whole body of competitors into convulsions once more, and it was with considerable difficulty that peace and order were restored. At the first favourable opportunity the judges gave the starting signal.

From a] THE PRINCESS DE BROGLIE ENTERED HER PET SHEEP FOR THE RACE. *[Photo.*

The race now began in grim earnest. The ten competitors leaped forward instantly, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an amused crowd. The lion forged ahead at once, and his mistress, encouraged by his auspicious start, endeavoured to persuade him to further effort by means of a dainty stick she was carrying in her hand. So far the movements on the part of the cub had been entirely spontaneous, and the capricious animal immediately resented being prodded by his mistress. He turned and reared up on his hind legs, vainly endeavouring to seize the offensive wand in his teeth and grind it to shreds. Meanwhile he growled ominously.

The action of the lion threw the goose,

turkey, bantam, sheep, and goat into a dreadful state of consternation, and a regular stampede ensued. The birds, amidst much cackling, vainly attempted to dart in all directions. The monkey, however, considered the whole business simply as a piece of bluff on the part of the diminutive king of the forest. Thereupon he entered into the spirit of the fun and commenced frolicking with the cub. This intrusion the latter resented in the most formidable manner possible, though fortunately he could inflict no damage owing to the limited length of the lead with which he was secured to his mistress's wrist. Disgusted, he laid down on the grass and paid absolutely no attention to his mistress's urgings to proceed.

The ladies made strenuous efforts to quieten down the terror that had been caused amongst the birds by the bad behaviour of the lion. They "sh'ooed" until they were almost hoarse, but with very little effect. The bantam made a dart to the wood for shelter on one side, the goose turned round and wanted to go back, and the turkey was disgusted with the whole affair. The guinea-hen endeavoured to pick a quarrel with the inoffensive sheep by violently flying at it, with much discordant cackling. This last onslaught frightened the sheep completely, and it promptly backed behind its mistress for protection.

The tortoise appeared to be the only competitor who was discomposed neither by the bellicose attitude of the lion nor the alarm of the birds. True to its tradition, it plodded steadily forward, absolutely disregarding the other competitors. But even a tortoise's patience has a limit. Presently the creature thought it had gone quite far enough to satisfy even the most exacting mistress, and evidently imagined that the winning-post ought to be brought to it. It came to a dead stop, drew in its head, and quietly went off to sleep. All the efforts of its

TWO STRANGE COMPETITORS—ON THE LEFT IS BARONESS DE BERCKHEIM WITH HER TORTOISE, WHILE ON THE RIGHT IS MLLE. FOUKSHEPSARLOVEZE WITH HER EGYPTIAN BEETLE.
From a Photo.

mistress to awaken it were unavailing, and she abandoned the race in despair.

The dropping-out of the tortoise placed the beetle in front, and that insect went travelling along merrily, to the evident satisfaction of its mistress. By this time, however, the birds had recovered their equilibrium, which had been so alarmingly disturbed by the frolics of the lion, and, by making a wide détour, they had safely passed that playful animal. The turkey and bantam, when once fairly under way, made rapid progress.

The monkey also awoke to the fact that it was about time he commenced to bestir himself if he wished to pass the winning-post with honour. He forthwith left the lion and galloped merrily forward. Unfortunately he came somewhat too close to the bantam, and with the characteristic inquisitiveness of his race evinced considerable interest in the feathers of the fine tail belonging to that bird. Naturally the bantam objected to such unwarrantable familiarity on the part of the monkey, and perkily showed fight. A battle royal between them seemed imminent, but the monkey brought the quarrel to a summary conclusion by clutching hold of the small bird, giving its neck a powerful twist in full view of the horrified spectators, and throwing it on one side! By this tragedy the number of active contestants was reduced to eight.

More trouble, however, was brewing. The turkey rapidly caught up the beetle and soon became deeply engrossed in that persevering little insect's movements. It certainly looked a very delicate morsel, and despite the adjurations of his mistress he made a swift peck at the insect, and a moment later another competitor was placed *hors de combat*. The only trace of the harmless little beetle, which had shown such promise of carrying off the prize, was a thin thread of silk hanging from the turkey's beak!

The honour of winning the "menagerie race" did not appeal to the elevated minds of the sheep and goat. The fresh, dainty green grass was too seductive, and both animals succumbed to it. It was too sweet to be missed, and they quietly munched away at it to their hearts' content, paying no attention to the proddings of their owners.

After effectively disposing of the beetle the turkey once more rushed onwards. But the spurt came too late. The monkey, elated with his triumph over the obstreperous and fiery bantam-cock, passed the turkey while that bird was busily engaged with the beetle and careered merrily past the post at terrific speed. He thus won the race, which was certainly one of the most exciting and novel on record.

From a] THE START—"AN INDESCRIBABLE SCENE OF EXCITEMENT AND BUSTLE." *[Photo.*

Paddle and I and the "Stag."

By J. H. Grimshaw.

Most people have heard of "rogue" elephants and the fits of unreasoning ferocity to which they are subject, but only cattlemen know that there are such things as "rogue" bulls. Mr. Grimshaw describes a terrible adventure which befell a companion and himself in Mitchell County, Queensland.

IN the various writings upon the subject of cattle-raising I have never noticed any reference to "rogue" cattle. And yet they exist, and I daresay old, experienced cattlemen in America and Australia have had adventures with them only second in interest and danger to those related of "rogue" elephants, of which everybody has heard.

During some twenty-eight years on cattle stations in Queensland I have had many exciting experiences with "rogue" bulls, bullocks, and cows; but perhaps the most exciting of all was with a "rogue stag." A "stag," I may explain, is a local term applied to a certain variety of bulls.

In the seventies I was employed on one of the largest stations in Western Queensland, owned by a wealthy company. Part of the station was devoted to sheep, the balance to cattle. The latter, being at that time far more valuable than sheep, occupied the greater portion of the huge "run," which was over five thousand square miles in extent. As a matter of fact the cattle could, and did, spread themselves, at their own sweet will, not only over our "run," but for hundreds of miles beyond, and their progeny helped to swell the herds of unscrupulous neighbours. Paddocks at that time were few and far between. We had a few, and one for putting the bullocks in—contained four hundred square miles of country, which limited their roaming propensities to a certain extent.

THE AUTHOR, MR. J. H. GRIMSHAW.
From a Photo. by Gronzelle, Sydney, N.S.W.

The average cattleman in those days rather despised the purely "sheep" man, looking upon him as a person inferior in the social scale. To give such men good prime bullocks would have been considered utter waste; so old "scrub" bulls that were captured, branded, etc., were kept for a while and then sent up in drafts to be killed for the shearers, "rouseabouts," and general hands at our sheep station. The cutting-out and droving of these "stags" was a work that demanded considerable skill and experience, and was always attended with a certain amount of risk to those engaged in it. During slack periods it was invariably my lot to be engaged in this duty, and many a narrow escape have I had from being gored to death.

Just prior to the break-up of a drought in the year 187— I received orders from my chief to proceed to the bullock paddock, which was some distance from the head station, muster a mob of "killers," and take them over and deliver them at the head sheep station. A stockman named Paddle accompanied me. He was something of a "new chum" at the work, though a Colonial by birth. He had commenced his career in a bank, but getting into some trouble had been compelled to abandon it suddenly and take to that refuge for so many black sheep—the bush.

No time was lost in getting away, and we reached the bullock station that night. All the intervening country was dry and cracked, and the "feed," even far back from the river, was very scarce—just a tussock here and there. I anticipated having difficulty in finding sufficient cattle in good condition for my purpose, but that night heavy clouds came up, and by daylight a fierce thunderstorm was in full swing. It continued to rain for the next ten days almost without intermission, turning every little gully and water-course into a foaming torrent, and utterly precluding all possibility of "mustering." It converted as if by magic the previously dreary, drought-stricken desert into the most luxuriant fodder country imaginable. To ride through it

was for a time well-nigh impossible—the horses, even without riders, sinking to their girths. We were compelled to "spell," or halt, till the weather broke again and the sun came out sufficiently to put a crust on the super-saturated surface. Three days after the rain ceased we started out to procure the fat cattle, taking with us two or three men from the bullock station to assist. We regretted our impatience almost as soon as we got off the ridge on which the station huts stood, for after such a continuous downpour the country was a veritable quagmire. Most of the bullocks had made for the high timbered country at the first indication of rain, much too far away for us to reach. It was only possible to travel by following the harder ridges that zigzagged round the heads of the creeks. Here and there we came across small mobs of cattle, which we drove before us. One fellow—a huge brindled "stag" that we came on in a patch of timber—appeared in fairly good condition, but as wild as any "scrubber." But for the bog he would have given me a long gallop to turn him, and he seemed very anxious to come to close quarters with his horns when I headed him. A smart application of my stock-whip, however, kept him from carrying out his intention. He reminded me of illustrations I have seen of buffalo—a huge bull-neck and head, fierce-looking reddish eyes, long thick horns, a yellow shaggy mane, and big fore-quarters, fining off like a greyhound at the flank. At every opportunity, heavy as the ground was, this "stag" would break away, and when, after considerable trouble, he was headed into the mob again he would every now and then make a frantic rush to gore the nearest horse or horseman.

After an hour or two's slow work we got sufficient cattle together to warrant "rounding up." I intended leaving the "stag" till the last. Having got about seventy in all together we let the rest go. The stockmen who had assisted turned back, and Paddle and myself set out with our mob for an old yard, which we reached late at night—by good luck without any particular mishap. The "stag" gave a lot of trouble, trying to break away or charge whenever the ground permitted, although it was all more or less soft. I kept at a safe distance, warning Paddle to do the same. I had some misgivings as to how we should yard the "stag," but Paddle, evidently sceptical of there being any danger, would not pay heed to my warnings. He was left-handed and could not use a stock-whip very well, though he never lost an opportunity of practising with it. When we reached the yard I was particularly on the alert. Seeing what he thought was an excellent chance to give the "stag" a cut, Paddle was spurring his horse up near enough to strike, when, without a second's warning, the ever-watchful bull turned savagely round. I let out a yell to stop the foolish man—which fortunately had the desired effect—and then rushed several of the other cattle round in front of the "stag," which enabled Paddle to escape. Quickly swinging the rest of the cattle round, the whole lot were in the yard before any of them had time to break away, which was a considerable relief.

"A SMART APPLICATION OF MY STOCK-WHIP KEPT HIM FROM CARRYING OUT HIS INTENTION."

At the first streak of dawn we had finished our morning meal, saddled our horses, and were letting the cattle out of the yard, as we had a long day before us and could only proceed slowly. Our friend the brindled "stag" took the lead in coming out of the

yard, barely giving me time, after pulling the rails down, to leap into the saddle and ride clear. Sharply wheeling my horse at right angles I rode past the "stag," bringing my whip with a stinging slash across his nose, which made him wheel back into the mob, which had followed him out more leisurely. From thence on he seemed to sulk. The other cattle would feed as they drew along, but the huge "stag" scarcely ate a mouthful.

The morning air was fresh and cool. The cattle could walk along without exertion or getting over-heated, as they certainly would do later on when the sun got well up. Needless to say, the beast that required most frequent attention was the "stag." With dogged persistence he was ever on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to escape or do some damage and generally give trouble. To turn him or head him was a delicate matter—he always contrived to unexpectedly introduce some variety into his methods of attack and escape.

By continuing in the direction we were travelling we could make the sheep station in a day and a half less than by going round the road, which would make up somewhat for the unavoidable delay in delivery caused by the rains.

About noon we came to a strip of ridge with a few bushes, near a gully which formed the head of a creek. It being now very hot, and all the cattle—except the "stag"—appearing tired, I decided to give them, the horses, and ourselves a couple of hours' "spell." There was only one tree within some miles of us and this was situated about a quarter of a mile away. This would provide shade for a siesta, so, riding round to within hailing distance of Paddle, I called out for him to leave the cattle and follow me over to the tree for lunch. I then rode off, thinking he would quickly follow. The "stag" had stopped under a bush some distance from the other cattle, but within quite a reasonable distance of them. There was no necessity to disturb him, but apparently Paddle did not think so. As I rode towards the tree something prompted me to turn in the saddle and glance back. I was disgusted and horrified to see my companion in the act of raising his stock-whip in his left hand to flog the "stag" on the head. I have said before that he could not use a whip well at any time, and to-day, so far as I could see, he was making a worse attempt than usual. His horse attempted to draw back, partly perhaps because he was tired, but more probably because he understood his work better than his idiotic rider, and could evidently see what I saw—that the "stag" was drawing back to make a tremendous charge at the tormentor and disturber of his rest. But Paddle seemed to be absolutely blind to everything except the desire to get to close quarters with the "stag."

He got his wish with a vengeance! Almost before I had wheeled my horse to gallop back the "stag," with a vicious shake of his head and

"HE ROLLED OVER AND HERE"

a bellowing roar of fiendish rage, sprang straight at the unfortunate horse and his foolish rider. I fully expected to find them torn to shreds. The horse was down, and Paddle appeared to be lying half on the horse, half alongside, when, urging my mount at racing speed, we reached the spot; and, grand old "camp"-horse that he was, he struck the hind-quarters of the "stag" at full gallop, shooting him away from his prey. He rolled over and over, and we only avoided a similar fate ourselves by the greatest miracle, having to jump over the struggling bull in order to do so.

The "stag" quickly regained his feet and came savagely after me, but I easily avoided him by riding through the middle of the other cattle and then back to Paddle and his poor horse. Both were now standing up, the horse on three legs, the former not much the worse for his tumble, save for sundry bruises and contusions about the legs. The downward trend of the "stag's" horns must have been the salvation of them both.

I must confess to feeling but slight sympathy for the man's injuries, considering that his own idiotic obstinacy and disobedience had brought about the catastrophe. For the horse I had a full measure of pity, and I must give Paddle credit for being much distressed at the condition of the poor animal. The horse was indeed in a most pitiable state. An artery was torn on the leg just below the shoulder, and Paddle begged and implored me to do something for the poor brute. It was madness to dismount at so short a distance from such a savage animal as the "stag," who was only about three hundred yards away; but after making an attempt to lead the horse farther away without success, and seeing that the "stag" was still in the middle of the other cattle, apparently quite satisfied with the damage he had done, I got off my horse, much against my better judgment. Giving him to Paddle to hold, and at the same time instructing him, as he valued his life, to watch the movements of the "stag," I examined the wound. Hastily undoing my companion's blanket—which, by the way, was a red one—I took out a saddle strap and quickly fastened it round the horse's leg above the spurting artery. This stopped the bleeding at once.

Relying upon Paddle carrying out my exhortation to watch the "stag," I had never looked up while engaged at my task. He may have been intent upon watching the success of my efforts, and possibly I may have contributed to his negligence, for the spirit moved me to express my opinion of his conduct generally. Whatever the reason, however, he entirely forgot to watch the "stag," and the reader can imagine my feelings when he suddenly gave a blood-curdling shriek. "Good heavens! he's coming," he shouted. At the same time he let my horse go and dashed off at top speed in the direction of the tree. At first I did not perceive the cause of the alarm; but apparently the fiendish "rogue" had watched his opportunity, gone behind the other cattle, circled round, and was now coming up behind the wounded horse. When I first caught sight of him he was not more than 50ft. distant, sneaking along at a walking pace. The moment he saw he was detected, however, he came on with an irresistible rush.

My horse, of course, had gone off as soon as Paddle dropped the reins. To stay with the wounded horse was to court death, so I hastily decided to run in the opposite direction to that taken by Paddle, and unwisely made a frantic dash towards the shallow gully just as the infuriated bull charged into the poor horse again. I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was lashing out at the "stag" with his heels. After running with difficulty for about fifty yards, the ground becoming more boggy at every stride, I caught my foot against a piece of sandstone hid in the long grass and went sprawling to the bottom of the gully. When I had recovered myself somewhat I decided to lay where I was, trusting that the "stag" had not seen me in the long grass, and would eventually go back to the other cattle. I could then, after reconnoitring, make for my horse, without which, of course, I was absolutely helpless.

Meanwhile I could hear the bull rushing round and trampling something, and was at a loss to conjecture what he was doing. But the wretched Paddle, who had by this time safely ensconced himself in the tree, from which he had an uninterrupted view, was able subsequently to enlighten me. After being charged several times the much-tortured horse had, by freely using his heels, driven his antagonist off. The "stag" then turned his special attention to the red blanket. He tore and trampled that serviceable article into absolute shreds and muddy particles, coming back again and again to resume his work of destruction.

I had been "lying low" in fancied security for seven or eight minutes, when, ceasing to hear any sound and concluding the bull had gone off, I rose sufficiently to peer through the grass. Scarcely had I done so when I heard him rushing towards me from the right, having evidently made a détour. I have but a confused idea of what my thoughts were immediately prior to the bull reaching me, for I had barely realized that he was coming. I may, perhaps, have partly risen to my feet in a vain endeavour

to escape, when he suddenly struck with the full force of his huge head upon my right side. I was hurled through the air, dropping farther along the gully, caught and struck again on the head, when I lapsed into unconsciousness. For

"I WAS HURLED THROUGH THE AIR."

how long I have no means of judging, but Paddle—who from his coign of vantage saw the whole affair—said it was over half an hour, and fully concluded I was dead.

My first recollections after recovering consciousness are of finding myself lying just in front of the "stag," who was making strenuous efforts to reach me, but appeared to be held back partly by the swampy ground and partly by the root of a vine bush, which had providentially caught his horns when he made his second rush. Blood was streaming freely from my head and running into my eyes, partly obscuring my sight. I lay for some time in a half-dazed state within a few inches of the savage red eyes and bellowing, foam-covered mouth of the maddened monster, the pain in my head and side becoming greater every moment. Every now and then the "stag" would sweep his head forward along the ground in an endeavour to reach me, and though his appearance was diabolical in the extreme I seemed now to have no fear of him.

Presently, however, it dawned upon me that if he turned round or the root broke he would be able to finish me easily. It behoved me, therefore, to make an effort to get away as quickly as my half-crippled state would permit. When I essayed to walk, however, I found it was impossible. My leg was injured, my ribs appeared to be broken, and my right shoulder was also badly hurt. I could only crawl slowly, and this I did in terrible agony, every movement and every breath making me wince. Hardly knowing which way to go, I went by chance towards the horses, but they moved away at my unusual mode of approach. Even if they had not, I could not have mounted my horse by myself. I then turned towards the tree. When within a hundred yards or so Paddle came down and assisted me. How long I was making that awful journey I cannot say, but long before its completion the "stag" had extricated himself from the vine roots and made for the horses, charging them both again and again, though without doing them much injury, as both horses used their heels freely. Then the fiend turned back to Paddle's blanket and gave it another mauling. Throughout the remainder of that long summer afternoon he alternated between the remains of the red blanket and the horses, occasionally lying down near the latter in order to deceive them. He never once went near the cattle again.

Meanwhile I sat with my back against the tree, suffering horrible torments. Myriads of flies—always present in countless numbers in summer, especially after rain—swarmed round me; the pain in my head and side, coupled with the heat, made me feverish; and to add to my torture not a drop of water was procurable. By following the gully down some could have been found, but the "stag" barred the way, so I had to endure my thirst as best I could.

The longest day, like the longest lane, must have an end, and sundown came at last. Just then the "stag" once again rose to his feet and

charged at Paddle's horse. As it did so that plucky animal turned round and lashed out with both heels. They struck with a sickening crash on the bull's skull, and he dropped as if

"THE PLUCKY ANIMAL TURNED ROUND AND LASHED OUT WITH BOTH HEELS."

shot, and, so far as we could see, never moved again.

After waiting for some time in suspense the two horses came feeding towards us, and my horse getting the bridle entangled round his leg was easily caught by Paddle, who then drove his own horse over to the tree. Examination showed that my substitute for a tourniquet had stopped the bleeding artery, and also that the animal had not sustained any severe fresh injuries, but he was too much hurt to be ridden. In that region night quickly follows the setting of the sun. Nothing could be gained by staying, and my injuries were far too serious to dream of taking the cattle farther. If possible, I must ride to some shelter where I could receive attention.

So, after binding my rug round me, with great difficulty and excruciating pain I mounted my horse, Paddle assisting, and commenced the most agonizing ride of my life. My companion walked, leading his wounded horse. I could only proceed at a walking pace, with frequent stoppings, every step increasing my sufferings. About two or three in the morning we reached an outstation, where everything that kindness could suggest was done for me, but proper medical aid was not procurable, the nearest doctor being over two hundred miles away. It was many weeks before I could resume my duties, and for months, aye, years after, I involuntarily shrank if anyone came near my right side.

Some stockmen went out with Paddle the day following our arrival. They succeeded in collecting about half the cattle, but saw nothing of the brindled "stag," either then or after. I intended going out to find him as soon as I was able to ride, but circumstances did not permit, and a year or two elapsed before chance took me to the scene again. Meanwhile one or two bush fires had swept over the downs. I found some half-burnt bones that may have belonged to the "rogue," but as I could not find the skull I could not swear to them.

Paddle left the employ soon after, and within twelve months he died from heart disease—probably accelerated by the fright he received from the "stag." During many years of almost continuous work amongst cattle since the episode just related I have profited by experience, and a revolver has always been an essential part of my equipment, and I am convinced that its prompt use has prevented many a similar catastrophe to that which befell Paddle and myself.

Among the Soudan Swamps.

By Brevet-Major R. G. T. Bright, C.M.G., D.S.O., Rifle Brigade.

The narrative of the adventures and privations of three British officers during a Government Expedition recently concluded, in which both the Europeans and the natives they had with them suffered terribly from starvation and thirst and from the giant Turkana tribesmen in the hitherto little known country near Lake Rudolf.

I.

TOWARDS the end of 1900 the British Government decided to despatch a small expedition to survey the country lying to the south of the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan—a practically unknown region—as far as Lake Rudolf. I was fortunate enough to be appointed as one of its officers.

BREVET-MAJOR R. G. T. BRIGHT, C.M.G., D.S.O.
From a Photo. by C. Vandyk.

The expedition was commanded by Brevet-Major H. H. Austin, C.M.G., D.S.O., of the Royal Engineers, who a year previously had led a surveying party across a portion of the country through which we should have to pass at the commencement of our journey, and who had, in addition, served on the staff of several other important expeditions in Uganda and British East Africa, some account of which has already appeared in The Wide World.

Before leaving London we purchased stores sufficient to last us a year, and also the various articles necessary for the proper equipment of an African expedition. For trading purposes we purchased beads of every size and colour, hundreds of yards of white and tinted cloths, iron and brass wire, and, in addition, watches, cheap revolvers, bracelets, etc., for presents to chiefs.

MAJOR H. H. AUSTIN, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION.
From a Photo.

At the end of November all our preparations were completed, and Austin and I left England for Cairo, where we arrived in due course. Our impedimenta weighed only eight tons; and included tents, a collapsible boat, and many other articles absolutely essential for travel in Africa.

At Cairo we were joined by Dr. G. Garner, who was at that time doing duty with the Army of Occupation in Egypt, and who accompanied us as medical officer.

We remained a week in Cairo, buying a few things which were not obtainable in England, such as water-skins. These latter, known as *gerbas*, are simply the skins of goats sewn in a variety of places in such a way as to prevent the water escaping when they are full. Water, as may be imagined, is not improved by being carried in these vessels, and unless they have previously been thoroughly washed and cleaned the fluid is apt to come out the colour of ink. It also has a peculiarly disagreeable taste, derived from the oil with which the skins are soaked in order to preserve them.

On the 15th of December we left

Cairo and proceeded by train to Assouan, about 500 miles up the Nile. The regiment quartered in Assouan—the 10th Battalion of Soudanese, under the command of Major Hunter—was selected to provide our escort, which consisted of a native officer and twenty-two rank and file. The native officer, Mabruk Effendi Faki, behaved splendidly throughout the expedition. Hardworking and conscientious, he set a fine example to his men, and when starvation and hardships caused the transport drivers to give trouble and forget the little discipline they had learnt, the escort under Mabruk Effendi never once forgot its duty. Towards the end of the journey all the work usually performed by the transport men had to be done by the soldiers, half of whom perished in our disastrous journey. All our animal drivers except two and all our personal servants died of starvation or were murdered by the gigantic inhabitants of the country near Lake Rudolf, through which we had to find and fight our way in a desperate attempt to reach one of the forts of the Uganda Protectorate.

But to resume my narrative. We stayed one day at Assouan, and then, after proceeding a few miles by rail, reached the end of the Egyptian State Railway at Schillal, whence we had a pleasant stretch by steamer to Wady Halfa. The weather was delightful, and steaming up the Nile in the comfortable little stern-wheeler was charming. Next day we reached Wady Halfa and entrained for Halfya, the terminus of the Soudan Military Railway, on the bank of the Blue Nile opposite Khartoum. At that time there were no railway carriages available, so we were given a covered goods van, and a very comfortable conveyance it proved to be, as with our camp beds and so forth the truck was soon converted into a cosy sleeping-car.

The line leaves the Nile at Wady Halfa and strikes across the desert to avoid the large bend made by the river. In this desert the nights were bitterly cold and the draughts in our goods waggon were distinctly disagreeable. Our cooking was done by our servants in the next truck to ours, and one night, to our alarm, this vehicle caught fire and had to be cut adrift from the train and shunted.

At Halfya we bade good-bye to railways for many a long month, and went on board a small steamer to cross over to Omdurman.

At Khartoum the Blue and White Niles join, and it is curious to see the meeting of these two large rivers. As their names imply, the rivers are different in colour, and one can distinctly see the line where the blue water runs into the muddy-coloured water of the White Nile and joins it in its course to the sea.

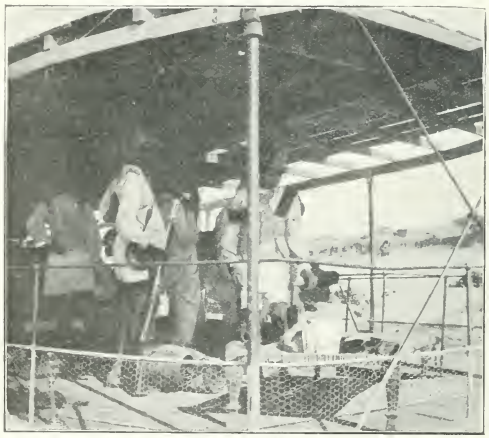
Opposite Khartoum, on the left-hand bank of the White Nile, is Omdurman, stretching for several miles along the bank of the river: a huge and now almost deserted city of small mud houses surrounded by walls of the same material. We landed here, and were met by a party of Gehadiah who were to assist in removing our baggage from the steamer and were to accompany us on the expedition in order

From a] THE GEHADIAH WHO ACCOMPANIED THE EXPEDITION—ALL OF THEM PERISHED EXCEPT ONE MAN. [*Photo.*

to look after the transport animals. These Gehadiah are the remains of the Dervish army, and are now employed in the Soudan on Government works, such as building, etc. Thirty of these old warriors had been enlisted to accompany us, and my first illustration depicts a group of them, as they appeared after they had been drilled and practised in the use of their rifles. As marksmen they were most indifferent, and it was a matter of utter indifference to them whether their rifles were loaded or not. They did, however, prefer to carry their weapons charged, and then, when tired of carrying them, they would tie them across a donkey saddle, in which position they would be dragged through bushes or anywhere else the animal chose to wander. We did not discover this dangerous practice for several months, during which time it was only by the greatest good luck that no accident occurred.

This group—which does not include all the men, as a certain number were on duty—has a pathetic interest in that the sole survivor of the thirty who started with us is the tall man in the centre of the back row.

We were most hospitably entertained during our stay at Omdurman, where most of the transport animals for the expedition had been purchased, the remainder being ordered to join us at various places farther up the Nile. One lot of donkeys came from Gedariff, in the eastern portion of the Soudan, and when they met us looked none the worse for their preliminary journey of 300 miles. Our transport also included fifteen camels, and to assist in looking after them two Arabs were engaged. These men were supposed to understand camels and their many ailments, but if they really did know much about them they kept their knowledge to themselves, and the animals naturally did not benefit much thereby. For medical purposes these men were armed with about a dozen pieces of iron, 18in. long, and welded into various shapes. When a camel fell sick his legs were first tied together; the Arabs then proceeded to make their irons red-hot and draw weird patterns on its body. Sores were encircled with a band of burnt skin and parallel lines would be drawn across affected parts. Major Austin, after a short time, stopped these appalling operations, which never, of course, did any good. Four months after we commenced our march we had not a single camel left. Two had been lost and the remainder had died or had been slaughtered for food, of which we were at that time very much in need. The remainder of the transport consisted of mules and donkeys. Of the former we had twelve, four of them being Government mules, while the remainder came from Abyssinia. The Abyssinian mules were not much bigger than a pony, but they were very strong and wiry, and although they carried the same loads and saddles as the larger Government mules they marched far better, and three of them reached Uganda. After we had picked up our various batches of donkeys we had 125 in all.



[Lafayette] THE AFTER DECK OF THE GUNBOAT "FATAH." [Photo.

We spent Christmas at Omdurman, and on the 28th of December got all the stores and animals aboard the boats, which were to convey us as far on our journey as the water in the Sobat River—a tributary joining the White Nile a little south of Fashoda—would allow at this time of year.

The stern-wheeled gun-boat *Fatah* was to carry Austin, Garner, and myself, while on either side of our vessel was lashed a large two-decked iron barge and a couple of native boats, and when all the animals and stores had been embarked there was not much room to spare.

Most of the animals were herded in the lower decks of the barges, the upper portion being reserved for the men. The upper deck of the barges was roofed in with wood, though on one of the barges most of the roofing had disappeared, having evidently been used as fuel.

My next photograph shows the stern of the deck occupied by the soldiers. During the two

From a] NASSR FORT, ON THE SOBAT RIVER. [*Photo.*

weeks we were on board the vessels the men had very little work to do, except when we tied up now and again for a couple of days, and they were sent on shore to cut wood as fuel for the steamer.

I had the pleasure of writing an account of my previous expedition in THE WIDE WORLD for March and April, 1901, so I think it is hardly necessary to again describe a journey up the White Nile, which although far more amusing than a sea voyage can yet become even more monotonous. I will therefore continue my story from the point where we landed on the Sobat River, a few miles east of Nassr Fort, a post garrisoned by the Soudanese police of the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan, and flying side by side the Union Jack and the Star and Crescent of Egypt. A characteristic view of this fort is shown in the accompanying picture. This post of observation is on the banks of the Sobat River 190 miles from its junction with the Nile, and consists of a fort with parapet and ditch, armed with Krupp field-pieces. The odd-looking tree to the left of the picture is a "dom" palm with seven branches, among which is constructed a "crow's nest" or look-out station.

The fourth photograph was taken from the deck of the gunboat, and depicts a scene which may be met with any day while steaming up the

From a] NATIVES WATCHING THE STEAMER PASSING. [*Photo.*

Sobat. The natives take a great interest in watching a steamer, and are gradually overcoming the natural fear awakened in the savage breast by what must appear to them a monster from the unknown world. A short time ago, on the approach of a steamer, the savages would squat on the bank and move their arms up and down, as is their custom when invoking the protection of their gods. This timidity may have arisen from actual fear of the strange snortings and hissings of the machinery, or to an apprehension that once on the boat they would not be allowed to return, but would be kidnapped and sold as slaves.

Along the Sobat River are large plains of grass, through which one can march for one or even two days without seeing a tree or even enough wood to kindle a fire. Under these conditions the dry stalks of the coarse grass have to be used as a rather poor substitute for timber fuel, unless one is fortunate enough to be able to spare an empty box.

Most of the natives we saw belonged to a tribe called Nuers, living in the neighbourhood of Nassr. The men wear no coverings of any sort on their bodies, and in that respect are similar to all the inhabitants of this portion of Africa. The strange peoples of these regions are of absorbing interest, and this is especially so in the country near Nassr, which was more thickly populated than the greater part of the regions traversed during the rest of our journey. The tribes were friendly, and not so suspicious or hostile as were the natives farther south, where we found it quite impossible to get photographs of them. The Nuer villages were in many cases well built and fairly clean.

One curious thing we saw was a parade of Dinka warriors outside the house of their Sheik, or head man of the village. The Dinka huts are constructed of wood and are thatched with grass. These huts are kept scrupulously clean, although they often contain a cow and other animals, as well as the human occupants. The floors are made of dried mud, which in a hot climate becomes almost as hard as brick. The Dinka men, curiously enough, are smeared all over with mud, for some reason which I do not know. These people were quite friendly, but would not sell us either their live stock or food, of which they possess but little. They seem to subsist principally on fish caught in the river, which may account for their very lean appearance. The Dinkas, unlike most savages, who generally delight to adorn their persons with strings of gaudy-coloured beads and bracelets or anklets of brass or iron wire, wear no ornaments.

As the steamer slowly forged up the Sobat River towards the Abyssinian plateau the type of natives and their style of living gradually improved as we emerged from a country of swamp and fever and entered a land of woods and alluvial soil. We continually passed fishing-villages, one of which is portrayed in my next photograph. The natives live here during the summer months and spend their time in fishing; but on the rising of the river, and subsequent inundation of the low-lying land, the inhabitants retire to their permanent homes, living principally on the fish they have speared or caught during the dry season, which is preserved by being dried in the sun.

From a] A NUER FISHING VILLAGE. [*Photo.*

On several occasions we rather unwisely tasted some "Sobat bloaters," only to immediately condemn them as quite unfit for human consumption. There are a number of different methods employed by the natives to catch fish, but perhaps the most original and least sportsmanlike is the following. Two men get into a canoe, and while one paddles slowly along close under the bank, his companion, armed with a long spear, prods his weapon into the fringe of reeds and grass along the water's edge in the hope of transfixing a fish. The rivers and swamps are literally alive with fish, which attain

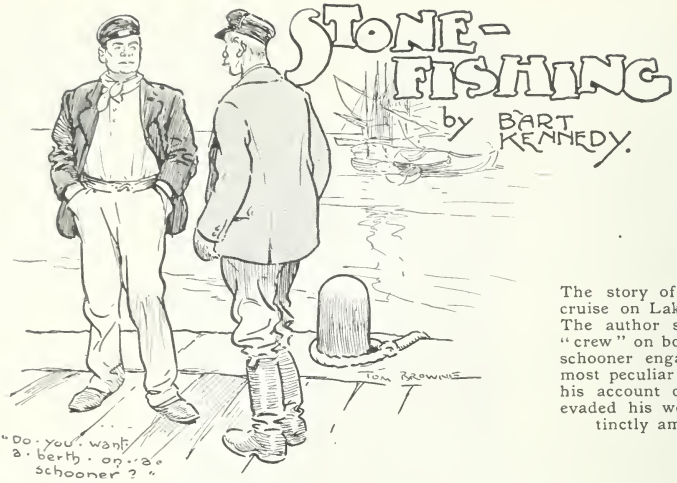
almost the size of sharks. At one small settlement of fish-driers I saw suspended a monster fish-jaw quite large enough to admit a man's head and shoulders. The preparation of fresh fish for the table of the savage is delightfully simple. Having been cut with a spear into chunks about the size of a clenched fist, it is thrown on to a small fire made of grass and devoured after being slightly warmed.

All this time we were living on the steamer, every now and again stopping for perhaps a day to fill the bunkers with wood-fuel. Occasionally men fell overboard, but they did not seem to mind, although the river was literally swarming with crocodiles. One morning I was awakened very early and bluntly informed, while still in a state of semi-consciousness, that two boys had fallen overboard and been drowned. The steamer was immediately swung round, and, standing on the upper deck, I could see a long way off what appeared to be two human heads bobbing up and down in the water. Only one boy was said to be missing, so we could not account for the second bobbing head, which afterwards turned out to be the boy's cap which was floating near him. It was very irritating to watch this lad swimming with great effort towards the steamer when he might have easily made for the shore in safety, as the river here was narrow. When the steamer got close his struggles were nearly over, and it was only with great difficulty that he was got on board in a most exhausted condition. I must say a few words about this boy. Some time previously he had come to us in a wretched state of hunger and showing signs of cruel ill-usage. He explained through one of our people, who understood his language, that his parents were dead, and that, being too weak and ill to work, he was brutally ill-treated by his tribe. He was fed, and as he expressed a wish to join our party was allowed to do so as a servant of the interpreter, who undertook to feed him out of his own rations.

[Drawn by] A GROUP OF NUERS. [Photo.

He soon proved to be an attractive little fellow, and our interpreter—very much against our advice—decided to adopt him. He eventually took the little savage back to Cairo, where he treated him very kindly and even sent him to school. After a short time, however, with the basest ingratitude, the little Nuer repaid his benefactor by stealing his property and running away!

(*To be continued.*)



The story of a curious cruise on Lake Ontario. The author shipped as "crew" on board a little schooner engaged in a most peculiar trade, and his account of how he evaded his work is distinctly amusing.

I WAS sitting on the wharf in Toronto. Out before me stretched the clear waters of Lake Ontario. There was no smell of salt in the slow wind that was coming in from over the vast expanse of water. A sea without salt! I had never seen such a thing before. I would not care, I reflected, to sail out upon it.

I got up and walked along. Here and there and away in the distance were ships and rigging, and masts and canvas; furled sails of schooners lying at the wharf; stretching, wind-swelled sails of schooners coming in from beyond, and still no smell of the sea. Bronzed, hard-looking, weather-beaten men passed me, but to my eye there was a difference between them and the salt-water sailors I had seen in the world's seaports. What the difference was could hardly be put into words, but there was a difference. It was subtle, but not to be mistaken. There was a difference in their bearing; in the shade of the tan of their faces.

Suddenly a man stepped in front of me, looking me up and down.

"Say," he exclaimed, "do you want a berth on a schooner?"

He was a well-built man, and I saw at once that he was a man who sailed the lake. He was perhaps a captain or a mate of some schooner, having the look that goes with the man who lives aft.

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I don't think I'd care much about going out on that lake."

He laughed. "You're a salt-water man," he said. "I see it by your cut; but the lake's all right, it won't hurt you. Do you want a berth?"

"Well—no," I answered.

Going out on that lake somehow did not appeal to me. Still, I was very hard up; I had no money, and no idea of how to get any. But it was in my mind to try and get a job ashore. Before I got to Toronto I had often thought that I would have liked to take a trip or two on Lake Ontario just for the experience, but seeing it had caused me to change my mind. It had the look of the sea, and still it was not the sea, and sailoring had made me superstitious.

"All right," he said; "if you don't want the berth you don't want it—and that's settled." He paused a little. "It's twenty dollars a month," he added.

Twenty dollars a month! Twenty dollars clear after having food and everything else! It was more than I could earn in a month's work ashore. Perhaps I might consider it.

"The wages are not bad," I remarked, cautiously. "What's a man got to do besides doing his work on deck?" I knew that there was something else to be done besides sailoring.

"We're going to fish for stones—stone-fishing."

"Stone-fishing!"

I wondered what on earth he could be driving at. Perhaps he was crazy! I looked straight in his eyes to see if they were wandering, but they looked back into mine steadily and clearly. He was all right—stone-fishing was simply a game that I had never heard of before.

"You mean big stones—ordinary stones?" I asked.

"Yes; that's what I mean."

"Well, I never heard of the like before," I

said. "It beats me—this fishing for stones. What do you fish for 'em for?" Ontario seemed to be a wonderful lake in more ways than one.

"We get stones up in places near the offshore for masons to build walls with," he explained, smiling. "Come and take the berth. I'm the captain; I want a man—and you'll do. We sail to-morrow, and we'll be back in Toronto in two weeks' time. If you don't like it you can go off with the ten dollars that'll be coming to you."

I went with him. The next day we were going out from Toronto on the schooner. She was of a fair size, something over fifty tons' burthen. There were, in all, four of us aboard—the captain, the mate, myself, and a boy of seventeen. I was to sleep forward, whilst the other three slept aft. I was the crew.

The first thing I noticed about the lake was the rate of the schooner's speed as she cut through its waters. It seemed out of all proportion to the lightness of the wind. With the same pressure of wind and the same spread of canvas the schooner could have made nothing like the same headway in sea-water. At least, it seemed so to me. There was less resistance in the fresh water of the lake, and the swell and break of the water was much shorter. I noticed afterwards, when the wind freshened up and the water became cut up, that there was little regularity of move and outline in the lake waves. In the waves of the sea there are a certain steadiness and cohesion, as if the waves were in a sort of a way linked; but here in the lake they broke, and smashed, and boiled. The air on the lake was pure and invigorating, but it had in it a sharp, acrid quality. It was as little like the air of the land or the mountain as it was like the air of the sea. The waters of the lake were black, showing immense depth, and they looked terribly cold. The thought of how it would feel to fall into them made me shudder. I would as soon have fallen into the sea in the middle of a crowd of sharks. I did not like Ontario, I decided.

The next day, when I was at the wheel, the captain struck up a general conversation with me. He had never been away from Toronto and the lake, and his ideas concerning the world and men and things were a trifle narrow. Amongst the few things he told me concerning himself was the fact that he was an Orangeman. I had told him that I was a Lancashire man, but that my people were Irish. He asked me in a rather pointed way if they were Catholics, and when I answered that they were he immediately began to argue vigorously against Catholicism. Not being much interested in theological subjects, however, I tried to drop the argument, but he kept at it.

The mate, too, was an Orangeman, and he assisted the captain in his denunciation. In vain did I tell them that I did not find the argument interesting. The cat was out of the bag. I ought not to have said that my people were Irish.

At last I lost patience. "Look here!" I exclaimed to the captain. "I didn't come aboard this tub to discuss religion. I'm here to do my work—to fish for stones, or whatever it is."

The captain glared at me and I glared at the captain. But nothing more was said. I could see, however, that the matter was rankling in his mind.

"HE IMMEDIATELY BEGAN TO ARGUE VIGOROUSLY."

I have passed through many strange and curious situations during my roving, unsettled life, but this situation bid fair to beat them all. Here was I, caged up on a schooner with two religious enthusiasts of the most intense calibre. They were the oddest ship-mates I had ever had, and fitted in well with this weird lake, that gave me the shivers whenever I looked out upon it. Another remarkable and uncanny thing about them was the fact that they never swore. This in itself struck me—fresh from deep-sea life—as being a most unnatural thing. I was beginning to wish myself well off the boat. Sailors who did not swear, and wide, saltless waters were beginning to get on my nerves

After a run of two days and a half we got to the off-shore and anchored. Then we launched the scow that had been lying amidships, and the four of us left the schooner and oared the scow closer to the shore.

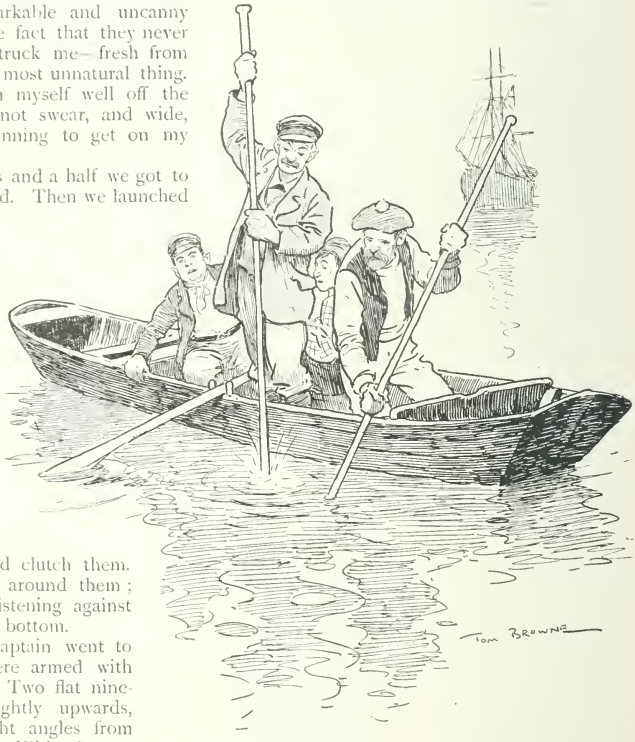
We stopped over the stones. There they were, a fathom and a half beneath us—stones of all sorts and sizes, some flat and broad, some round and bulky, some of them small. The water was so clear that it seemed as if one might bend down from the scow and clutch them. No weeds or moss grew around them; they lay smooth and glistening against the dead clearness of the bottom.

The mate and the captain went to work at once. They were armed with stout two-fathom poles. Two flat nine-inch prongs, curved slightly upwards, came out at almost right angles from the end of each pole. With these a good hold could be got on the stones.

I saw the captain sink his pole down into the water and work the prongs of it slowly under a big stone. Then he jerked it a little, so as to loose it from its bed at the bottom, and began to haul it slowly up. The stone was comparatively light whilst it was coming up through the water, and just as it came to the surface the captain gave it a sharp, quick lift and landed it with a crash into the scow. A second or so later the mate also landed a stone.

This was the mysterious stone-fishing! It was labour of the most unskilled and primitive calibre, and I no longer wondered at the narrowness and intenseness of my ship-mates' views if this was the way they had of getting their living. Hard labour hardens the skull.

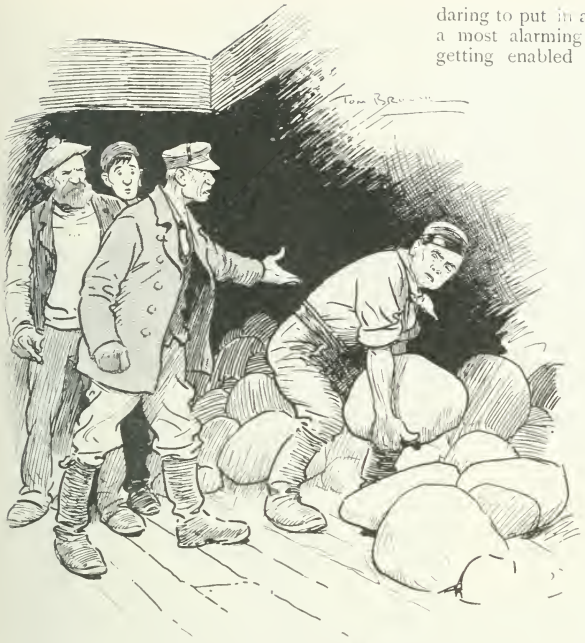
My work was to shift about the stones so as to ballast the scow properly. The boy helped me, but he was of little use, for he had not the necessary lifting power. It was back-breaking



"I SAW THE CAPTAIN SINK HIS POLE DOWN INTO THE WATER."

work, and I was glad when the scow was filled and we were making our way back to the schooner.

But at the schooner the hardest work of all began. The stones had to be lifted up from the scow to the deck, and then carried down and stowed away into the hold. This stowing away into the hold was my work. I was at it whilst the "fishermen" went back to get another boat-load of stones. By the time they were back again I had got no more than half the stones stowed away. At this the captain began to grumble at me. He hazarded the opinion that



"THE CAPTAIN BEGAN TO GRUMBLE AT ME."

I was lazy. I was a strong, lazy man, he said. Whilst he was railing at me a bright idea struck me. This was my time to become indignant about what he had said on the subject of religion! At the time of the argument I had not cared in the least for the aspersions that had been cast upon my alleged colour of thought. I had only been irritated at having an uninvited religious discussion thrust upon me. But it occurred to me now that it would be much easier to carry on a religious argument than to stow away those stones. So I began.

My words came out in a torrent, and I quickly and vividly detailed the many vices of the Orangemen.

The captain grew pale with rage. He tried to get in a word, but my eloquence gave him no chance. I talked hard as I stood up, refraining from toil.

I stopped and sat down on a big stone so as to give the captain and the mate a chance for reply. My scheme worked like a charm. They quite forgot about the stones in their excitement. The boy listened with open mouth, not daring to put in a word. The captain raved in a most alarming fashion, but the rest I was getting enabled me to hear him with calm fortitude.

The argument lasted a good half-hour, and, incredible as it may seem, neither the captain nor the mate saw that I was working it up designedly. In fact, they both seemed to be glad of the opportunity to say all that was in them. They went back again to the stone-bed looking quite pleased. I felt pleased also, though I tried to put on a look of sad, angry horror.

I laughed to myself as I dallied coyly with the stones when they were gone. There was a rich vein of golden rest in this argument business.

When they got back again the discussion flared up once more. But this time they were forced to come and help me to stow away the stones in the hold. They were not pleased at this, but their displeasure only vented itself in increased polemical rancour.

In about a week's time we set off across the lake for Toronto. We had got our load of stones, but not our fill of argument, for it was still kept up, and I believe that in a sort of a way my ship-mates grew to like me. Nothing more was said to me about my laziness, which had grown more and more pronounced. They seemed to revel too much in the rich and plentiful feast of colourful argument which I provided them with.

But on the way across the lake I began to give in a little. I wanted peace, and by the time we got to Toronto I was agreeing with everything that was said—much to their satisfaction, for they looked on my acquiescence as a triumph.

When the captain was paying me off he astonished me by asking me to ship with him for another trip, but I declined with many thanks. Neither the lake nor his company had much fascination for me, so I took my ten dollars and went on my way to British Columbia.

Some American Easter Customs.

By E. Leslie Gilliams.

To the great majority of American children Easter is a holiday second only in importance to Christmas itself, and its coming is eagerly looked forward to by the young folk of the States. In this paper Mr. Gilliams describes and illustrates a number of pleasing Easter customs which prevail in the States.

THE majority of American Easter customs naturally have eggs for their basis. One of the most popular consists in dyeing eggs, which has long been an important Easter function in America, and there has always been great competition among the small girls to see who can turn out the most beautiful and varied display of weirdly-coloured eggs.

The eggs are boiled hard before being dyed, and those dipped the preceding Saturday are frequently eaten for breakfast on Easter Sunday. In millions of American homes the kitchens are entirely given up to the young folks of the household for several days before the spring festival, and the cook is at her wits' end to preserve any semblance of order. All the pots and pans are requisitioned by the youngsters to stir up the various kinds of dyes in.

Our first photograph shows a girl dipping eggs into a pan full of dye—a typical household scene about Eastertide. Another photograph shows two youngsters buying eggs for dyeing purposes. The shops do a tremendous trade in them just at this season. This dyeing of eggs is quite an important ceremony, for Easter would lose half its charm if young America had to eat the ordinary white product of the barn-yard on Easter morning.

DIPPING EGGS—A TYPICAL HOUSEHOLD SCENE AT EASTERTIDE. [*Photo.*

From a]

From a] CHILDREN BUYING EGGS FOR DYEING. [*Photo.*

Among the ragged little waifs of the slums, who have no money to spare this dyeing of eggs causes days of hard thought, for

not only are the eggs scarce, but dye is an undreamed-of luxury. Many strange substitutes are therefore used by these ingenious youngsters to give the desired colour to the eggs. Odd scraps of gay ribbons, gaudy posters, and pieces of brilliant dress materials are carefully hoarded all through the year and made to take the place of dye at Easter-time. They may not be exactly wholesome, but so long as they colour the eggs, what does it matter?

THIS YOUNGSTER HAS BEEN MADE HAPPY WITH AN EASTER GIFT OF A REAL LIVE RABBIT.
From a] [*Photo.*

Easter, like Christmas, has become a time of gift-giving in America. Appropriate presents are exchanged among friends and relatives, and many a childish heart is made glad after Sabbath school by a gift of a big chocolate egg or a bunch of lilies.

Just as Santa Claus is the saint of Christmas, so the rabbit is the elf of Easter. The old German tradition, that a hare brought eggs and gifts to good children on Easter Day, has reached America, and to the young folks of that country Easter would be a disappointing day indeed if the traditional rabbit did not leave at least one of its family at the foot of each child's bed or by his or her plate at the breakfast-table. These rabbits are ordinarily made of cream candy, coated with chocolate, but some are plaster of Paris creations, made hollow so as to form a box, in which gifts are placed. In our third photograph we see a youngster who has been made supremely happy by a gift of a real live bunnie.

The boys and girls who live in the country take an affectionate interest in the hens just about Easter-time, and they dance with delight over every egg that they find, for eggs at Easter-time are valuable indeed. They pay daily — it might almost be said hourly —

From a] FEEDING THE CHICKENS ON EASTER MORNING. [*Photo.*

From a NURSING THE PET HEN. [*Photo.*

visits to the barn-yard, where they feed the fowls and coax them to lay as many eggs as they can.

This collecting of eggs and selling them has become a universal custom among the young folks of America, and forms quite a profitable business as the great spring festival draws near. The hunts the children have for the eggs on the days preceding Easter, however, cannot hold a candle for excitement to those which take place on Easter Monday. Eggs of all kinds and descriptions, from the real article to elaborate egg-shaped boxes containing valuable gifts, are hidden all over the house or even out on the lawns. This is another quaint custom which Germany has sent across the seas. The children have many merry romps searching for the hidden treasures, and the pleasure of receiving the gift is doubled by the fun which the recipients have in tracing up its hiding-place.

On Easter Monday, on the lawn of the "White House," the home of the President of the United States, a merry "egg-rolling carnival" is held. The great gates leading to the "White House" grounds are thrown open, and all day merry children with their guardians troop through the arch and romp over the grassy lawns, rolling brilliantly-coloured eggs over the smooth turf and enjoying a general frolic. This carnival is open to all, and ragged little urchins rub shoulders with their richer brothers and sisters in a truly democratic manner.

Easter in America has its practical as well as its festival side. Men and women make a business of raising fine rabbits and hares to be given away as pets to the young folks. Live rabbits, chickens, and ducks are the most favoured Easter gifts in the States. The Christmas phrase is, "Come and look at my tree," while the Easter invitation is, "Come and look at my rabbits." The shop-windows become miniature farmyards, with miniature duck-ponds, live chickens in coops, and rabbits in cages. Groups of little folks—as shown in the photograph—gather around these displays watching with eager interest the movements of the pets.

Besides causing a great "boom" in eggs, Easter in America is also remarkable for the magnificent exhibition of flowers which it brings

"THE SHOP-WINDOWS BECOME MINIATURE FARMYARDS."
From a Photo.

forth on every hand. From the lordly mansion of the millionaire down to the lowest slum beautiful Easter lilies will be found. The American Easter flower is undoubtedly the stately and fragrant lily, and it is interesting to know that English enterprise keeps the great American lily market supplied with this Easter symbol, for the greater proportion of the bulbs and blooms come from Bermuda. They are chiefly used to beautify churches for the Easter festivities.

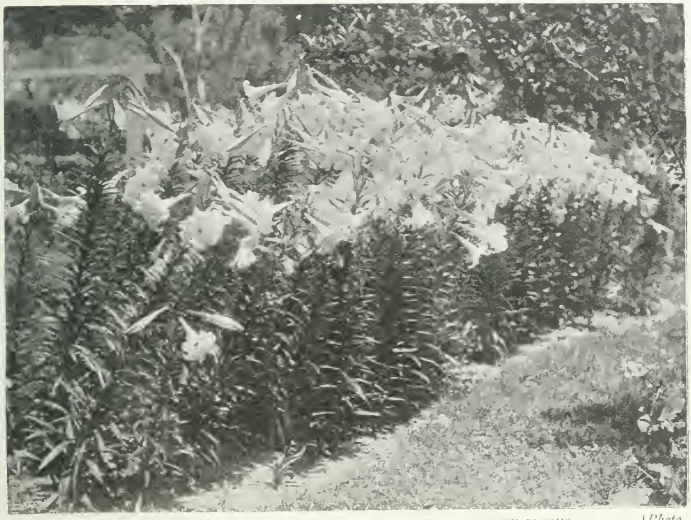
The importance of the Easter lily trade to Bermuda cannot be exaggerated. Lily-growing is the chief industry of this land of sunshine and flowers. From 1890 till 1895, when the exportation attained its high-water mark, the average yearly shipment to America alone aggregated 3,000,000 bulbs, without taking into consideration the great number of loose blooms sent. The profusion in which these beautiful blossoms grow and the size to which they attain will be seen from the accompanying photographs.

How conspicuous a part the Easter lily plays in the spring festival in America can best be appreciated by figures. The annual exportation of Easter lily bulbs from Bermuda to the States for the past five years has been from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000, and as the average production of every bulb is six flowers, Americans use from 15,000,000 to 18,000,000 Easter lilies in decoration yearly. Of course, this entire crop is not used for the Easter festival alone, as the Easter lily has been popular for the past ten years for interior decorations, weddings, receptions, and other similar ceremonies. But lily-growers say that fully 60 per cent. of the entire crop is used during Easter week.

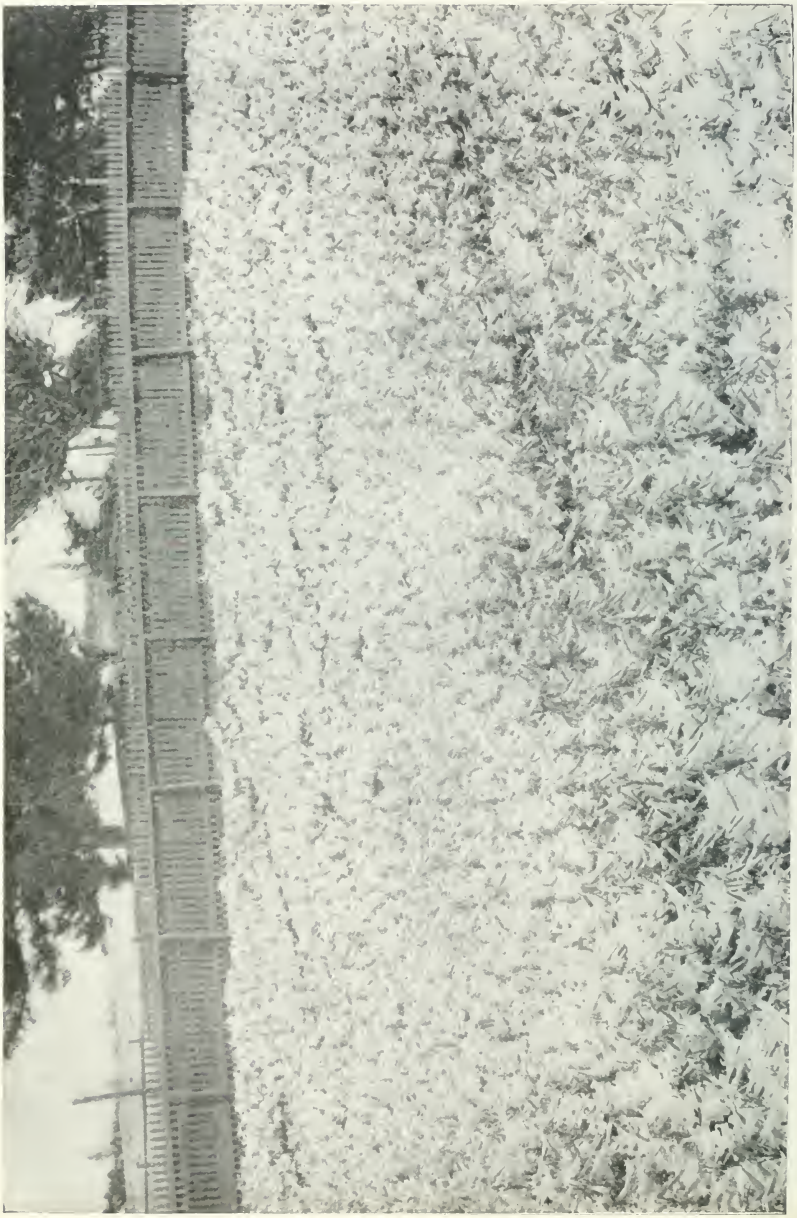
The fashion of utilizing Easter lilies is, to a great extent, peculiar to the United States. While certain quantities of these bulbs are sent to Europe from Bermuda, they form but an insignificant fraction in comparison with the American market.

Fragrant blossoms are to be seen everywhere, the churches themselves setting the fashion. Altars, chancels, and aisles, forsaking their whilom Lenten gloom, become radiant with lilies and lilacs, palms, roses, genistas, hydrangeas, and violets, with festoons of pink and red carnations. Private houses follow suit according to the taste and means of their owners. Even in the humblest homes there is some small attempt at floral decoration. The homes of the wealthy become visions of tropic exuberance.

It is not only the churches and private houses that give evidence of the arrival of Easter; the very streets blossom with flowers. Walk down any thoroughfare of almost any American city at Easter or the Saturday preceding, and every other store seems to have turned itself into a florist's. The scent of blossoms is in the air.



From a] A HEDGE OF EASTER LILIES—EACH BULB PRODUCES ABOUT SIX BLOOMS. [*Photo.*



from a] A FIELD OF BERMUDA EASTER LILIES IN BLOOM—THE AMERICANS USE FROM 15,000,000 TO 18,000,000 OF THESE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS ANNUALLY. *[Photo.*

Every woman carries a bouquet in her bodice; every man who wishes to be well dressed has a nosegay in his button-hole. The entire land seems to have transformed itself into a flower show.

Even in the most disreputable portion of the slum region, which figures prominently in the daily police records, there are plenty of sweet-smelling flowers on Easter Day, scattered among the dingy and dirty houses. All along the side-walks are to be found vendors of Easter flowers, who turn even the busiest thoroughfares into avenues of fragrant blossom. Our last snap-shot shows one of these flower-hawkers and his stock-in-trade. It is surprising how many of these blooms are purchased by the poor people themselves, but some come from the churches, as it is an almost universal custom, after the Easter service, to distribute the magnificent floral displays with which the altars are adorned among the poor of the parish. Lilies vary greatly in prices. At some of the smaller shops a potted plant may be bought for fifty cents. But the finer specimens in the more fashionable stores range from 5dols. to 10dols. Cut lilies may bring as much as 3dols. apiece.

From a] A HAWKER SELLING EASTER LILIES IN THE POORER DISTRICTS OF THE CITY. [*Photo.*

Altogether, what with dyed eggs, gift eggs, rabbits of all sorts and sizes, and magnificent displays of lilies, Easter is observed with almost as much ceremony as Christmas.

Easter Egg Contests in America.

By A. R. Spaid, of Wilmington, Delaware.

The following is an account of a curious Easter egg game practised by the little negro boys of Virginia and the Southern States generally. Mr. Spaid's description of the game is illustrated by a set of photographs specially taken in the town of Winchester, Va., showing the different phases.

THE coloured people throughout Virginia, and, indeed, all over the South, have a queer Easter game which they call "Hammer-on," and which is known among the white boys as "picking eggs." Its origin is "lost in the mists of antiquity," as the historians say; but the rules are extremely simple.

When the season arrives for the "feast of eggs" every coloured boy—and many men, too—contrives to have in his possession a carefully-tested egg. This "nest-egg" may possibly gain for its owner all the eggs he can eat during Easter week and a good many more beside.

The testing of the "nest-egg" is of prime importance, for the success or failure of its owner's operations depends entirely on the staunchness of its shell and its peculiar shape. For example, both ends must be equally impervious to the many blows the egg is likely to receive, if it proves to be a "good winner." The operation of "testing for a winner" requires a great deal more experience than the uninitiated would think, as any negro boy will speedily demonstrate to you. The colour is usually the first thing to be considered, and a perfectly white egg is seldom chosen, for the reason that its shell is most likely to be thin. The shape is next taken into consideration, and it is over the best shape for a "fighting" egg that the experts differ most. Even when a boy

THE DELICATE OPERATION OF "TESTING FOR A WINNER."
From a Photo. by Davidson Bros., Winchester, Va.

AN "EGG-BATTLE" IN PROGRESS—THE BOYS TAP AT ONE ANOTHER'S EGGS UNTIL A CRACK REVEALS THE LOSER.
From a Photo. by Davidson Bros., Winchester, Va.

A MEMBER OF RETRIEVING ILL-FORTUNE—CASTING DICE FOR THE LOT.
From a Photo. by Davidson Bros., Winchester, Va.

has many eggs from which to select he may find it difficult to make a choice. He knows perfectly well the shape he wants, but that shape is by no means easily found. The large end, he will tell you, must not be too flat nor the small end too pointed. Neither will the round egg do; it must taper from a well-rounded middle to well-sustained oval ends. And though the shape and colour may be satisfactory, the clever piccaninny depends largely upon his acute hearing as a final test.

With the egg in one hand and the other on his left ear, to shut out all confusing sounds, he taps the egg gently against the beautiful teeth of his partly-opened mouth. Through the bones of his face and head are transmitted to his brain sounds that enable him to tell whether the egg selected is thoroughly suitable and likely to prove a winner.

Having decided upon his egg, he hurries down the village street shouting out his challenge to all comers, "Hammer-on! hammer-on! Butts, tips! butts, tips!" His challenge is soon accepted, and the fun is presently in full swing. The interested parties get to business at once. Some secluded corner is chosen, and there the opponents get ready for the curious "egg battle." Certain unwritten but none the less binding rules are faithfully followed, and furious disputes follow the slightest infraction. Standing close together, or dropping on one knee on the side-walk, the participants arrange carefully for the blow which is to deprive one or the other of his well-selected egg, and perhaps make it impossible for him to eat any eggs at all during Easter. First one boy has a tap at the other's egg with his own, and then *vice-versâ*, until a crack in one of the eggs reveals the loser, who thereupon has to hand over his cracked egg to his opponent as the spoils of victory. Even then, however, the vanquished may be given an opportunity not only to win back his own lost egg, but also the winning egg from his rival, if he can only induce him to risk his winnings on a throw of the dice. Sometimes several boys will stake their eggs in this way, and then the excitement becomes intense. However, the tossing of the cubes does not always decide who shall carry home all the eggs for Easter, for not infrequently the whole business ends in a fight, and the boys take home cracked heads instead of cracked eggs.

"NOT INFREQUENTLY THE WHOLE BUSINESS ENDS IN A FIGHT, AND THE BOYS TAKE HOME CRACKED HEADS INSTEAD OF CRACKED EGGS."
From a Photo. by Davidson Bros., Winchester, Va.

The Salving of the "Tourny."

By Wakeman Long.

The narrative of a passenger on board the liner "Syrian Prince." The steamer fell in with the derelict French barque "Tourny," which had been abandoned by her crew in a sinking condition. On board the barque was found a solitary seaman, who had refused to leave the ship, declaring his intention of bringing her into port. For seven days and nights this humble hero persevered in his terrible task, and when the steamer ultimately met with the barque and towed her into port he was taken ashore a raving madman.

IT was Sunday, the 3rd of November, 1901. The ss. *Syrian Prince* was on a voyage from London to Malta and the East, and she had reached a point about ten miles off Cape Tenez, on the coast of Morocco, in lat. 36deg. 35min. N., and long. 1deg. 40min. E. About 9 a.m. Mr. Beleaye, the third officer, while in charge of the forenoon watch, reported to the captain "a barque about six miles to the S.E., apparently abandoned." Captain Turner, the commander, was soon on the bridge. He turned his telescope in the direction indicated, where already three masts at an unusual angle to the perpendicular showed their nakedness against the sky. A word to the man at the wheel, and the course was altered. Another dozen words down the speaking-tube to the depths of the engine-room, telling the chief engineer to "open out a few more horses," and the *Syrian Prince* was reeling off 10 per cent. more knots to the hour than her sponsors had promised for her at her baptism. Away on the horizon was another large steamer which seemed to have sighted the derelict almost simultaneously, for she quickened her pace perceptibly.

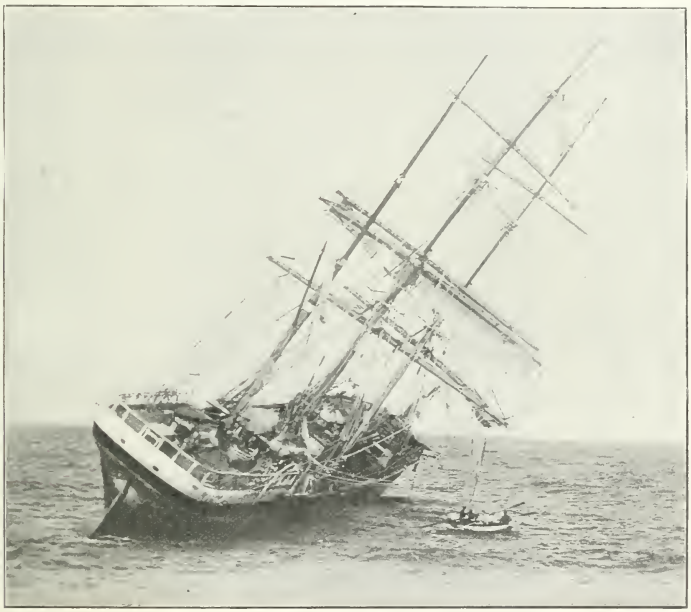
As if our good ship had noticed on her lee that other stranger making a dash for the prize, she gathered all her forces to shorten the distance between her and the barque. It was a close race, and as the two steamers approached the wreck from different directions it was hard to tell who would get there first.

But our jolly-boat was already manned and hanging by the tackles, ready to drop from the davits as soon as the steamer was as near as caution would allow. With a "Look alive, boys, and get aboard her first," from the captain, the boat shot from the ship's side, and the first officer climbed on board just as our disappointed rival came up. Baulked of what a moment before was legitimate prey to the ocean public, she turned abruptly, and without waiting to see the outcome of events—without "a look or a voice"—she went on her way. She had no time to waste where her services were not to be paid for. There was a pause of a few minutes, and then the boat returned bringing news gathered from a hurried survey. The derelict was the iron barque *Tourny*, 1,500 tons, in ballast, all of which was on the starboard side of the keelson. She had a list of 45deg., and there was 3ft. of water in the hold. But—most important of all from a salvor's point of view—there was one man on board!

As he was a Frenchman, understanding no English, I volunteered to act as interpreter. Before I knew it I was down the rope-ladder, had dropped into the boat, and was being rowed towards the wreck.

A hurried glance up and down her deck and aloft as we neared her showed she had once been a fine ship. Even now, in her tattered rags, she preserved her haughty bearing and, though there was an air of weariness in the way she rose and fell on the swell, the movement had the grace of proud determination. She had indeed been hardly used. Her decks had been swept clean of every movable article; the companion-ladder leading to her fo'c's'le head had been wrenched from its supports and lay ready to go by the board; and the doors in the deck-houses and lockers had been torn from the hinges and washed overboard. A spare anchor was still securely lashed amidships, but the heavy chain cable had slipped in a rusty heap into the lee-scuppers. Aloft, her sails were snugged, and her spars appeared to have suffered little. Only the lower top-sails were unfurled, but they had been blown to ribbons, and drooped in fantastic drapery round her yards. Braces and buntlines, clews and tiers had all got inextricably mixed, and some hung listlessly from the yard-arms and dipped as she rolled, rising again with a "swish" to scatter the spray and give a shower-bath to the occupants of the small boat that tossed alongside. Except for the swell the weather was fine, for the gale that had been blowing for a week had moderated the previous day, and the sun now shone out brightly on the crippled vessel and the steamer which had come to her aid.

Great caution was needed in going alongside, as sometimes her rail came down to a level with the boat and at other times was high above our heads. Her iron scuppers were open, and the boat had to be manœuvred so as to avoid being fouled and capsized by them or the bumpkins of her channels. Her yards shrieked and the braces thundered continually against her iron masts. Above the other noises came the bark of a dog, and a big black retriever came sliding rather than running down the steep deck to meet us. But his demonstration was one of welcome rather than hostility and he made no opposition to our invasion.



From a] THE "TOURNY" AS SHE APPEARED WHEN THE AUTHOR BOARDED HER. [*Photo.*

The mode of getting from the boat on board the ship, though not dignified, had the merit of security. One by one we fell upon the rail as the ship and the boat parted company, and descended hands first on the deck. This method was evolved after an experience of the mate's, who tried to dive in at one of the deck ports; but he made the mistake of selecting a moment when the boat was on the rise instead of on the fall. Being somewhat bulky he failed to get his legs clear, and they would have been crushed between the boat and the ship's side had his comrades not pulled him back in time.

As we crawled along the deck some hens came "cluck-clucking" from under the fo'c's'le and a pair of cats chased one another round the poop. They and the dog seemed to be the sole living things on board; but on making my way towards the wheel I came upon a man supporting himself against the rail.

"I am not well, monsieur," he replied, in answer to my greeting. "I am very tired."

And he looked it. His toilet had evidently not been made for many days, and the look in his eyes was that of a man who had not slept for many nights. His clothes did not indicate his calling, for they might have belonged to any member of the working class—a dark grey coat and trousers surmounted by a small black cap. A muffler was wound round his throat, but the knot had found its way to the back of his neck, leaving the front bare and disclosing a strong, sunburnt chest. He refused all offers of food and drink, and seemed hardly to understand why we had come. Gradually, and as a man awaking from sleep, he seemed to realize his surroundings and what was required of him, and

wearily indicated a steel hawser which was all ready in position for towing. One end was made fast inboard, but the rest hung over the bow and was gradually brought to the surface by the boat's crew of the *Syrian Prince*, who succeeded after some hours in carrying it on board their steamer.

Little by little the man's power of connected thought came back to him, and he told me his story. The *Tourny* had left Valencia on the 26th October in ballast (sand), bound to Marseilles. She had just completed a voyage from Valparaiso with a cargo of nitrate. At Valencia the captain had been joined by his wife. Before they were clear of the Bay of Valencia they encountered heavy weather, and the ballast shifted until the *Tourny* was on her beam ends. After a fearful night, expecting every moment that the vessel would take her last plunge, they were sighted at 10 a.m. on Sunday, the 27th, by the French steamer *Italie*, and shortly afterwards the captain, his wife, and the crew of fourteen were transferred on board. Only he, Alexis Desiré Denis, native of Sarzeaux, Morbihan, borne on the ship's books as an ordinary seaman, refused to go. Thinking the ship would keep afloat for some time longer, he elected to stand by her and take the chance that fate might send him. In the heavy sea then running neither the *Italie* nor anything else would attempt towage. Against all the persuasion of his shipmates Denis remained obdurate, so at last they left him clinging to the bulwarks, while the dog set up a dismal howl of farewell. As her outline grew indistinct on the horizon the unfortunate barque appeared to the anxious watchers on the *Italie* to founder, and on arriving at Marseilles the captain reported the loss of his ship and the death by drowning of Denis.

ALEXIS DESIRÉ DENIS, WHO FOR SEVEN DAYS NAVIGATED THE "TOURNY" UNAIDED. [*Photo.*
[*From a*]

Meanwhile Denis waited patiently for the weather to moderate. He made no signals of distress. The vessel's appearance sufficiently indicated her desperate condition. Many ships must have sighted him, but all were powerless to help. By day he saw them approach, read the ship's name, and pass on. By night he saw their lights, though they could not see him. Too helpless even to make the signal of his inability to keep out of their way, he had to take his chance of being sent to the bottom in the dark, taking with him, perhaps, his unconscious destroyer. Once a French man-o'-war bore down upon him, a boat was launched, and soon a crew of his own countrymen were on his deck. At last the long-hoped-for event had happened—his ship would be towed into port! Soon the *Tourny* would be safe, and he would see again his wife and his friends, who had given him up for lost. He would be able to stand without clinging to the nearest support, able to sleep without starting up in the fear that he was being run down! Quickly a tow-rope was got out and the cable carefully ranged in fathoms, so that all should be in readiness to let go his anchor when the haven was reached. But when it only remained for the warship, which he regarded as his saviour, to steam ahead, her commander changed his mind and decided to abandon the attempt. He sent for his crew, hoisted the boat into the davits, and steamed away, leaving the tow-rope dangling from the bow of the unfortunate barque — a mockery of the assistance he could not or would not render! "Imagine, monsieur," said Denis, pathetically, "my feelings when my compatriots abandoned me!"

The proofs of this incident, almost incredible in its barbarity, lay in the steel hawser which was even now forming the connecting link between the *Tourny* and the *Syrian Prince*, and in the rusty cable prepared with some semblance of order for "letting go."

At this disappointment Denis's heart sank within him. To have his expectations raised

only to be thus rudely dispelled, to have to face again the weary, lonely wait, to be once more the shuttlecock of wind and waves, drove him nearly to despair. He began to regret he had not joined the rest of the crew, who were now, doubtless, safe in port. But still he waited. He could do nothing else. He had ceased to hope. He must have drifted nearly 200 miles, and some unknown agency had steered his helpless craft through the dangerous currents that swirl around the Balearic Isles and kept him clear of other vessels. Though the land—he knew it must be the African coast—was in sight, and in a few hours he must drift on to the rocks and inevitably be annihilated before help could reach him, he still waited and hoped. And now at last after seven days we had come, and we would take him to the nearest port. I must promise him we would not desert him; he would pay us all we asked—not he, the sailor, for he was poor, but there was his ship. For the idea had got firmly fixed in his head that he, Alexis Desiré Denis, was the sole owner and master of the vessel of which he had held undisputed possession so long. When I inquired the name of the owner he replied, "It is I, Denis—I am the owner." I bowed, and asked him to allow the boat's crew to take him on board the *Syrian Prince*, where he would have food and restoratives and rest after his long exposure. But he resolutely refused. "I must steer my ship." He assured me he was not in want of food, and indeed there was plenty on board. Meat was hanging from the beams, and in the galley was the meal intended for a week ago, left by the cook in his hasty flight. Of water, too, there was enough. But Denis had touched neither. He had preferred to stimulate his flagging energies during those awful days and nights by frequent recourse to Cognac. His brain burned with feverish activity, but the spirit he had absorbed undoubtedly staved off the collapse which must inevitably follow such an experience as his. Even now the fibres of his brain, strained to such an unwonted pitch, showed signs of giving way. In the midst of his story he would stop suddenly, his muscles would relax, and he would burst into tears. Then his pathetic sense of duty would return, he would crawl to the wheel and insist on taking command, shouting out directions to the men who were endeavouring to connect the tow-rope. Fearing that he might lose his reason altogether unless he got rest, I sent a message to the doctor, who shortly came off and administered a sleeping-draught, leaving a further supply with the mate, and instructing him to see that Denis had it at frequent intervals.

While I was talking to Denis a steamer appeared in the offing, steering for the spot where hitherto we two—rescuer and rescued—had rolled side by side unobserved. As she came nearer we saw she had a tow-rope hanging over her stern, and Denis conjectured that she must have been sent by the French man-o'-war to his rescue. There was no sign of anyone on deck, but she came quite close to the wreck. She scanned her wounded countryman, took in the situation at a glance, and, with that desire to waste no words common to all who find their bread upon the waters, she sheered off and went on her way.

The tow-rope had at last been secured, and provisions had been brought on board from the *Syrian Prince;* and now the captain summoned the boat with the doctor and myself to return. But we were destined to share in an exciting adventure before we reached the steamer's deck. The boat had been hooked on to the tackles and was being hoisted into the davits. When clear of the water the stern was struck by the sea, the after davit-fall became unhooked, and we hung for a moment on end suspended by the forward fall. We were all thrown into the bottom of the boat and she partly filled, but before another sea came the forward fall was let go and we floated on an even keel. All hands had managed to hang on, and we escaped with a ducking.

Captain Turner then started to tow, and we proceeded at half speed. But in a few minutes the tow-rope parted, as a heavy sea struck the barque. The boat was lowered again, and the weary struggle was commenced all over again. Three times the steel 4in. hawser broke, and then Captain Turner reluctantly decided to abandon any further attempts to tow the barque, as he had no other rope strong enough for the purpose. But Denis had spoken to me of a 6in. grass rope, 126 fathoms long, and after some search this was found and passed on board; but not without much trouble and some damage to both vessels. They sometimes approached so close to each other that their masts were nearly touching. Every member of the crew and some of the passengers were engaged at various posts, and it fell to my lot to take the wheel. As we approached to pass in front of the barque the captain telegraphed "Full speed" and gave me the order "Hard-a-starboard," followed quickly by "Hard-a-port." I saw the barque's jibboom just over our heads. She lifted on a sea, just cleared our funnel, and then fouled our main rigging, bringing down the truck, lightning-conductor, and back-stay, and removing our flag-pole, while the barque's flying jibboom snapped like a match and hung by the stays, as seen in the next photograph. I had

never been at the helm under similar circumstances, and I felt decidedly nervous. But the danger passed.

The rope was at last made fast, we steamed slowly ahead, and at 6 p.m., as darkness descended, we moved away from the coast, which was by this time only two and a half miles distant. Had this last attempt not succeeded, the unfortunate vessel must have been left to her fate. Never was success more deserved. All day long Captain Turner and every member of the ship's company struggled untiringly with the forces against them. Stokers and stewards, carpenters and cooks, all fell to with a will, and even the passengers were pressed into the service. But the hardest work of all fell to the second officer, Mr. Greenfield, and his crew of three hands. They were in the boat all day. Coatless and soaked to the skin, they worked silently for the common good.

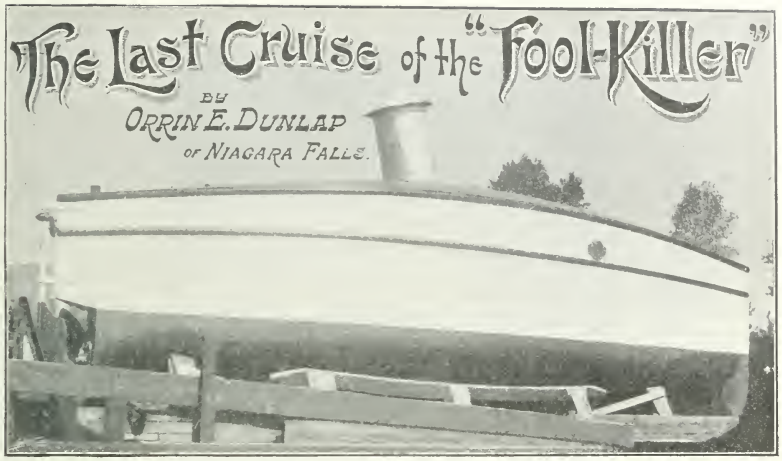
After nightfall the weather moderated considerably, and, going dead slow, at daybreak Algiers was in sight. The captain then sent all hands on board the barque to trim up the ballast and reduce her list, so that, though crippled and forlorn, she entered Algiers in much better plight than when we found her. The brave Denis had been at the helm all night. His ship was not under control, but he had persisted in his determination to steer the vessel. He hung over the wheel, as the mate expressed it, "like a wet rag," utterly exhausted and worn out. On nearing the port, however, he made a last desperate effort to recover himself, and with feeble hand hoisted his tricolour at the peak.

An hour later he was taken ashore to the hospital a raving madman, but subsequently recovered under skilled treatment, when I was able to secure a photograph of himself and the dog.

Extract from daily paper of October 31st, 1901: "A Marseilles telegram says: 'The mail ss. *Italie* arrived yesterday from South America twenty-four hours late, with the captain and crew of the French barque *Tourny* on board. The *Tourny* was sighted disabled and sinking in the Bay of Valencia. One man refused to leave the *Tourny* and went down with the ship when she sank in less than an hour.'"

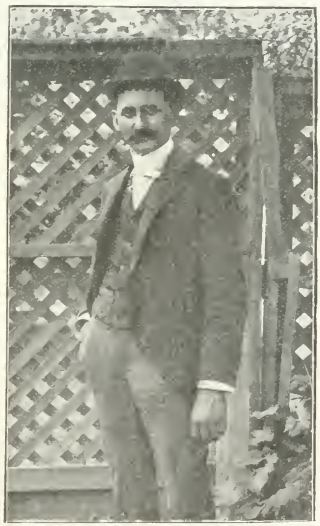
From a Photo. by] THE "TOURNY" IN ALGIERS HARBOUR. *[J. Geiser, Algiers.*

But the sea had relinquished its claim. It had given up its dead, and the missing *Tourny* lay safe in Algiers Harbour.



The historian of Niagara Falls here relates the adventures of one Peter Nissen, who made several trips through the Niagara Rapids in a tiny decked steamer. Finally the little craft was caught in the Great Whirlpool, the inventor only just escaping with his life. No trace of the boat has been discovered from that day to this.

ON July 9th, 1900, a man named Peter Nissen made a trip through the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara. He rode in the open cockpit of a boat of his own construction, which bore the ominous name *Fool-Killer*. When he reached the famous Niagara Whirlpool, Nissen floated helplessly for an hour before he was able to reach shore, and in that time there came to him a great ambition to take soundings of the mighty river "pocket." He said little about this desire at the time. His talk, however, made it clear that he would have liked very much to have had some means of propelling his craft about the pool on the day he was held prisoner there. A short time after his trip of July 9th, 1900, Nissen returned to his home in Chicago, where he went to work to build a better boat than that which had carried him safely through the wildest waters ever navigated by a human being.



MR. PETER NISSEN, THE DESIGNER OF THE "FOOL-KILLER." *From a* [*Photo.*

Nissen appeared at Niagara Falls with his new craft on or about September 16th last. All who knew of his magnificent trip of the summer of 1900 were eager to catch a glimpse of this new boat, which, strange to say, also bore the name *Fool-Killer*. This boat is shown in my first photograph. Its length was 21ft., while it had an outside beam of 4ft. and a height of 6½ft. In its general shape it somewhat resembled the curious "whaleback" craft of the American lakes. Oak, elm, and pine were the woods used in building the boat, and the total weight of the

little steamer was between four and five tons. She was practically the old *Fool-Killer* rebuilt, but the only part of the original craft that actually appeared was the stern-post. To the wooden keel was attached a heavy additional keel which weighed 2,100 pounds. This was of iron, and its purpose was to give steadiness to the boat in the tumultuous waters through which it was to travel. This new craft of Nissen's was officially entered at the port of Chicago as a "pleasure launch." Near the centre of the boat was a smoke-stack 27in. in diameter, standing 2ft. above the deck: on the inside of this stack was a 10in. pipe for ventilating purposes. The rudder of the boat was of wrought-iron and had two heavy wrought-iron hinges bolted through the stern-post. The propeller had four blades, and was 28in. in diameter. It was said to be quite large enough for a 40ft. boat, and was made for high speeds. About 8ft. back from the bow of the boat there were two "dead-lights," or port-holes, about 4in. in diameter, which consisted of heavy plate-glass. They afforded ample light to the engine-room when the hatch was closed.

BOW VIEW OF THE "FOOL-KILLER," THE SMALLEST DECKED STEAMER IN THE WORLD.
From a [*Photo.*

The interior of the *Fool-Killer* was divided into five spaces. One at either end was filled with cork and air-tight cans, while the other spaces were known respectively as the "engine-room," "boiler-room," and "coal-room." Four bulk-heads separated these compartments, but they were not water-tight. The engine installed in the boat was a common slide-valve, link-motion engine, made for marine purposes and of about eight horse-power. In size the engine-room was about 3ft. by 3ft.

The object of the tin cans and the cork in the end compartments was, of course, to give the boat more buoyancy in case it sprang a leak or filled with water. In navigating the boat Nissen occupied a position on the starboard side of the engine-room.

Everybody at Niagara was more or less startled when Nissen announced that he intended to steam close up to the Horseshoe Fall and take soundings of the river's depth. He was actuated by scientific motives, he claimed, as he wanted to give to the world accurate information as to just what the ceaseless downpour of water was doing in the formation of the wonderful Niagara gorge. Nissen also said that after sounding the river close up to the falls he would voyage through the rapids, taking soundings as he went. On reaching the whirlpool he would sink his lead to the bottom of the great "pocket" which was said to exist at this point and drag from it the mystery of its depth.

Naturally, such daring plans as these commanded attention. There was a comprehensiveness about them that suggested the man was willing to give up his life, if needs be, in the interests of his project. From the time of Nissen's coming to Niagara, and especially after his full plans had been made known, people waited and watched for the latest information as to his doings.

He had no trouble in getting his boat in the river. It was launched on the Canadian side, at what is known as the *Maid of the Mist* Dock, a short distance below the falls. There was some little fixing to be done, and it was several days before the smoke curling from the funnel told that Nissen was getting up steam.

Never before had such a tiny craft dared to navigate these waters, where the currents run with incredible swiftness and danger lurks everywhere. But in due course, with steam up, Nissen turned the nose of his boat out into the river for a trial trip. She was found to have

sufficient power to cope with the currents setting toward the rapids, and Nissen expressed himself as being satisfied with her performance. He devoted a few days to getting acquainted with the river before he essayed to take the *Fool-Killer* close up to the Horseshoe Fall. But one day everything was ready, and with a boy named James Rich as first mate, and himself lashed to the deck for fear the waves might sweep him away, Nissen hurled his boat at full speed against the currents that rush down from the raging waters of the falls. Farther and farther up stream the boat crept, fighting its way among the tumultuous eddies. The waves swept the deck and water even poured down through the hatch. Young Rich was drenched by the spray and dashing water, but his nerve was good and he stuck to his work. Presently the water put out the fire under the boiler, and, losing headway, the craft floated down stream. When quiet water was reached, however, she had still enough steam left to reach shore.

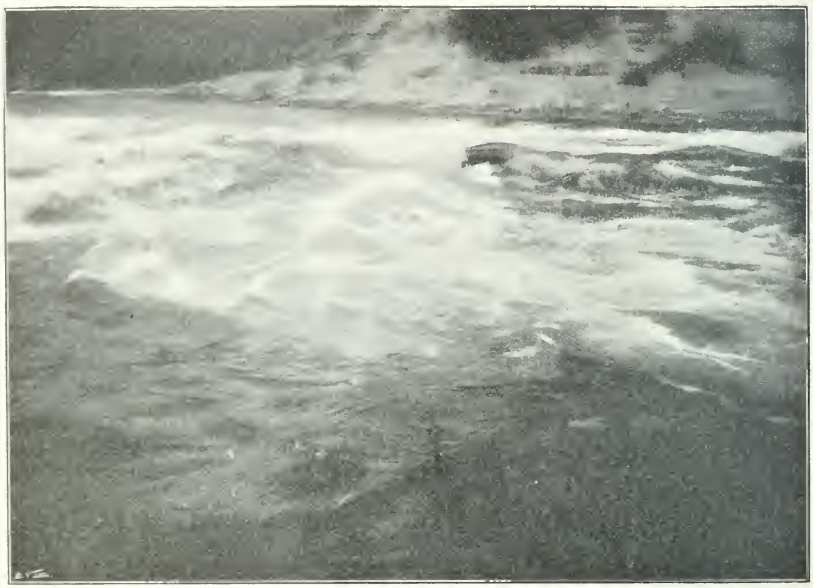
On several occasions after this Nissen and Rich were companions on similar trips, and on some of them Nissen took soundings as to the river's depth. The information he gleaned showed nothing very unusual, but it is generally considered that he took soundings closer to the falls than any were ever before taken.

Nissen's feats in the vicinity of Niagara had served to attract attention to his novel boat, so that when it was announced that he would make his second trip through the Whirlpool Rapids on Saturday afternoon, October 12th, much interest was aroused. Nissen kept his word and made the trip on the afternoon mentioned. Never before had such a crowd of anxious humanity lined the banks and bridges of the Niagara gorge. For miles along the cliff on either side the people were gathered. Nissen had elected to start from the *Maid of the Mist* Dock close up by the falls, and those who had witnessed other adventures in the rapids could not but recall that it was from the very same point that the ill-fated Captain Webb began his journey to death on July 24th, 1883. From this point to the rapids it is over a mile, and from three great bridges the crowd was able to command a full view of the course.

From a] NISSEN'S BOAT IN THE WATER. *[Photo.*

The time of starting was announced as two o'clock. Fifteen minutes later the *Fool-Killer* was seen to shoot out from the Canadian side under her own steam. Straight across the river the little boat ran to a selected point, where she lay until 3.30 o'clock. All this time the crowds on the bridges and river-banks were increasing in size. Presently a small row-boat pulled out into the river with Nissen's boat in tow. This fact made it clear that the little steamer was to be allowed to float through the rapids instead of plunging wildly forward under a terrible head of steam as the famous *Maid of the Mist* had done on June 6th, 1861. Few knew the difference, however, and as the two boats went down stream all eyes were fixed on Nissen, who appeared at the open hatchway.

In ten minutes the row-boat cast the *Fool-Killer* adrift and pulled ashore. The steamer was now well in the down current, and she floated straight toward the rapids. As she neared the lower bridges Nissen waved a good-bye with his hat to the collected multitude



THE "[illegible]-KILLER" IN THE WILD WATERS OF THE NIAGARA RAPIDS—THE BOAT WAS OFTEN THROWN HIGH INTO THE AIR AND THE FUNNEL WAS WASHED AWAY ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. [*Photo.*

and then sank out of sight in the engine-room, closing the hatch over his head. The crowd answered his farewell with a series of mighty cheers that made the rocky cliffs ring.

The boat struck the first waves head on, turning sideways as the white-caps lifted it. Then it rushed on, fairly hurled forward by the stupendous current that plunges through the narrowest section of the wonderful gorge. At times it was thrown high in the air, the bright red of the bottom appearing almost continually. Some were bold enough to assert that the craft once capsized completely, but this was not the case. Afterwards, however, Nissen admitted that at one time during the voyage he stood on his head for a brief space of time.

Hardly had the first waves licked hungrily over the boat ere the smoke-stack was knocked away by a fierce roller. This identical mishap happened to the *Maid of the Mist* when she made her famous voyage through the same waters, and the crowd was chilled by the thought that the boat was going to pieces. Nissen, however, had provided for just such an occurrence, and he had closed the bottom opening of the stack.

The trip through the rapids was tumultuous from start to finish. It was at 3.44 o'clock that the boat shot into the bosom of the pool, the force of the current carrying it straight across the maelstrom. Nissen opened the hatch, waved a hurried salute to the crowd on the banks and shores, and disappeared just as the boat struck rough water again. Within a few minutes he reappeared. In full view of the people he circled the pool, the boat floating close to the Canadian shore. The current carried the boat close to the point at the Canadian side, but Nissen had by this time sought safety in the interior, fearful that he was once more going to be carried out into the whirlpool. Close up to the rocky shore the boat was swept, and there two stalwart river men leaped into the river and captured the boat. They rapped on the hatch, which brought Nissen out, and as the boat was pulled ashore he jumped down unhurt.

It took Nissen several days to repair the rudder of his boat, and it was not until Thursday, October 17th, that he was able to navigate the whirlpool again. As a matter of fact, his experience of that day came very near being a tragedy. A log had struck the rudder and put it out of order, but Nissen and his companion Rich were determined to accomplish something in the way of soundings, so after eating their lunch on the shore of the pool they entered the boat

and steamed out into the current. They were not long in finding out, however, that they had no control whatever over the boat, and soon realized that they were drifting helplessly about. For a time this was satisfactory to them, for Nissen desired to take soundings, but as the sun began to sink in the western sky, and the shadow of the cliff crept over the river "pocket," both men realized that the situation was serious. When they entered rough water they had to shut down the hatch, and then they were nearly killed by the heat from the fire and boiler. If, however, the hatch were left open water would enter, and neither of them cared to test the endurance of the *Fool-Killer* in the centre of the Niagara Whirlpool. They had started out about noon, and it was now five o'clock. In less than two hours night would be upon them.

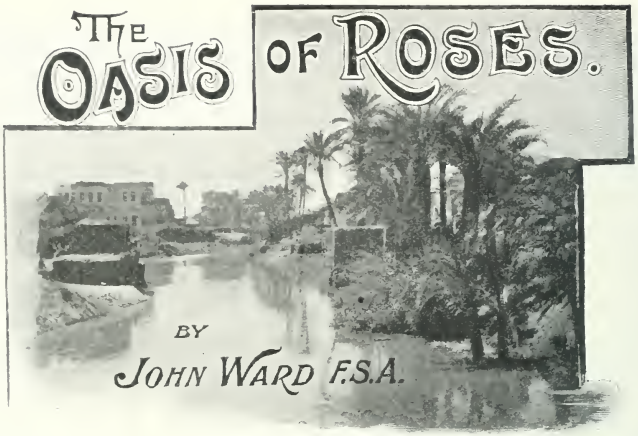
They had by this time rounded the pool many times. A man who sat on shore and watched the whirling of the boat counted twenty-seven revolutions and then gave it up. Soon after five o'clock the boat swung close in to the Canadian side, and as the opportunity presented itself Rich stood on the deck and made a wild leap. He landed on a rock, but before Nissen could follow the boat was 50ft. from shore. For two hours longer Nissen floated helplessly about alone, until about seven o'clock he, too, was able to make a flying leap on to the rocks, his shoes held high in one hand. A bonfire blazed on the shore, and to this he made his way. He was overjoyed at reaching shore, and afterwards frankly said he could not have stood the awful strain of whirling round the pool much longer.

When Nissen left his boat the hatch was open. Nothing could be done that night to reach it, and so the men made their way back to the city, whence word was sent down the river for a watch to be kept for the boat in the morning in case it escaped from the pool during the night.

When morning came Nissen's first thought was for his boat. Careful search was made from the whirlpool to the mouth of the river and far along the shore of Lake Ontario, but no sign of the little *Fool-Killer* was ever found. The general supposition is that the tossing waters of the whirlpool filled her during the night after Nissen left her, and that she now lies at the bottom of the maelstrom whose depths her plucky navigator tried to fathom.

From a] IN QUIET WATERS—NISSEN'S BOAT AFTER HER TRIP THROUGH THE NIAGARA GORGE. *[Photo.*

The Oasis of Roses.



BY

JOHN WARD F.S.A.

Mr. Ward chats brightly about the strange "Oasis of Roses," Fayoum—a veritable paradise of verdure set like a gem in the heart of the Egyptian desert. The district is an absolute mine of interest to antiquarians, and has a marvellous system of irrigation, designed thousands of years ago, which modern engineers have found impossible to improve upon.

LIKE most other people who stay at home at ease, I had never heard of the Fayoum. I had, however, shadowy recollections from school-boy times of Lake Moeris and the Labyrinth, whose wonders were related by the "Father of History." One day a friend—a great traveller fresh from Egypt—told me that the Fayoum and Lake Moeris had been proved to be one and the same. My friend had visited the place himself, and been delighted beyond expression with the trip. I was so much interested that I packed my trunk and started for Cairo direct. Arrived there, I engaged an excellent Bedouin gentleman — by name Chehata Hassan — to be my guide and companion for a tour in the Fayoum. I thoroughly investigated the whole province, and found Major Brown's book an invaluable guide. But, as he points out, all the credit of the identification of long-lost sites is due to Professor Flinders Petrie. Major Brown, as Government Engineer of the province, had to restore the ancient irrigation works, which were—and are—the most wonderful in the world, and the present flourishing condition of the "Oasis of Roses" is due to his skill and devotion. Major Brown gave me his photographs, to accompany this paper.

MAJOR BROWN, R.E., TO WHOM THE PRESENT FLOURISHING CONDITION OF THE "OASIS OF ROSES" IS DUE.
From a Photo.

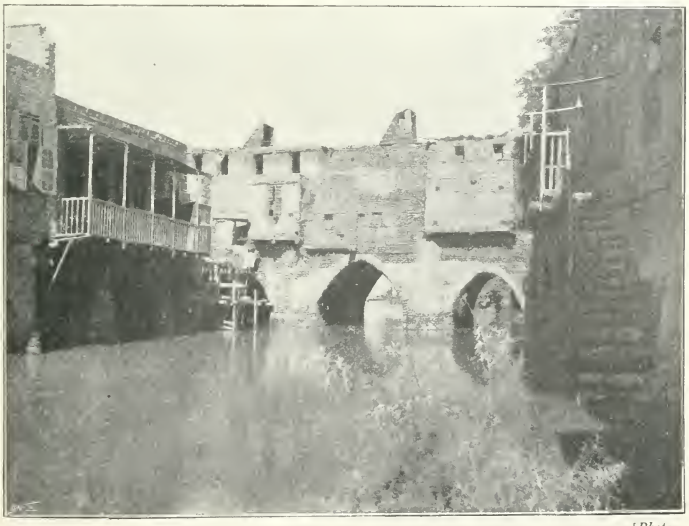
Separated from the Nile Valley by a sterile plain of drifting sand, the Fayoum is one of the oases of the Libyan Desert, an emerald isle of verdure in the all-surrounding wastes. It is seldom or never visited by the tourist; it is so much easier to take passage on one of Cook's steamers and be "personally conducted" on a Nile excursion, and such trips have not yet been arranged for the exploration of the Fayoum and its wonders. Now and then in spring small parties of young English officers run down for a few days' quail-shooting. Several times in the season—that is, from January to March — a German or Russian prince, a rich American citizen, or a sporting British nobleman may organize an expedition with camels, tents, and the orthodox accompaniment of Arab attendants for a bit of desert life. These generally take the desert route, which starts from the great Pyramid field of Gizeh. Thence they journey by the desert, passing the Pyramid groups of Sakkarah, Daschour, and Medum, and cross the cemeteries where sleep the Kings and nobles of ancient Memphis. They then strike across the wild waste of billowy sand, till at length the green Fayoum gladdens the sight. It requires a week at least, and the camping out at night under the glorious starry sky is not the least part of the

From a] TO THE RIGHT IS SEEN THE "OASIS OF ROSES" AND TO THE LEFT THE DESERT. [*Photo.*

pleasure. The air is dry and no dew falls. It is safe to sleep in the open, the Arabs say, but the nights are very cold and the shelter of the tent is welcome. The Arab merely rolls himself in his blanket and lies down to sleep on the sand, with a watch-fire burning near to keep off the hyena or other unfriendly nocturnal visitor. Ordinary mortals, however, can reach the Fayoum by railway at a small expense in a day's journey. Once there it is well worth a week's stay.

A clean inn is to be found at Medinet-Fayoum, the only town. It does not boast many comforts, and certainly is not encumbered with furniture, but as, in the East, the more furniture the more insects, it is better to dispense with a superabundance of both. The town is very picturesque, the rapid Bahr Yusuf running through it. The principal bazaar is built over the river, which rushes through tunnels underneath, causing the covered market to be cool, clean, and free from dust. The river also passes underneath the mosque in a similar manner.

After the desert it is a pleasant contrast to find oneself in a land of running waters, the noise of streams and the plash of rapid brooks of clear crystal, and the music of countless water-wheels. Herds of many animals (camels, buffaloes, horses, sheep, goats, and well-bred kine) testify to the growing riches of the fellaheen under the British management of this prosperous province. There are no banks, and their savings are accordingly invested in this kind of portable stock. The town has a branch



From a] THE CURIOUS BRIDGE-LIKE BAZAAR IS BUILT OVER THE RIVER. [*Photo.*

From a] "A LAND OF RUNNING WATERS"—THE BAHR YUSUF, OR "WATER OF JOSEPH." [*Photo.*

of the ancient canal running through it, and is situated in a forest of palm and other trees and surrounded by meadows and cultivated fields, all permeated with rivulets of sweet water brought from distant Nile by the oldest canal in the world. This is the Bahr Yusuf, the famed "water of Joseph," said to have been the work of the great Hebrew when his people were a power in the land and the fortunate son of the Patriarch Jacob had risen to be Grand Vizier of the land of Egypt. No doubt Joseph found the great irrigation canal in need of repair, and did so much for it that it henceforth bore his name, for recent discoveries have proved that it was planned and doing its beneficent work long before the time of Joseph.

The Bahr Yusuf enters the Fayoum province by the great sluices which regulate its volume. These are of Arabian work, erected about five hundred years ago on the ancient foundations of classical times, and possibly the original substructure may go back to the days of Amenemhat. New sluices have been erected not far distant, under British engineers, but the ancient ones are still doing good work.

The Bahr Yusuf is a clear, rapidly flowing stream, and wherever it goes rich fields and pastures and comfortable dwellings fringe its banks. Even at the time of the lowest Nile there is a rapid flow of water, for the Fayoum depression is more than 100ft. below the bed of the Nile, which supplies the life-giving water.

The earliest mention of this province is found in the history of Herodotus. But recent discoveries have been literally "unearthed" which carry its history back to 2750 B.C. A granite obelisk has been discovered in a meadow near Medinet which bears the cartouche and memorials of Usertesen I., one of the greatest Kings in the twelfth dynasty. Overthrown and broken, it is still an impressive monument. It was a monolith of red granite, brought from Assouan, and upwards of 50ft. high. It is the only obelisk on the west side of the Nile.

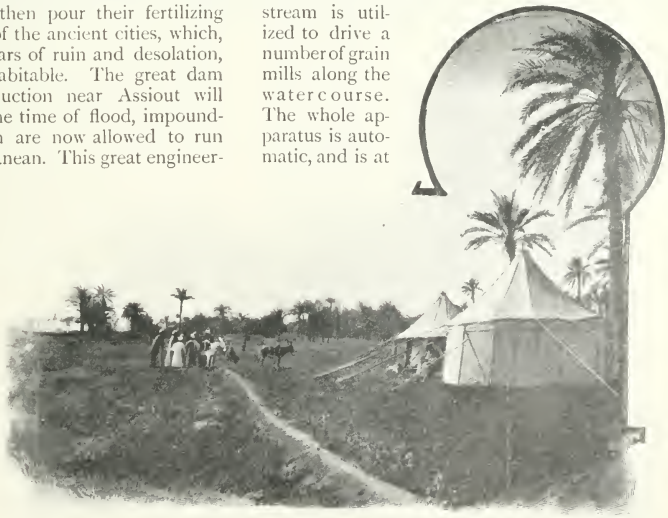
The King who made Lake Moeris into a reservoir was, we are told by the monuments, Amenemhat III., and another King, Usertesen II., was associated with this huge work. Great engineers the ancients must have been, clever surveyors as ourselves, for when in recent times it was found necessary to restore the Fayoum to some measure of its ancient fertility no system was found better than that of the original planners of the great work. The Bahr

From a] THE ONLY OBELISK ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE NILE—THE MONOLITH OF KING USERTESEN I. *[Photo.*

Yusuf was cleared out and deepened, the sluices were rebuilt on the ancient foundations, and the result is that the Fayoum has become, as of old, one of the richest provinces of Egypt, and has a constantly increasing revenue. The area under cultivation increases every season as ancient canals are restored, and there seems no limit to the extension.

Many ruins of cities, the names of which have been forgotten, remain far away in the desert, marking out the tracks of great highways which led through cultivated areas. These ruins are generally about ten miles apart. All around is drifting sand. Once bring the beneficent sweet water back, however, and all this desert will become amenable to cultivation. This dream of future richness is likely to be realized, for the waters of the old Bahr Yusuf will soon be doubled in volume, and will then pour their fertilizing flood round the sites of the ancient cities, which, after two thousand years of ruin and desolation, may again become habitable. The great dam in process of construction near Assiout will raise the Nile after the time of flood, impounding the waters, which are now allowed to run waste to the Mediterranean. This great engineering feat will do what the former natural barriers did, many of which have been swept away since the ancient days. Possibly the planners of the ancient Lake Moeris may have had artificial dikes or dams to perform the same office; in any case, they had more control of the flood of the Nile than now exists and certainly turned its surplus waters to more account. The great reservoirs now being constructed will remedy all deficiencies, will add millions of acres to cultivation, and no part of Egypt will benefit more than the Fayoum.

The whole of the district is a curious natural depression, much beneath the level of the Mediterranean, which, of course, simplifies the supplying of water once it is conducted from the Nile. The water enters at the lowest irrigation level, rushing from the sluices with great force. It is utilized to drive undershot water-wheels as it passes to the low-lying lands. These wheels raise the water by means of chains of buckets to the highest-level conduits some 30ft. above, the waste water from above supplying the middle levels. Nor is this all. The force of the lowermost stream is utilized to drive a number of grain mills along the water course. The whole apparatus is automatic, and is at



From a] THE AUTHOR'S TENT WAS PITCHED UNDER A PALM TREE. *[Photo.*

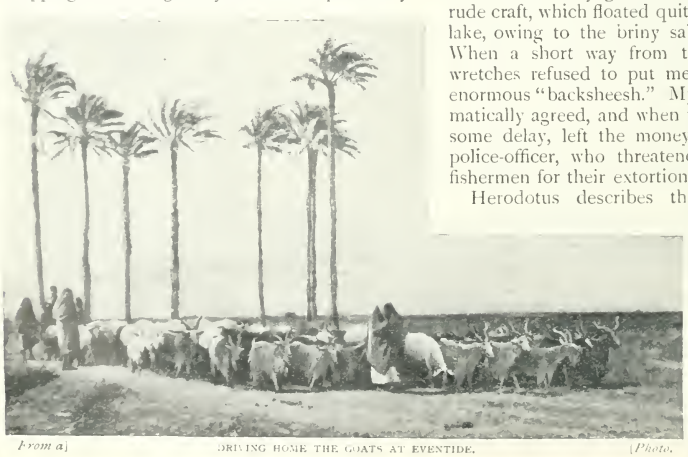
work perpetually night and day. This is the ancient system, and it has been found incapable of improvement.

The canals and streams that are seen everywhere teem with fish, and nets are laid to entrap them with little trouble to the fishermen.

All that now remains of the ancient Lake Moeris is known as the Lake Quroun, about twenty-five miles in length and eight to ten wide. This is the west of the Fayoum province. The lake must have been vastly larger in ancient times, for its former coastline is marked miles off in the desert by ruins of towns, former ports, with quays and piers for commerce. Its waters are remarkably salt and contain inexhaustible supplies of extraordinary fish of various species. One variety resembling roach is found to often exceed 5ft. in length and 30in. in depth, with eyes of 4in. and scales to correspond. A sort of eel, resembling a dogfish, exceeds 6ft. in length and is like a man's leg for girth. Many other varieties of aquatic monsters of brilliant hues and extraordinary shapes were lying on the bank when I was there. They seemed all alive, and the snapping of their great jaws was unpleasantly suggestive of bites. They are caught on stout beams embedded in the shallow waters and furnished with iron hooks nearly a foot long, These are baited overnight, and the great fish are lifted off by several men in the early morning and hauled in with ropes. A tax is levied on these fisheries, which brings in upwards of £3,000 a year to the Government, and one day's haul will frequently require a train of trucks for conveyance to Cairo, where they meet with a ready sale. The fishermen are not much removed from savages. Scantily clothed in skins and with unkempt locks, they seem a fierce lot. When I was there I had a short voyage on the lake in one of their rude craft, which floated quite high up out of the lake, owing to the briny saltness of the water. When a short way from the land these wild wretches refused to put me ashore without an enormous "backsheesh." My Arab servant diplomatically agreed, and when we got ashore, after some delay, left the money in the hands of a police-officer, who threatened to imprison the fishermen for their extortion.

From a] A SCENE IN THE OASIS—CAMELS LADEN WITH FODDER. [*Photo.*

Herodotus describes the wonders of the Labyrinth, which was in this province; also two gigantic statues and two great pyramids which he visited and which were perfect in his day. For years these were believed not to exist, until,



From a] DRIVING HOME THE GOATS AT EVENTIDE. [*Photo.*

recently, Professor Petrie discovered where this mysterious Labyrinth had been situated, but it was utterly effaced. The country around its site was covered for miles with chippings of its beautiful white stone, different from anything in the district. A town had been built on its side two thousand years ago, as proved by inscriptions found on the spot. For more than a century a colony of stonecutters dwelt there, who sawed up and sold the huge blocks of white limestone, using the great temple as a quarry to build distant Alexandria, until not one morsel of it remained larger than mere chippings. The graves of these people still exist. They buried their dead in handsome coffins, adorned with oil portraits outside. Several of these family portraits are shown in our National Gallery, London, and are the earliest oil paintings known, being over two thousand years old. The Colossi were also broken up, but their gigantic pedestals remain. They were statues of the Kings who made Lake Moeris between four and five thousand years ago. Petrie found the nose of one and the ear of another, and various little fragments from which he had no difficulty in restoring (in imagination) the whole statues. These huge features are now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. The statues were of red granite, and exceeded 40ft. in height. The pyramids were too large to remove wholly, and their massive cores of brick remain still at Hawara and Illahun, one on each side of the great canal. They were cased with white stone, which coating was stolen long ago, but Petrie found some of the lower course buried in the sand. Each contained the mummy of the Kings who constructed these wonderful waterworks, as proved by Petrie's researches. I possess a Royal seal or cylinder I bought from an Arab with these two monarchs' cartouches, which was doubtless the Royal sign-manual of the governor of these Royal irrigation works. The names, Usertesen and Amenemhat, are clearly inscribed thereon in hieroglyphics. The seal is of steatite, and still makes an excellent impression.

It was in the Fayoum neighbourhood that Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, the agents of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, discovered the immense mass of papyrus documents (filling sixty or seventy boxes), among which some relics of the lost classic poets were discovered last year. These manuscripts were found in the rubbish heaps of Oxyrynchus, a forgotten town. The dry, sandy desert had buried the place, but preserved the documents in a way only possible in a rainless country. They are now mostly in England, but will take seven years to arrange and translate. Two pages of the sayings of Christ, possibly part of a Gospel not yet fully identified, were also found. Upwards of 1,500 papyri have been discovered, and the few examined already have yielded remarkable results—a page of St. Matthew's Gospel earlier by two hundred years than any other MS. of the New Testament, a poem of Sappho, fragments of Homer, Herodotus, Xenophon, Sophocles, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Virgil, and others. Altogether it is the most wonderful collection of ancient MSS. ever found in modern times. Many of them have already helped to explain existing texts and many give entirely new readings. A volume of facsimiles and translations has just been issued by the Egyptian Exploration Society, but it is impossible to tell what literary treasures may yet remain to be discovered as the work of decipherment proceeds, and visitors stand a very good chance of finding archæological treasures among the ruins.

THE PEDESTALS OF THE COLOSSI—THE STATUES THEY SUPPORTED WERE ERECTED BETWEEN FOUR AND FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.
From a [[*Photo.*

A Lady in a Forest Fire.

By Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin, of Wrights, Santa Clara County, California.

An impressive account of one of those terrible conflagrations which periodically devastate the vast forest regions of California. The narrative is rendered of additional interest by the striking illustrations which accompany it.

WE called the new home "Forest Nook." It was really not a new home to us, since we had owned the redwood forest for years, though we lived on our Monte Paraiso ranch, some distance higher up in the Santa Cruz Mountains. But we had concluded to part with the ranch, and had built a cottage in an arm of the forest close to the "High Gate"—a natural gateway formed by two enormous redwoods, through which lay the entrance to the main body of timber which stretched both east and west, forming one solid line a little distance back from the county road. Grand trees they all were, but the "High Gate" had become famous, and had not only lured photographers all the way up from San Francisco, but had been painted by noted artists.

We kept only old Billy to drive when we left the ranch, and no cow; nothing that could interfere with my idyll, for "cook-ladies" do not like to come from the city to the country, and a rancher's wife must always be prepared to act as her own maid-of-all-work. Assuming this character at once, I was perfectly independent, relying on the obliging disposition of my "wash-lady"—who lived some three miles away—for any little extra help I required. A pair of white doves added another feature which was a charm to me and a surprise to passers-by, for Polly and Paloma were always hanging around me, unless my husband was there for them to settle on and quarrel over. Sancho, our spaniel, a cripple, would come to me for consolation when he found his master with his hands full—the old cat purring on his knee and Polly and Paloma on either shoulder, or fighting for the place of honour on top of his head.

The sale of the Monte Paraiso ranch was never consummated. There were delays and difficulties, and finally the negotiations were broken off entirely and the place remained ours. Ah Hop, the old Chinaman, with the horse for company, was left there to take care of the place, for I so loved my cool, shady "Forest Nook" that I would not go back to the vineyard-ranch.

THE FAMOUS "HIGH GATE," WHICH WAS SITUATED CLOSE TO MRS. MCCRACKIN'S HOUSE.
From a Photo. by [*A. P. Hill, San José, Cal.*

October was once more in the land, with all the life and bustle it brings with it to the vineyard - rancher of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The wine - grapes had already been made into "must," but the first car-load of grapes shipped to the Eastern States went out on Saturday, the 7th of the month. It was made rather a festive occasion, as the rains had held off and the grapes went out in perfect condition.

After lunch my husband, Mac,

took to his hammock, charging me to go up to the ranch and see what headway the Chinamen had made in picking grapes for the next shipment. When I reached Monte Paraiso it seemed that never before had the house and the garden looked so pretty as now, when linden, laurel, and elm trees waved their welcome to me, half-hiding, half-revealing the blue waters of Monterey Bay in the dreamy distance.

From a Photo. by] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MONTE PARAISO RANCH. [*A. P. Hill, San José, Cal.*

Some of the Chinamen, of whom there were six or eight extra for the shipping season, called my attention to the piles of apples—laughing, red-cheeked beauties—and fair, golden Bellefleurs with which the rooms of the house had been filled; and a twitch of my conscience told me that the place was really intended for something better than to store apples in.

On my way home I noticed that away in the distance, on the north ridge of the Loma Prieta mountain-chain, there was smoke rolling and wavering with the wind, and I could see flames springing up here and there, even thus far away. But I had become accustomed to the way they have of clearing land in this country, which is called reprehensible only when the fire escapes control and burns over other people's property as well as the land intended for clearing. This particular fire had burned unchecked for several days, but in the evening, when the wind began to rise, I called Mac's attention to it, for I was afraid.

"Haven't they got people enough over on that ridge to put the fire out?" he asked.

"But it might get away from them," I protested; "just hear the wind blowing in the timber! What if it should come here?"

"Come here!" he echoed, contemptuously; "it is five or six miles away. It's not apt to run down hill, and it would have the Los Gatos to cross even then."

After dark I noticed how the smoke grew heavier, and thought the fire was going down, till an occasional outburst of flame or a sudden torch-light illumination of a tall tree up which the blaze was shooting told me that the fire had not yet been really subdued. My husband, however, laughed at the idea of danger and went to bed. I myself sat up reading for some time before I retired. The wind was blowing a gale by this time, and no matter how firmly I fastened the curtains on our bedroom window, which looked west, I could see flashes from the fire now and then, though it was burning to the east of us.

I could not sleep. Sancho, poor lame dog, came from his quarters and touched my arm

with his nose, evidently afraid of the unusual howling of the wind, which seemed to grow still stronger as the night wore on.

Still I could not sleep; hour after hour I heard the clock strike until three, and by that time the storm had so increased that the chime of the little parlour clock seemed miles away.

How long I had slept I don't know, but I roused up slowly as to a sense of some coming danger. Amid all the uproar of the storm it seemed to me there was a faint voice, far off, shouting and calling.

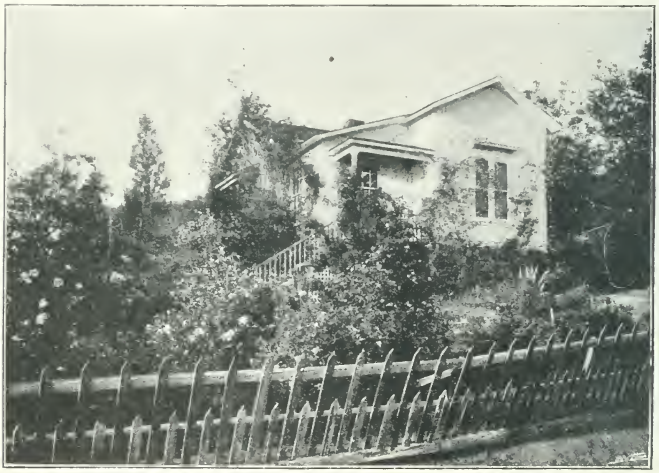
But what shook the house so, and what was the voice calling, faintly and far off? Now it came again; the house trembled, though there was just one moment's lull in the storm, and someone was shouting:

"For Heaven's sake, wake up! You've lost everything! The whole country is on fire! Quick, for Heaven's sake, or you'll burn in your beds!"

I knew it was the voice of our neighbour Finnie, but where was he and what was the matter? Again came the battering, and again in broken snatches his warning voice, battling against the uproar. "Wake up: save yourselves! Everything is on fire! Monte Paraiso is destroyed—everything is gone! Get up! get up!"

I did not scream, but I shook Mac's arm with a grip that left its mark. Then I tumbled out of bed and ran, barefooted, to the sitting-room door. There was a sound now above the howling of the storm, a roar and thunder such as I had never heard before, and my fingers shook so that I could not find the key in the lock.

Then I found the lock and flung back the door. Heavens! The sight! The terror of it seemed to freeze the blood in my veins; but I did not faint—I knew I must not lose my senses. The blinding, flashing, glaring flames shooting up into the sky, higher than my eyes could follow; the clouds of smoke, muddy, turbulent waves rolling above sudden leaps of fire; the hideous roar and crackle were simply awful. There was nothing but fire and glare and smoke as far as my eyes could see, and I could think of nothing—my mind was a blank.



THE MONTE PARAISO RANCH HOUSE, WHICH WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED BY THE FIRE.
From a Photo. by A. P. Hill, San José, Cal.

Mac's rushing by me without a word, and disappearing somewhere, made no impression on me at all; I was lost to myself and to every impulse and feeling. Mr. Finnie—good, faithful friend, he had left his own property exposed in order to save us—spoke to me for quite a time before I could understand him. Monte Paraiso was destroyed, he said; all the buildings burned; nothing was known of the Chinamen or the horse. There was no danger for this house, he said, as there were ten or fifteen men already fighting the fire and trying to master it.

The words did not seem to reach my brain. Monte Paraiso fire-swept—the buildings in ashes! I watched a lot of men—looking like demons in the glare of the fire—brandishing axes, swinging brush-hooks, wielding long shovels, whipping the flames, and beating the

ground with boughs and branches in their desperate efforts to beat back and subdue the fast-encroaching enemy. I felt no interest in the proceedings, however; I was perfectly indifferent.

Mr. Finnie continued talking to me; he said I *must* be calm; that there would be no danger if I kept doors and windows closed, for they might find it necessary to set "back-fire" around the house in order to save it, and the fire must not get in at door or window. Then he advised me to get breakfast for Mac, and he, Mr. Finnie, would be round again after a time.

Carefully I closed the doors, drew the curtains close to shut out the dreadful glare, then lighted a candle and tried to dress myself, while the roar and thunder of storm and fire continued unabated. A dozen voices at once might have shouted a warning to me—I could never have heard it. But my toilette was not elaborate. I threw on a skirt and jacket, thrusting my feet into some low house-shoes, then with the lighted candle I went into the kitchen, Sancho whining to come with me. I needed wood and kindling, and was compelled to go down the steps leading from the back porch, where Polly and Paloma had their houses, one on each side. Terrified by the unusual glare and tumult, they came fluttering down to crouch on my shoulder, but I put them back impatiently, speaking to them as I would to children.

"There is positively no danger," I said; "you must be calm; don't be afraid."

It was easy to preach, but I ran around to the other side of the house again, where I could see more men at work, for day was now breaking and they came from all quarters. Some I knew, others were strangers; and I went back into the kitchen and put great pots with water on the stove, so that they might all have coffee to drink when they had finished fighting the fire. The next time I came out I had a dim idea that "back-fire" had been laid along the line of the timber-land, and presently I saw the "High Gate," those two majestic guardians, blazing up against the dark background like mighty pillars of fire. And still I thought it was only "back-fire."

Sancho close behind me, I wandered aimlessly about, watching the men outside and my coffee-pots inside. Polly and Paloma flew backwards and forwards between their boxes and the stable, which stood in rear of the house. Presently I happened to turn round and saw the entire timber-line one solid wall of fire, an ocean of blazing forest behind it, and the roar and thunder of the storm and fire together blended into a noise that the boom of a cannon could not have penetrated. Then I saw the chain of fire-fighters slowly retreating; it was daylight now, and one after the other they came nearer to the house. The house was safe, they still told me; but I must be calm. Would not some of them have a cup of coffee now, I asked. But they all said, "Not now; pretty soon."

While I stood talking to them a strange procession came into sight, emerging from where the flames had been beaten back down the road. A horse, our Billy, headed the procession. Slowly they came, Hop, our own Chinaman, leading the horse, the other Chinamen hobbling along behind in Indian file, bare-headed all of them, and most of them without shoes. At short intervals Hop drew his sleeve across his eyes, and all the rest of the men drew their sleeves across their eyes. When I ran up to them I could hear Hop sob, shudderingly and convulsively, and all the other Chinamen sobbing, with chattering teeth.

"Housl'—clo'—eat 'em—all go," he sobbed, which meant that his house, his clothes, and all his provisions had been burnt up.

But Hop never forgot his duty, and tethering his horse to one of the big madrones, where a number of the fire-fighters' horses were already tied, he suggested that I should furnish the whole legion with hats, so that they could go help "bossee-man" fight the fire. I ran into the house and brought out everything I could find in the semblance of a hat, and so equipped they trotted off. I paid no attention to where they went, but I noticed that most of the other men were now near the house, some of them being on the roof.

Probably they were trying to get an idea of the extent of the fire, I said to myself, as I looked up to where they were scrambling on the roof of the porch at the back of the house. The piece of ground between this and the stable was dotted with tall fir trees, and I leaned against one of these, watching Polly and Paloma as they strutted along the roof, staring defiantly at the men, whom they doubtless looked upon as intruders.

Paloma flew away presently, and as I turned to watch her I noticed a tiny flame lapping along the fence that ran past up to the road in front of the house. But with the world of fire all around that little speck escaped attention. Presently, however, I saw the men hurriedly jump from the roof and heard a hissing sound behind me. I turned in terror, only to see flames leaping up into the crown of the very tree against which I was standing, while at the same moment the stable, belching flames from its interior, burst asunder with the sound and force of an explosion.

With one wild scream I ran round to where

the horse was tied, and where all was now hurry and confusion. I comprehended at last that the fire raging in my dear forest was not "back-fire" at all, but the mad, murderous forest-fire itself!

I gave up everything for lost. In a moment I had untied our horse from the tree, in the branches of which the fire-fiend was already making havoc, and rushed round to the front of the house in order to make my escape down the road. The fire, however—probably the little rill I had seen but a minute ago—had reached the road before me, setting light to everything on either side and cutting off this natural avenue of retreat.

"THE FIRE HAD REACHED THE ROAD BEFORE ME."
Illustration by A. P. Hill, San José, Cal.

Where should we go—which way turn? North, east, and west were barred by fire, and our only chance was to get through on the south, though the tall firs on the land of our neighbour Williams were already on fire. Some of the men, being strangers to the locality, grew bewildered, and I could not make myself heard in the wild uproar. Making a dash for some bars in the fence that could be let down, I motioned to the men which way I wanted to go. We had plunged through the vineyard only a short distance when the wind, with a sudden swirl, brought up flames and smoke from the very direction in which I was heading. A little to the west lay the only avenue now open, but this was barred by a stout line-fence, on which the men at once got to work. The fire was now crackling in the trees above us, and I was half-stifled with smoke and flying ashes. Huddled together here, I suddenly missed Sancho from our crowd, and though I shouted myself hoarse it was of no avail; perhaps he was already dead.

When I saw the fence give way I put Billy's bridle into the hands of the men while I rushed through the opening first of all. My false courage had left me, and I ran screaming, but always straight on, away from the fire, through orchards and vineyards, scaling or breaking down fences as I came to them. What I saw whenever I turned my head only drove me on the faster—the same blinding, glaring ocean of fire, the waves of flame rolling high as the tree-tops, in which fiery serpents seemed to be hissing in rage and fury, and clouds of suffocating black smoke. Every now and then pieces of burning wood came hurtling through the air, murky with smoke, and made still hotter by the rays of the sun.

Presently I came to a fence which I could neither climb nor break down, and I ran back to the highway, where, in the few houses that stood here, the women had all their possessions bundled up, ready to move, while the menfolk were away fighting the fire. None of these women succeeded in stopping me, but when I reached the bottom of the next hill I dropped exhausted on the steps of a veranda, where friendly arms were laid around me.

"Stay there," said my little friend, Eva Smith; "I will make a cup of coffee for you while you rest."

But the moment she turned her back I remembered my husband, Mac. Running back until I had almost reached the fire again, I met a number of the brave men who had so heroically and unselfishly laboured for us, though without avail.

"We could save nothing," said Mr. Frank Matty, their leader. "We tried hard to save the piano, and Mr. Burrell badly burned his hands trying to roll it out, but it burned up under the

trees outside. We can do no more, and the Meyers have sent an urgent message for help, so we must go on there."

All this time the bell of the little mountain church was clanging out its call for help. It was about eight o'clock now on Sunday morning, but there would be no service in the church to-day.

Turning away from the men with a curious feeling that nothing concerned me, I pursued my way up the hill. One of the men had said that Mac was safe and was at Williams's house, which had been saved by the utmost efforts. The sun burned dull through a veil of smoke, cinders, and ashes, and I shaded my eyes with my hand, for I had no hat. My thin shoes were broken and torn, and the greater part of my dress was hanging in pieces on the bushes through which I had rushed.

I was now approaching the last rise in the road just before reaching the spot where people had always stopped with cries of admiration; they would have only exclamations of horror now. Mechanically I called frantically for Sancho, and my call was answered. Poor old Sancho came limping and whining piteously up the hill after me, one of Finnie's men following him; the poor brute had hidden under Finnie's house, which had fortunately escaped destruction.

"FOREST NOOK" WAS SITUATED IN THIS CLUMP OF WOODLAND.
Illustration by A. P. Hill, San José, Cal.

The man kindly offered to go with me. I gave but one look toward the scene of desolation and ruin, where only an hour before had stood our tree-sheltered, flower-decked "Forest Nook." Nothing was left but the pitiful stumps and blackened bodies of the great spreading madrones; the tall firs lay dead among smouldering ash-heaps; the fire-crisped leaves on the charred, half-burned branches of the oaks were falling one by one to the heat-baked ground.

"All go," the old Chinaman had sobbed a little while ago. "All go," I repeated after him, but I did not sob—I could not.

I followed in the steps of my leader to the Williamses' place as if I had been blind, or had never travelled this road before. Half-way to the house I met Mac, his face begrimed, half his beard gone, and his shirt in tatters. He had been caught between the "back-fire" and the real fire in the timber, and he had had to throw himself on the ground for a long breath before plunging through the flames.

There was no time to waste on sentiment now.

"Jo," he said, "Hop tells me that the old fruit-shanty was not burned when he left the place; I am going up to see about it."

"Can we get through the fire?" I asked.

"Everything is burned that can burn," he replied, bitterly; "it may be a little bit hot on the ground, though, and you had better leave Sancho here."

But the dog pleaded so pitifully, snatching at my hand and holding it, while his eyes positively wept, that I said he must take his chances with us.

It was not easy to find the road, for the whole stretch of country was now one blackened plain, with rills of fire still running through it. We found, however, that we had only to follow the trail made by the half-burnt bodies of rabbits, foxes, skunks, and wild cats, who had evidently made for the open road when driven from their lair by the fire. Birds, partly consumed by the flames, had dropped in their flight and lay thick strewn along the land. Every now and then I had to stoop hastily to crush out the flames that came lapping up the shreds of my skirt as I

picked my way along. Sancho, poor beast, would howl dismally when his foot accidentally stirred up a bed of hot coals, and he limped worse than ever.

Alas for Monte Paraiso and its groves and gardens! The melted glass from the tall windows lay in lumps where the frames had dropped from their settings; there were a few melted door-knobs and nails by the thousand, but no vestige of the building they had come out of. Only the one big chimney, all-sufficient for the sunny clime we lived in, marked the place where the house had stood. The ram-

"ONLY THE ONE BIG CHIMNEY MARKED THE PLACE WHERE THE HOUSE HAD STOOD."
From a Photo. by Herman Scheffauer, San Francisco.

shackle building called the fruit-house, the oldest on the ranch, had been left by the fire in mocking irony. As for the rest, barn, stable, Chinaman's house, waggons, ploughs, harness, hay—"all go."

I grew faint at last, and reminded Mac that neither of us had tasted food since the night before. So we went sadly back down the road and made known our desire for food, and a score of hands were stretched forth to feed us. It is worth something to find out how much kindness and sympathy there is still in the world: every door on the mountains was open to us, and when we decided to take up our abode at the old fruit-house till we could rebuild there was a procession of neighbours that whole afternoon bringing us things to eat, to drink, to wear, to sleep on. From our neighbours above we were still cut off by a wall of fire.

When darkness fell an old arm-chair was brought up for me, and I decided to pass the night in this, outside the shanty, to which had now flocked all the Chinamen. The wind blew hard again, though it was not now a raging storm. The air was thick with ashes, and the smoke, once caught among these hills, was not so ready to withdraw. For the fire was not yet out by any means, though everything above-ground had been swept away. The huge roots of the manzanite, covering the hill-sides, were all aglow underground, and when the wind swept over them it would take a piece of the burning roots and carry it for hundreds of feet, starting up fresh fires. To me it seemed that no more fires could be crowded into the space visible. The flames had spread from east to west, from north to south, cutting across country to devastate fresh stretches, and running swiftly back if but a narrow strip of land escaped. Nothing but fire on the entire horizon, and where there was no fire dense columns of smoke.

And so I sat the night through. Mac and the dog lay asleep in the shanty; Hop, watchful and alert, had drummed up old buckets and coal-oil tins enough to arm all his followers with, and whenever a shower of sparks was whirled by the wind toward the house, or a piece of burning wood was carried by, I could hear the water hissing as they put the threatened fire out.

I had not shed a tear; I did not close an eye. Sometimes, as a fiery fragment flew by, it seemed like the whirring of Paloma's wings when she returned from the forest to alight on my shoulder. I did not cry, but I groaned in bitterness of spirit; and ever, as the pieces of burning wood flew by with the whirl and the flutter of birds' wings, I started up in my chair to call wildly to my pets: "Polly! Paloma, come, come! Paloma, come back to me! Oh, Paloma, come home, come home!"

Odds and Ends.

Fishing with Cormorants—A Swiss "Mother-Cow"—What Happened to the San Francisco Express—An Indian "Joula"—The Centre of the Earth—The Oldest House in America—A Guarauno Cemetery—Postal Work under Difficulties.

From a] A CHINESE FISHERMAN AND HIS CORMORANT CREW. [*Photo.*

THE Chinese usually consider fishing to be a sinful occupation, because it entails the taking of life. Yet, qualms of conscience notwithstanding, the pursuers of this "sinful" calling are by no means few and far between in the Celestial Empire. Our photograph shows us one of the modes of fishing popular with the Chinese. It will be seen that the "crew" of the long, narrow fishing-boat consists, with but one exception, of cormorants. In many cases they stand in pairs on horizontal perches jutting out on either side of the boat, and there are often more of them than are seen on the boat in the snap-shot. These cormorants save their owner a good deal of trouble by doing his fishing for him. At the word of command they dive into the water and bring out their finny prey, which their master takes from their beaks as they return to the boat, and then sends them in again for another dive. Fishing with cormorants is also practised in Japan, where their training is brought to a high pitch of perfection. The birds wear rings round their throats to prevent them swallowing the fish, and at intervals their industry is rewarded with tit-bits.

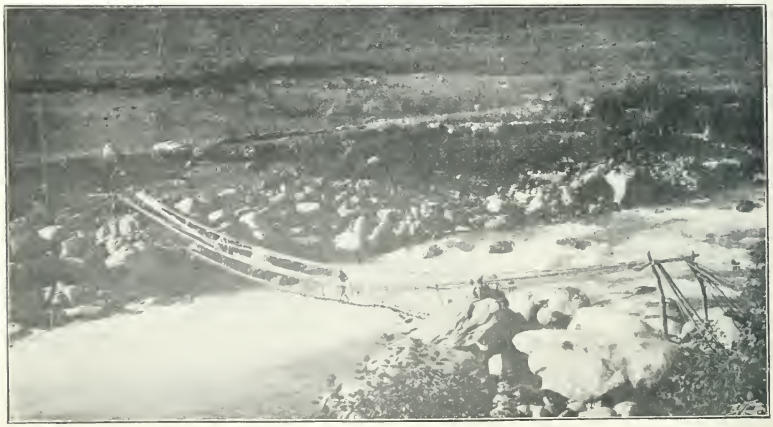
As most people know, the Swiss farmers send their cows to the high mountain pastures in summer-time, bringing them down to lower levels on the approach of winter. One cow is usually selected as the leader of the herd, and as a badge wears a big bell—like the "bell-wether" of a flock of sheep. In the little photograph here shown we see the "mother-cow" of a herd coming down from the mountain pastures to winter quarters. Observe the enormous size of the bell, and note also the milking-stool conveniently tucked away between the animal's horns. This curiously-equipped cow was marching proudly at the head of about seventy other cows, and was photographed at Thun, in Switzerland.

THE "MOTHER-COW" OF A SWISS HERD—OBSERVE THE HUGE BELL AND THE MILKING-STOOL BETWEEN HER HORNS.
From a] [*Photo.*

From a] A TRAIN STOPPED BY A CLOUD-BURST IN THE NEVADA DESERT. *[Photo.*

The accompanying photograph shows the inconvenience a simple cloud can occasion. The express to San Francisco was steaming peacefully through the Nevadâ desert—one of the most inhospitable regions of the United States—about nine one evening, when suddenly it was discovered that a cloud-burst had occurred just over the railway-line a few hours before and wrecked it. The country is absolutely flat, with grey mountains showing in the very far distance. The sleepers are raised up on a bank of sand above the level of the plain, and this bank had been washed away, leaving the sleepers hanging, and in many cases broken and wrenched by the violence of the storm, whilst where it had been worst the place was like a vast lake. If it had broken out some time later and the middle of the cloud had burst just over the train it would probably have wrecked it entirely. The neighbourhood was a very awkward one for an accident, for the nearest railway station was thirty-five miles farther on and the dining-car had just been dropped. However, navvies were sent for, as such accidents are not uncommon in that part of the world, and at every station there is a little encampment of men who are ready to come at a moment's notice and repair the damage. Many of the passengers did not know anything had happened till the next morning, when they got up and noticed that the train was staying a long time in one place.

The next photograph shows an Indian *joula*. *Joulas* are native suspension bridges made of grass rope, and are often the only means of crossing mountain streams. They narrow down from the handrail to about a foot wide, with bamboos laid lengthwise as a foothold. The sensation when going across is curious and rather trying to the nerves, as the bridge sways in an alarming fashion at every movement, and the water rushing underneath seems eager to sweep one away with resistless force. It is quite a struggle, too, to go on up the steep



AN INDIAN "JOULA," OR NATIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGE—IF TWO PEOPLE GOING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS MEET IN THE MIDDLE ONE OF THEM HAS TO RETRACE HIS STEPS.
From a] *[Photo.*

THE IRON PILLAR SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS SUPPOSED TO MARK THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH—IT WAS ERECTED ABOUT 1800 YEARS AGO.
From a] [*Photo.*

incline from the middle. In the photograph two figures may be seen crossing from opposite directions. What they will do when they meet it is hard to say, as it is impossible for them to pass each other. A long and fierce argument will probably result in one or the other retracing his steps until the other man has passed over.

Some eleven miles from Delhi stands the remarkable iron pillar shown in the above photograph. It is a solid shaft of wrought iron, some 22ft. high and 17in. in diameter, and its origin and age are wrapped in mystery. Ancient Hindu mythology says that the spot on which the pillar stands is the centre of the earth, and speaks of it as "the Arm of Fame of Rajah Dhava." Now, Rajah Dhava ruled in the early part of the second century of the Christian era, and he is referred to in the Sanscrit inscriptions on the pillar, so that, although authorities differ on the subject, it is probable that the pillar dates from this time. Considering the appliances which were available at that remote period—something like eighteen hundred years ago—it would be rather interesting to know how this mysterious pillar was made.

The town of St. Augustine, Florida, is the proud possessor of the oldest house in America. This historic edifice—seen in the photo. here reproduced—stands in a narrow thoroughfare near the centre of the city. It was built by the monks of the Order of St. Francis in 1564, and when Sir Francis Drake sacked and burned the town this was the only house he left standing. A cocoa-palm, planted by the monks, stands sentinel-like over the house. The structure is most solidly constructed of *coquina*, a combination of sea-shells and mortar which was popular and plentiful in the early days of the Spanish settlements in the neighbourhood.

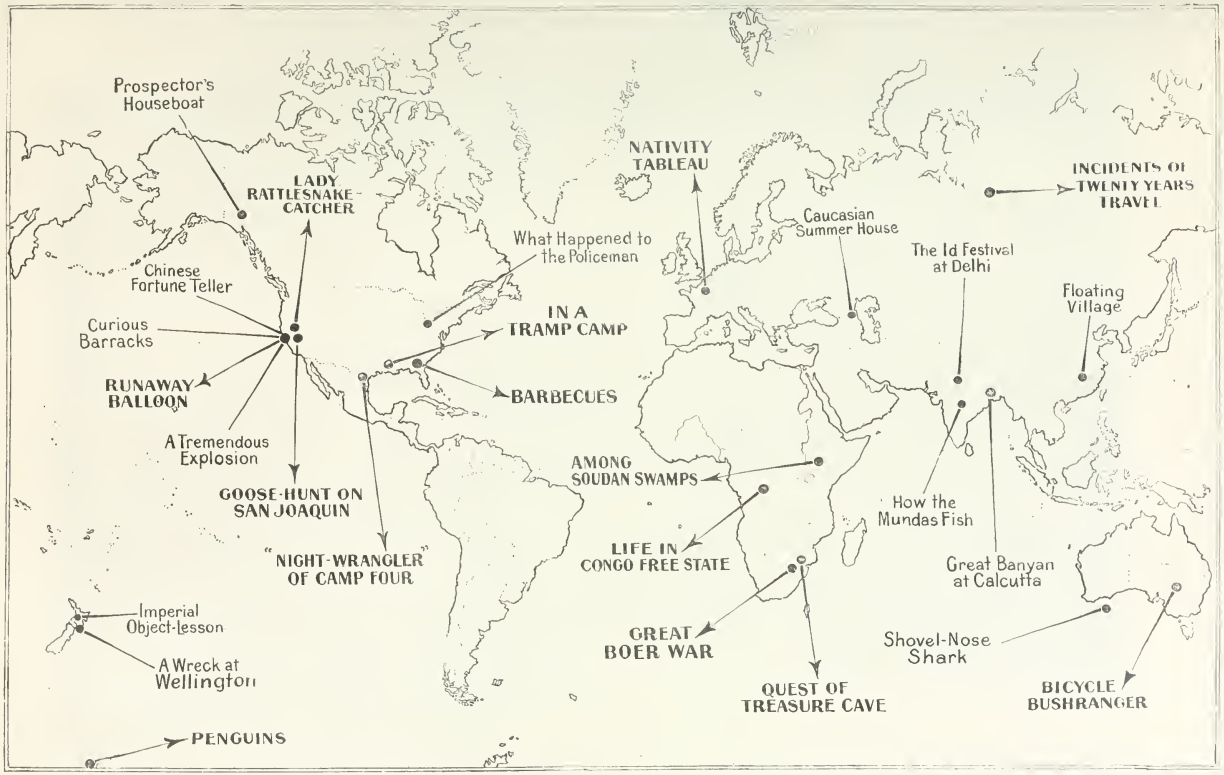
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA—THIS IS TO BE FOUND AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, AND WAS THE ONLY HOUSE LEFT STANDING BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE WHEN HE BURNT THE TOWN.
From a] [*Photo.*

HOW THE GUARAUNO INDIANS DISPOSE OF THEIR DEAD—THE BODIES ARE TIGHTLY WRAPPED IN LEAVES AND GRASSES AND DEPOSITED IN LONELY PLACES IN THE FOREST.
From a [*Photo.*

The Guarauno Indians, who live on the Upper Orinoco, in Central America, have a distinctly curious and novel method of disposing of their dead. They neither cremate the bodies nor bury them, but encase them in a species of basket, which is tightly wrapped in palm fronds and bound with strong, supple grasses. When thus prepared the baskets are deposited in some lonely spot at least a couple of miles away from the settlement. There is something very poetic about this manner of disposing of the dead, and the Indians, who are of a highly imaginative and poetic temperament, are thoroughly alive to this. The accompanying photograph was taken by stealth at great risk, as the Guaraunos jealously guard their dead from the profane eyes of the stranger.

Our next photograph illustrates how the postal authorities maintain the daily mail service in winter between Prince Edward Island, Canada, and the mainland. The Dominion Government has a powerful steamer at work during the winter months crushing a route through the ice barriers, but in February and March the "drift" and "anchor" ice fills the Straits of Northumberland to a depth of 15ft. to 40ft., and ice-hills, often 20ft. in height, are formed. Last year, for a period of nearly three weeks, the mail had to be transported in small boats from Cape Traverse, Prince Edward Island, to Cape Tourmentine, New Brunswick, a distance of over twenty miles, alternately over icebergs and through stretches of open water. The boats had to be drawn bodily over the ice, and eight to fifteen hours were required for making the arduous and risky trip.

POSTAL DELIVERY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—TAKING THE MAILS TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FROM THE MAINLAND OF CANADA.
From a [*Photo.*



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL PRINSLOO WITH 4,150 MEN AND THREE GUNS.

Drawn by Ernest Prater. From a Sketch by Major Romilly, D.S.O., commanding the 2nd Scots Guards.

(SEE PAGE 115.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX. JUNE, 1902. No. 50.

The Great Boer War.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

By arrangement with the Author and Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers, Dr. Conan Doyle's famous work—universally acknowledged to be the standard history of the South African War—is here given exactly as it appeared in book form.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION.

CHRISTIAN DE WET, the elder of two brothers of that name, was at this time in the prime of life, a little over forty years of age. He was a burly, middle-sized, bearded man, poorly educated, but endowed with much energy and common sense. His military experience dated back to Majuba Hill, and he had a large share of that curious race hatred which is intelligible in the case of the Transvaal, but inexplicable in a Free Stater who has received no injury from the British Empire. Some weakness of his sight compels the use of tinted spectacles, and he had now turned these, with a pair of particularly observant eyes behind them, upon the scattered British forces and the long exposed line of railway.

De Wet's force was an offshoot from the army of Free Staters under De Villiers, Olivier, and Prinsloo, which lay in the mountainous north-east of the State. To him were committed five guns, fifteen hundred men, and the best of the horses. Well armed, well mounted, and operating in a country which consisted of rolling plains with occasional fortress kopjes, his little force had everything in its favour. There were so many tempting objects of attack lying before him that he must have had some difficulty in knowing where to begin. The tinted spectacles were turned first upon the isolated town of Lindley.

Colvile with the Highland Brigade had come up from Ventersburg with instructions to move onward to Heilbron, pacifying the country as he passed. The country, however, refused to be pacified, and his march from Ventersburg to Lindley was harassed by snipers every mile of the way. Finding that De Wet and his men were close upon him, he did not linger at Lindley, but passed on to his destination, his entire march of one hundred and twenty-six miles costing him sixty-three casualties, of which nine were fatal. It was a difficult and dangerous march, especially for the handful of Eastern Province Horse, upon whom fell all the mounted work. By evil fortune, however, a force of five hundred Yeomanry, the 13th Battalion, including the Duke of Cambridge's Own and the Irish companies, had been sent from Kroonstad to join Colvile at Lindley. Colonel Spragge was in command. On May 27th this body of horsemen reached their destination only to find that Colvile had already abandoned it. They appear to have determined to halt for a day in Lindley, and then follow Colvile to Heilbron. Within a few hours of their entering the town they were fiercely attacked by De Wet.

Colonel Spragge seems to have acted for the best. Under a heavy fire he caused his troopers to fall back upon his transport, which had been left at a point a few miles out upon the Kroonstad Road, where three defensible kopjes sheltered a valley in which the cattle and horses could be herded. A stream ran through it. There were all the materials there for a stand which would have brought glory to the British arms. The men were of peculiarly fine quality, many of them from the public schools and from the Universities, and if any would fight to the death these, with their sporting spirit and their high sense of honour, might have been expected to do so. They had the stronger motive for holding out, as they had taken steps to convey word of their difficulty to Colvile and to Methuen. The former continued his march to Heilbron, and it is hard to blame him for doing so, but Methuen on hearing the message, which was conveyed to him at great personal peril by Corporal Hankey, of the Yeomanry, pushed on instantly with the utmost

COLONEL SPRAGGE AND THE OFFICERS OF THE YEOMANRY CAPTURED AT LINDLEY BY GENERAL DE WET.
From a Photo. by A. D. Edgcombe.

energy, though he arrived too late to prevent, or even to repair, a disaster. It must be remembered that Colvile was under orders to reach Heilbron on a certain date, that he was himself fighting his way, and that the force which he was asked to relieve was much more mobile than his own. His cavalry at that date consisted of one hundred men of the Eastern Province Horse.

Colonel Spragge's men had held their own for the first three days of their investment, during which they had been simply exposed to a long-range rifle fire which inflicted no very serious loss upon them. Their principal defence consisted of a stone kraal about twenty yards square, which sheltered them from rifle bullets, but must obviously be a perfect death-trap in the not improbable event of the Boers sending for artillery. The spirit of the troopers was admirable. Several dashing sorties were carried out under the leadership of Captains Humby, Maude, and Lord Longford. Early in the siege the gallant Keith met his end. On the fourth day the Boers brought up two guns. One would have thought that during so long a time as three days it would have been possible for the officer in command to make such preparations against this obvious possibility as were so successfully taken at a later stage of the war by the handful who garrisoned Ladybrand. Surely in this period, even without engineers, it would not have been hard to construct such trenches as the Boers have again and again opposed to our own artillery. But the preparations which were made proved to be quite inadequate. One of the two smaller kopjes was carried, and the garrison fled to the other. This also was compelled to surrender, and finally the main kopje also hoisted the white flag, and no doubt it will be the subject of a searching inquiry. No blame can rest upon the men, for their presence there at all is a sufficient proof of their public spirit and their gallantry. But the lessons of the war seem to have been imperfectly learned, especially that very certain lesson that shell-fire in a close formation is insupportable, while in an open formation with a little cover it can never compel surrender. The casualty lists (eighty killed and wounded out of a force of four hundred and seventy) show that the Yeomanry took considerable punishment before surrendering, but do not permit us to call

the defence desperate or heroic. It is only fair to add that Colonel Spragge was acquitted of all blame by a court of inquiry, which agreed, however, that the surrender was premature, and attributed it to the unauthorized hoisting of a white flag upon one of the detached kopjes.

Some explanation is needed of Lord Methuen's appearance upon the central scene of warfare, his division having, when last described, been at Boshof, not far from Kimberley, where early in April he fought the successful action which led to the death of Villebois. Thence he proceeded along the Vaal and then south to Kroonstad, arriving there on May 28th. He had with him the 9th Brigade (Douglas's), which contained the troops which had started with him for the relief of Kimberley six months before. These were the Northumberland Fusiliers, Loyal North Lancashires, Northamptons, and Yorkshire Light Infantry. With him also were the Munsters, Lord Chesham's Yeomanry (five companies), with the 4th and 37th Batteries, two howitzers, and two pom-poms. His total force was about six thousand men. On arriving at Kroonstad he was given the task of relieving Heilbron, where Colvile, with the Highland Brigade, some Colonial horse, Lovat's Scouts, two naval guns, and the 5th Battery, was short of food and ammunition. The more urgent message from the Yeomen at Lindley, however, took him on a fruitless journey to that town on the 3rd of June. Here a garrison was left under Paget, and the rest of the force pursued its original mission to Heilbron, arriving there on June 7th, when the Highlanders had been reduced to quarter rations. "The Salvation Army" was the nickname by which they expressed their gratitude to the relieving force.

A previous convoy sent to the same destination had less good fortune. On June 1st fifty-five waggons started from the railway line to reach Heilbron. The escort consisted of one hundred and sixty details belonging to Highland regiments, without any guns, Captain Corballis in command. But the gentleman with the tinted glasses was waiting on the way. "I have twelve hundred men and five guns. Surrender at once!" Such was the message which reached the escort, and in their defenceless condition there was nothing for it but to comply. Thus one disaster leads to another, for, had the Yeomanry held out at Lindley, De Wet would not on June 4th have laid hands upon our waggons, and had he not recruited his supplies from our waggons it is doubtful if he could have made his attack upon Roodeval. This was the next point upon which he turned his attention.

Two miles beyond Roodeval Station there is a well-marked kopje by the railway line, with other hills some distance to the right and the left. A Militia regiment—the 4th Derbyshire—had been sent up to occupy this post. There were rumours of Boers on the line, and Major Haig, who, with one thousand details of various regiments, commanded at railhead, had been attacked on June 6th, but had beaten off his assailants. De Wet, acting sometimes in company with, and sometimes independently of, his lieutenant, Nel, passed down the line looking for some easier prey, and on the night of June 7th came upon the Militia regiment, which was encamped in a position which could be completely commanded by artillery. It is not true that they had neglected to occupy the kopje under which they lay, for two companies had been posted upon it. But there seems to have been no thought of imminent danger, and the regiment had pitched its tents and gone very comfortably to sleep without a thought of the gentleman in the tinted glasses. In the middle of the night he was upon them with a hissing sleet of bullets. At the first dawn the guns opened and the shells began to burst among them. It was a horrible ordeal for raw troops. The men were miners and agricultural labourers, who had never seen more bloodshed than a cut finger in their lives. They had been four months in the country, but their life had been a picnic, as the luxury of their baggage shows. Now in an instant the picnic was ended, and in the grey cold dawn war was upon them—grim war with the whine of bullets, the screams of pain, the crash of shell, the horrible rending and riving of body and limb. In desperate straits, which would have tried the oldest soldiers, the brave miners did well. They never from the beginning had a chance save to show how gamely they could take punishment, but that at least they did. Bullets were coming from all sides at once, and yet no enemy was visible. They lined one side of the embankment, and they were shot in the back. They lined the other, and were again shot in the back. Baird-Douglas, the colonel, vowed to shoot the man who should raise the white flag, and he fell dead himself before he could see the hated emblem. But it had to come. A hundred and forty of the men were down, many of them suffering from the horrible wounds which shell inflicts. The place was a shambles. Then the flag went up and the Boers at last became visible. Outnumbered, outgeneralled, and without guns, there is no shadow of stain upon the good name of the only Militia regiment which was ever seriously engaged during the war. Their position was hopeless from the first,

and they came out of it with death, mutilation, and honour.

Two miles south of the Rhenoster kopje stands Roodeval Station, in which, on that June morning, there stood a train containing the mails for the army, a supply of great-coats, and a truck full of enormous shells. A number of details of various sorts, a hundred or more, had alighted from the train, twenty of them Post Office Volunteers, some of the Pioneer Railway Corps, a few Shropshires, and other waifs and strays. To them in the early morning came the gentleman with the tinted glasses, his hands still red with the blood of the Derbys. "I have fourteen hundred men and four guns. Surrender!" said the messenger. But it is not in nature for a postman to give up his post-bag without a struggle. "Never!" cried the valiant postmen. But shell after shell battered the corrugated iron buildings about their ears, and it was not possible for them to answer the guns which were smashing the life out of them. There was no help for it but to surrender. De Wet added samples of the British Volunteer and of the British Regular to his bag of Militia. The station and train were burned down, the great-coats looted, the big shells exploded, and the mails burned. The latter was the one unsportsmanlike action which can, up to that date, be laid to De Wet's charge. Forty thousand men to the north of him could forego their coats and their food, but they yearned greatly for those home letters, charred fragments of which are still blowing about the veldt.*

For three days De Wet held the line, and during all that time he worked his wicked will upon it. For miles and miles it was wrecked with most scientific completeness. The Rhenoster bridge was destroyed. So, for the second time, was the Roodeval bridge. The rails were blown upwards with dynamite until they looked like an unfinished line to Heaven. De Wet's heavy hand was everywhere. Not a telegraph-post remained standing within ten miles. His head-quarters continued to be the kopje at Roodeval.

On June 10th two British forces were converging upon the point of danger. One was Methuen's, from Heilbron. The other was a small force consisting of the Shropshires, the South Wales Borderers, and a battery which had come south with Lord Kitchener. The energetic Chief of the Staff has been always sent by Lord Roberts to the point where a strong man was needed, and it is seldom that he has failed to justify his mission. Lord Methuen, however, was the first to arrive, and at once attacked De Wet, who moved swiftly away to the eastward. With a tendency to exaggeration, which has been too common during the war, the affair was described as a

GENERAL DE WET DESTROYED THE MAILBAGS AT ROODEVAL STATION, AND FRAGMENTS OF THE LETTERS BLEW ABOUT THE VELDT FOR WEEKS.

Drawn by Gordon Browne, R.I. From a Sketch by a British Officer.

* Fragments continually met the eye which must have afforded curious reading for the victors. "I hope you have killed all those Boers by now," was the beginning of one letter which I could not help observing.

victory. It was really a strategic and almost bloodless move upon the part of the Boers. It is not the business of guerillas to fight pitched battles. Methuen pushed for the south, having been informed that Kroonstad had been captured. Finding this to be untrue, he turned again to the eastward in search of De Wet.

That wily and indefatigable man was not long out of our ken. On June 14th he appeared once more at Rhenoster, where the construction trains, under the famous Girouard, were working furiously at the repair of the damage which he had already done. This time the guard was sufficient to beat him off, and he vanished again to the eastward. He succeeded, however, in doing some harm, and very nearly captured Lord Kitchener himself. A permanent post had been established at Rhenoster under the charge of Colonel Spens, of the Shropshires, with his own regiment and several guns. Smith-Dorrien, one of the youngest and most energetic of the divisional commanders, had at the same time undertaken the supervision and patrolling of the line.

An attack had at this period been made by De Wet's brother at the Sand River to the south of Kroonstad, where there is a most important bridge. The attempt was easily frustrated by the Royal Lancaster Militia regiment and the Railway Pioneer regiment, helped by some Yeomanry. The skirmish is only remarkable for the death of Major Seymour, of the Pioneers, a noble American, who gave his services and at last his life for what, in the face of all slander and misrepresentation, he knew to be the cause of justice and of liberty.

It was hoped now, after all these precautions, that the last had been seen of the gentleman with the tinted glasses, but on June 21st he was back in his old haunts once more. Honing Spruit Station, about midway between Kroonstad and Roodeval, was the scene of his new raid. On that date his men appeared suddenly as a train waited in the station, and ripped up the rails on either side of it. There were no guns at this point, and the only available troops were three hundred of the prisoners from Pretoria, armed with Martini-Henry rifles and obsolete ammunition. A good man was in command, however—the same Colonel Bullock, of the Devons, who had distinguished himself at Colenso—and every tattered, half-starved wastrel was nerved by a recollection of the humiliations which he had already endured. For seven hours they lay helpless under the shell-fire, but their constancy was rewarded by the arrival in the evening of Lancers, Yeomanry, and C.I.V. guns from the south. The Boers fled, but left some of their number behind them; while of the British, Major Hobbs and four men were killed and nineteen wounded. This defence of three hundred half-armed men against seven hundred Boer riflemen, with three guns firing shell and shrapnel, was a very good performance. The same body of burghers immediately afterwards attacked a post held by Colonel Evans with two companies of the Shropshires and fifty Canadians. They were again beaten back with loss, the Canadians under Inglis especially distinguishing themselves by their desperate resistance in an exposed position.

All these attacks, irritating and destructive as they were, were not able to hinder the general progress of the war. After the battle of Diamond Hill the captured position was occupied by the mounted infantry, while the rest of the forces returned to their camps round Pretoria, there to await the much-needed remounts. At other parts of the seat of war the British cordon was being drawn more tightly round the Boer forces. Buller had come as far as Standerton, and Ian Hamilton, in the last week of June, had occupied Heidelberg. A week afterwards the two forces were able to join hands, and so to completely cut off the Free State from the Transvaal armies. Hamilton in these operations had the misfortune to break his collar bone, and for a time the command of his division passed to Hunter—the one man, perhaps, whom the army would regard as an adequate successor.

It was evident now to the British commanders that there would be no peace and no safety for their communications while an undefeated army of seven or eight thousand men, under such leaders as De Wet and Olivier, was lurking amid the hills which flanked their railroad. A determined effort was made, therefore, to clear up that corner of the country. Having closed the only line of escape by the junction of Ian Hamilton and of Buller, the attention of six separate bodies of troops was concentrated upon the stalwart Free Staters. These were the divisions of Rundle and of Brabant from the south, the brigade of Clements on their extreme left, the garrison of Lindley under Paget, the garrison of Heilbron under Macdonald, and, most formidable of all, a detachment under Hunter which was moving from the north. A crisis was evidently approaching.

The nearest Free State town of importance still untaken was Bethlehem—a singular name to connect with the operations of war. The country on the south of it forbade an advance by Rundle or Brabant, but it was more accessible from the west. The first operation of the British consisted, therefore, in massing sufficient troops to be able to advance from this side. This was done by effecting a junction between Clements,

from Senekal, and Paget, who commanded at Lindley, which was carried out upon July 1st near the latter place. Clements encountered some opposition, but besides his excellent infantry regiments, the Royal Irish, Worcesters, Wiltshires, and Bedfords, he had with him the 2nd Brabant's Horse, with Yeomanry, mounted

A NIGHT ATTACK ON A BOER POST NEAR BETHLEHEM.
Drawn by George Soper. From a Description by a British Officer.

infantry, two 5in. guns, and the 8th R.F.A. Aided by a demonstration on the part of Grenfell and of Brabant, he pushed his way through after three days of continual skirmish.

On getting into touch with Clements, Paget sallied out from Lindley, leaving the Buffs behind to garrison the town. He had with him Brookfield's mounted brigade, one thousand strong, eight guns, and two fine battalions of infantry, the Munster Fusiliers and the Yorkshire Light Infantry. On July 3rd he found a considerable force of Boers with three guns opposed to him, Clements being at that time too far off upon the flank to assist him. Four guns of the 38th R.F.A. (Major Oldfield) and two belonging to the City Volunteers came into action. The Royal Artillery guns appear to have been exposed to a very severe fire, and the losses were so heavy that for a time they could not be served. The escort was inadequate, insufficiently advanced, and badly handled, for the Boer riflemen were able, by creeping up a donga, to get right into the 38th Battery, and the gallant major, with Lieutenant Belcher, was killed in the defence of the guns. Captain FitzGerald, the only other officer present, was wounded in two places, and twenty men were struck down, with nearly all the horses of one section. Marks and Davies, with a handful of Yeomen, endeavoured to help the disorganized and almost annihilated section. Fortunately an admirable soldier, Captain Budworth, adjutant of the City Imperial Volunteer Battery, was a spectator of the desperate peril of the guns. Turning to a body of South Australian Bushmen who were in reserve, he led them at once against the enemy. It was a narrow escape from a serious disaster, for two of the guns were actually in the hands of the Boers, who damaged their sights, but the Australian horsemen came gallantly to the rescue and were able to beat them off. At the same time the infantry, Munster Fusiliers and Yorkshire Light Infantry, which had been carrying out a turning movement, came into action and the position was taken. The force moved onwards, and on July 6th they were in front of Bethlehem.

The place is surrounded by hills and the enemy was found strongly posted. Clements's force was now on the left and Paget's on the right. From both sides an attempt was made to turn the Boer flanks, but they were found to

be very wide and strong. All day a long-range action was kept up while Clements felt his way in the hope of coming upon some weak spot in the position, but in the evening a direct attack was made by Paget's two infantry regiments upon the right, which gave the British a footing on the Boer position. The Munster Fusiliers and the Yorkshire Light Infantry lost forty killed and wounded, including four officers, in this gallant affair, the heavier loss and the greater honour going to the men of Munster.

The centre of the position was still held, and on the morning of July 7th Clements gave instructions to the colonel of the Royal Irish to storm it if the occasion should seem favourable. Such an order to such a regiment means that the occasion will seem favourable. Up they went in three extended lines, dropping forty or fifty on the way, but arriving breathless and enthusiastic upon the crest of the ridge. Below them, upon the farther side, lay the village of Bethlehem. On the slopes beyond hundreds of horsemen were retreating, and a gun was being hurriedly dragged into the town. For a moment it seemed as if nothing had been left as a trophy, but suddenly a keen-eyed sergeant raised a cheer, which was taken up again and again until it resounded over the veldt. Under the crest, lying on its side with a broken wheel, was a gun—one of the 15-pounders of Stormberg which it was a point of honour to regain once more. Many a time had the gunners been friends in need to the infantry. Now it was the turn of the infantry to do something in exchange. That evening Clements had occupied Bethlehem, and one more of their towns had passed out of the hands of the Free Staters.

A word now as to that force under General Hunter which was closing in from the north. The gallant and energetic Hamilton, lean, aquiline, and tireless, had, as already stated, broken his collar-bone at Heidelberg, and it was as his lieutenant that Hunter was leading these troops out of the Transvaal into the Orange River Colony. Most of his infantry was left behind at Heidelberg, but he took with him Broadwood's cavalry (two brigades) and Bruce Hamilton's 21st Infantry Brigade, with Ridley's Mounted Infantry, some seven thousand men in all. On the 2nd of July this force reached Frankfort, in the north of the Free State, without resistance, and on July 3rd they were joined there by Macdonald's force from Heilbron, so that Hunter found himself with over eleven thousand men under his command. Here was an instrument with which surely the *coup de grâce* could be given to the dying State. Passing south, still without meeting serious resistance, Hunter occupied Reitz, and finally sent on

DE WET AT WORK—BOERS CAPTURING A DERAILED TRAIN.
Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I. From a Sketch by Lionel James.

Broadwood's cavalry to Bethlehem, where on July 8th they joined Paget and Clements.

The net was now in position and about to be drawn tight, but at this last moment the biggest fish of all dashed furiously out from it. Leaving the main Free State force in a hopeless position behind him, De Wet, with fifteen hundred well-mounted men and five guns, broke through Slabbert's Nek between Bethlehem and Ficksburg, and made swiftly for the north-west, closely followed by Paget's and Broadwood's cavalry. It was on July 16th that he made his dash for freedom. On the 19th Little, with the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, had come into touch with him near Lindley. De Wet shook himself clear, and with splendid audacity cut the railway once more to the north of Honing Spruit, gathering up a train as he passed and taking a hundred Welsh Fusiliers prisoners. On July 22nd De Wet was at Vredefort, still closely followed by Broadwood, Ridley, and Little, who gleaned his waggons and his stragglers. Thence he threw himself into the hilly country some miles to the south of the Vaal River, where he lurked for a week or more while Lord Kitchener came south to direct the operations which would, as it was hoped, lead to a surrender.

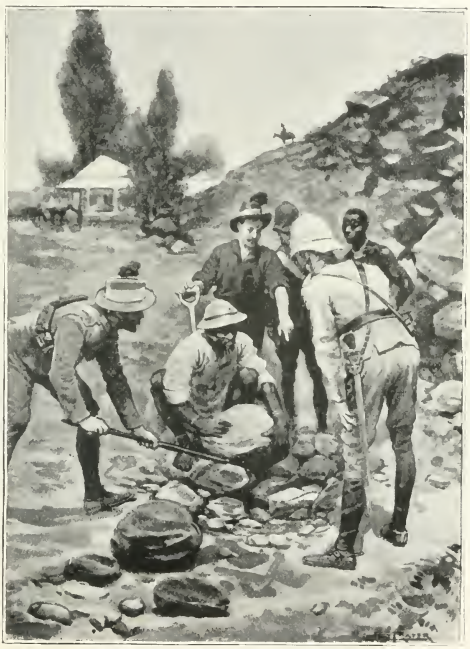
Leaving the indomitable guerilla in his hiding-place, the narrative must return to that drawing of the net which still continued in spite of the escape of this one important fish. On all sides the British forces had drawn closer, and they were both more numerous and more formidable in quality. It was evident now that by a rapid advance from Bethlehem in the direction of the Basuto border all Boers to the north of Ficksburg would be hemmed in. On July 22nd the columns were moving. On that date Paget moved out of Bethlehem and Rundle took a step forward from Ficksburg. Bruce Hamilton had already, at the cost of twenty Cameron Highlanders, got a grip upon a bastion of that rocky country in which the enemy lurked. On the 23rd Hunter's force was held by the Boers at the strong pass of Retief's Nek, but on the 24th they were compelled to abandon it, as the capture of Slabbert's Nek by Clements threatened their rear. This latter pass was fortified most elaborately. It was attacked upon the 23rd by Brabant's Horse and the Royal Irish without success. Later in the day two companies of the Wiltshire Regiment were also brought to a standstill, but retained a position until nightfall within stone-throw of the Boer lines, though a single company had lost seventeen killed and wounded. Part of the Royal Irish remained also close to the enemy's trenches. Under cover of darkness Clements sent four companies of the Royal Irish and two of the Wiltshires under Colonel Guinness to make a flanking movement along the crest of the heights. These six companies completely surprised the enemy, and caused them to hurriedly evacuate the position. Their night march was performed under great difficulties, the men crawling on hands and knees along a rocky path with a drop of 400ft. upon one side. But their exertions were greatly rewarded. Upon the success of their turning movement depended the fall of Slabbert's Nek. Retief's Nek was untenable if we held Slabbert's Nek, and if both were in our hands the retreat of Prinsloo was cut off.

At every opening of the hills the British guns were thundering, and the heads of British columns were appearing on every height. The Highland Brigade had fairly established themselves over the Boer position, though not without hard fighting, in which a hundred men of the Highland Light Infantry had been killed and wounded. The Seaforths and the Sussex had also gripped the positions in front of them, and taken some punishment in doing so. The outworks of the great mountain fortress were all taken, and on July 26th the British columns were converging on Fouriesburg, while Naauwpoort, on the line of retreat, was held by Macdonald. It was only a matter of time now with the Boers.

On the 28th Clements was still advancing and contracting still further the space which was occupied by our stubborn foe. He found himself faced by the stiff position of Slaapkrantz, and a hot little action was needed before the Boers could be dislodged. The fighting fell upon Brabant's Horse, the Royal Irish, and the Wiltshires. Three companies of the latter seized a farm upon the enemy's left, but lost ten men in doing so, while their gallant colonel, Carter, was severely wounded in two places. The Wiltshires, who were excellently handled by Captain Bolton, held on to the farm and were reinforced there by a handful of the Scots Guards. In the night the position was abandoned by the Boers, and the advance swept onwards. On all sides the pressure was becoming unendurable. The burghers in the valley below could see all day the twinkle of British heliographs from every hill, while at night the constant flash of signals told of the sleepless vigilance which hemmed them in. Upon July 29th Prinsloo sent in a request for an armistice, which was refused. Later in the day he dispatched a messenger with the white flag to Hunter, with an announcement of his unconditional surrender.

On July 30th the motley army which had

held the British off so long emerged from among the mountains. But it soon became evident that in speaking for all Prinsloo had gone beyond his powers. Discipline was low and individualism high in the Boer army. Every man might repudiate the decision of his commandant, as every man might repudiate the white flag of his comrade. On the first day no more than eleven hundred men of the Ficksburg and Ladybrand commandoes, with fifteen hundred horses and two guns, were surrendered. Next day seven hundred and fifty more men came in with eight hundred horses, and by August 6th the total of the prisoners had mounted to four thousand one hundred and fifty with three guns, two of which were our own. But Olivier, with fifteen hundred men and several guns, broke away from the captured force and escaped through the hills. Of this incident General Hunter, an honourable soldier, remarks in his official report: "I regard it as a dishonourable breach of faith upon the part of General Olivier, for which I hold him personally responsible. He admitted he knew that General Prinsloo had included him in the unconditional surrender." It is strange that, on Olivier's capture shortly afterwards, he was not court-martialled for this breach of the rules of war, but that good-natured giant, the Empire, is quick—too quick, perhaps—to let bygones be bygones. On August 4th Harrismith surrendered to Macdonald, and thus was secured the opening of the Van Reenen's Pass and the end of the Natal system of railways. This was of the very first importance, as the utmost difficulty had been found in supplying so large a body of troops so far from the Cape base. In a day the base was shifted to Durban, and the distance shortened by two-thirds, while the army came to be on the railway instead of a hundred miles from it. This great success assured Lord Roberts's communications from serious attack, and was of the utmost importance in enabling him to consolidate his position at Pretoria.



A FIND OF BURIED AMMUNITION.
Drawn by Ernest Prater. From a Sketch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HALT AT PRETORIA.

Lord Roberts had now been six weeks in the capital, and British troops had overrun the greater part of the south and west of the Transvaal, but in spite of this there was continued Boer resistance, which flared suddenly up in places which had been nominally pacified and disarmed. It was found, as has often been shown in history, that it is easier to defeat a republican army than to conquer it. From Klerksdorp, from Ventersdorp, from Rustenburg, came news of risings against the newly imposed British authority. The concealed Mauser and the bandoleer were dug up once more from the trampled corner of the cattle kraal, and the farmer was a warrior once again. Vague news of the exploits of De Wet stimulated the fighting burghers and shamed those who had submitted. A letter was intercepted from the guerilla chief to Cronje's son, who had surrendered near Rustenburg. De Wet stated that he had gained two great victories and had fifteen hundred captured rifles with which to replace those which the burghers had given up. Not only were the outlying districts in a state of revolt, but even round Pretoria the Boers were inclined to take the offensive, while both that town and Johannesburg were filled with malcontents who were ready to fly to their arms once more.

Already at the end of June there were signs

that the Boers realized how helpless Lord Roberts was until his remounts should arrive. The mosquitoes buzzed round the crippled lion. On June 29th there was an attack upon Springs, near Johannesburg, which was easily beaten off by the Canadians. Early in July some of the cavalry and mounted infantry patrols were snapped up in the neighbourhood of the capital. Lord Roberts gave orders accordingly that Hutton and Mahon should sweep the Boers back upon his right and push them as far as Bronkhorst Spruit. This was done on July 6th and 7th, the British advance meeting with considerable resistance from artillery as well as rifles. By this movement the pressure upon the right was relieved, which might have created a dangerous unrest in Johannesburg, and it was done at the moderate cost of thirty-four killed and wounded, half of whom belonged to the Imperial Light Horse. This famous corps, which had come across with Mahon from the relief of Mafeking, had, a few days before, ridden with mixed feelings through the streets of Johannesburg and past, in many instances, the deserted houses which had once been their homes. On July 9th the Boers again attacked, but were again pushed back to the eastward.

It is probable that all these demonstrations of the enemy upon the right of Lord Roberts's extended position were really feints in order to cover the far-reaching plans which Botha had in his mind. The disposition of the Boer forces at this time appears to have been as follows: Botha with his army occupied a position along the Delagoa Railway line, farther east than Diamond Hill, whence he detached the bodies which attacked Hutton upon the extreme right of the British position to the south-east of Pretoria. To the north of Pretoria a second force was acting under Grobler, while a third under Delarey had been dispatched secretly across to the left wing of the British, north-west of Pretoria. While Botha engaged the attention of Lord Roberts by energetic demonstrations on his right, Grobler and Delarey were to make a sudden attack upon his centre and his left, each point being twelve or fifteen miles from the other. It was well devised and very well carried out; but the inherent defect of it was that, when subdivided in this way, the Boer force was no longer strong enough to gain more than a mere success of outposts.

Delarey's attack was delivered at break of day on July 11th at Nitral's Nek, a post some eighteen miles west of the capital. This position could not be said to be part of Lord Roberts's line, but rather to be a link to connect his army with Rustenburg. It was weakly held by three companies of the Lincolns with two others in support, one squadron of the Scots Greys, and two guns of O Battery R.H.A. The attack came with the first grey light of dawn, and for many hours the small garrison bore up against a deadly fire, waiting for the help which never came. All day they held their assailants at bay, and it was not until evening that their ammunition ran short and they were forced to surrender. Nothing could have been better than the behaviour of the men, both infantry, cavalry, and gunners, but their position was a hopeless one. The casualties amounted to eighty killed and wounded. Nearly two hundred were made prisoners and the two guns were taken. With the ten guns of Colenso, two of Stormberg, and seven of Sanna's Post, this made twenty-one British guns which the Boers had the honour of taking. On the other hand, the British had captured up to the end of July two at Elandslaagte, one at Kimberley, one at Mafeking, six at Paardeberg, one at Bethlehem, three at Fouriesberg, two at Johannesburg, and two in the west, while early in August Methuen took one from De Wet and Hamilton took two at Olifant's Nek—which made the honours easy.

On the same day that Delarey made his *coup* at Nitral's Nek, Grobler had shown his presence on the north side of the town by treating very roughly a couple of squadrons of the 7th Dragoon Guards which had attacked him. By the help of a section of the ubiquitous O Battery and of the 14th Hussars, Colonel Lowe was able to disengage his cavalry from the trap into which they had fallen, but it was at the cost of between thirty and forty officers and men, killed, wounded, or taken. The old "Black Horse" sustained their historical reputation, and fought their way bravely out of an almost desperate situation, where they were exposed to the fire of a thousand riflemen and four guns.

On this same day of skirmishes, July 11th, the Gordons had seen some hot work twenty miles or so to the south of Nitral's Nek. Orders had been given to the 19th Brigade (Smith-Dorrien's) to proceed to Krugersdorp, and thence to make their way north. The Scottish Yeomanry and a section of the 78th R.F.A. accompanied them. The idea seems to have been that they would be able to drive north any Boers in that district, who would then find the garrison of Nitral's Nek at their rear. The advance was checked, however, at a place called Dolverkrantz, which was strongly held by Boer riflemen. The two guns were insufficiently protected, and the enemy got within short range of them, killing or wounding many of the gunners. The lieutenant in charge, Mr. A. J.

Turner, the famous Essex cricketer, worked the gun with his own hands until he also fell wounded in three places. The situation was now very serious, and became more so when news was flashed of the disaster at Nitral's Nek, and they were ordered to retire. They could not retire and abandon the guns, yet the fire was so hot that it was impossible to remove them. Gallant attempts were made by volunteers from the Gordons—Captain Younger and other brave men throwing away their lives in the vain effort to reach and to limber up the guns. At last, under the cover of night, the teams were harnessed and the two field-pieces successfully removed, while the Boers who rushed in to seize them were scattered by a volley. The losses in the action were thirty-six and the gain nothing. Decidedly July 11th was not a lucky day for the British arms.

It was well known to Botha that every train from the south was bringing horses for Lord Roberts's army, and that it had become increasingly difficult for De Wet and his men to hinder their arrival. The last horse must win, and the Empire had the world on which to draw. Any movement which the Boers would make must be made at once, for already both the cavalry and the mounted infantry were rapidly coming back to their full strength once more. This consideration must have urged Botha to deliver an attack on July 16th, which had some success at first, but was afterwards beaten off with heavy loss to the enemy. The fighting fell principally upon Pole-Carew and Hutton, the corps chiefly engaged being the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the New Zealanders, the Shropshires, and the Canadian Mounted Infantry. The enemy tried repeatedly to assault the position, but were beaten back each time with a loss of nearly a hundred killed and wounded. The British loss was about sixty, and included two gallant young Canadian officers, Borden and Birch, the former being the only son of the Minister of Militia. So ended the last attempt made by Botha upon the British positions round Pretoria. The end of the war was not yet, but already its futility was abundantly evident. This had become more apparent since the junction of Hamilton and of Buller had cut off the Transvaal army from that of the Free State. Unable to send their prisoners away, and also unable to feed them, the Free Staters were compelled, before their own collapse, to deliver up in Natal the prisoners whom they had taken at Lindley and Roodeval. These men, a ragged and starving battalion, emerged at Ladysmith, having made their way through Van Reenen's Pass. It is a singular fact that no parole appears on these and similar occasions to have been exacted by the Boers.

SOME OF THE MUCH-NEEDED REMOUNTS FOR WHICH LORD ROBERTS WAS WAITING.
Drawn by John Charlton. From a Sketch by Lieutenant H. Collison Morley.

Lord Roberts, having remounted a large part of his cavalry, was ready now to advance eastward and give Botha battle. The first town of any consequence along the Delagoa Railway is Middelburg, some seventy miles from the capital. This became the British objective, and the forces of Mahon and Hamilton on the north, of Pole-Carew in the centre, and of French and Hutton to the south, all converged upon it. There was no serious resistance, though the weather was abominable, and on July 27th the town was in the hands of the invaders. From that date until the final advance to the eastward French held this advanced post, while Pole-Carew guarded the railway line. Rumours of trouble in the west had convinced Roberts that it was not yet time to push his advantage to the east, and he recalled Ian Hamilton's force to act for a time upon the other side of the seat of the war. This excellent little army, consisting of Mahon's and Pilcher's Mounted Infantry, M Battery R.H.A., the Elswick Battery, two 5in. and two 4·7 guns, with the Berkshires, the Border Regiment, the Argyll and Sutherlands, and the Scottish Borderers, put in as much hard work in marching and in fighting as any body of troops in the whole campaign.

The renewal of the war in the west had begun some weeks before, but was much accelerated by the transference of Delarey and his burghers to that side. To attempt to give any comprehensive or comprehensible account of these events is almost impossible, for the Boer movements are still shrouded in mystery, but the first sign of activity appears to have been on July 7th, when a commando with guns appeared upon the hills above Rustenburg. Where the men or the guns came from is as difficult a problem as where they go to when they wish to disappear. It is probable that the guns are buried and dug up again when wanted. However this may be, Hanbury Tracy, Commandant of Rustenburg, was suddenly confronted with a summons to surrender. He had only one hundred and twenty men and one gun, but he showed a bold front. Colonel Houldsworth, at the first whisper of danger, had started from Zeerust with a small force of Australian Bushmen, and arrived at Rustenburg in time to drive the enemy away in a very spirited action. On the evening of July 8th Baden-Powell took over the command, the garrison being reinforced by Plumer's command.

The Boer commando was still in existence, however, and it was reinforced and reinvigorated by Delarey's success at Nitral's Nek. On July 13th they began to close in upon Rustenburg again, and a small skirmish took place between them and the Australians. Methuen's division, which had been doing very arduous service in the north of the Free State during the last six weeks, now received orders to proceed into the Transvaal and to pass northwards through the disturbed districts *en route* for Rustenburg, which appeared to be the storm centre. The division was transported by train from Kroonstad to Krugersdorp, and advanced on the evening of July 18th upon its mission, through a bare and fire-blackened country. On the 19th Lord Methuen manœuvred the Boers out of a strong position, with little loss to either side. On the 21st he forced his way through Olifant's Nek, in the Magahesberg range, and so established communication with Baden-Powell, whose valiant Bushmen, under Colonel Airey, had held their own in a severe conflict near Magato Pass, in which they lost six killed, nineteen wounded, and nearly two hundred horses. The fortunate arrival of Captain FitzClarence with the Protectorate Regiment helped on this occasion to avert a disaster. The force, only three hundred strong, without guns, had walked into an ugly ambuscade, and only the tenacity and resource of the men enabled them ever to extricate themselves.

Although Methuen came within reach of Rustenburg he did not actually join hands with Baden-Powell. No doubt he saw and heard enough to convince him that that astute soldier was very well able to take care of himself. Learning of the existence of a Boer force in his rear, Methuen turned, and on July 29th he was back at Fredericstadt, on the Potchefstroom-Krugersdorp railway. The sudden change in his plans was caused doubtless by the desire to head off De Wet in case he should cross the Vaal River. Lord Roberts was still anxious to clear the neighbourhood of Rustenburg entirely of the enemy: and he therefore, since Methuen was needed to complete the cordon round De Wet, recalled Hamilton's force from the east and dispatched it, as already described, to the west of Pretoria.

(To be continued.)

In the course of his wanderings the author came across a curious tramp settlement, where a couple of hundred tramps of all kinds and nationalities were gathered together. In this amusing little sketch he describes the daily life of this strange fraternity of work-haters, and the final catastrophe which brought about the break-up of the camp.

WE had drifted from all over the world to this camp. We had come from many races and from nearly all ranks. It may have been that we had drifted unconsciously to this centre of trampdom. But whatever fate or luck had decreed, the fact was that we were here—some two hundred of us. We were composed of broken-down Continental counts, "tired" labourers, scallywag English gentlemen, broken-down professional men, men who had made mistakes, and men who in all their lives had never made the mistake of dallying with toil.

Our languages, and the way we spoke them, were many and varied. But truth, mingled with patriotism, compels me to state that English was the current language of our free and easy camp. As the camp was the centre of trampdom, so was English the language centre towards which our varied-speaking selves had to drift. Those of us who did not know it had to learn a little of it—or to make signs.

Here we were—sons of rest. We looked on life with calm eyes. We neither toiled nor spun—but we ate. We minded not to-morrow nor the day after; the day on which we were alive was the day of days. We sat around our fires, smoking, or lay on the grass and exchanged many-coloured lies as to our birth and our belongings or our former high positions in life, or the complex reasons why we wouldn't work.

I must frankly confess that I enjoyed myself very much indeed whilst I was a member of this curious camp. I had heard of it from a tramp I had met some twenty miles away. As I was going nowhere in particular at the time it struck me that I might as well turn my steps

towards this haven of rest. The passing tramp had told me a number of wonderful things connected with it. Amongst other things he told me that the police were afraid to go near it and that the tramps were enjoying the right which campaigners take of living off the country.

When I got to the camp, however, I found that my informant had somewhat overstated the case. True, the police were not too attentive to the tramps; but, whilst I admit that they foraged the country, I must also bear witness to the fact that they foraged in a manner at once scientific and unobtrusive. They did not overdo things. If a pig or any other animal of an edible nature disappeared, it disappeared in a manner calculated to throw but little suspicion on the camp. The tactful habit of the tramps was to get these animals from a distance of between five and ten miles away, driving them up to the camp in the night-time; and so the atmosphere of suspicion that hung around them never thickened to the positiveness of absolute conviction.

The tramps had shown their usual intelligence in the selection of the camp. It was a beautiful little nook in Maryland. A mile away was the border of the State of Delaware. It would not have done to have camped in that State, for the laws there were strict and harsh in their bearing towards men who refrained from rude toil. In that State a man was required to work hard so as to keep himself and, incidentally, others.

We were just within the peach country. From our camp we could see groves and groves of peach trees laden with the full, ripe, beautiful fruit. All that we had to do was to go and help ourselves; there were enough for all, and to spare. And as the time sped easily on I grew to be quite a connoisseur in peaches. I knew all the different varieties just as well as the man who grew them. I got to know just when to pluck a peach and when not. And I must say that the proper place to eat a peach is in the orchard. The peach has then a delicacy of flavour that it loses after it has been packed and sent away into the close, bad air of a crowded city.

Now and then some of us worked odd days at peach-picking. It was toil of a light, easy, and graceful nature, and the growers paid us a dollar a day and our board. At first, some of the growers wanted to pay us at the rate of so much a basket. I suppose that they doubted our prowess as to work, but we did not see eye to eye with them in the matter. Stimulation was all very well at the right and proper time, but stimulation to toil was a proposition that we, as tramps, could not entertain, so we unanimously elected in favour of being paid so much a day.

The growers despised us for being tramps, and we despised the growers for not being intelligent. Still, in a way, the growers liked us much better than their regular hands, who worked all the year round for them. I think I may say without undue egotism that we tramps were interesting persons. Certainly all of us, or nearly all of us, had thrillingly interesting legends to tell concerning ourselves. The grower and his regular hands, and the few tramps he had hired for that particular day, would sit down together at meals, and it was always a tramp who held the centre of the stage so far as meal-time conversation was concerned. And small wonder; the tramp had really seen something of life. His legends had a solid basis.

We had to buy our own bread and tobacco and coffee at a store about three miles away from the camp. The surrounding farmers had neither the power nor, indeed, the inclination to give us food. For one thing, there were too many of us. When asked by some of us to contribute to the up-keep of the camp, the habit of the farmers was to make invidious remarks concerning ourselves and our scorn of the dignity and honour of daily toil. It was this attitude of theirs that had been the primary cause of our tactful and unobtrusive foraging. We had to eat, of course. It might not have been absolutely necessary to the farmers that we should eat, but it was certainly necessary to ourselves.

A number of empty box-cars stood in a railway siding which lay near our camp; these we annexed for sleeping places if the night chanced to be wet. But usually the greater part of us slept round the camp-fires. Sleeping in the summer or autumn with one's feet stretched in front of a camp-fire is, indeed, a luxury. It beats all the beds imaginable; you are breathing the good, pure air through the whole of the time. I never had such grand health as when I was a tramp and slept often out in the open air. I think, on the whole, that those days were the happiest of my life. I had no care, no sorrow, no bothering my mind as to what would happen next day or week or month. Of course, I had certain disadvantages to contend with—irregular meal hours was one of them; but when I come to reckon everything up, the finest time I ever had in my life was when I was a tramp.

We were astir in the camp directly day had fully broken, for when a man is sleeping in the open the coming of the light fully and thoroughly awakens him.

We would sit up, rub our eyes, stand up, and

shake ourselves. Then we would replenish our own particular fires and go to the little stream which ran through the camp to get the water for our coffee. We were experts in the art of making coffee. Our coffee-pots were not of an elaborate nature, but they served, and served well. They were old tomato-cans which we had thoroughly scoured out. We would fill them up with water and put them on to the fire to boil. Whilst the water was getting up to the boil we were grinding our coffee. This we did between two stones, one a flat one and the other half round; we called them our "coffee-stones." By the time we had done this the water would be boiling away in the can. Into the boiling water we put the freshly-ground coffee, and we laid a small piece of twig across the top of the can so as to keep the water from boiling up out of it. In about five minutes all the coffee had sunk to the bottom, leaving the liquid at the top at once clear and black. The can was now lifted from the fire and left to cool a little—then the coffee was made, and made perfectly. We drank it invariably without milk or sugar, rightly feeling that to mix anything with it would be to spoil the fineness of its flavour. Besides the coffee we would have bread or biscuits, but the coffee was what we thought most of.

"WE WERE EXPERTS IN THE ART OF MAKING COFFEE."

The life was idyllic—lazy, but idyllic. And my mind improved and grew as I listened to the pithy and philosophic views of my comrades as to life and the way to live it.

We had some curious characters in the camp. There was "Swell English," who had left England somewhat abruptly. "English" was a University man whose knowledge and learning had become mellowed through leisure. And there was Van Slyck, who had fought more duels, when he was a student in Europe, than Dumas's famous Musketeers. In my humble opinion Van Slyck was the finest and richest and most fluent liar in the camp. It was a pleasure and a delight to listen to him. He could almost have held his own with an American candidate for Congressional honours at election time. He was really an artist in economizing truth. In time I got to be able to tell the precise moment he began to branch out into romance. I can hardly say how I could tell, but I believe it was through noticing a subtle change in the inflection of his voice. He always began, so to speak, from a microscopic pedestal of fact. Upon the pedestal he would build an edifice at once magnificent and wonderful. The only fault that a severe critic might find in his legends was that he came off winner in all his fights. A man should not win too often in his descriptions of the battles he has engaged in. It is well to lose now and then.

Another great character in the camp was

"Railroad Red." He was a genius at "beating" his way on trains. He used to boast that he had never paid a railway fare in his life. There were certain lines in the States upon which tramps found it almost impossible to "beat" their way; the brakesmen were severe and unsympathetic men. But "Railroad Red" held these brakesmen up to scorn. He minded them as little as if they did not exist. When they were searching one end of the train he was taking his ease at the other end. He dodged them at will. Now he was on the cow-catcher, now he was on the buffers, now he was in, under, or on the trucks. He seemed almost to be able to conceal himself behind nothing. And so he rode along on the train in spite of vigilant brakesmen armed with strict orders. He was the real "hobo." He never worked and he never stole; he lived by beggary. His manners and voice were ingratiating, and in his face there was at once an expression of meanness and of geniality, and of a certain boldness. He was of a type that is peculiar to the United States of America. In no other part of the world are such men produced.

It was not that "Railroad Red" was simply a man who wouldn't work. His attitude towards the world and life was in no way apologetic. True, he had a whine, but his whine was only a means to an end. Experience in that subtlest of arts—begging—had shown him that human beings are most easily moved to give by the appeal that is put dramatically. Therefore his whine. But at bottom "Railroad Red" thought that he had as good a right to live as any other man. Observation had shown him that the path of the honest labouring man was both undignified and hard, and that in the end he was no better off than a tramp. If you were to argue with him, with the view of showing him the error of his ways, he would have given you good, sound reasons in defence of his chosen way of earning a living. And if his reasons did not satisfy you, he would assure you with emphasis that they satisfied him—which is, after all, the main thing.

"IT WAS A PLEASURE AND A DELIGHT TO LISTEN TO HIM."

We had our cliques, of course, in this strange tramp camp, just as all collections of human beings have them. There were the men who had seen better, or rather different, days; they formed themselves into a group which centred round "Swell English" or the legend-weaving Van Slyck. There were the men who were only tramps *pro tem.* They chummed up together. And there was the crowd that revolved round "Railroad Red."

"HE LIVED BY BEGGARY."

These cliques were divided up again into smaller cliques. We were a little world of our own. But the spirit of real fraternity and democracy bound us together. There was very little bickering or quarrelling amongst us. If any of us had a dispute as to our share of the tactfully-foraged provisions it was left to arbitration to settle it. Settling difficulties by way of fighting smacked too much of toil. We were what might be called a democracy that declined to work.

We roasted a pig every day. We cooked chickens as well, of course; but the roasting of the pig was the grand event. The way we managed it was simple. A rough, open oven of stones was built about four feet high. It formed three sides of a square and was about four feet and a half across. Over the top of it were laid three thick bars of iron, upon which the pig rested. All we had to do was to feed in fuel into the open side of the oven and wait patiently. "Swell English" was the chief cook. He directed. Dried wood was used for fuel, and it was fine to see the pig gradually get brown and luscious and beautiful. I can remember the grateful odour of it to this very day. How it crackled and spluttered! It made one hungry just to look at it. Turning it was something of a job, but here the directing talent of "Swell English" came to the fore. When it was done we drew the fire from under it and levered it gently and carefully off the iron bars and on to the door of a box-car which we had commandeered for the purpose. Then we carved it with an axe.

Not all of us could have roast pig every day. We had to take our turns.

The roast pig of that camp! I have never tasted anything like it since. It seems to me that closed-up ovens only spoil food. Things should be roasted in the open so that plenty of air can play around them, then they have a flavour that is truly delicious. To partake of a pig that has been foraged for and cooked in the open over a dried wood fire is to partake of a food fit for the gods.

Altogether we had a glorious, wonderful, and calm time of it. It was one long picnic. All we had to do was to sleep, eat, and improve our minds, and take just enough foraging exercise to keep ourselves fit. We were a healthy, jolly, contented, happy crowd of drifters. Often I used to think how grand it would be if our camp could only last for ever. Living in it suited me so exactly.

But at last it came to pass that the peach-picking was over and the nights were beginning to get a trifle cold and sharp; the edge of winter was coming into the autumn and the leaves were falling and turning to beautiful tints and colours. It was rather hard now to find the money necessary to buy bread and coffee and tobacco. There were no more odd days' work to be got at peach-picking, and the surrounding farmers suddenly began to get more suspicious and restive than usual. Evidently they thought that our room was better than our company.

And one day something happened. A posse of well-armed policemen had the assurance to ride into our camp and to tell us a number of unpleasantly interesting things in a rather pointed manner. We ought to have resented the intrusion, but somehow it seemed to be a time for tact and diplomacy.

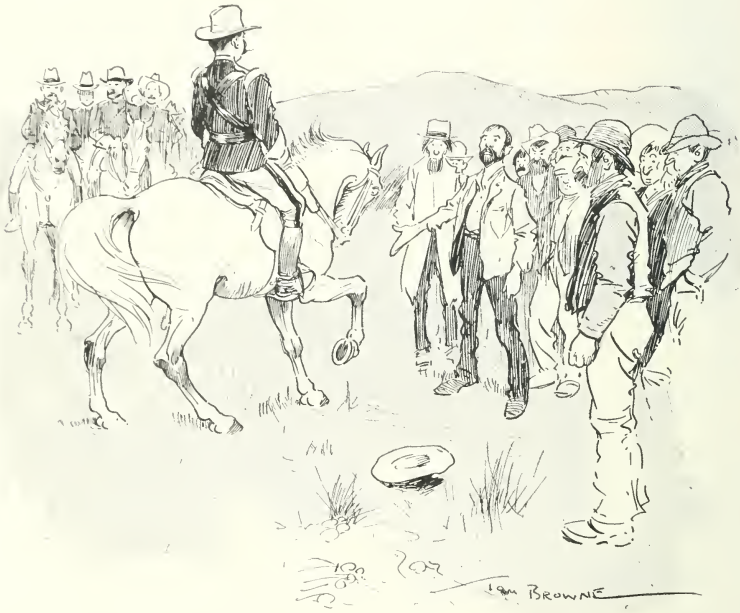
One of the things they told us was that the Governor of the State would send the soldiers to interview us if we didn't break camp. The farmers had accused us of many and various misdeeds. In fact, we were saddled with the responsibility for everything that had happened—everything that had disappeared for miles around.

Then there came a parley in which "Swell English" came grandly to the front. He showed the great talent that really lived in him. He pointed out to the policemen how blameless

we were. We were just working men who had come there for the benefit of the farmers! When the farmers had done with us they maligned us! They used our labour and then sought to injure us! It was wrong!

the sergeant of the posse spoke, not unkindly. The eloquence of "Swell English" had evidently touched him.

"Look here," he said to "Swell English," "I know you're a square lot of boys. It's not



"'SWELL ENGLISH' CAME GRANDLY TO THE FRONT."

He was the counsel for the defence, and his style was glowing and convincing. Van Slyck was what might be called his junior counsel. His way of interjecting telling words and sentences at just the right moment was admirable. We were most ably represented. Indeed, between the two of them, I was being rapidly driven to the conclusion that I had never even dreamt of such a thing as commandeering pigs and chickens.

After the speech there was a pause, and then

us that kicks you, I guess. It's the hay-seeds round here—the farmers. But I was told to come out here and give you the griffin. I'm sorry, but if you don't get out of here in two days Company E will be sent down to shift you. Don't blame me, boys; it's the hay-seeds!"

And the posse turned and rode away. And so we broke camp. In a day or two we were all gone. We melted away as mysteriously as we had come together.

Penguins and Their Ways.

By C. E. Borchgrevinck, Commander of the "Southern Cross" Antarctic Expedition.

Long experience in the South Polar regions has made Mr. Borchgrevinck an authority on penguins and their habits. He tells a number of amusing stories relative to these strange birds, and illustrates his remarks with a series of striking photographs.

AMONGST the birds to be met with near the South Polar Circle, to the north and to the south of it, both on sea and on land, the penguin is the most characteristic and interesting. The first penguin colony I ever saw was the one on Campbell Island, which I visited in 1894, on our southward voyage to the Antarctic regions. It is, however, the rock-hopper penguin which constitutes the colony on the Campbell Island. With its yellow plumes sticking up like the horns of a miniature Mephistopheles above its cunning eyes, these semi-civilized penguins live among the rocks in small caves. They kept up a constant hoarse scream and attacked us viciously when we approached their nests. Although in general build this penguin is much like its relation in the icy South, its plumage and general outward appearance are in some points very different, to say nothing of its ways and habits—as different as are the regions they inhabit.

"THE SOUTH POLAR PENGUIN IS ABSURDLY LIKE A HUMAN BEING."
From a Photo.

The South Polar penguin is about 29in. high, its body oval and plump like a well-formed egg: its feet are placed so far behind that its walk is absurdly like that of a human being. It treads on the whole sole of its foot, only occasionally rising on to its toes. Although splendid swimmers, the feet of penguins are not so fully webbed as those of ducks. Their three forward-turned toes are provided at the ends with strong overlapping oval nails. We found some specimens which had four and one even five toes, but these were freaks and only interesting as curiosities. Their wings are rudimentary, and resemble the flippers of the seal as well in their outward appearance as in their functions. They are, of course, not used as wings, and the bird is unable to fly. Their head is large, the upper part of the beak protruding without a curve and in a straight line with the upper part of the skull; the upper beak is scarcely perceptibly longer than the under part of the beak; possibly it is correct to say that they are the same length.

The bird is covered with short quills, so closely placed that it generally appears as if cut in china; however, at times it ruffles up and shakes itself, when it assumes a softer and more fluffy appearance. The longest quills of its pointed tail are about 6in. long, and these, being very stiff, form a good support for the bird, both when it walks and when sitting at rest. The back of the bird, as well as the head, is covered with dark quills; the front, with the exception of its throat, is perfectly

white; the young birds have also a white throat. The outer edge of the dark quills is blue, the middle part black: the head is black, as is the throat of the full-grown bird.

Before my last visit to the South Polar land the penguins with a white throat were thought to be another species; I have now, however, ascertained that this is not the case. When in a rage the penguin always rolls its curious eyes about, showing plenty of the whites. Round the eye it has a broad white ring, which gives it a very odd appearance; the eyelids are also white.

Penguins live almost entirely on crustaceans; occasionally I have found small fish, bits of jelly-fish, and other small organisms in their stomachs. Whatever the contents, we nearly always found a great number of pebbles. Some naturalists, startled by this discovery, amused the scientific world at large by explaining that the penguins took in the pebbles as ballast! Undoubtedly the penguins, like some other birds, utilize these pebbles for the purpose of assisting their digestion.

The penguins are very awkward on shore, especially where there is no snow. On the snow they can move swiftly—not by walking, curiously enough, but by lying down on their stomachs and propelling themselves onwards at a great pace, slipping over the snow crystals almost without friction, as the short, hard quills are smoother than polished glass. It was curious, when trying to catch them, to see how they at times endeavoured to run away from us in an upright position. As long as they remained on their feet we could easily overtake them, but when we thought we had them they would fall flat, as though exhausted, only to disappear immediately, shooting swiftly forward over the soft snow.

It is in the water, however, that a penguin is in its element. Like torpedoes they shoot through the clear water; I have watched them from my canoe as they moved under me, and wondered at their great speed. Their rudimentary wings they seem to use for balance more than for motion, and even the feet, I believe, play only a secondary part in the locomotion of these curious birds. It is my opinion that the penguin obtains such remarkable speed through a snake-like or, perhaps, screw-like motion. It is by a subtle, almost inexplicable, change of the centre of gravity in the bird that this movement is made possible.

When the bird ascends from the water it is with great speed. We have seen these birds shoot up fully four yards high in the air. Evidently they put on a great speed under water just before leaving it to enable them to land on ice-blocks or rocks, which are often very high. While fishing through holes in the ice we were sometimes startled by penguins suddenly shooting up through the hole as high as our heads.

The penguins evidently understand exactly what speed is required when under water to enable them to land on a certain place on the ice-floe. At times they were seen shooting up from the water, by their speed accomplishing an aerial journey which enabled them to avoid rough ice-blocks near the edge, descending ultimately on a soft spot yards away from the edge of the ice. Their power of location was perhaps never better illustrated than when I first met the Emperor penguin. We were moving at the time on board the *Southern Cross* amongst the ice-floes, when suddenly I discovered an Emperor penguin in our wake. Ahead of us was a field of ice stretching for miles, with very small channels between the floes. About this time we discovered through a strong telescope another Emperor penguin on a large floe about a mile off. We rightly anticipated it to be the mate of the penguin just discovered in our wake. We all watched to see if the first penguin we had sighted would rise again to the surface, as he had when first seen. He did not appear again, however, before the *Southern Cross* had reached the floe on which the other bird was sitting, when he suddenly shot up through a small crack in the ice, travelled through the air for three or four yards, and finally landed exactly beside its mate!

What a wonderful power of location this bird exhibited! Under water, under a roof of ice-floes, all more or less alike, it yet knew exactly the spot where its mate was sitting. Was it the magnetism, the wireless telegraphy between the pair, which constitutes what we choose to call "instinct," which enabled this bird to judge so correctly?

Penguins are very hardy; they do not mind cold, against which they are well protected by the thick layer of blubber under their skin and their thick plumage. But they seem also to be able to stand a great deal of injury; in fact, it is difficult to kill them. At times, I am sorry to say, I found some of these birds which had been badly mauled by our dogs. They were still walking philosophically about, however, seemingly fully determined to take the bad with the good and to make the best of misfortunes. I think penguins must needs be fatalists, to judge from their pluck. What they *did* resent, and rightly, was acting as wickets for enthusiastic cricketers of my staff, who on this occasion fully merited Mr. Kipling's ire.

When we arrived at Victoria Land in the

Southern Cross in February, 1899, only a few penguins were left, most having gone northwards. We had met them in shoals in the open water, where they jumped about like so many porpoises round our vessel. Only some stragglers were left on the triangular peninsula at Cape Adare. Not many days after we had landed the last penguin dived into the sea and left us to face the stern Antarctic winter alone. Until that memorable Antarctic spring day came, the 14th of October, 1899, no penguins were to be seen. On that date one lonely old penguin waddled slowly towards our camp just as the zoologist of the expedition was dying. That first poor penguin was also destined to meet death on the date of its arrival, for, at the wish of the dying man in the hut, we killed it, as he wanted to examine it.

Next day several more penguins arrived, although there was no open water near the coast. They had evidently walked great distances. Soon a continual stream of penguins walked towards us from over the immense white expanse; they looked for all the world like so many small people rolling from one side to another, with their flippers outstretched like short arms to maintain their equilibrium. They were not in the least frightened of us. Perchance they took us for a new kind of penguin! Certain it is that they came up to us, walked round about us, and evidently discussed us—in short, examined us thoroughly—before they again started off on the march towards their breeding-places. It was curious to see how they stuck to their Indian-file method of progression, one always travelling in the step of the preceding one, until long tracks in the snow, winding in and out between the ice-blocks, were to be seen towards Cape Adare.

The only deviation from these acknowledged tracks was made when one or more of us ten human beings appeared near their road. Then the penguin who first discovered us, with a hoarse little croak, would break the line and start off towards us. On reaching us he would stop, and gradually all the penguins would stop behind him, in the same way as railway carriages stop when the engine ahead is pulled up. The first penguin, having inspected us from one point of view, would start to walk round us, the others gravely following. The first birds, having satisfied their curiosity, started off, joining the main track by a short cut. Looking at them from behind, the contours of their dark backs stood sharply cut out against the white snow. This, in addition to their slow gait, their frequent halts, their grave and unearthly silence while walking in their ordered lines, irresistibly conveyed to the human mind an impression of a Liliputian funeral procession.

During these large marches I never once saw

From a] PENGUINS ON THE MARCH—THEY TRAVEL IN INDIAN FILE AND LOOK EXACTLY LIKE SMALL PEOPLE. [*Photo.*

THE PENGUINS INSPECT THE CAMP—"THEY WALKED ROUND US AND EVIDENTLY DISCUSSED US BEFORE THEY AGAIN STARTED OFF."
From a Photo.

the penguins fight. At places in the ice, especially where "screwing" had been heavy, the leading penguin seemed to have had some difficulty in selecting a suitable road. Being the leader he probably felt his responsibility keenly, and, trusting to luck, he would boldly jump from one big ice-block on to another a foot or perhaps eighteen inches distant.

At such times it was curious to watch the birds. Some were more timid than others; some seemed to jump over these minor precipices pluckily and without fear. But all of them stopped for a second before jumping, placing their small feet close together and bending them once or twice preparatory to leaping—for all the world like a human being jumping a ditch. The evident pride of some of these birds at their own achievement when they looked back after a successful jump was intensely amusing, while others showed utter unconcern, hurriedly continuing their march so as to keep their place in the row. Some hesitated before they took the leap, and some unfortunate penguins lost their footing on the other side or

From a] A PENGUIN "FUNERAL PROCESSION." [*Photo.*

slipped while jumping from the first block and fell to the ice below, ignored by the following penguin, who quickly filled up the gap in the immense endless row of birds. How like human beings! One fell out—of vast importance to himself—but how quickly his place was filled!

Arrived at the peninsula on which I had pitched my main camp, the birds at once grouped themselves together in colonies of from fifty to a hundred, each group occupying one of the numberless guano hillocks on which they probably themselves had once been hatched. The winter gales had disturbed most of the little heaps of pebbles which formed their nests, but, nevertheless, each pair seemed to know their own home. The young ones—born the previous summer, who arrived last—were rather at a loss at first, and started collecting pebbles to form nests somewhat later than the old birds. Soon, however, they were quite at home. On sunny days the male birds would stand erect in their nests, their heads towards the zenith, rolling their eyes in a weird fashion and croaking continually, while the female listened attentively to his Antarctic love-song. Soon the ground was literally covered with myriads of these birds. While one was lying on the nest the other accumulated small pebbles from the ground or from the nests of unwary neighbours.

It was amusing to see how some lazy penguins waited till another had turned his back and then purloined the pebbles which by years of care and hard work he had accumulated. The unconcern and innocent behaviour exhibited by these scoundrels when caught in the very act were a source of great amusement to us. The rightful owner of the pebble would pursue the thief along the ground, racing after him among the crowds of other penguins, who got pushed and hustled in all directions, until at last the disturbed birds would give both pursuer and pursued expostulatory pecks as they rushed past. At times the thief was run down, and then a fierce fight would take place. The combatants hit each other with their wings, standing upright, until the blood covered their flippers and their white waistcoats, all the while swearing at one another at the tops of their screeching voices.

From a] PENGUINS BUILDING THEIR PEBBLE NESTS—THEY ARE VERY FOND OF STEALING ONE ANOTHER'S PEBBLES. [*Photo.*

While thus fighting they generally seemed to remember the initial cause of the quarrel, but I noticed that the one who first gave in generally went off with the pebble, while the other,

blinded by success, was left with the barren honour of victory. After these fights, however, the penguin might at times on his return to his nest find that not only had the pebble of the dispute been taken away, but in his absence a general rush of robbers had made use of their opportunity and "pebbled" their own nests at his expense! As a rule, however, considering the immense numbers congregated together on a small space, the penguins formed a most peaceful community.

By the beginning of November the penguins seemed, as a whole, to have arranged their nests, which consisted entirely of pebbles or small stones which blew from the top of the cape some 5,000ft. above them on to the peninsula, reminding one of the old proverb: "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." The penguins generally had a very busy time collecting stones after the frequent gales in the spring. The first eggs were laid in the beginning of November. The birds usually lay two eggs; three eggs were occasionally found in one nest. The male bird very kindly gave up half his time to sitting upon the eggs, so that the couple divided the honours of the hatch-out.

The penguins sit on their eggs from the beginning of November to the beginning of December, the young ones appearing exactly a month after the eggs are laid. Already, before the penguins had arrived, the skua, the savage brown gull, a deadly enemy of the penguins, had been seen soaring about their old breeding-place, and by the time the first penguin eggs appeared the gulls swarmed over the colony. The skua gull shows considerable intelligence and pluck. I saw two of these birds attack a penguin nest in concert. One, by repeatedly soaring down on the old penguins from the air, arrested their attention, while its mate took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to take a young one from the nest. This *modus operandi* these cunning birds adopted both for stealing eggs and young ones; unfair as it seems, the skuas depend entirely upon the penguins for their existence.

We used to eat the old penguins; they are, however, very "blubbery." Under their thick skin we found a quarter of an inch layer of blubber. We boiled them, roasted them, and finally christened them "ptarmigan," when with some effort we thought them delicious.

During the time they were hatching the penguins not on duty generally went to sea, both for the purpose of washing themselves and for the purpose of feeding. They started off to the water's edge in flocks of fifty to a hundred. We noticed that it was impossible to drive the penguins into the water; directly we tried it they would retreat from the water's edge to the peninsula or to an ice-floe on which they were sitting. Like people frightened of cold water they were shivering and shaking, and apparently only half-disposed to plunge in. However,

THIS STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THOUSANDS OF PENGUINS ON THEIR NESTS.

THE MORNING BATH—THE BIRDS WAIT FOR THEIR LEADER TO PLUNGE IN AND THEN FOLLOW HIM IN QUICK SUCCESSION.
From a Photo.

suddenly one pioneer penguin, apparently regardless of consequences, went head first into the sea, sometimes from a great height. With a short screech it disappeared into the crystal clear water, and, as though poured out of a bottle, the others followed, plunging in at the very same spot as their leader. Evidently wise from experience, the penguins know that small drift ice often floats about where they plunge; the first penguin to dive has to take this risk, and the others prudently follow scrupulously in his wake, where they know that the track is clear. Seldom or never is a penguin seen to swim on the top of the water like a duck.

I have seen the penguin in perfectly calm weather and in quiet water for a few seconds showing some of its back above water while taking air, but generally the visit of the bird to the surface for breathing purposes is very brief. In rough weather shoals of them jump about among the waves exactly in the same way as do porpoises. They seem to be able to fill their lungs with the necessary air in a very short space of time. Often I have watched them apparently playing at games in water pools on the ice-floes, where the water was so clear that they could be watched from above. They raced quickly after each other, seemingly playing at hide-and-seek among the promontories of ice in the pool, and evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly.

Penguins are very vain birds, and if one has got a dirty spot on his waistcoat, be it never so small, it is made a topic of general conversation amongst his neighbours. They peck at him and evidently ridicule him—the penguins being very clean birds—until at last the poor bird can stand it no longer and goes off to wash himself. It is remarkable that this particular penguin builds its nest not only at the water's edge, but high up on the rocks. I found some nests 1,000ft. up on the rocks of South Victoria Land. These birds not being able to fly with their rudimentary wings, it necessarily takes them a long time to reach 1,000ft. up. They are awkward walkers and have to struggle hard to ascend the steep rock wall of Victoria Land. Many of them lose their lives by slipping and falling to the rocks below. Having their young ones some 1,000ft. above the sea, these slow pedestrians, with such a difficult approach to their homes, must necessarily be able to take in a store of food for a considerable time, as they have to go to sea to obtain the crustaceans on which they live.

The penguin colony on the low peninsula at

Cape Adare presented a most curious aspect. The myriads of birds lying on their nests reminded one of an immense battlefield where the soldiers were bivouacking. Generally the penguins were heading in all directions while lying on their nests, but when a gale threatened they all turned their beaks towards the south-east, from which the strongest gales were coming. It is wonderful how they manage to maintain the necessary heat on the eggs during the heavy snow-squalls which appear even in summer-time. I took the temperature under the penguins as they were sitting on their eggs; it varied between 70deg. and 80deg. Fahr. Many of the young ones succumbed, however, during these heavy gales; in fact, very few of the penguins managed to keep both young ones alive. The young penguins are covered in grey down, and look like nothing so much as a small bag. When the old penguins feed the young ones, the latter puts his entire head into the beak of the parent. So oily and fat are these young penguins that perchance, with a wick down their throats, they may serve future explorers as Antarctic night-lamps.

When the young bird is about half-grown he has a most remarkable, and at times comical, appearance, being half-covered with grey down and half with quill plumage. The down usually falls off first in patches round their necks, and gradually their grey ulsters are dropped—their young clean quill plumage, which has formed underneath the down, appearing by degrees. As the young ones grow they become, of course, a source of great trouble to their parents. Not only do they require an immense deal of food, but they go straying about amongst each other, and the desperate parents have the task of picking out their own young ones from amongst the throng—all as like each other as were the eggs they came from. It is wonderful how these parents managed to recognise their young ones. A mutual agreement seemed to have been arrived at between the old penguins not to quarrel during this time of trouble. They seemed to realize that a confusion like that of Babel would have arisen if a general disarmament had not been arrived at on this critical occasion.

From a] A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION COLLECTING PENGUIN EGGS. [*Photo.*

Before all the young penguins had lost their youthful garment of down some of the parents went to sea; the young ones quickly became thinner, and it was sheer necessity which at last drove these young inhabitants of the south to go to sea and work for their own living. Before they finally left, however, they took swimming exercises near the beach, and generally trained themselves for their future life.

The Emperor penguin, as its mere name suggests, is a much larger bird than the one

AN "EMPEROR" PENGUIN ON BOARD THE "SOUTHERN CROSS." [*Photo.*
From a]

just described — in fact, the largest of the Antarctic penguins. It grows to a height of over four feet. In colour and general appearance it is much like other penguins, but its head has much finer lines and the beak is slightly curved.

On the journey in the *Southern Cross* we met some stray Emperor penguins in the pack, but it was not until the autumn of 1899 that we saw several together; it was near Cape Adare, on the coast of Victoria Land. Twenty of them at one time jumped out of the water near the cape and waddled slowly into Robertson Bay, where we caught them. The Emperor penguin is very strong, and one man alone cannot very well master this bird. They struggle desperately for a few minutes while their legs are being tied. They peck hard with their beaks and hit with their flippers, but, philosophical birds as they are, they recognise when resistance is futile and prudently give in. However, I found that through this policy some of them managed to escape by playing the "confidence trick" upon us simple members of humanity. When we were about they seldom or never pecked at the lines by which they were held; but when they thought themselves unobserved they cautiously and systematically tried to loosen our knots with their beaks, which are well adapted for this purpose. They seemed to be ill at ease in the centre of the crowded colony at Cape Adare, and the small penguins gathered together round them and kept up a continual noise. From time to time in the autumn of 1899 we saw smaller parties of these birds travelling on the ice towards Robertson Bay; but in spite of our efforts we never found their eggs.

From a] UNWILLING PRISONERS AT CAPE ADARE. [*Photo.*

Describing how the brig "Mary Grace" nearly fell into the hands of Malabar pirates, and the cunning plot by which they hoped to obtain possession of the vessel.

THIS story relates to a pirate—an unromantic, modern, East India Coast ship-robber—and an attempt to steal a vessel that sailed under the red ensign. He was a foul-visaged, cross-eyed, wiry-looking specimen, in the prime of life, who had evidently spent the greater part of his existence in robbery afloat and ashore.

He had shipped with us on the *Mary Grace* at Mangalore as a coasting *wallah*—he and three others, three lesser scoundrels, of whom he was chief, and who, shorn of his leadership, lacked nerve and resource enough to act for themselves. We were then bound with some coals and a fill-up of general cargo to Negapatam and other ports up the bay. One dark night, some fifty miles south of Cochin, he had been caught putting over the side a signal light to their pirate confederates on shore; his three more immediate companions in crime having remained unobserved in the darkness, and—as we afterwards learnt—scuttled away and remained unsuspected until the day of the unique fight to which we were treated. A smart breeze and a stand of serviceable Sniders distributed among our whites had enabled us to keep the pirates off-board and get safely away. In the very act of guiding his fellows the *wallah* had been knocked senseless, and was afterwards put in irons, to be dealt with by the authorities later on, and probably sent to that Botany Bay of India—the Andaman Islands.

We had fetched Cape Comorin, and were contentedly wasting the hours of a beautiful Sunday in a dead calm. About four bells in the afternoon watch a big, ugly shark appeared some three fathoms off our port side, well aft. There he floated, lazily basking in the warmth, his dorsal fin now above the surface, now a hand's breadth below it. It was sickening to see the cool devilishness of his insolent movements. Our Cingalese cook-steward threw several lumps of coal at him, as the fin stuck up high and dry, yet he took no notice whatever of them. The mate was for baiting a shark-hook with a lump of fat pork, the skipper for trying a Snider bullet on him. But our pirate saw in him a way of escape from the penal establishment of Andaman—and a prize to boot, if his plot proved successful. He, still ironed, was secured by a line close to the port rail, this so that he should not fall sick and cheat justice by

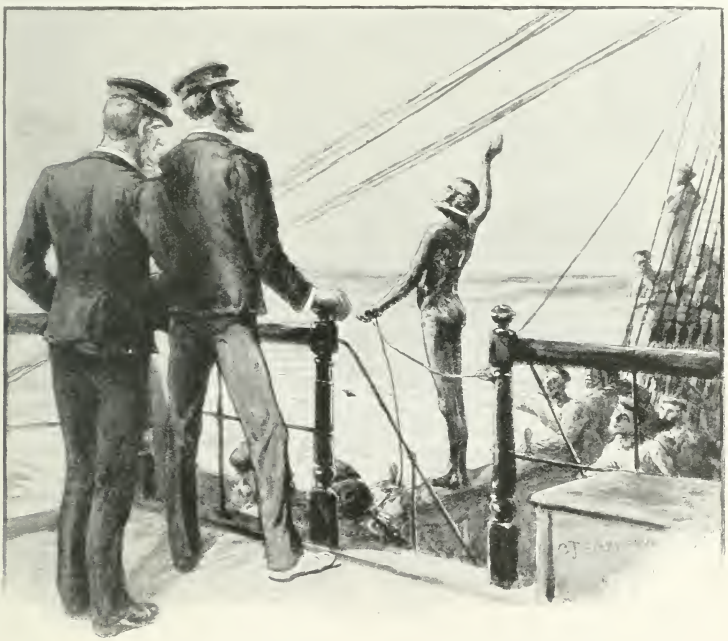
a too narrow confinement below, nor elude his proper deserts by a leap over the side. He had watched the shark awhile, listening to the skipper and mate above him. When they spoke of catching or shooting the fish, he asked to be allowed to fight it with a sheath-knife—freedom to be his reward if he won; if he lost—well, in that case he pointed out that he would be off their hands and give them no further trouble.

It was a novel and daring suggestion. Hardened, elderly Liverpool-Irishman though the skipper was, this offer took all the wind out of his mental sails and set him in a verbal calm.

The thought never entered his head that underlying it all was a devilish trick, a purpose that meant death to every white man aboard. The mate said he had heard of blacks fighting sharks as a common thing, and very rarely getting the worst of the battle. Perhaps, he said, this fellow had many a time done the same thing. It certainly seemed no more to him than a bout with fists would be to the average A.B.

At last sanction was given, and the news flew through the brig. Every man fore and aft dropped the thing in hand, most of them to watch the fight, but three for a more sinister reason. Those who had been asleep leapt on deck, and the sheath-knives of all hands were brought to a muster. Of these the man was allowed to make his choice, and the one selected was put on the grindstone. Meanwhile the gladiator was prepared by being cast adrift from the rail and having his leg-irons taken off. The skipper brought out a Snider and put a ball-cartridge into it, at the same time telling the pirate that the bullet was for him should he attempt any such tricks as running amok when he had the knife and stood free.

Five minutes later the man, completely stripped, was on the rail, his wrist-irons off, the knife in his hand, and his opponent still basking idly near the surface about three fathoms away. It was to be a fight to the death or the driving-off the shark—so we, in our ignorance of the plot afloat, were given to understand. The human antagonist had been permitted to grease himself with pork-fat from heel to crown, in order that the water might offer less resistance



"FIVE MINUTES LATER THE MAN, COMPLETELY STRIPPED, WAS ON THE RAIL."

to his movements—in itself that fat was a most clinching proof of his hopelessly renegade condition, for he was a Mohammedan. Not a tremor marked him in face or limb. He was playing for a big stake, much bigger than we thought. Old at the frightful game or new at it, going to his death between those triple rows of horrible teeth or to victory and freedom, he fully won the silent applause of every white man there—even although he had attempted to give us over to the merciless hands of his kind.

The end of a brace had been lowered to the water's edge and the brace belayed to a pin in the rail. Down this line the pirate slid. Every man crept to the rail and craned his neck over it, forward of all else being the three compatriots of the shark-fighter. Owing to their having held themselves generally aloof from the rest of their shipmates, and to the fact that crews usually go in cliques, we did not think their actions strange—did not even notice them, so much was our attention fascinated by the enthralling scene before us. Yet we afterwards called the matter to mind and saw the special why and wherefore of it.

The challenger entered the water without causing the least noise. Just before his head went in he took the keen 6in. blade from his mouth, and it was at that brief instant we saw the set, grim look on his dark, ugly, greasy face. Then down he sank, sheer down till out of sight. He was gone so long that we thought he had drowned himself. Never was man more wronged! Whilst thus watching we saw the shark's little pilot fish darting excitedly about his master's great head. But the eighteen-footer did not pay even lazy heed to the probable warning then being given to him. Content in his superiority of size, strength, and mastership, he lay there, barely moving. Then the captain raised the rifle to give him a repentant bullet, but lowered it again without doing so—we the while hardly cognizant of the act, so absorbed was every pair of eyes that could get above the rail.

How those seconds dragged! In our minds we had wished the shark-fighter an everlasting good-bye, deeming him a clever fellow to have escaped the Andamans in such a manner. Then came a hurried whisper, "He's there!" Ere the news could be passed fore and aft we saw the upward flash of a black body and a gleaming knife in the blue water directly under the shark; they seemed to have been driven up by some powerful force. The next moment the shark shot clear into the air, like a porpoise or flying-fish. As he went, blood dyed the surface under him, and we saw that there was a great wound in his stomach. The pirate appeared above the water, gasping, yet only for a couple of seconds. He moved off into the clearer, stiller water farther off, where he again disappeared.

"THE NEXT MOMENT THE SHARK SHOT CLEAR INTO THE AIR."

We watched here, there, everywhere, within a cable's length, but did not have long to wait. "Here he comes!" shouted the mate, silence being now out of the question. "Great heavens, he's sitting *astride!*"

True enough, there they were, scarcely three fathoms away; the man stretched along the back of his foe, that big dorsal fin by his side, his legs around the creature's tapering part, one arm wound under towards the gash we had already seen, and the other hand working desperately

with the knife at what may be termed the shark's neck.

Surely never was such a ride before. Turn upon his enemy the shark could not, and a wild cheer went up from every watcher. Some of us were asking ourselves how the pirate got there, but the question was unanswerable. Before we could wonder whether the shark would turn or go under us he had dived, and the panting gladiator was at the surface of the troubled waters. Now it was that the three other pirates were missing from the place they had occupied just abaft the fore-rigging. Not that we knowingly missed them. Our conception of the matter was merely by way of instinct; we knew it vaguely yet correctly, as was afterwards proved when the affair was discussed in detail.

"Throw him a line!" cried the captain, willing to spare the man further risk.

There was a rush to obey the order, but ere a line could be thrown the pirate was off into quieter water, the better to see his foe returning to the attack—should he come. There the man remained for some minutes, now sinking to reconnoitre, now on the surface filling his lungs, never still; for in quietude lay his greatest danger. We were thinking and hoping that the finned tiger had been beaten, when the cook gave a warning cry that he was slowly coming back.

There he was, rising slowly, as if almost spent—as well he might be; but the tiger of the seas dies a terribly hard death, as all deep-water seamen know. We again gave the shark-fighter notice of his adversary's return and the details of it, never dreaming that our shouted warnings were so many signals of preparation to the swarthy scoundrels who were even then making ready to send us hurrying prematurely into eternity.

The shark-fighter struck off for the brig's head. So fast a swimmer was he that in a very few minutes after disappearing forward he had passed along the starboard side and rounded the vessel's stern to take the dying shark in rear.

Bang! rang out a rifle from we knew not where, and the mate, standing in the fore-port corner of the poop, gave a cry of pain and dropped like a log where he stood. For all we knew or could imagine to the contrary the bullet might have come from the still, inflexible blue overhead. Instantly a newer, a madder, a thousand times more desperate hurly-burly began, in which the pirate in the water, together with his vanquished foe, was forgotten. All, actuated by one impulse, one thought, one question, sprang about and inboard. Every man amongst us stared wildly and stupidly at his fellows.

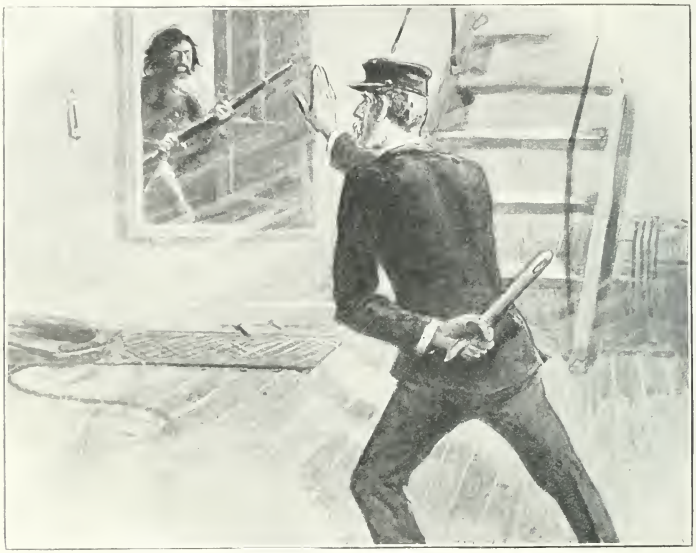
"Mutiny!" yelled the skipper, spasmodically springing his Snider from the deck and making to put the butt to his shoulder. As he raised the weapon, however, a second report cracked on the still air. The rifle was knocked aside, he spinning half-round with it. A bullet, intended for his breast and all too well aimed, had struck the barrel, glancing off to expend itself in the smooth waters of the ocean. At such times men see things rapidly—see everything within the radius of sight. We saw a musket-barrel poking out of the cabin skylight and behind it the face of one of the three bronzed, lithe-limbed scoundrels who had shipped with the more daring shark-fighter at Mangalore. The cabin-door—opening under the break of the poop and on to the main deck—was almost closed, and in the narrow space left was a similar face and another rifle-barrel. Last of all, we saw the chief villain of them all making swift, silent strokes for the brig. Here ended our half-stupefied inaction.

"Stop that coolie from boarding again!" shouted the captain. "Shoot him, knife him, brain him—anything you can—but keep him off-board!"

The wounded mate groaned an even more eloquent desire to the same end. But there was no need for either request to be made. Our bo'sun—a big, keen, middle-aged Irishman—grabbed up a large loose block from the deck and sent it hurtling at the head of the swimming pirate. The missile struck its intended object; but, unfortunately, instead of striking his head and sending him insensible after his late enemy, it thudded on his shoulder. Human frog that he was, he promptly dived, the gleaming knife still in his right hand, instinctively prepared for any further watery foes. Not to be outdone by this, the Irishman as quickly seized a marline-spike and sprang to the side to hurl it. Then he fell to the deck, giving vent to a howl of pain. An ill-directed bullet from the cabin-doorway had found a lodgment in the calf of his leg.

All this time there came the constant crack, crack, crack of rifles from the enemy's stronghold. Fortunately, however, for our party, the men were too new to the weapons to do more than chance damage. Had it been otherwise with them we should certainly have been picked off like flies. High above the firing we heard the skipper's shouted orders, the majority of which were strenuously and incontinently disregarded, for the men were busy seeking places of refuge. At this awkward moment the young second mate saved the situation. He had been standing by the bo'sun when the latter fell wounded. A fluent tongue, added to a couple

of years on the Indian coast, had given him some command of Hindustani. In a jargon of Bengalese, Cingalese, etc., he called out to the pirate at the cabin-doorway: "Hi, there,



"HI, THERE, SAHIB THUGGEE, I AM WITH YOU—I AM WITH YOU!"

Sahib Thuggee, I am with you—I am with you! Shoot me not—I fight with you!"

Under any other circumstances this would have been extremely ludicrous, especially the "Thuggee"; not so then. It was heard by all hands, and those who understood it bent wondering looks on him. But, by hasty signs, the mate indicated the fact that he was endeavouring to play a trick on the pirates. Being himself somewhat quick-witted, the captain "caught on" at once to his officer's intention—though certainly not to his purpose. He helped the mate's manœuvre by firing a wide shot at him, this being done in order further to deceive the enemy. The officer, seeing why the captain had fired the shot, darted at the top of his speed along the deck, close to the bulwarks, the marline-spike—which the bo'sun had dropped—clutched in his right hand and hidden behind him.

Not knowing how he could give additional help to the running officer, and incidentally thinking that a chance bullet from the skylight might prove unhealthy to him, the skipper leapt amidships. Here, with a high meat-safe at his back, forming a barrier between him and the skylight, he turned his attention to other things, the foremost of which was the shark-fighter. The latter, having come to the surface after the bo'sun's effort to brain him, was making a *détour*—so the skipper afterwards told us—to get in under the stern, over which he probably thought he could climb unperceived, and thus get to the help of his confederates—not that we then looked on them as acting in concert. To us the whole affair was inexplicable, beyond a fugitive notion that the mutineers had seized an opportune moment.

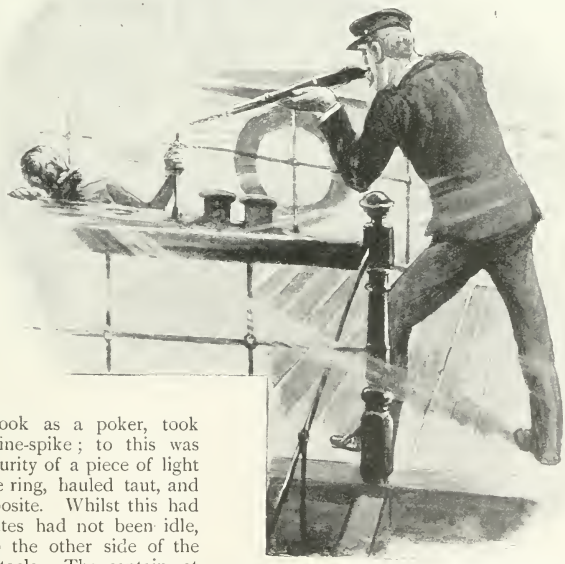
On the shark-fighter the skipper suddenly opened fire, seemingly to good effect, for the swimmer disappeared. We thought that the fellow had been shot and gone down. Matters afterwards proved that he had merely dived, unhurt by the shot.

Throughout all this—which occurred almost quick as thought—every man of our company had comported himself according to his individual frame of mind and particular opportunities. But first, each one had obeyed a single impulse—the common one of seeking the handiest place of safety. Behind the hen-coop, the pig-sty, the cook's caboose, and every other deck-fitting of sufficient size we crouched, listening to the intermittent speaking of the rifles. There was no

cowardice in this, only the unromantic instinct of mankind—self-preservation, for, having no firearms, we could do absolutely nothing until we saw the result of the second mate's trick, to which we now contrived to turn our attention by spying around corners.

The pirate in the doorway had heard and understood the words addressed to him, and evidently appreciated them; for when the plucky young officer crossed from the bulwarks to the door, telling him the while to get out of the way and let him come in, he drew backwards, taking his rifle with him. It was for this that the second mate had hoped and braved so much. The moment the man had retired far enough the mate sprang back, bringing the door close to with him. On the outer side of the door (as is usual on ships' doors) there was a strong brass ring into which he quickly inserted the marline-spike, at the same time turning it athwart the door in such wise that it could not be opened from the inside. This was his ruse—to imprison the enemy and at the same time prevent them from raking the deck with their fire. Scarcely had he secured the door when he shouted for help and something to make the fastening more certain. Within a minute we were all there. An iron bar, previously used by the cook as a poker, took the place of the marline-spike; to this was added the additional security of a piece of light chain passed through the ring, hauled taut, and made fast to the rail opposite. Whilst this had been in progress the pirates had not been idle, for bullets thudded into the other side of the solid, two-inch-thick obstacle. The captain, at the second mate's instigation, kept the skylight covered with his Snider.

The mutineers were now as so many rats in a trap. Yet what were we to do with them? They had all our stores, the skipper's charts, etc.; and even with a fine, fair wind we could not make port under several days. Still, there was something to be done—the wounded required attention, and got it. The mate, poor fellow, was in a bad way. Where the bullet had gone we knew not; nor did he, further than it was "somewhere inside." Whilst the second mate climbed up and took the skipper's place of guard over the skylight, we carefully carried our chief officer forward and placed him on some mats fore-side of the deck-house. The bo'sun, who had only a flesh wound, we laid by his side, all this under the skipper's directions and with his help. Whilst it was going on we heard two shots from the poop, and soon afterwards learnt that they were fired by the second mate, one being aimed at the head in the skylight and the other at the shark-fighter. During the interval the latter had, by aid of the rudder-chains and Heaven only knows what agility, climbed up to the stern rail, over which our vigilant officer had seen his ferocious head appearing, the formidable knife between his teeth. The shot, however, sad to relate, had failed to make the desired impression, and the pirate deemed discretion the better part of valour by returning (we could only suppose) to the shoulder of the rudder and its accommodating chains.



"OUR VIGILANT OFFICER HAD SEEN HIS FEROCIOUS HEAD APPEARING, THE FORMIDABLE KNIFE BETWEEN HIS TEETH."

Now came a general and fairly exhaustive reconnoitre of our position, the only new important result being the disconcerting discovery that we had but four more cartridges left for the Snider, the skipper having casually dropped a handful into his jacket-pocket when bringing the weapon on deck, and these were now all but exhausted. Two men were told off to keep a sharp look-out over the brig's sides, by the break of the poop, lest the pirate under the stern should vacate his hiding-place and try the hazard of a swim forward. Then followed a low-toned, hurried discussion of ways and means, the outcome of which was a decision to venture a *coup de main* on the skylight so as to relieve our only Snider of guarding it. This consisted of tearing out the front of the teak-wood hen-coop—the birds being given a temporary roosting place in the fo'c's'le—and making it into a kind of box large enough to fit over the skylight. To get it there and into position then became the one engrossing topic. Every man had a method of his own, and for a time superiority of rating mattered but little.

However, after lumping the advice together and selecting its most promising ingredients, the coop was made portable by attaching to the back of it three enormous cleats, by means of which three men could move the thing along in front of them. But how were we to get it on to the poop? By dint of repeated effort in the use of main running-gear, however, our improvised trap-hatch was hoisted up, caused to swing fore and aft, and then dropped—at the risk of breaking it—on the poop-deck. Thence three volunteers half-pushed, half-carried it before them to its intended place. It received two bullets on its way, the vigilant second officer sending one crashing into the skylight by way of return, his shot being followed by a howl of pain from inside. As the skipper said, when the thing had been securely lashed in place, it fitted beautifully, "like a shoreman's Sunday go-to-meeting claw-hammer coat."

The two next things to be done were the effectual barricading of the cabin-door and a careful search for the prime cause of all our trouble — the shark-fighter. The latter was undertaken by the captain himself, and consisted of an extremely stealthy creep along the port side of the poop and round the stern, the Snider ready in his hand; but the searched-for one was no longer in evidence. The two men who had kept watch over the brig's sides were certain that he had not passed from under her stern. We began to surmise that the fellow's strength had given out and that he had tumbled into the sea and been drowned. Then the supple-limbed cook-steward (probably remembering some of his own monkeyish tricks) suggested that he for whom we so anxiously sought might have entered the cabin by the stern-window—the bug, owing to her antiquity, possessing that evidence of other days. At this we collectively gasped. If the pirate should be in with his confederates, as we now began to think them, we should have to look sharp and act. And if one man had gone in, what was to prevent all four of them from coming out under the cover of darkness, fully armed, and shooting us down like so many dogs?

Again the second mate saved us, this time even more effectually. Without a word to the skipper, he said in his hearty fashion, "Come along, boys, we'll square the yards of these black scoundrels!" There and then he ran forward, three of us at his heels. He quickly made his intention plain. A large bundle of sacks, mats, and old rope was secured as a parcel in canvas and firmly fastened to the middle of two pieces of stout line. This was speedily borne aft and hauled, as an outspreading and thoroughly effective bung, into the cabin stern-window, the four ends of the two lines attached to it being used as lanyards to hold it in its place, two stretched along the port side and two along the starboard.

The officer whispered something to the skipper, then turned to us again. "Now, boys," he said, "come along; one more trump-card and this game will be ours." Gladly we followed him, feeling that we had here a commander worthy of our service. His purpose on this occasion was not so rapidly made evident, and he was not the kind of man to sap one's interest by letting the cat out of the bag too soon. After procuring two large augers from the carpenter's chest, together with some oil and lights, we descended into the main-hold, where, under his direction, we worked our way aft over the cargo. When under the cabin he stopped us, and there set two of our most intelligent hands to work boring holes through the deck above—holes which would have their upper openings in unobserved parts of the cabin floor. He strictly enjoined a liberal use of oil on the augers, and having seen the men well started he departed.

We began to think that we had been neatly let in for the most dangerous part of the work when the officer returned. The next five minutes laid bare his intention, which was, as he said, to "sulphurize" the black villains in the trap above. With him he had brought all the necessary materials for this purpose—iron pots, sulphur, charcoal, trays on which to stand the pots, and (conclusive proofs of his inventiveness and resource) two large tin funnels to

fit over the fires and conduct the deadly fumes into the cabin.

Matters were quickly arranged, the fires lighted, and we scuttled on deck, replacing the main-hatch and its tarpaulin after our exit.

"MATTERS WERE QUICKLY ARRANGED AND THE FIRES LIGHTED."

What we had done was soon known to all. Now there was nothing to do but to await results, the most alert watcher of all being the skipper, who stood on the port quarter with his Snider trained on the improvised bung in the stern-window.

How those minutes did drag! What a pain became expectancy! It seemed as if each second was a slender thread weighted at its end by eternity—to us, an eternity of dread, dread of we knew not what.

I believe we would rather have had the pirates break out and get amongst us with their knives and Sniders than have had that awful strain continued indefinitely. We grew hungry without knowing that we were so, until the second officer made us acquainted with the fact by appearing from the galley munching a biscuit and some cold salt beef. A few seconds later we were busy stuffing ourselves with whatever odd scraps of eatables the galley could produce. Ten minutes afterwards there was not a mouthful of edible food outside the cabin occupied by the mutineers.

At last there came signs that the enemy within was awaking to the fact that a disturbing element was penetrating into their midst. These signs consisted of batterings—most probably with the butt of a musket, that, fortunately, being the best implement they had for such a purpose—on the cabin-door and under the hen-coop, the only two places, besides the stern-window, at which they could effect an exit. Other signs were made up of shouts, and some shots at the timbered barriers to their egress. We began to fear that they would discover where and how our subtle friend was getting in to them and stop up the holes. To set doubts at rest on this point it was necessary for someone to go down into the hold and ascertain. Owing to the fumes, which we could not prevent escaping from the primitive fire-ranges, this was, if not a dangerous, at least a very unpleasant duty. Yet the lively genius of our mode of attack tied a wet sock about his mouth and nostrils and essayed the task himself, asking for no volunteer. When he returned it was with the happy report that the operations below were still going on and doing well. We then busied ourselves in examining the outside of the cabin to see if any fumes were escaping. After some quiet attention to the sides of the cabin-door we effectually closed up all the outlets save one—a small opening under the stern-window, at which we could not get.

The afternoon was now wearing on apace. We began to wonder if the night would close in on us before a change occurred in our conditions. Naturally speculations were rife as to how long it would take the sulphur-fires to fill the cabin with vapour. Each man brought to bear some recollections of fumigations, consequent on quarantine. The short sub-tropic twilight came down and cut these short by necessitating a closer vigilance. Then night gathered round us, and an anchor-light

was hung over the stern in such manner as to show if anything happened to the immense plug in the stern-window. Barely had this been done when the expected occurred. The bundle of sacks and ropes, etc., was seen to be agitated. Plainly someone was hacking at it on the inside. The captain, his nerves evidently drawn to high-tension mark, levelled his Snider carefully at the bundle. Presently it fell away, and out of the aperture came the shark-fighter, about his mouth a white cloth—probably saturated with water obtained in the cabin. The light from the globular lamp shone on his evil face, making it appear like that of an enraged fiend. As a wild cat after prey he snatched at the rudder chains and got a grip of them with one hand; in the other we saw the knife with which he had slain the shark. This was the critical moment for the skipper, who knew it and discharged one of his remaining cartridges. He missed, but the climber, most likely startled by the shot, almost lost his hold and dropped the knife in a wild effort to keep himself from falling. Not an instant later, and over the taffrail he bounded, mad desperation marking his face and movements. Without a moment's pause he tore along the poop, leapt down to the main-deck, and rushed forward—at his heels every one of us, each man with some kind of weapon, the skipper fumbling his last charge into the Snider, and the second mate endeavouring to brain the villain with a hand-spike. Without any further opposition he mounted the fo'c's'le-head, literally ran out along the bowsprit, and plunged into the sea. We never saw him again.

"HE RAN OUT ALONG THE BOWSPRIT AND PLUNGED INTO THE SEA."

Throughout the rest of that night we waited, hungry, wishing with all our might for dawn. When it came care was expended in opening the cabin-door, the skipper standing by with his one remaining cartridge for any pirate who chanced to have fight left in him; but it was not needed. We found the three stretched helpless, and forthwith dragged them out on deck, there to find two of them dead. From the other, who slowly revived and was ironed before he had strength enough to do any harm, we learnt that they had been in touch all through with the shark-fighter, and that the latter's mad battle in the water had been a preconcerted affair done to draw away our attention whilst the other three took possession of the cabin and the Sniders. The breeze which sprang up on that day soon cleared the sulphur fumes from the cabin and once more made it habitable. On the second day our poor mate died; but the bo'sun lived to take a piecemeal vengeance on many suspected Malabar pirates. In due course the surviving pirate went to end the rest of his life on the Andaman Islands.

Among the Soudan Swamps.

By Brevet-Major R. G. T. Bright, C.M.G., D.S.O., Rifle Brigade.

II.

The narrative of the adventures and privations of three British officers during a Government Expedition recently concluded, in which both the Europeans and the natives they had with them suffered terribly from starvation and thirst and from the giant Turkana tribesmen in the hitherto little known country near Lake Rudolf.

As we ascended the River Sobat, locally known as the Baro, the country improved in its general appearance, fine *gemaiza* trees and woods replacing the monotonous malarious swamps. In places the natives were very shy.

The accompanying photograph shows a picturesque Anuak village on the wooded portion of the Baro. The quaint collection of conical huts are grouped among large fields cleared and ready for cultivation. In these parts the method of sowing is of the most primitive kind imaginable. The Anuak husbandman slowly walks over the piece of cleared ground to be sown, and with the bare toes of his right foot scrapes small holes, into which are dropped the grains of corn, the operation being completed by the sower stamping down the holes with his other foot. When we were in this country the crops were magnificent, both banks of the river being covered with standing corn, in many parts 7ft. or 8ft. high. At intervals were erected small platforms raised a few feet above the corn, and on these sat natives who scared the birds away by uttering shrill cries or by cracking a sort of whip, consisting of a short wooden handle and a long lash of plaited grass, to the end of which were tied two or three small pieces of iron. This novel method of scaring birds was in almost continual use and accounted for the curious loud hissing noise, of which we could not at first understand the cause.

From a] A PICTURESQUE ANUAK VILLAGE ON THE BARO. [*Photo.*

We often passed small native homesteads such as that shown in the next picture. The huts and the grass fence enclosing them were usually beautifully kept, everything being a model of tidiness. These peaceful and well-disposed people, however, live in constant dread of being raided by the Abyssinians, and whenever it is reported that they are coming the Anuaks cross in their canoes to the opposite side of the river, taking all their animals and as

From a] AN ANUAK HOMESTEAD. [*Photo.*

much of their property as they have time to collect. From the river-bank they helplessly watch the sacking of their villages. The food and ivory—the chief objects of the raids—are usually secretly buried before the Abyssinians arrive on the scene.

It is the native custom, after the harvest has been gathered, to place the grain in hollowed-out trunks or branches of trees, both ends of which are then hermetically sealed with mud, which, when dry, becomes as hard as brick. These wooden vessels are buried in secret places, and only dug up when the family wish to replenish their supply of food. After a raid it would be difficult to recognise, in the scene of desolation which prevails, the neat huts and enclosures of the villages. The houses are ruthlessly torn down and the fences levelled, while on all sides are scattered broken pieces of the clay cooking-pots. Even the graves of the dead are violated by the spoilers in their ruthless search for buried food and ivory.

Unlike many African tribes the Anuaks bury their dead with reverence, and do not content themselves with simply taking them a short way—in some cases a *very* short way—from their villages and leaving them to be devoured by the birds and wild beasts. One day, after a long march after water, we struck a river just as darkness was coming on and had to camp where we stood, outside a native town, amid thick jungle and under large trees. We soon discovered that we had lighted on a native cemetery, the fact becoming even more evident next morning after the sun had risen. Although the men and animals were tired and suffering and sadly in need of a rest, we were compelled to move on the next day from this gruesome spot.

As I have previously mentioned, we left the gunboat a few miles to the east of Nassr, and our first camp, the landing-place of our stores and animals, was pitched on the left bank of the Sobat. Two of the soldiers of the escort had fallen ill, and, as Garner thought that it would be some time before they would be well enough to march, they were left behind to be taken by the *Fatah* back to Omdurman. These two men, more fortunate than their comrades, thus escaped all the privations and hardships to which the rest of the party were subjected before our long journey was accomplished. The expedition now numbered three British officers and fifty-nine men, five of whom were servants and unarmed, the remainder being supplied with rifles and bayonets. A hundred rounds of ammunition per rifle were carried—forty by each man and the remainder as a reserve on the mules.

Everything required for African travel had been provided by the British Government, and the expedition was perfectly equipped for its journey of 2,500 miles through the Dark Continent. Obviously it was out of the question to carry sufficient food for the whole journey, so we started with three months' rations, hoping that before this supply was exhausted we should be able to obtain more. In this, as will be seen, we were disappointed, and there ensued—as a result of starvation and the hostility of the treacherous people near Lake Rudolf—privations and sufferings almost unique even in the annals of African exploration.

My next picture was drawn from a photograph, of which many were taken during the expedition, but, the films having been kept so long and in a hot climate, the results on development were most disappointing. The sketch represents the British officers of the expedition, and was taken a short time after we had commenced our journey. Major Austin is seen sitting down in front, while

THE OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION—MAJOR AUSTIN IN FRONT, MAJOR BRIGHT AND DR. GARNER IN REAR.

Garner is standing on his left and I am on his right.

Our progress along the Sobat River was mostly through tall grass, which concealed large cracks or fissures in the ground, into which the animals' feet would sink so far that the poor beasts stuck fast and had to be dug out. On reaching camp after one of these marches we discovered that a loaded camel was missing—was nowhere to be found! Now a camel, one would think, is not an easy thing to mislay; but nobody knew anything at all about the brute, which was loaded with a valuable collection of food and tools. A small search party was therefore organized and sent back to our previous camp to try and find some trace of the truant. They took no food with them, and on the third day after their departure, hearing no news of them, we became very anxious for their safety, and hurriedly dispatched several men mounted on the baggage camels in search of them. Our fears were soon set at rest, however, for that day the whole party returned, bringing back in triumph the missing camel and its loads. These they had found on the ground where they had been thrown by the camel, which had promptly decamped; and until they were able to catch the camel they were in the rather awkward position of being in possession of the stores without any means of bringing them on to us. Our people had subsisted during their absence on a kind of gruel made of rice and cold water, which they mixed in their caps.

After this episode, which caused us some days' delay and much anxiety, the camels were counted regularly at the beginning and end of each march. We were now proceeding in a southerly direction along the bank of the Pibor River through a most uninteresting country of tall grass, dotted here and there with the villages of the Nuers, the most numerous and powerful tribe in this part of Africa. The accompanying photograph shows a group of this tribe, the central figure in which is the sheik or head man of the village, who is surrounded by the leading men of the district. The mosquitoes in this country, by the way, are very fierce and voracious, and in order to afford themselves at least partial protection these Nuers cover themselves with a thin coating of mud. As a tribal mark each man has on his forehead three

From a] A NUER SHEIK, WITH THE LEADING MEN OF HIS VILLAGE. *[Photo.*

THE NATIVES WERE FRIENDLY, BUT THEY BROUGHT NO WOMEN WITH THEM, SO THAT IN CASE OF TROUBLE THEY MIGHT BE UNENCUMBERED. [*Photo.*
From a]

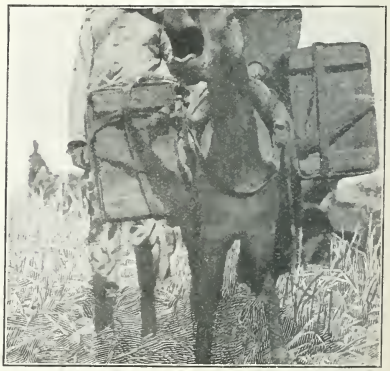
In this region we came across a curious case of how a civilized black will return to his youthful barbarism and live happily therein after having spent many years in a state of comparative civilization. The man to whom I refer had, when a child, been kidnapped, and had served as a soldier under the Egyptian Government. He was afterwards captured by the Dervishes, compelled to join the Khalifa's army, and eventually taken prisoner at the Battle of Omdurman by the Anglo-Egyptian Army. Then, at his own request, he was sent back to his tribe, from whom he had been absent for many years. When we saw him he was in his former state of absolute nudity, and, but for the fact that he spoke Arabic, bore no trace of ever having been away from his native swamps.

great cicatrices made with a spear. This operation is performed on the unfortunate Nuer when quite young, and, as can be easily imagined, this slitting of a boy's forehead from temple to temple in three lateral lines with an instrument used for every imaginable purpose, from cutting up meat to digging the ground, is sometimes attended with disastrous effects. One boy, for instance, was brought to us with his head in a terrible state of ulceration, the cuts having no doubt been made with a dirty spear. All we could do was to liberally sprinkle his head with iodoform and bind up the wounds with lint.

The tribe was friendly, but rather suspicious of Europeans, which is evident from the photo. shown above, one taken near our camp. It will be noticed from this that none of their women were present—so that in case of trouble the men-folk should be quite unencumbered. We found from experience that unless the fair sex came with the warriors there was little chance of our obtaining any food by barter. In all cases most of the buying and selling is done by the women, who, like their more civilized white sisters, take the keenest delight in driving a hard bargain, as we often found to our cost.

The Nuers were armed with spears and with extraordinary javelins having their hafts ornamented with tufts of small ostrich feathers; these they use for killing fish. The head of the weapon, which was barbed and lightly secured to the handle, also acted as a fish-hook. These javelins were attached to long pieces of string, and by this means the fish after being stabbed with the spear were drawn in.

The greater part of our transport animals were donkeys, and the accompanying picture illustrates how they were loaded. Each animal carried two loads of from 50lb. to 60lb. on either side of a specially constructed Willesden canvas saddle, made by the Military Equipment Company, which we had brought from England.



THIS SNAP-SHOT SHOWS HOW THE TRANSPORT DONKEYS WERE LOADED.

The loads are secured by means of leather thongs in the flaps of the saddle; the system answered extremely well and offers many advantages over the pack-saddle generally used. Owing to their small hoofs donkeys experience great difficulty in getting over muddy or

swampy ground; they soon get bogged, and their struggles only make their position so much worse that they soon collapse hopelessly and have to be unloaded. More tiring and disappointing work than getting donkeys through swamps it would be hard to imagine. The animals used to choose, apparently on purpose, the very worst places to be found, and on one donkey becoming involved in difficulties its comrades would soon join it, apparently out of sympathy. Still, in common fairness, I must say nothing against them, as after the camels and mules were dead or useless the patient donkeys still carried the few necessaries with which they had to be burdened, and finally had to be slaughtered as food for those they had so faithfully served. To these splendid donkeys, purchased for us by Colonel Talbot, we owe to a very great extent our eventual return to civilization, and even our lives.

Drawn from THE CAMELS OF THE EXPEDITION BEING MADE TO SWIM OVER THE AKOBO RIVER. *a Photo.*

While marching along the Pibor and its confluent, the Akobo, we repeatedly had to transport our baggage to the opposite bank to save the long *détour* occasioned by marching round large swamps, or because native guides informed us that the country was easier for marching on the other side of the river. Usually, the baggage having been carried across in our James's collapsible boat, the animals were made to swim or, if they could not do so, were secured to the boat and forcibly dragged through the water. Crossing a river was a laborious undertaking, occupying the best part of a day, as before anything could be taken across a ferry had to be made by securing a rope to stakes driven firmly into the banks on each side, the boat being pulled backwards and forwards by means of this cable. My next picture shows the manner in which the camels were swum over the Akobo. Once they had been got into the water one of the men would swim across, taking in his mouth the rope of the animal's halter, and so guide it in safety to the opposite bank.

So far we had always had a plentiful supply of water, as our line of march had never been very far away from the rivers we were following; but a day came when we had to leave the Akobo River behind us, and for four weeks after that our water supply was a source of constant anxiety until we again reached a running river near Lake Rudolf.

One day we marched until men and animals were ready to drop and could go no farther, although at our halting-place not a drop of water was to be found, and all we three officers possessed was the lukewarm fluid contained in our water-bottles. The men, in their usual improvident way, had drunk their water-bottles dry at the beginning of the march, and were now suffering terribly from thirst. Something had to be done, and after a short rest Mabruk Effendi and a party of the strongest of the men, taking with them some animals carrying water-skins, set out to search for water. We were now in the most uninviting country possible—a land of loose black cotton soil, utterly destitute of trees and with no sign of animal life. Not even a bird flitted across the sky.

As night fell there was much croaking of frogs which had become imprisoned by the drought under the baked clay soil. It was rather hard to be annoyed with these mournful croak-

ings—so reminiscent of swampy creeks—when we were not only terribly thirsty but also hungry; for it must be borne in mind that where there is no water there can be no cooking. We spent a very anxious night, and morning broke with no signs of Mabruk Effendi's return. Our men were now suffering very much from thirst, as the previous day had been exceptionally hot, and there was no shade to be found in this burning desert of loose black soil. In some cases their eyes literally appeared to be starting from their sockets, and many of our soldiers lay about in attitudes of hopeless despair. A few hours after the sun had risen a very tired and bedraggled party hove in sight, and we could see through our glasses that it was Mabruk Effendi and his plucky companions. On their nearer approach we were much relieved to see that the animals were laden with skins of water, and soon we had as much to drink as we desired, considering what the precious liquid looked like and how it tasted. It was black, and had a sickening and horrible flavour, which was easily accounted for by the fact that this was the first time the water-skins had been used. Mabruk Effendi told us that he had found the water in a swamp about seven miles from the camp, but that he had to spend several hours in filling the water-skins, and by that time, it being pitch dark, he decided to wait until morning for fear of missing us. That evening we moved on to the swamp mentioned and camped. The men were much exhausted from their enforced thirst, and several of them went a-missing during the march, but eventually all safely got in.

For quite a month we passed a precarious existence travelling through this inhospitable country, as we had no guides and never quite knew when or where we should find water. The animals could do without it for a couple of days and so we carried as much as possible for the men, hoping to find water before the supply was finished, and by great good fortune we always did. Sometimes it would be in muddy pools, easily got at; while on the next occasion, perhaps, it would be only by laborious digging in the sand of a dry river-bed that we could obtain sufficient for our small party.

When our camping-place happened to be amongst trees, and long grass was obtainable, the men were soon busily at work preparing shelters for themselves for the night. As can be seen in the next picture, they are thatching with grass their hastily-constructed shelters and so obtaining comfortable quarters in which to pass the night.

During this anxious month our men became rather melancholy and depressed, as we all knew there was no going back, for in most places we had exhausted any little supply of water we had found. Our only hope of reaching Lake Rudolf was to get through this desolate wilderness as quickly as possible.

From a] SOLDIERS MAKING THEIR SHELTERS FOR THE NIGHT. [*Photo.*

(*To be continued.*)

A Wonderful Nativity Tableau.

By Gaston D'Artois.

This wonderful tableau, now at the Petit Palais, Paris, was made to the order of the King of Sicily, and is undoubtedly the finest thing of its kind in existence. It is 30ft. in length, and contains over 300 figures, each modelled by a famous sculptor, coloured by distinguished artists, and dressed by Queen Amelie herself. Real gold and precious gems figure in this marvellous "crèche," the value of which is estimated at £80,000.

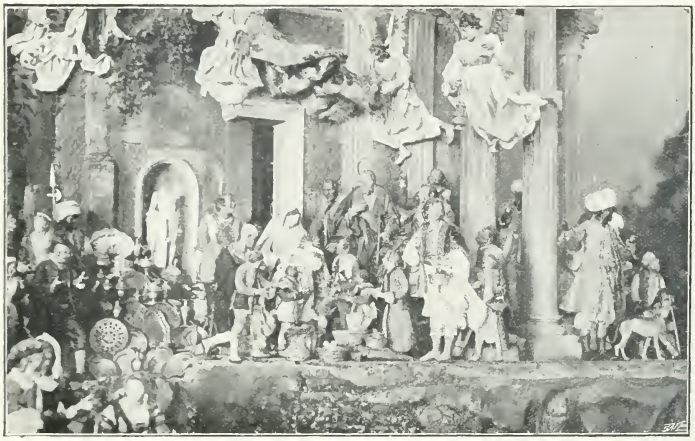
THE story of the birth of Christ is too well known to need recapitulation, but what is not such general knowledge is the fact of the existence on the Continent of numerous tableaux, of more or less splendour, built up to represent this ever-memorable event.

Throughout Italy — their home — France, Germany, and Spain are churches which possess these tableaux, known in the Italian tongue as *presepi* and in French as *crèches*, which latter must not be confounded with those deserving institutions where the children of the poor are taken charge of for a small sum per day while their mothers are at work. The English equivalent of *crèche* is "manger"—thus the connection of the word with the birth of Christ.

Biblical authorities, however, differ as to where the birth took place, and while some insist that it was in a stable, others declare that it was in a walled-in space attached to the inn wherein cattle were shut for the night, and where poor travellers might unpack their horses or donkeys and themselves take up their lodgings, for want of space in the inn or want of money to pay for better accommodation. According to these latter the manger played but little part in the scene, being only a small one attached to the wall. This diversity of opinion arises out of the reading of the equivalent of the word "manger" in the language from which the New Testament was translated.

The *crèche* at Rome purports to be the actual receptacle in which the Infant was laid, and at Christmas-time each year it is displayed to the public and is the object of much veneration and ceremony. At other times it is kept enshrined in a *réliquaire d'argent*, in an underground chamber. It is declared to have been brought to Rome from Bethlehem in the seventh century, together with some fragments of the rock of the grotto there. From this apparently sprang the custom of building *crèches*, the first example being constructed at the Order of Saint Francis d'Assisi, whose example was followed by members of the religious order bearing his name, and little by little the custom was introduced during the Middle Ages of establishing in churches at Christmas-time a *crèche* wherein reposed a wax figure of the infant Jesus, surrounded by the Virgin Mary, Joseph, wise men, shepherds, and others. It also spread outside Italy, and has survived even to this day.

From a] GENERAL VIEW OF THE CRÈCHE. [*Photo.*

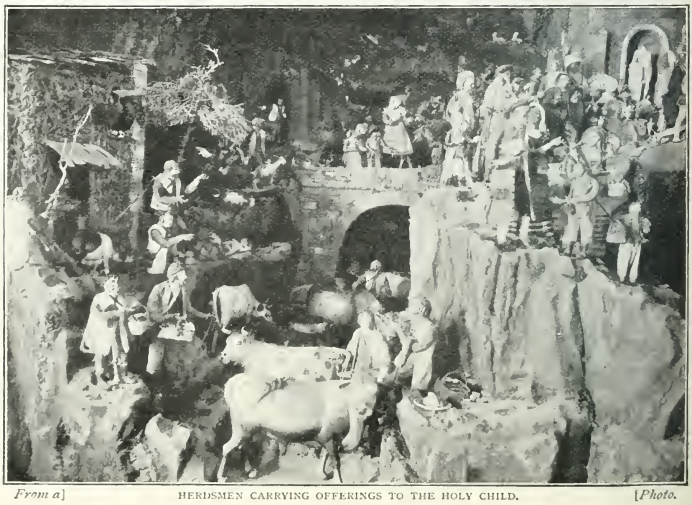


From a] THE INFANT JESUS REPOSING ON THE KNEES OF HIS MOTHER. [*Photo.*

The story of the birth as thus depicted varies in different countries, and, as is usually the case, considerable local colouring is imparted to it, especially in this instance, as to season. And so, while there are in the Italian *crèche* neither stable, donkeys, horses, nor cows, these appear in the French representation, in which also figure snow and ice, regardless of the fact that the season of the year in Judæa when Christ was born is fine and warm.

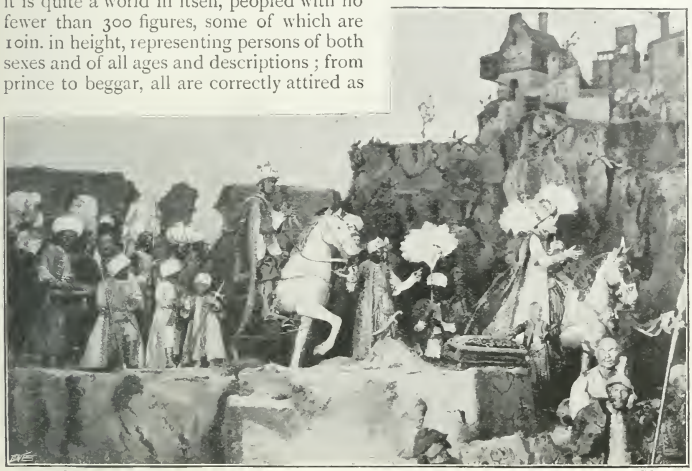
The *crèche* is a Christmas institution, of course, and only at this time is it shown in the churches, or—in Italy—in the homes, where it serves to amuse and instruct the young ones. The number of *crèches* entitled to be regarded as important from the point of view of magnificence and cost are few indeed; as a matter of fact, there are only two in the world that rank as outside the ordinary. One of these is at Naples, in the Museum de San Martino, where it occupies the whole space of a wall. The other, the subject of this article, is now at the Petit Palais in Paris, where it forms one of the chief attractions in a Children's Exhibition. This latter is undoubtedly the finest in existence. Both as regards its dimensions and its finish it is the most marvellous of its kind, and totally eclipses even the very beautiful specimen to be seen in the Museum Cluny in Paris.

It is of Italian origin, and gives the Italian idea of the Holy Infant's birth. It was built to the order of the King of Naples and Sicily, Charles III., in 1750, and the figures of the many dolls which people it are dressed with clothes made and elaborated by Queen Amelie, the King's wife. A general idea of the *crèche* will be obtained from our first photograph, though this does not convey any notion of its



From a] HERDSMEN CARRYING OFFERINGS TO THE HOLY CHILD. [*Photo.*

dimensions. These will be fully appreciated when it is stated that the *crèche* is over 30ft. in length and 15ft. in height. As will be seen, it is quite a world in itself, peopled with no fewer than 300 figures, some of which are 10in. in height, representing persons of both sexes and of all ages and descriptions; from prince to beggar, all are correctly attired as



From a] PART OF THE PROCESSION OF THE WISE MEN. *[Photo.*

befitting their stations in life. In addition there are some 200 animals and birds represented in this marvellous tableau, besides baskets of fruit, vegetables, and fish.

On a foundation of imitation rockwork rise the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, beneath which is the central group. This, of course, comprises the infant Jesus reposing on the knees of His mother, who is seated beneath the shade of the ruined Temple. By the side of the Virgin stands Joseph, regarding the Child with evident emotion. Five other principal groups complete the composition—the shepherds, the wise men, *La Samaritaine*, and two groups of nations at the extreme right and left.

These shepherds, representing those who were told of the joyful news by the angels, are herdsmen from the Apennines, and are dressed in the quaint attire of the Italian shepherds of the eighteenth century, their legs and thighs covered with tightly-drawn high stockings. They are carrying to the Child their offerings—lambs, fruits, and the produce of the field. The train of wise men and their court makes indeed a sumptuous procession. The *Rois Mages*, regally attired, are mounted on splendid horses, carved in wood and beautifully painted; and courtiers, soldiers of the Royal bodyguard, mounted musicians, drummers, and fan-carriers are all dressed with great luxury and with a marvellous wealth of detail. Real silks and satins, exquisitely worked, embroidered in gold and silver lace, are used, and the buttons on the garments are of real silver, skilfully chased

From a] A GROUP OF MUSICIANS. *[Photo.*

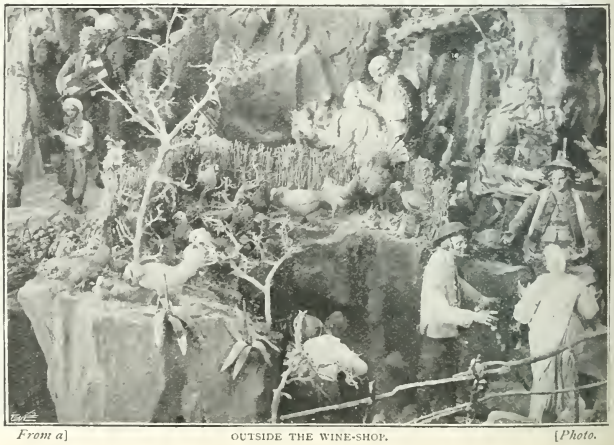
From a] WEALTHY VISITORS PRESENTING OFFERINGS. [*Photo.*

with delicate designs. Even the jewellery is real, and diamonds, pearls, and rubies flash and glitter from every spot where they can with advantage be introduced. All the instruments carried by the musicians—and they are of many types—are of silver, finely and accurately made and beautifully chased. Each one is worthy of being preserved for the beauty of the workmanship alone, and the same may be said of the vessels of gold and silver which these wealthy visitors are to present to Jesus. Turning to the armour of the officers it is seen that handles and scabbards of sabres and poniards are thickly incrusted with gems.

Not less sumptuous and impressive is *La Samaritaine*, mounted on horseback and escorted by her mounted ladies of honour. It is a veritable stream of satin and jewels, aigrettes, lace, and spangles.

Before the advance of this brilliant *cortège* the native shepherds and cultivators have departed to their huts and shops on the hill-sides. In depicting the life of the lower orders the same remarkable regard to detail is apparent. Nothing is out of place, nothing superfluous, nothing overdone. Outside the wine-shop hang leather bottles of wine, quarters of meat decorate the butcher's shop, the fruit-seller has a large choice for his customers, and there are a poultry merchant and a fishmonger. It is an immense population of dolls, handled with great art, which salutes the magnificent cavalcade on its way to pay homage to the newly-born Jesus.

Rich and poor alike, these figures have a realism which is astonishing. It is no childish imitation of the scene of the life, but a miniature reality in itself. The tiny plates no larger than a sixpence, the incense burners as big as Spanish nuts, the head-gear of the wise men high as thimbles, the harness of leather ornamented with gold, the earrings scintillating with diamonds, all lend an uncanny realism to the scene.



From a] OUTSIDE THE WINE-SHOP. [*Photo.*

From a] THE FRUIT SELLER. [*Photo.*

But beyond their dressing it is the figures themselves that call up a sense of wonderment and admiration. The beauty and refinement of the face of the Virgin Mother; the sweetness of the Infant's tiny face; the glad pleasure of those around the Child; and then the lordly bearing of the wealthy, the superiority in their countenances as compared with the expression in the faces of their poorer fellows—what a world of work there is in all this!

Overhead, hovering about the ruins, are the angels. The sweetness of their faces passes description. They have a charm that none of the earthly beings possess; it is the triumph of the sculptor and the artist.

This tableau tells the story of the Nativity well, and is at the same time the most complete and reliable document in existence treating of the Italian provincial in the last century and his manners and customs. At the butcher's shop the quarters of beef, made in wax, are wonderful specimens of delicate workmanship both as regards modelling and colouring. In the auberges, in the shops, and outside everything is beautifully true, the tiny baskets of fruits and vegetables in wax and wood, accurately carved and painted, the fowls, ducks, and rabbits are real miniature masterpieces, worthy of the artists who manufactured them.

The men who combined their great talents to produce this *crèche* were in their time the masters of their respective arts. Mattheo excelled in dressing and adorning these tiny figures with their accessories; he had no equal. The premier modellers and sculptors, those who made the *poupées*, were Samaritino and Joseph Gori. Gori executed *la noblesse*, leaving the plebeians to his colleague; neither of them could be excelled at their work, at which they were assisted by other celebrated artists. Specialists

From a] THE ANGELS HOVERING ABOUT THE RUINS. [*Photo.*

From a] THE BUTCHER'S SHOP. *[Photo.*

modelled and made the animals, birds, and fruits; others the baskets for the fruits and vegetables; and others again filled them.

One could pick up every figure and find something interesting and different in each. One marvels at the variety, the infinite detail, the happiness of the *tout ensemble*, the gracefulness of the forms, the lines of the faces, the blending of the colours. And while there are so many and so much shown, there is in no sense a crowd, because of the beautiful order in which all have been disposed, and one has to look and look yet again.

As to the value of this wonderful *crèche*, it is difficult to set a price upon it. Its owner could not be tempted to part with it at any price, no matter how large. Nor is it possible to estimate what amount was spent upon it, or what it would realize if sold. Bearing in mind, however, that there are five hundred figures of animals and men, and taking into account the reputations of the artists who made them and the costliness of the accessories, it would not be over-reaching the mark to value it at £80,000.

Everywhere on the Continent there are to be picked up isolated figures that once found a place in some sort of primitive *crèche*, and there is a large market at Naples devoted to these figures. A figure from a modern *crèche* can be purchased at from 12s. to £1, but from an old or famous one it would run into the sum of £6 to £8. The Virgins always command the highest prices, since there can be but one to each tableau. These, of course, do not approach in magnificence the tableau described in this article. They sell also at Naples all the accessories necessary to the building up of a *crèche* — plates of fish in wax, fruits and vegetables, hats, boots, baskets, and baskets of flowers—so it is easy to procure an assortment of all figures and articles necessary to the making of a new *crèche* or to replace a lost piece of an existing one.

A LARGER VIEW OF SOME OF THE FIGURES, FROM WHICH CAN BE GAINED
From a] SOME IDEA OF THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE DRESSES. *[Photo.*

OUR GOOSE-HUNT ON THE SAN JOAQUIN.

By Edgar Stevenson.

The author and three friends went goose-hunting in the San Joaquin Valley, California. The sport, however, was poor, owing to the wariness of the geese, but Mr. Stevenson devised a scheme whereby the sportsmen were enabled to make a good bag. Two other hunters who essayed the experiment met with disaster, being involved in a fight with an infuriated bull and getting no geese.

THE San Joaquin Valley, California, is an immense fertile plain, and as a wheat producer has no equal in the world. The western outskirts of this plain are fringed by tulle marshes, which stretch from the foothills at the base of Mount Diablo to Stockton and Sacramento, a distance of ninety miles.

At the time of which I write these marshes were a favourite feeding-ground for all descriptions of wild-fowl; geese, duck, and snipe were there in vast numbers, making the place a veritable paradise for sportsmen. The geese in particular had increased to such an alarming extent that several of the large ranch-owners had been compelled to hire men expressly to frighten the birds from their fields.

These ranches were contiguous to the marshes, and the practice of the geese was to leave their retreat at dawn, make for the grain fields, consume the young green shoots, and then return to the comparative safety of the swamps.

In spite of the vast flocks, which sometimes obscured the sun like passing clouds, it was the hardest matter to make a decent bag in a day's shooting on account of the extreme watchfulness of the birds.

Of all the wary things on earth commend me to the wild goose. A flock will sail out from their rendezvous in the marsh and, after two or three preliminary circles in the air, will settle in the centre of a plain containing several thousand acres. There will, however, be no chance of stalking them in this position, as there is practically no cover for the hunter.

To ensure the safety of the flock a number of the old birds post themselves round the outskirts as sentries, and on the least suspicion of an enemy these give a shrill note of warning, which causes the entire flock to take flight.

When I proposed to three friends in San Francisco that we should spend our Christmas holidays shooting on the San Joaquin they agreed unanimously, and three days later saw us encamped on the bank of the river about three miles from the village of Bethany.

I had in mind several schemes by means of which I fondly hoped to be able to outwit the artful geese and fill our bags. It was not, however, until we had hunted for two days with indifferent success that I broached scheme number one. We were sitting smoking, after a supper of roast teal, when I startled my companions by remarking, abruptly: "This won't do, fellows; if we can't get those geese by fair means, we shall have to use foul. Listen while I unfold a scheme."

"What possible scheme can you have to get near those confounded geese, short of making yourself invisible?" asked Tom.

"I don't see what plan he can have," joined in Frank. "I crawled on my stomach like a snake for half a mile yesterday to get a shot at them, and they rose while I was still five hundred yards off! I was so disgusted I fired both barrels at them out of pure spite."

"Yes," said Will, "and to-day when I was coming home I happened to look over the *levée*, not thinking there was a goose within miles, and there sat four of the fattest ones I have ever seen. I raised my gun to shoot as they flew up, and the wretched thing missed fire!"

"Well, just listen to this," said I, "and tell me what you think. My idea is to use stratagem, and a good deal of it. The first thing to-morrow morning I am going to the butcher in Bethany. I told him when we arrived that I wanted him to procure me a perfect bullock skin—one with horns, tail, and legs complete, and he promised he would do so. Now I propose we take that skin and masquerade as a bull. It will take two of us to work it, one forming the head and the other the tail of the beast. We can practise round the camp until we have the business perfect, and then all we have to do is to browse over to the geese and give them the greatest surprise of their life."

"Good for you," cried Tom; "that's great."

"I want to see it work first," said Will, doubtfully. "It doesn't sound very promising."

"You'll see it work to-morrow, my friend," I rejoined, "if you live long enough. And now to bed, for we must be up by daylight."

Next morning I procured the hide, and Tom and I went into training right off, to the great amusement of our comrades, who lost no opportunity of jeering at us. The butcher had done his part well: the hide was a large one, and when firmly strapped on we made a very presentable bull, at least so the spectators said. Some of our antics—especially at first—were rather curious, and we were not over-comfortable inside the hide. Nevertheless we persevered.

On the following morning, just as the first faint streaks of dawn were showing in the east, a solitary bull might have been observed reposing in the middle of the plain.

To the casual observer there was nothing to distinguish this animal from others not far off, but a closer inspection would have revealed the fact that the quadruped wore two pairs of No. 8 boots and spoke subdued English.

"Say, Tom," said I, from the hindquarters, "we'll deserve all the geese we get to make up for this. I'm almost choked."

"So am I," replied my companion, "but we sha'n't have to wait long now; I can see several long strings of geese coming over the river. For goodness' sake, if you feel like sneezing or coughing, do it now before they get any closer."

The spot we had chosen to lie down at was a favourite feeding-ground for the geese, and on the day previous we had observed immense flocks alighting on it.

Nearer and nearer came the long, wedge-shaped lines, filling the air with their shrill, vibrant cries, until, at a distance of two or three hundred yards from us, they began to describe great circles preparatory to alighting. Once, twice, thrice they sailed over our heads; then, with an indescribable flapping of wings, they settled slowly to the ground.

"Now is our chance," whispered Tom, "before they discover us. When I count three, jump to your feet, throw off the hide, and fire for all you're worth."

Trembling with suppressed excitement I grasped my gun and listened while he counted. One—two—three! At the word "three" we sprang to our feet simultaneously and blazed away.

The panic-stricken geese received the two right barrels of our breech-loaders as they started to rise and the lefts while in the air. The execution was terrible, the range being just right to scatter the shot effectually. For a few seconds it seemed to rain dead and crippled geese, and, hastily unstrapping from our ankles the hide which shackled us together, we pursued the wounded birds and administered the *coups de grace*.

Whilst engaged in collecting our bag we observed Will and Frank running towards us.

"Halloa, you fellows," puffed Frank, "got any geese?"

"Just a few," I replied, carelessly; "we'll do better next time."

"Few!" laughed Will; "few dozen. Shall I go and hire a waggon to cart them into camp?"

"I never was so excited in my life," said Tom, "as when those geese dropped so close to us. I could have shrieked, my nerves were just vibrating, and then I fancied that Ed. might lose his head and shoot me from behind, as his gun was poked in my ribs all the morning."

We found we had twenty-one birds as the result of our ruse, and tying them in pairs we slung them across our guns and marched back triumphantly to camp.

Frank and Will were now eager to try the "bull scheme" for themselves, and after breakfast they went off down the river to try their luck, while we stayed behind to prepare two of the geese for dinner. This task occupied an hour, at the end of which time we sallied forth to see what had become of our companions.

We followed the river, keeping inside the *levée* (a high bank thrown up to keep back the flood-waters during the rainy season), and after proceeding for half a mile we left the path and climbed the bank to get a view of the plain.

A way off, a mile or so distant, the ground was literally covered with geese, and midway between them and us a small knot of cattle were quietly grazing. Half-way between the cattle and the *levée* stood a solitary bull, which, but for our knowledge to the contrary, we might have taken for the genuine article, so natural were its movements. First the head went down as though cropping the grass, then the tail would switch off an imaginary fly, and as we watched the beast scratched its ear with its hind foot in so natural a manner that we were almost deceived. Evidently Frank and Will had not watched us for nothing.

"WE SPRANG TO OUR FEET SIMULTANEOUSLY AND BLAZED AWAY."

Thus browsing and manœuvring the bogus bull drew nearer and nearer to the little band of cattle on the other side of which lay the geese.

Laughing heartily, we lay down to watch the meeting of the counterfeit and the real. The cattle had by this time scented the stranger and seemed uneasy, bunching together in a compact mass, all except one, a stately bull which we had not hitherto observed. With lowered head he advanced to meet the intruder, emitting at the same time a deep bellow of defiance.

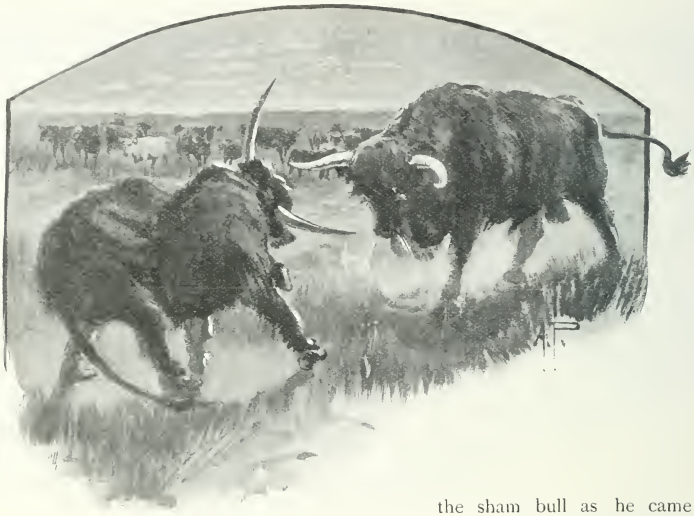
"Great Scot!" said Tom, "they're in for it! Wouldn't I like to hear what Frank is saying now."

"He's getting alarmed, you may be sure," said I. "This is as good as a circus! Just watch the old bull."

Meanwhile Frank and Will had been trying to edge off, the erratic movements of their "bull" betraying their perturbation, but the

real bull wished for an interview, and clearly intended mischief. To us who knew what the feelings of our friends must be the situation was most ludicrous.

The two, the sham and the real, were now facing each other, the real throwing clouds of dust over his back and giving vent every now and then to a low, rumbling bellow, indicative of extreme rage. He seemed to be preparing for a charge.



"THE TWO, THE SHAM AND THE REAL, WERE NOW FACING EACH OTHER."

The unfortunate sportsmen inside the skin could stand it no longer, and, throwing off their disguise, blazed away on both sides of the bull, so as to frighten without damaging him. Startled by such an unprecedented eruption from one of his own species, the horrified animal elevated his tail and joined the frightened herd in a wild stampede to the horizon; the geese followed suit, and our friends were left in sole possession of the field. We shrieked with laughter, and the sounds of our merriment reaching the discomfited sportsmen they came slowly towards us, disgust written large on their faces.

"Here's your old skin," said the front half of the sham bull as he came up; "I have done with it. It seems too much like hard work — and risky work — for me to hunt that way. Henceforth I'm going to roam free and unfettered." We tried hard to glean from the pair what their feelings were when the bull prepared to charge them; but they would say nothing.

Though we tried many another scheme to circumvent the geese, we did not again succeed in making such a bag as had resulted from our first attempt with the hide. Nevertheless, when our holiday was up, it was with extreme regret that we folded our tent, said good-bye to the San Joaquin, and returned once more to work and civilization.

The Bicycle Bushranger

THE "FIVE-MILE GATE," SHOWING THE RIFLED MAIL-BAGS LEFT BY THE ROBBER.

From a Photo. by G. Kanter.

By Percy Wakefield, Jun., of White Cliffs, Wilcannia, Australia.

A highwayman on a safety bicycle is a distinct novelty. This straightforward little account describes the brief career of an up-to-date bushranger, who held up the mail-coach at White Cliffs, N.S.W. The narrative gains additional interest from the fact that the photographs illustrating it are reconstructions of the actual scenes and were taken by one of the passengers, who was himself wounded by the robber.

AWAY towards Central Australia, to the west of the Darling River, New South Wales, lies a vast tract of practically undeveloped mineral country, extremely wild and desolate in character, and consequently a place eminently suitable for the perpetration of deeds of robbery and outrage. The scenery for the most part is picturesque; ranges of rugged hills with frowning cliffs and high table-lands intersect the country, and there are plains of enormous extent, upon which dazzling mirages hover.

The daring robbery of which I am about to tell took place on the road between the White Cliffs Opal Field and Wilcannia, both of which places are situated in this far western district, which is called Youngnulgra.

The mail-coach, which left the Opal Fields at about 11 o'clock on Sunday night, the 1st of September last, with three passengers on board, *en route* for Wilcannia, proceeded without mishap as far as a spot known as the Five Mile Gate. At this place Mr. Kanter, one of the passengers, got down to open the gate. He was just in the act of doing so when a sharp report rang out, and his right arm fell limply to his side, a bullet having entered it just below the elbow. Simultaneously a masked man rose from behind one of the gate-posts and, with the fearless audacity which characterized his subsequent actions, sternly ordered the astonished driver and passengers to come down from the coach and stand alongside the wire fence, threatening to blow out the brains of the first man who moved. The occupants of the vehicle—none of whom were armed—complied with alacrity. The robber then proceeded to ransack the coach, assisted by the bright moonlight. He calmly cut the mail-bags open with his knife, spreading the contents on the ground and

MR. KANTER, THE PASSENGER WHO WAS WOUNDED BY THE BUSHRANGER.

[*From a Photo.*

"A MASKED MAN ROSE FROM BEHIND ONE OF THE GATE-POSTS"—THIS DEPICTS THE "HOLDING-UP" OF THE COACH.
From a Photo. by G. Kanter.

carefully selecting the letters containing bank-notes, leaving cheques and other securities untouched. He took notes and gold to the value of £1,016, and also a parcel of opals valued at £170. Fortunately, however, he overlooked a much larger parcel of opals stowed away in the boot of the coach, and which was valued at £2,500.

While the bushranger was engaged on his task a traveller riding a bicycle suddenly appeared on the scene, but, nothing daunted, the robber ordered him to take his stand with the others, which he did.

The brigand was fully an hour rifling the mail-bags, and the coach-driver, Andrew Pedrana, states that had any of the passengers been armed they could easily have shot him down, as at intervals he placed his revolver on a crate beside him while carrying out his search. He made no attempt, however, to secure any money or valuables from the driver or passengers, but simply went ahead with the mail matter. Having finished his search, he rose to his feet and commanded them to continue on their way. He himself mounted his bicycle—which had been standing close by—and rode off. A backward

THE BUSHRANGER GOING THROUGH THE MAIL-BAGS—HE OVERLOOKED A PARCEL OF OPALS VALUED AT £2,500.
From a Photo. by G. Kanter.

glance from the coach revealed the bushranger riding hard in the direction of White Cliffs.*

Upon the arrival of the coach at Tarella station, which is fifteen miles from White Cliffs, Mr. E. Quin, jun., having learned the particulars of the robbery, immediately started off with a companion to the scene of the outrage. Leaving his friend in charge of the mutilated mail-bags that lay in the road, he rode on into White Cliffs and gave notice to the police.

The black trackers were immediately set to work, and had no difficulty in following the tracks of the bushranger's bicycle right into the centre of the town, where they were lost.

For some little time it looked as though the mysterious "bicycle bushranger" was going to escape capture, but presently the police obtained a clue.

One day they noticed a bicycle standing against a fence in the town. There was nothing particularly remarkable in this, but when several days passed and no one appeared to take away the machine, the astute authorities began to think it might have some connection with the "sticking-up" of the mail-coach, and they accordingly took charge of it and instituted cautious inquiries as to its ownership. A young man was found who knew the machine. It had once belonged to him, he said, but he had disposed of it to a man named Tomlinson, who, on being asked if he owned the machine, denied all knowledge of it. On searching the man's room at one of the hotels, however, the police discovered nearly the whole of the missing notes and gold stowed away in an iron trunk, and upon an investigation of Tomlinson's opal claim being made the stolen opals and a quantity of jewellery were found buried in the loose dirt down the shaft. Thereupon Tomlinson was arrested, and after examination at the court-house was committed for trial.

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, THE "BICYCLE BUSHRANGER"—HE WAS SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE FOR HIS ATTACK ON THE MAIL COACH.
From a [*Photo.*

The trial of William Tomlinson for the White Cliffs mail-coach robbery was held at the Circuit Court, Broken Hill, N.S.W., on the 30th September, 1901, before His Honour Acting-Justice Gibson.

The evidence for the Crown occupied nearly the whole day, and was mostly the same as that given at the White Cliffs Court, where the accused was committed for trial. Sergeant Nolan, the police-officer in charge of the case, put in as evidence several statements made by the accused to him.

The story unfolded by the prosecution concerning the bicycle clue was most curious. It appears that on the morning after the robbery two men, somewhat the worse for drink, thought they would play a joke upon Tomlinson—who was well known as an opal miner—by riding his bicycle away from his camp and leaving it in the town. They accordingly removed the machine and left it where the police first saw it. When Tomlinson missed his machine he evidently thought a trap had been laid for him by the police, and did not dare to reclaim it. He also left the camp and took up his quarters at an hotel in the town. By such strange accidents does justice work!

In his defence Tomlinson, in a weak and almost inaudible voice, said: "I am not guilty of the crime. That is all I have to say."

The only witnesses called on his behalf were the two Misses Aldrich, to one of whom the accused was engaged. They accounted for Tomlinson's whereabouts up to ten o'clock on the night of the robbery, and his uncle, Mr. John Tomlinson, deposed that the accused was not short of money. Counsel commenced their address to the jury at six o'clock and spoke very briefly. The judge's summing-up was also a model of brevity, but very impartial.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and William Tomlinson was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude on two charges, viz.: "Robbery under arms" and "receiving," the sentences to run concurrently. A further charge of "shooting with intent to kill" at Gustav Kanter was withdrawn on a technical point, as none of the coach passengers could swear that Tomlinson's voice was identical with that of the man who fired the shot.

And so ended the short career of the "Bicycle Bushranger" of White Cliffs.

* It may be asked why the cyclist mentioned did not give chase, or at least keep the bushranger in sight, but such a course, apparently, did not occur to him.

Life in the Congo Free State.

By Captain Guy Burrows.

II.

Captain Guy Burrows was, until a few months ago, the senior British officer in the service of the Congo Free State Government, whose highest decorations he holds. In this article he gives an interesting account of his experiences among the dwarfs and cannibals of this great Central African country.

THE whole story of African cannibalism teems with horror. Principally the Bangalas use for their orgies — of which I have been an unwilling witness — the bodies of those slain in war, or, preferably, they kill their prisoners for the purpose. Women are not often killed for food. The curious thing about cannibalism is that it seems to have no demoralizing effect on the character of the natives, who are physically and morally as good as any of the tribes which are not man-eaters.

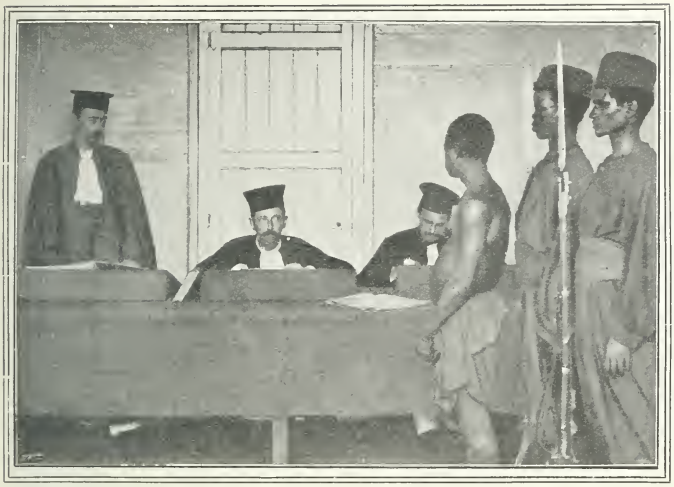
Some of the tribes which inhabit the hinterland of Coquilhatville are equally interesting, and have equally curious, though different, customs. I secured a photograph of two coffins—shown in the accompanying photo. —belonging to chiefs of one of these tribes of wild folk. These extraordinary coffins are made of wood, with a carved head poised on an abnormally long and thin neck; the wooden coffin contains the body of the deceased chief, and the dummy hand holds one of his knives. The coffin part is usually embellished with some deft geometrical design and terminated by odd-shaped little feet carved in wood,- and sometimes tipped with ivory toes. The whole presents a most uncanny aspect.

THESE WEIRD-LOOKING OBJECTS ARE THE COFFINS OF DECEASED CHIEFS.

From a [*Photo.*

The Bangalas are occasionally inclined to be unruly, but the State takes care to keep a tight hand upon them. A Court trying a native case is sometimes a severe test for one's risible nerves till one is accustomed to it. My next picture shows a State trial in progress. The Commissioner of the district usually acts as judge; the State Prosecutor generally conducts the case against the accused, and the accused, with much protesting, usually elects to defend himself, being generally unable to appreciate the advantages of employing an advocate. It usually happens that the Commissioner understands and speaks the language of the tribe from which the delinquent comes, and when this is the case the questions and answers are put and given in the native tongue; otherwise an interpreter is employed. The official language, however, is French, and all records are made and depositions taken in that language. In capital cases the native is allowed two months in which to appeal to the High Court at Boma, a privilege of which he does not generally avail himself.

Beyond Coquilhatville lies Bumba, 1,000 miles from the sea. The photo. opposite shows the native people's lines. Bumba lies at the point where the Itimbiri joins the Congo. Properly

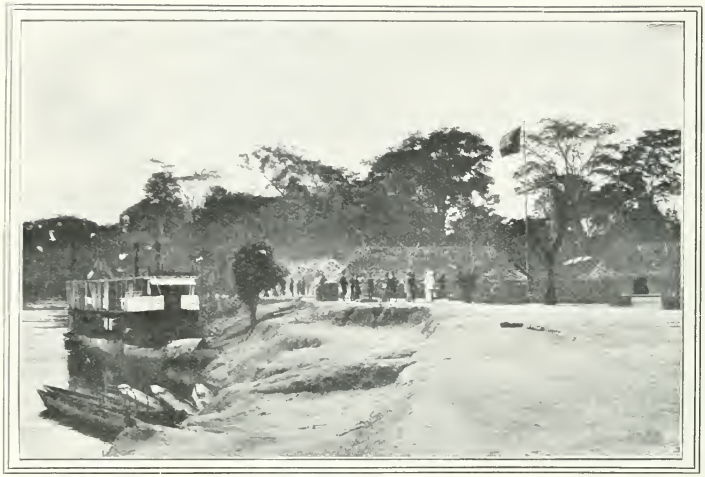


From a] A STATE TRIAL IN PROGRESS. [*Photo.*

speaking, there is no such river as the Itimbiri, its real name being the Rubi. This corner of Africa furnishes a curious example of the difficulties of African nomenclature. When Stanley came through on his first journey he tried to discover from the natives the name of the river, and they, misunderstanding him as he pointed to the water, replied in their language, "Itim biri," meaning "swirling water," as, indeed, it might well be at the junction of two great rivers. When Mr. Grenfell, the well-known Baptist missionary, went up he travelled by the inner bank of the curve, between the shore and a long, narrow island — a channel that goes by the name of Loika, from a small river of that name which falls into it. Mr. Grenfell misapplied that name to the whole of the Rubi, and when I first came to this district I was put to some trouble to find out what really was the name of this important river.

Ibembo, on the Rubi, is not a very important place, but my picture of it is interesting because it shows the inhabitants of the station turning out to welcome the State steamer, which turns

From a] THE NATIVE QUARTERS AT BUMBA. [*Photo.*



From a "STEAMER-DAY" AT IBEMBO. [*Photo.*

The natives of certain tribes—notably the Mobanghi—are born watermen. They are all fond of singing at their work; in fact, it is an indispensable part of their watermanship, for without singing they appear to be unable to row in time. It may be very musical to the native mind, which is an unfathomable quantity; to me it has always seemed a terribly discordant noise. But it is rhythmical, and you grow used to it. If you only knew, moreover, the words of the song (always impromptu) are probably something more or less complimentary to yourself. Thus it was that I arrived at Basoko, which was to be my head-quarters for the next two years.

I found Basoko a very dilapidated place, an unsightly mixture of huts and ill-built houses, most of which I took the earliest opportunity to pull down. My own house admitted of the widest choice of design on my own part—for it did not exist. I speedily staked out my enclo-

up once a month or so. "Steamer-day" is an important event in the monotonous life of these people. It only happens during six months of the year, during which it is pretty regular; but one post a month for six months is not an excessive allowance to a man whose isolated life spells unspeakable loneliness, and naturally the boat that brings the letters is eagerly welcomed. For the rest of the year there is not generally sufficient water in the rivers to permit of the steamers coming up, and then we have to rely on the useful but uncertain native canoe.

I have travelled some thousands of miles in these canoes—two typical examples of which are here shown—during the course of my service on the Congo. They are all dug-outs and very much of the same pattern, varying only as to length. On the Congo the men stand to work, and use a long paddle for the purpose; on the Welle and Ubanghi they sit on the side of the boat and swing it along with a short, narrow blade. These boats are round-bottomed and are quite innocent of keel, rolling with the slightest movement; but one soon acquires the art of lying or sitting exactly in the middle, and they run very smoothly when well balanced.

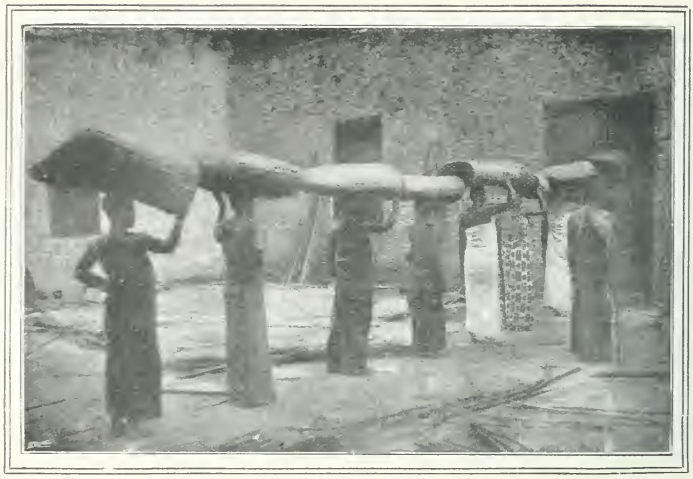
CONGO "DUG-OUTS"—CAPT. BURROWS HAS TRAVELLED MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES IN THESE QUAINT CRAFT.
From a [*Photo.*

From a] THE AUTHOR'S "GARDEN" AT BASOKO. *[Photo.*

sure, and as early as possible planned my new dwelling in the spare moments I could snatch from a press of accumulated administrative work. In my task of house-building on this occasion I had not to encounter the difficulties that encompassed me on my first visit to the Congo State, when I had to teach the natives to make bricks and to superintend the work of making them. The people at Basoko, however, had already learnt that necessary art, and it remained to me merely to see that my design was properly carried out and the work not scamped. When the house was completed I found time to attend to my garden, and in the intervals of my varied duties I succeeded in laying it out very pleasantly. This garden is seen in the above photograph. There are very few indigenous flowering plants in the Congo, but with the native lilies and some imported "everlastings," which thrive excellently in the tropics, and a few other plants I made quite a good show. A summer-house and a landing-stage were added later. Meanwhile I altered the appearance of Basoko considerably, and added to its public buildings a strong prison with a courtyard. I built an imposing wall with towers and gateway along the river front, a portion of which is to be seen in the photo. shown below. It is about a quarter of a mile long, and seen from the river it gives Basoko the appearance of being the best-built station in the whole of the Upper Congo—which, indeed, I believe it is.

My prison was altogether a great success, especially when compared with the mud-and-bamboo structure which it superseded. It was designed to be the central prison of the Upper Congo, and I built it accordingly, one part for the men and one for the women. All the natives condemned by the Courts of the Lower Congo are sent to Basoko for incarceration, but their durance can hardly be said to be very "vile," for it merely means that they have to do a little work. The principal employment of the women is the making of baskets for sending the dried rubber down to the coast. Each of these baskets holds about thirty-five kilos, and the workers make two each a day. I used to let them work in the open outside the town; but

THE STATION OF BASOKO, SHOWING THE WALLS AND TOWERS BUILT BY CAPT. BURROWS.
From a Photo.



From a] FEMALES AT BASKET-WORK IN THE STATE PRISON AT BASOKO. [*Photo.*

they passed too much time in chattering with every man who happened to pass by, so that I was compelled to employ them amid the less picturesque surroundings of brick and mortar. It will be noticed from the above photograph that they are all clothed. State women always wear clothes, but the natives of both sexes who are not in State employ have a fine disregard for the niceties of costume over and above such trifles as bracelets or ankle rings.

Some of my neighbours were quaint folk. Moimba, for instance, the head chief of Basoko, was distinctly a person with a past. He was one of Stanley's chief opponents in the days of Africa's darkness, and I shouldn't like to be Moimba if Moimba had a conscience — although I don't think it troubles him much. He is now a great friend to the State and has a great idea of its (and his own) importance. He often came to visit me in his semi-savage, semi-urbane fashion, and would take a drink in a friendly way. His idea of drink was peculiar. He delighted in mixing the contents of my decanters into one stiff drink—"No water, thank you, but plenty of red pepper." The stronger, the more pungent, the fiercer the decoction, the more he liked it; and so hardened was the old sinner that I believe nothing could have made him drunk. One of his pastimes was to go round the market when the natives were selling palm wine. As paramount chief he would exercise his right of sampling the produce of his country—and he arranged his own sampling regulations to fit his thirst.

MOIMBA, HEAD CHIEF OF BASOKO—AN OLD OPPONENT OF STANLEY.
From a] [*Photo.*

It occasionally fell to my lot as administrator to perform the office of civil marriage among the natives. The ceremony was always performed out of doors in the presence of most of the station people, and the photo. reproduced on the next page shows a typical wedding-party. The people form a procession; the bride stands on one

side, the bridegroom on the other; the women follow the bride, the men the bridegroom. The ceremony is simple. I explain to them the duties of husband and wife, but I am not quite sure that the homily has any good effect on them. As near as I could fathom their intentions, it appeared to me that the woman sought a protector and the man a slave; and occasionally, after I had made a long explanation in a most moral vein, some question from one or other would let a sudden flood of light on to the value of my admonitions. However, some of their marriages are highly successful, and their code of morality, although crude, is very severe.

THE WEDDING OF A STATE SOLDIER—THE WOMEN STAND BEHIND THE BRIDE AND THE MEN BEHIND THE BRIDEGROOM.
From a Photo.

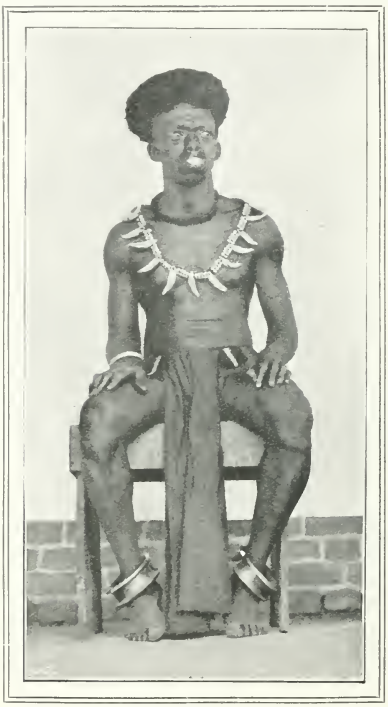
The Topoke were among my interesting neighbours, and I am able to give a photograph of one of their chiefs—Matande, of the Province Orientale. They are cannibals and an excessively cruel people. The men have a curious custom of carrying an ivory disc in the upper lip, a thing about as big as a five-shilling piece. It gives them a most unpleasant appearance, which is heightened by their matted hair, which they plaster into a turban with grease and other filth. They are a powerful race, very much like the Zende or Niam-niam of the northern provinces, about whom I shall have something to say later on. They are far above the average negro in physique and intelligence, as I found to my cost occasionally when I had to conduct a punitive expedition into their country. Their method of fighting, too, is peculiar. Their territory is marshy and swampy to a degree, and they have developed a curious system of defence out of this natural circumstance. One of their methods is to stand up to their necks in the mud of a swamp, hiding their heads behind some tuft or bush, so that it is impossible to see them. There they will wait till half the men of a column have passed over some bit of sure ground, when they will loose off a gun at any unfortunate soldier within range. Then under cover of the swampy vegetation or wood they make off, perhaps to play the same trick a mile or so farther on. They always hunt in couples, one with a spear, the other with the gun. This is in order that the gun may be saved if the bearer of it should get killed. Sometimes they hide near enough to stab instead of shoot, yet remain completely hidden.

Occasionally I was called upon to decide questions of justice that would puzzle even a Metropolitan magistrate, especially considering the fact that the people who made the complaint

had not the remotest idea of the law as laid down by the State. The old chief of the Isanghi one day preferred a curious point to me. The people of Isanghi, the Lokete, are neighbours to the Topoke, and are more or less of the same race, with the exception that the Lokete are a riverside people and the Topoke belong to the interior. They are in constant communication with one another, and are everlastingly at war. There is seldom any cause for the quarrel, but that is a matter of complete indifference to most of the Upper Congo tribes, who look upon warfare as a diversion. One day when I was up in these parts on business affairs this old chief came to me with a complaint. I asked him what was the matter.

He explained that there had been a fight between his village and one of the Topoke, and that the other side had killed four of his men. "Well," I said, "and how many of theirs did you kill?" "Only two," was the reply. "And what do you want me to do?" I asked. "Want you to make them give me two more." "What do you want them for?" I asked. "To eat," was the laconic reply. "Why should they have more people to eat than we have?"

This was cannibalism with a vengeance! I found out that it was customary among these people not to eat their own side, but to hand the killed over to their opponents, receiving theirs in exchange. The old chief evidently thought that if he could enlist my sympathies on his side I should help him to equalize matters.



MATANDE, THE CANNIBAL CHIEF OF THE PROVINCE ORIENTALE.
From a [*Photo.*

I was collecting facts about cannibalism, so when I had made clear to him the position of a State official in regard to the practice itself, I put to this innocent sinner a few questions on the subject. I asked him how many men he had eaten in his time, and he brought out about twenty skulls. Most of them, he said, had been taken from the Topoke, of which tribe he spoke with some respectful affection. He even pretended to know who was who among the skulls.

"How long does it take you to eat a man?" I asked him.

That depended, he explained, upon whether he allowed his wives and family to participate in the feast or whether he reserved it for himself. If it was a great enemy he ate it himself, but otherwise he allowed his wife and family to participate in the orgie. In the first case it took him about two days to get through it, but if it was a family affair the feast was finished in one night. He was quite solemn about it.

Now, this tribe has been in contact with the Belgian agents of the State for the last eight years, which shows how slowly the march of civilization proceeds in Equatorial Africa.

(*To be continued.*)

The "Night-Wrangler" of Camp Four.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MEXICAN HORSE-THIEVES.

By Edwin Williams.

The author was engaged as stock-keeper, or "night-wrangler," at the Southern Pacific Railroad construction camp, Eagle Pass, Texas. One night he slept at his post, with the result that eighty valuable horses were stolen. The narrative describes how he was suspected of complicity in the theft, how he undertook to recover the animals, and how he fulfilled his mission.

IN the year 1880 the Southern Pacific Railroad was in course of erection, and at the time of my narrative was under construction along the frontier line between Mexico and the United States. The railroad contractors were pushing the work towards the Gulf with all their might, having a big corps of men and teams at work. Employment at good wages was waiting for every man able and willing to work.

I had been "cow-punching" on the "U.T." Ranch at Abeline, Texas, but being paid off after the great annual "round-up" I quitted the ranch, and in company with my cousin Steve, who had been working for the same "outfit," made my way to the railroad camps, then situated at Eagle Pass.

Here we found an army of about 3,000 people and hundreds of teams, shovelling, dragging, digging, and erecting—all busy at work building the railroad which is now the great connecting artery between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico.

This big assembly of people was divided into six camps of about 500 men, each in charge of a superintendent. Each camp was again subdivided into gangs of fifty men, in charge of a foreman, called the "walking boss."

The horses and mules of each camp were in charge of one superintendent known as the "corral boss."

The live stock was turned out on the prairie to graze and find its own food, and was guarded by mounted herders, one being on duty during the day and another at night.

And so it came to pass that Steve and I applied for work at the camps, and in due course I was appointed as "night-wrangler," or stock-keeper, of Camp Four, *vice* Jack Flynn, deceased.

THE AUTHOR, MR. EDWIN WILLIAMS.
From a Photo. by Ayling, West Croydon.

The wages were 100dols. per month and "grub," while the duties were not hard for a man used, as I was, to the life of the ranch and the handling of stock. The horses quickly became accustomed to the grazing grounds, and, when released from their work, would feed quietly during the night. My duties consisted in keeping them well together and "bunched up," so as to prevent any of them from straying away. I had also to see that no animals were stolen.

Texas has always been a favourite stamping-ground of the desperado and the horse-thief; and the district near the border was, in those days, their special haunt—a fact which was brought home with painful frequency to the neighbouring ranchers.

The nearness of the frontier made it easy for the "stock rustlers" to get away with their prey, because as soon as they had crossed the Rio del Grande they were into Mexican territory and practically safe from pursuit.

Across the river, opposite Eagle Pass, lies the small Mexican town of Piedras Negras, where there was a Mexican Custom-house. A detachment of soldiers was also stationed in the town. Owing possibly to the fact that the "rustlers" never stopped to pay duty on their imports, the Mexican Custom officers and the soldiery were apparently utterly ignorant of the presence of stolen horse-flesh within their jurisdiction. They were always very wide-awake, though, if an exasperated posse of armed *Americanos* went on the war-path after the "rustlers" and tried to recover their stolen property.

Directly the indignant ranchers crossed the frontier the Mexican troops would turn them back or, if they could, arrest them as offenders against the tranquillity of the State. This last contingency, however, would only happen when

the odds against the *Americanos* were out of all proportion.

To recover stolen stock from the hands of the "rustlers" prompt pursuit and armed force were necessary. The rancher had, moreover, to take the law into his own hands, for American law could not help him much; it had not "grip" enough as yet in these new territories, which were only just opening up to civilization.

Having been repeatedly warned by the "corral boss," I was well aware of the existing conditions and kept a sharp look-out for thieves during the night. Every now and then I rode round the horses, driving in any stragglers and keeping the animals well together.

Nothing happened for a month or so, and I fell into a state of fancied security. Little by little I began to relax in my vigilance, till one nasty night, instead of going on my rounds, I rode my horse into the shelter of some trees, dismounted, and tied the animal up. Then I rolled myself a cigarette, lit it, and made myself comfortable—too comfortable, for I fell soundly asleep. I must have been asleep quite a time, when I suddenly awoke with a start, feeling instinctively that all was not right with the horses.

Mounting hastily, I rode towards where I knew the animals should be grazing, but although the night was dark I soon perceived to my dismay that their number had greatly diminished.

I hunted over the prairie in every direction, but in vain; and when dawn came I discovered that eighty horses, nearly half the band under my care, were missing! The horse-thieves had been at work while I slept.

When I made known the loss there was trouble in camp. The "corral boss" criticised my abilities as a "night-wrangler" in language more forcible than complimentary, but knowing myself to be at fault I took his reproaches meekly.

But what was to be done? The horses were gone, and were probably by this time across the Rio del Grande and far into Mexico.

The matter would probably have ended here, so far as I was concerned, and I should have accepted my dismissal quietly and quitted the camp, had it not been that towards the end of his exhortation the "corral boss" intimated that probably I knew more about the missing horses than I cared to tell.

Now, I had been "cow-punching" for years and was well known in the cattle countries, so the insinuation of being concerned in the robbery did not concern myself alone, but the whole "cow-punching" fraternity. I could and would not let the insinuation pass unnoticed. But how could I vindicate myself?

Presently my opportunity came. The "corral boss" wound up by saying that he would pay 10dols. for every stolen horse brought back to camp. I promptly told him that inasmuch as I had lost the horses I would do my best to find them again without reward. All I asked for was one man of my own selection to assist me in the search. This demand was readily granted.

There were many cowboys in the camps employed in much the same capacity as I had been, and every one of them was anxious to accompany me on my quest; but I selected my cousin Steve,

"I SUDDENLY AWOKE WITH A START.

whom I knew to be reliable and cool-headed, quick as lightning in handling his "guns," and perfectly fearless.

I had at that time no definite plan for recovering the stolen horses, but trusted to luck and developments. We armed ourselves with two trusty Colts each and plenty of ammunition, Steve taking besides a Winchester repeating-rifle. We took hardy and fast horses, and thus equipped set out after the "rustlers," following rapidly in their well-marked track.

The trail went first east, skirting the railroad camps, then it crossed the Rio del Grande about three miles below the camp into Mexico. From here it took us due south towards the Cayuya Mountains, which were a favourite rendezvous in those days for horse-thieves and desperadoes of all sorts.

The Cayuya Mountains are situated about 120 miles from the Rio del Grande, and in order to have any chance at all of recovering the missing horses we should have to overhaul the robbers before they reached the mountains, which, with their many intricate and narrow passes, made a perfectly safe hiding-place.

Urging our horses to their best speed, and keeping a sharp look-out for Mexican patrols, we tried to make up for the five or six hours' start which the horse-thieves had gained.

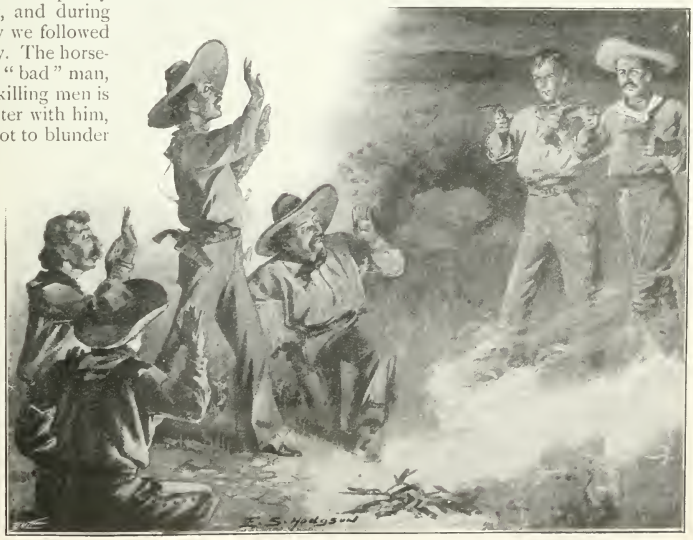
On the third day of the pursuit, during the forenoon, we could see by the freshness of the trail that we had come up very close to the party, and during the rest of the day we followed slowly and carefully. The horse-thief is generally a "bad" man, and shooting and killing men is only a trifling matter with him, so it behoved us not to blunder upon the gang unawares. Towards evening we saw smoke rising on the horizon, and therefore presumed that the "rustlers" had halted and gone into camp for the night.

We rode as near as we dared without taking any chances of being seen, and then dismounted. We picketed our horses with the lariats and left them to graze concealed behind an elevation of the ground. We ourselves waited for night before proceeding farther.

The night was favourable to our enterprise—cloudy, dark, and rather chilly. Making sure that our weapons were properly loaded and conveniently handy, in case of trouble, we cautiously made our way towards the camp, in order to make a general reconnoitre and to find out how many "rustlers" we had to deal with.

Crouching and creeping continually, we came within about 200 yards of the camp, and by the glare of the fire we counted four Mexicans lying around the fire, while about fifty yards away four horses were feeding. Their bridles had been taken off, but otherwise the animals were ready saddled. The stolen horses were quite unguarded, and grazed farther out on the prairie. After a whispered consultation, we crept closer and closer towards the picketed horses, and at last, when within reach, I quietly cut the picket ropes that secured them. The animals, feeling themselves released, continued feeding, but slowly edged away and joined the rest of the horses on the prairie.

The Mexicans must have considered themselves perfectly safe from any pursuit and secure from surprise, for they were lying full length around the camp fire paying all their attention to a game of *monte*, in which they seemed deeply interested. Much swearing and gesticulating were going on.



"THEIR HANDS WENT UP."

It had been my intention now to retreat and drive off the horses, leaving the "rustlers" alone, but my cousin Steve would not assent to it. He was determined, he said, to secure the thieves also.

So, making use of every little bush or rise of the ground, we crept on like snakes—I first, my cousin a little behind in order to cover me with his Winchester in case of discovery. We observed with joy, by the way, that the Mexicans made a splendid mark against the glare of the fire. Nearer and nearer we crept, and then, when near enough, we drew our six-shooters and made one jump that brought us right among the astonished Mexicans.

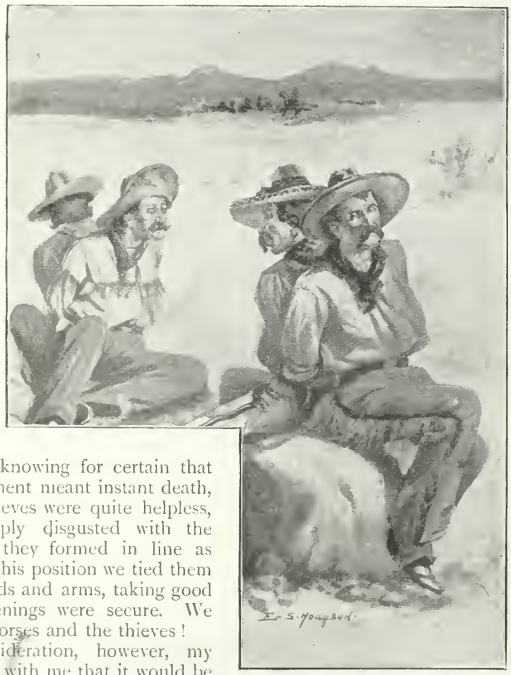
In those parts of the world the order to throw up your hands is generally obeyed with great alacrity, especially if the request is backed up by a cocked six-shooter, the muzzle of which is pointing uncomfortably near one's head. Our Mexicans were not disobliging people. They had had a wide experience in such matters, and their hands went up with a snap, and on request they kept them in this position till we had disarmed them, transferring their pistols and knives into our own safe keeping.

This done, we suggested that they should form in line, two and two, with their backs together. Being covered with revolvers, and knowing for certain that the slightest movement meant instant death, the baffled horse-thieves were quite helpless, and although deeply disgusted with the whole proceedings they formed in line as they were told. In this position we tied them firmly together, hands and arms, taking good care that the fastenings were secure. We now had both the horses and the thieves!

On second consideration, however, my cousin Steve agreed with me that it would be very inconvenient for us to take the "rustlers" along with us, as it would take us all our time to drive the recovered horses safely back to camp. We therefore decided to leave the thieves behind.

After a hearty meal from the provisions of the tied-up "rustlers" we "rounded-up" the herd and prepared for a start. We did not have the heart to leave our captives without saying a word, so with a cheerful "*Buenas noches, señores!*" we parted, after inviting them to come and visit us in Camp Four the very next time they were in the neighbourhood of Eagle Pass. We could guarantee them, we said, a highly exciting entertainment.

Thus we left the horse-thieves behind on the prairie, tied together two and two in a rather awkward position—a hundred miles from anywhere, and minus horses and weapons, but still decidedly better off than Judge Lynch would have left them.



"WE LEFT THE HORSE-THIEVES TIED TOGETHER TWO AND TWO."

We reached the Rio del Grande without further incident worthy of relation, and having crossed the river brought our recovered horses safely back to camp. The "corral boss" made me a handsome apology and offered me a money present. This I refused, but I accepted a rise of wages and reinstatement as "night-wrangler" of Camp Four. My good chum, Cousin Steve, accepted from the superintendent a reward of 100dols.

I stayed at the railroad camp for five months longer, and can solemnly declare that I never slept again while on duty as "night-wrangler."

In Quest of a Treasure-Cave.

By Douglas Blackburn, of Pietermaritzburg.

Relating how the author—who is a well-known South African journalist—and Mr. David Mackay Wilson, first Gold Commissioner of Barberton, set out to discover the whereabouts of a Kaffir chief's treasure-house, and the adventures they met with.

IN December, 1894, an extremely old Kaffir presented himself at the Government offices at Pretoria and demanded to see President Kruger, for whom, he said, he had an important message. When the officials had recovered from their amazement at such audacity on the part of a Kaffir, they threw him out of the building and handed him over to the police. A fortnight later the old man was released from gaol, and repeated his impudent attempt to get speech of the President. This time the effort was conducted with a little more diplomacy, and resulted in his getting an official to listen to part of his request. Fortunately for the old man there happened to be on the spot an influential ex-official whose feelings towards natives were tempered by a sense of justice only too rare among his class. He entered into conversation with the old man, and heard his story and the object of his desired interview with the State President. The story was to this effect.

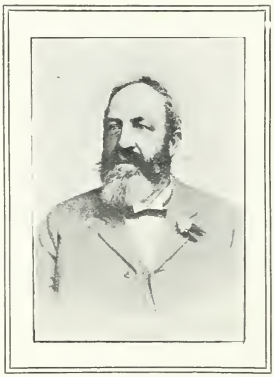
THE AUTHOR, MR. DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.
From a Photo.

The old man, whose name was Umbanda, was, as far as he knew, the sole surviving representative of one of the numerous minor native tribes which had either been "eaten up" or absorbed into the Zulu nation by Chaka, the South African Napoleon, and his successor, Dingaan. As the old fellow remembered Chaka he could not have been less than eighty years of age, and his appearance supported this assumption. His father, he said, had been head induna to the chief of their tribe, and by virtue of his office was one of the custodians of the chief's treasure-house, a cavern in which gold in immense quantities was found adhering to the rocks. This gold was at stated intervals collected and sent by trustworthy guards to Delagoa, where it was exchanged with the Portuguese for various commodities.

When Umbanda arrived at manhood he was entrusted with the important duty of collecting the gold and escorting it to Delagoa, and at the time of the "eating up" he was chief of the Royal treasure guard. He was now the only living custodian of the secret of the cave, and feeling that he must soon die he had come to Pretoria to hand over his secret to Paul Kruger, whom he regarded as his chief and the rightful inheritor of the gold-cave. The secret he had to impart was, he said, a king's secret, and for that reason he refused to reveal it to anyone save him he now acknowledged as his chief.

The ex-official who had interested himself in the native was Mr. David M. Wilson. He had been the first Mining Commissioner at De Kaap gold-fields, and his intimate acquaintance with the native customs, and with the gold discoveries in the district whence he believed the old man had come, strongly prejudiced him in favour of accepting the story. He was the more impressed by the fact that the man asked for no reward, but looked upon the matter in the light of a tribal duty. Mr. Wilson therefore saw the President, and endeavoured to persuade him to see the Kaffir. At that period the Rand was at the height of its prosperity, and gold was flowing into the Treasury. The President, therefore, was not in the humour to take any interest in a story of a gold-find brought by a wretched Kaffir. He chaffed Mr. Wilson on his credulity, and point-blank refused to give the matter another thought.

The old Kaffir left, very much disappointed, but firm in his refusal to impart the whereabouts of the cave to no one but the President. He mentioned the district to which he was returning, where he said Paul Kruger would find him if he changed his mind, which must be soon. "For," said he, "I must soon die."



MR. DAVID MACKAY WILSON.
From a Photo.

About four months later the old man reappeared at Pretoria and called upon Mr. Wilson, asking him to make one more effort to get the President's consent to an interview. This time the obstinate old autocrat listened to Mr. Wilson's appeal, and authorized his son-in-law, Mr. "Frikkie" Eloff, and the late General Joubert to accompany the Kaffir to the spot where the treasure was said to be. On this concession being conveyed to Umbanda he repeated his firm resolve to deal with none but the President. "It is a king's secret, and can be told only to a king," was his stereotyped answer to all attempts to get him to agree to the arrangement. For two days Mr. Wilson strove to alter Umbanda's determination, but in vain, and the old man left, bidding him a last farewell. "In two more months I shall be dead," he added, impressively.

Such was the story Mr. Wilson told me a few months after the failure of his second attempt to obtain possession of the secret, and we frequently discussed schemes for discovering the gold on our own account.

Three years later I was settled at Krugersdorp, editing the *Transvaal Sentinel*. I one day received a letter from Wilson, informing me that he had traced old Umbanda to the Krugersdorp district; that he had determined to follow up the treasure, and invited my assistance, which was first to be directed towards discovering the only person who could put us on to the high road to fortune. Umbanda was believed to be visiting a native working on one of the West Rand mines. I therefore placed myself in communication with the various managers of the native compounds, and others whose business brought them into contact with the natives.

Among those whose aid I enlisted was "Africanus," the Kaffir interpreter of the Krugersdorp Landdrosts' Court. This individual is a character in his way, a big Basuto, who is supposed to be a native linguist of high attainments. There are, however, grave reasons for believing that in this respect he is something of an impostor. He is, however, intelligent and cunning, and proved that he had thoroughly assimilated the methods of Transvaal officialdom, by demanding a fee of 10s. before starting in quest of Umbanda. Within the next month he brought me no fewer than four ancient Kaffirs, and insisted that each was the subject of my search. As "Africanus" extracted 5s. from me each time before producing the results of his alleged inquiries I grew wary, and refused to part with my money until I had sampled the goods. Again and again the rascal endeavoured to raise a fee on the strength of his fervent assurances that at last he had secured the genuine article, who was always at some distant spot, or in gaol, or in some place whence he could only be extracted by strict cash in advance. I accordingly declined to purchase without first seeing the goods, and, as a natural result, there came a slump in ancient Kaffirs.

I had practically abandoned the search in disgust, and had so reported to Wilson, when "Africanus" triumphantly brought to my office an old Swazi. "This," said "Africanus," "is *not* Umbanda, but he knows him, and was with him three months ago at the York mine."

My ignorance of the native language prevented my checking the statements of the interpreter; but, fearful of missing a chance, I procured the

necessary passes and took the Kaffir to Mr. Wilson, who was then residing at Johannesburg. After an hour's talk with the Swazi, he announced his determination to act upon the information he had obtained. The story which the Swazi told, though presenting here and there certain discrepancies, was on the whole reasonable. He said he had known Umbanda since his own boyhood, his mother being of Umbanda's kraal. He professed to be aware that Umbanda possessed the secret of the gold-cave, and assured us that the business of the old man in visiting the Krugersdorp district was connected with this secret.

This was one of the weak points in an otherwise feasible story. Wilson's theory fixed the cave somewhere in the Barberton district. He has an acquaintance with that district second to no man's in South Africa, and when Mining Commissioner at De Kaap it was his frequent duty to inspect gold finds for the purpose of registering them. Besides, it is a matter of common knowledge that gold exists in that district under circumstances that made the story of Umbanda extremely probable. On the other hand, although gold exists in the Krugersdorp district, it is reef gold, and rarely alluvial, as we had decided this treasure must be; and, although caves abound, they are all in a limestone formation, where no geologist would think of looking for auriferous ore. This latter objection Wilson soon overruled. He reminded me that, as everyone who knows anything of the history of the Transvaal is well aware, the opinions of geologists carry very little weight among practical mining men.

THE SWAZI "BOY" WHO PROFESSED TO HAVE VISITED THE TREASURE-CAVE.
From a Photo.

After making due allowance for these few objections we arrived at the conclusion that there were better reasons and excuses for prosecuting the search than for abandoning it; and when it is borne in mind that the cost in time and money of testing our theory would be trifling, our venture had much more to recommend it than many a more promising enterprise.

In order to ensure the safe-keeping of the Swazi, Wilson took him into his service; and during the weeks that elapsed before we began our exploration he had many talks with the boy, who added much to his original narrative.

I have no doubt now that Wilson's cross-examination was conducted by means of what lawyers call "leading questions," and that the Swazi, divining what was required, took care that his replies should be perfectly satisfactory. When, therefore, at the end of three weeks we were prepared for a reconnaissance, I was not surprised to learn that the first edition of the Swazi's story had been very considerably improved and enlarged upon. He now declared that he had on two occasions accompanied Umbanda on a visit to the cave, and had seen the gold as described. He further added a very conclusive and circumstantial item to the effect that Umbanda had on the occasion of his last visit brought away a handful of gold, and had paid part of it to another Kaffir in exchange for sovereigns and certain articles of clothing. This realistic and practical embellishment of an otherwise lame story did more to convert me than anything else, for I recollected a case at the Krugersdorp police-court in which a native was charged with being in possession of raw gold.

The Swazi had told Wilson that the Kaffir who changed the gold had been arrested and imprisoned, and on searching the records at the office of the Public Prosecutor I found a trace of the case, but, as was no uncommon thing in Transvaal police-courts, there was no record of the sequel. I found later that the accused native, after being detained for some weeks, had been released and the gold forwarded to Pretoria. This decided and encouraged us, and Wilson, myself, and the Swazi drove out from Krugersdorp to Sterkfontein to take a preliminary view of the scene of action.

This spot is situated about seven miles north-west of Krugersdorp, and for some years has been the main source of supply for the lime used on the West Rand. The ground is an extensive limestone formation, and caverns and cuttings are pretty frequent. About a year before Mr. Nolan, a lime-burner working one of these deposits, had opened up a series of extensive caverns in which stalactites and stalagmites of the most perfect and beautiful description abounded. The discovery created great interest. An enterprising person leased the caves and admitted the public to view them on payment of a fee, and they soon became even better known than the stalactite caves of Wonderfontein; but at the time of which I write their fame had not travelled beyond the immediate locality.

The Swazi assured us that he had been to

this spot with Umbanda some months before, and that it was from these caves the gold had been brought. A vigorous cross-examination brought out several apparent contradictions; but these were set off by the fact that he described an opening into the caves, situate some half-mile from the main entrance. On examination we found it as he had said, and my faith rose 50 per cent. We then paid our entrance-fee and went below with the guide as ordinary visitors, explored as much of the caves as was open to the public, and by a series of questions obtained a mass of information likely to prove useful. The guide assured us that many caves and passages yet unexplored existed, and our delight may be imagined when we learned that these passages passed under a spot where, during the past ten or twelve years, alluvial gold has often been found in small quantities. We spent two hours underground and returned to the light very happy and hopeful.

It happened that the caves were under the charge of two young men whom I knew well. One of them, now in England, is the son of a well-known Army officer, and I suggested that it would be wise to enlist his assistance and let him "stand in." But on this point Wilson was obdurate. He had, he said, missed several good things by letting too many people "stand in," and he was firmly resolved not to repeat the mistake. We, therefore, returned to Krugersdorp to make arrangements for our exploration.

As Wilson was firm in his refusal to admit anyone else into the adventure, it was necessary to devise some plan for getting the two custodians of the caves away. They were living in a tent at the entrance, so that it would be impossible to enter without their knowledge while they were on the spot. I therefore invited them to spend an evening with me at the Grand Hotel, Krugersdorp, offering such inducements as I knew they would not resist. Mr. Wilson left the Dorp about two o'clock, accompanied by the Swazi, and carrying our equipment in a Cape cart. The arrangement was that he should turn off about half-way and await me behind a kopje. An hour later I followed afoot, having left a note for my guests stating that I had been suddenly called away, and inviting them to make themselves comfortable till my return. As I had arranged to put them up for the night I felt no qualms of conscience.

The entrance to the Sterkfontein caves is in the side of a low hill, situate in a tract of undulating country which, except for a few limeworks here and there and a remote farmhouse, is as desolate as mid-ocean. The road leading

"WE SAW THAT THEY NOTICED THE SPOOR OF THE CART."

to the caves is simply a waggon-track, and the chance of meeting anyone at that hour was improbable in the extreme. I picked up Wilson about four o'clock, and had barely got to cover when we saw the two caretakers trudging towards Krugersdorp. We were 500yds. off the road, and well out of sight. We saw that they noticed the spoor of the cart, and pulled up for a moment at the point where it had left the track for the veldt. They were evidently puzzled by these cart-tracks, striking off apparently to nowhere, and for a few

moments we feared their curiosity would induce them to follow us up, in which case Wilson and I would have gone to closer cover and left the Swazi to explain the situation—which, as he could speak neither Dutch nor English, was fairly safe in his hands. Fortunately, the allurement of a night in touch with civilization proved too strong for them, and they resumed their journey.

We overhauled our kit, arranged it in convenient parcels for underground transport, and set out for the cave.

And here it may be interesting to describe briefly what our equipment consisted of. First, we had on our oldest clothes, and over our knees, elbows, and hips we bound thick pieces of sacking, a protection against bruises on the most vulnerable points, which proved of immense service. We were also provided with the thickest leather riding-gloves obtainable, as a protection against the needle-like points of the stalagmites. Our food supply consisted mainly of that most potent of condensed nourishment, biltong (strips of dried buck-flesh), cake chocolate—a big mistake, as it induces a terrible thirst—some Boer biscuits, and four large flasks of diluted brandy. We took no water, as we knew, or thought we knew, that it abounded in the caves. This proved the one blunder of the expedition. Our illumination plant consisted of a dozen large mine candles, a bull's-eye bicycle lamp apiece, and about 300 wax matches each, carefully packed against damp in well-corked bottles.

Another precaution, the outcome of my companion's forethought, was of great value. In addition to a stout crook stick, we carried a large butcher's hook with a wooden handle inserted transversely, like the stock of an anchor. This we found of immense service in scrambling up and down steep places. Wound round our waists was 50yds. of stout line, after the fashion of Alpine climbers, and in a bag fastened to our backs, knapsack-wise, we stored various articles which we believed would prove of use. The most important but cumbrous article of the outfit was 3,000yds. of fine wire, which was intended to be paid out as we advanced, so as to serve as a guide on the way back; and a wise precaution it proved, for without it we should probably never have returned.

On arriving at the caves we unloaded our stores, took the cart into a hollow some distance off where it would be fairly safe from observation, and then hobbled the horses and left them to graze.

The entrance to the caves is by a narrow passage sloping at an angle of about 35deg., opening into a sort of chamber. Thence we had to descend by a ladder almost vertically some 50ft., and passed through the series of beautiful stalactite chambers, but we wasted no time in admiring them. Our objective was a narrow passage at the extreme end which the guide had told us had been partially explored, and which Wilson was satisfied led in the direction we wanted.

And here it may save wearisome detail if I briefly describe our method of progression. The whole of the passages were of soft limestone, through which the water percolated, keeping the floor and walls in a state of slimy, slippery dampness that made our advance a series of slides and slips when on our feet, and coated us with sticky ooze when crawling.

Our progress was slow and wearisome, necessitating frequent halts. As a rule we sent the Swazi on as advance guard, but he showed such signs of abject fear at times that I reluctantly became the pioneer. Again and again I stumbled and fell, but, thanks to the protection of the sacking I received no hurt worth mention. My great difficulty was to keep the lantern from being smashed in my blunderings, and to drag through my equipment. Now and then we would strike a chamber of considerable size, admitting of our standing erect, but such were few. Our direction was downwards and north-eastwards. At the end of two hours we pulled up on the fairly level floor of an arched culvert-like passage and calculated our position. We made it out to be, roughly, about 700yds. from the last explored chamber, and 400ft. below the surface.

The tunnel came to an abrupt end after running almost level for 30yds., the fall being 12ft. into a well-like opening. This supplied the very first piece of what might be called internal evidence in support of the Swazi's story, for he had told Wilson that Umbanda had described how he had to descend into a deep, well-like place swarming with huge iguanas. He had further given the Swazi to understand that this ugly "deep" was of recent formation, having no existence in his youth. After throwing the lead-line, which I had constructed on the pattern of the ordinary ship's implement, we arrived at the conclusion that a sort of beach existed on the opposite side, and Wilson immediately pictured the alluvial gravel bed which he had decided contained the gold we were in quest of. We tried to induce the Swazi to allow himself to be lowered down, but the awful darkness seemed to have upset his nerve, and he refused. There was no alternative but my going down, for Wilson was too heavy for convenient handling. I, therefore, partially undressed and was slowly lowered into the blackness of the unknown.

"I WAS SOON SWALLOWED UP INTO THE BLACK DEPTHS OF THE UNKNOWN."

I honestly confess that it was the most weird and unpleasant experience I have ever had, and when to my surprise I found the water icy cold, instead of tepid, as I had expected, I cordially wished I was back. The cold seemed to freeze my courage, and what with the inky darkness and the vague horror of possible monsters lurking in the water, I never felt less at home. I struck out in the direction of the opposite bank, and experienced profound relief when I touched bottom and found myself on some such beach as Wilson had imagined. Although I was not more than 30ft. from my companions, the light from their bulls'-eyes looked like a tiny glowing match in the darkness. With difficulty they lowered a lantern to me, and I proceeded to examine the ground. It was distinctly river gravel such as is found in alluvial diggings.

I was nearly frozen by the time I was hauled up, shivering and sore all over, for the rope cut my chest and back and the rugged, protruding limestone bruised my knees and feet horribly. But we were jubilant, for we felt that fortune was within reach, and we drank success in our diluted brandy and sat down to a rough meal. During this much-needed rest we discussed the question of crossing this awkward chasm. It was decided that I was to be again lowered into the inky depth, to swim across to the beach, and haul over the baggage. We again tried to fathom the depth of the well; but the lead-line was always drawn under, as if sucked into some subterranean passage, through which the water evidently rushed with great force. This outlet was about 20ft. below the surface of the water, so there was no danger of our being drawn into it, though the Swazi, when the situation was explained to him, urged that such would be his fate. A greater coward I had never met.

From half an hour after the start he had displayed an irritating timidity, shirking all he could when called upon to explore difficult passages, and keeping up a running commentary of gloomy forebodings. Wilson had several times spoken sharply to the fellow and asserted his authority, to which the Swazi had sullenly given way, but when the time came for him to descend into the water I having already been lowered—he flatly refused. I was in favour of leaving him behind in the dark until our return, but Wilson's temper was up, and he shouted to me that he was not going to let any Kaffir master him. As I stood shivering in the darkness on the little beach I heard the sounds of a scuffle going on on the ledge above. Wilson was evidently rebuking and exhorting the Swazi with fervour. Presently a lantern was kicked off and fell like a meteor into the water. I yelled to Wilson to take care of the two bulls'-eyes remaining. I learned afterwards that at the time I shouted Wilson had the Kaffir on the ground trying to get possession of a prospector's pick with which the sulky brute had tried to strike him; but all I could hear were the smothered ejaculations of the Swazi and Wilson's expletives.

A few moments later, to my horror, a second lantern fell into the water, while the sounds of

blows and an exciting struggle increased. I knew that Wilson's superior weight and strength must tell in the long run, but I was not prepared for what followed. A guttural groan and a long-drawn "Oh!" were immediately succeeded by a tremendous splash, caused by something big and heavy falling into the water quite near

"WILSON HAD THE KAFFIR ON THE GROUND."

me. Before I could take in the situation Wilson shouted, "Look out! the beggar's tumbled over, and he's got the pick!"

During the next few moments I realized to the full what Napoleon meant by "two o'clock in the morning courage." I stood there in the dense darkness, wondering whether I was going to be attacked by the Swazi or stumble upon his dead body. Then the awful thought passed through my mind that we should both be charged with murdering him, forgetting in my excitement that in the Transvaal killing a Kaffir was hardly regarded as a serious offence.

"Where is he?" shouted Wilson. I could not reply, for I was literally and figuratively in the dark on that point. We both shouted, but got no response—not even an echo—for the heavy, moist air muffled our voices. Wilson called out that he was groping round for the remaining lantern, which had been kicked out in the struggle. Several minutes of horrible suspense followed, during which the fate of Kaffir and lantern concerned me equally. I actually forgot the cold, and reached about aimlessly in the water, half expecting to touch the dead body of the mysteriously disappeared native.

While Wilson sought the lantern I strained my ears for some sound that would give a clue to the whereabouts of that Kaffir, but all I could hear was an occasional faint indication that Wilson was moving, and the ticking of my watch. Just as I was beginning to feel almost hysterical the voice of Wilson announced that he had found the lantern, but the thrill of delight the good news caused me was immediately checked when, in awesome tones, he informed me that the matches were wet!

Luckily, the terrible suggestion proved erroneous. The cork of Wilson's bottle had fallen out and the moisture of the atmosphere had affected part of the wax matches, but my bottle was intact, though by one of those inexplicable oversights which often bring unexpected disaster I had left it uncorked on the wet bank after relighting my lamp. The penetrating effect of the humid air was remarkable. There was not an article in our equipment that was not reeking with wet.

When Wilson had got his lantern going we held a consultation across the chasm as to our next move. Secretly I was most anxious to get back to the light, for the awkward business of the vanished Kaffir had got upon my nerves and upset me considerably. I therefore raised an alarm on the great light question, pointing out that the loss of our two largest lanterns

might prove a serious matter on the return journey.

Wilson was for making a further effort; so we compromised by my agreeing to make an exploration of my side of the chasm. Wilson lowered me a packet of candles and a few necessaries, and the feeble light soon satisfied me that we had arrived at a *cul-de-sac*. I stood on a tiny, shelving beach, a few inches above the level of the water and about 12ft. long by 6ft. wide, while behind me rose a wall of limestone, up which I peered in vain for some sign of an outlet or means of advance. It was obvious that, if Umbanda had ever been here, he either knew a secret path or the conformation of the cave had undergone considerable change.

I reported the situation to Wilson, and at his suggestion used the pick on the walls in quest of auriferous indications, finding nothing but limestone. So, gathering about a quart of the gravel as a sample, I passed it and the tools up, followed through the icy water, and was laboriously hauled up the rock to the side of Wilson, whom, for the first time, I found despondent.

While I was resting and partially drying, Wilson told me the story of the fight with the Swazi. It was a very simple one. After refusing to follow me he became impudent, and finally raised the pick he was carrying and rushed at his master. Wilson is a practised boxer, and floored the Swazi at the first blow, afterwards trying to disarm him. The Kaffir got to his feet again and made another rush, with the result I have already told. The reasonable explanation of the silence that followed his fall was that he had struck some projection on the way down and that the shock had stunned him, and drowning naturally resulted. Wilson displayed no apprehension as to the consequences. It was a fair fight, he said, and an accident for which he could not and would not be held responsible by any Boer jury.

I have mentioned that we made a mistake in taking no water with us. Knowing the wet nature of the caves, we not unreasonably concluded that we should find more water than we needed. It was not until we both began to complain of a raging thirst, and had made serious inroads upon the diluted brandy, that we realized the surprising fact that, although the walls everywhere exuded moisture, and we walked over ground of the consistency of a country lane after a rain-storm, we could not find anywhere sufficient water to fill a spoon. Again and again we heard the drip, drip, drip of large drops, but could never locate the spot. The walls and roof reeked with moisture, which reflected the glare of our lanterns, but the fluid had settled nowhere, apparently percolating through the porous limestone as through a sponge. We were driven to obtain water by applying our tongues to the moist walls and were rewarded by obtaining a perceptible relief, but the grit we absorbed only intensified the thirst that consumed us and we fell back upon the brandy. Once or twice we underwent the Tantalus-like torture of hearing the distinct trickle of running water, but its source was in each case somewhere far beyond our reach.

It was not until we arrived at the deep pool which proved to be the end of our journey that we were able to gratify our yearning, and we must have drunk a quart before we noticed that the water had a peculiar slimy and metallic taste that was most unpleasant. We tried to distinguish its colour by the light of our lanterns, but it appeared fairly natural.

The combined effects of the Turkish bath-like atmosphere, caused by the warm, moist air and the exertion, proved terribly enervating, and I am convinced that if we had not found that pool when we did we should have succumbed to sheer exhaustion.

Even when we had decided to give up the quest, Wilson made another effort to induce me to continue and join him in one more attempt, but I was in no mood for heroics, and all the objections that had weighed with me when the scheme was first mooted came up with redoubled force. I felt strongly that we had been too gullible and that the Swazi had fairly fooled us. I hinted as much to Wilson, but he was not in the humour to admit a failure, and we closed the discussion by agreeing to make another trial if the assay of the gravel proved sufficiently encouraging. By way of earnest we packed away all our tools and as much of the outfit as would not be needed on the return journey, and turned our faces surface-wards.

There is no occasion to describe that retreat. The events of the day had not tended to sweeten our tempers, but fortunately the effort of travelling was too exhausting to permit of any waste of breath in grumbling or recriminations, and we had not exchanged a dozen words for nearly an hour when I was startled into an exclamation by a strange and disconcerting discovery. I was some yards ahead, and had grasped the wire guide to make sure that I was on the right track, when it yielded to my slight pull, and a cautious test satisfied me that it was loose!

We had arrived at a sort of gap or chasm, about 6ft. deep and 30ft. across, over which the

wire should have stretched like an overhead telegraph line. Instead, it hung slack, and examination revealed the puzzling fact that it had been cut with a sharp knife! There the mystery remained unsolved, except in so far as any light may be thrown upon it by circumstances I have to mention later.

"IT HAD BEEN CUT WITH A SHARP KNIFE!"

We had entered the caves about 5 p.m. It was just upon 4 a.m. when, sore, drenched, dispirited, and weary, we arrived at the entrance. We had to wait till daylight before searching for our horses, which we found after some trouble, and, having changed our whitened clothes, set out for Krugersdorp. We had been about half an hour on the road when a strange thing happened. Wilson, who was driving, suddenly pulled up and sat staring at some object on the veldt away to the right. While we looked a Kaffir rose from the ground about 50yds. off, and, picking up a bundle, bounded away at a swinging pace.

"It's that blackguard Swazi!" exclaimed Wilson. I recognised immediately the familiar short, ragged jacket, splashed with white. Wilson shouted to the boy to stop, but he only glanced back at us and quickened his pace till we lost sight of him in a declivity.

We looked at each other in utter amazement. The mystery that we tried to solve during the rest of the journey was: How did the boy find his way out of the caves, and was it he who cut the wire? It was certain that he did not pass us on the way out, and, therefore, the only feasible explanation was that he had found some other means of exit. This suggestion opened up a new theory of possibilities, which, so far, has not been acted upon, for even the optimism of Wilson was damped by the result of the assay of the gravel, which gave no sign of gold.

We never saw the Swazi again, and whenever Wilson and I meet there are always three questions over which we spend a lot of time in discussing. They are: How did the Swazi get out? Did he cut the wire? and, Had he ever really met Umbanda?

The Lady Rattlesnake-Catcher of Sonora.

By S. S. Blake, of San Francisco.

In the mountains above Sonora, California, lives Miss Grace Somers, a young lady who has adopted snake-catching as a profession, and finds it both interesting and remunerative. The author met with this enterprising lady while on a tour through the mountains, and interviewed and photographed her on behalf of this Magazine.

IN this age the boundary lines of woman's sphere are no longer clearly marked. Women have adopted queer and unwomanly occupations, ranging from the woman blacksmith to the woman bandit. But I think even the readers of The Wide World will agree that killing rattlesnakes for a living is a strange and dangerous pursuit for a young woman still in the middle twenties. This, however, is the profession which has been adopted by Miss Grace Somers, whose portrait is reproduced on this page. For the past year she has made a business of killing rattlesnakes, mounting the skins into belts, and selling snake-skins to purse manufacturers. Her undertaking has been a complete success from a financial standpoint. The belts bring from one to two pounds each, and the skins suitable for purses and hand-bags net her about five shillings apiece.

Miss Grace Somers, the young lady who has adopted snake-catching as a profession. *From a* [*Photo.*

Her uncle, Mr. William S. Thompson, owns a cattle-range ten miles above Sonora, California. It is in the mountainous region where "rattlers" and snakes of all kinds abound. The range runs along the western slope of the Sierra; farther down lie Table Mountain, Jimtown, Red Dog, and the other picturesque mining towns made famous by Bret Harte. On her uncle's ranch, which he jokingly calls "Grace's Rattlesnake Farm," Miss Somers daily contests with death in one of its most horrible forms. One thoughtless slip on her part, a miscalculation of distance, a moment's hesitation at a critical juncture, and she would be at the mercy of one of the most vicious, most venomous reptiles on earth. The snake-charmer who coils reptiles around his body does not take anything like the chances that she does, for she fights the snakes in their natural venomous state, on their own ground.

I suppose there are men who make a business of hunting deadly reptiles for zoological gardens and for snake-charmers, but I do not know of anybody beside Miss Somers who systematically supplies snake-skins to purse and belt dealers. The firms with which she is in correspondence have informed me that hitherto the demand has been supplied largely by specimens captured by

chance. She does not anticipate much competition, for the average man would not care to adopt such a calling, and as for women, there are very few of them with grit enough to voluntarily attack a rattlesnake. I have heard of instances where women killed snakes when suddenly attacked, but those women would certainly not face a "rattler" of their own free will.

Miss Somers's reasons for taking up her extraordinary profession were frankly told to me.

"I wanted to do something to earn money," she said, "and there's not much a girl can do whose lot is cast on a lonely cattle-range. I was born in St. Louis, and after I graduated from the business college I had a very good position there as typewriter in a lawyer's office. Then my mother's health failed and we came to California. I obtained a very responsible position in San Francisco. We came to California too late, though, to save mother's life, and the grief at losing her and the worry of my office work soon told on me. I held out for almost a year and then collapsed. The doctor said I needed a complete rest and change, so I came up here to my uncle's ranch, where the bracing mountain air has almost entirely restored me to health.

"The idea of killing rattlesnakes was an inspiration that flashed across my mind one day when Jim, a cowboy on the ranch, killed a 'rattler' and brought the skin to the house. I had just read an article on the fashion of wearing snake-skin belts, and I thought what a fine one this beautiful skin would make. So I sent it to San Francisco and ordered a belt to be made of it. In due time my belt arrived, and with it a request from the dealer for a skin of equal beauty. He offered eight shillings for it, and Jim soon captured a snake even more handsome than mine and sent the skin to the city.

"'If there is a demand for snake-skin belts,' I thought, 'why shouldn't I supply it?'

"When I told Uncle Thompson what I proposed to do he protested vigorously and declared I could make a fool of myself in a good many safer ways.

From a] THE LADY SNAKE-CATCHER AT WORK. *[Photo.*

"All my persuasive powers could not induce him to aid me in my new venture. He declared he didn't know what trouble I might get into, as the men-folk couldn't always be with me on the hunts. So I set about trying to invent some sort of device to snare the snakes. I cut a stout pole about 10ft. long, and fastened a rough fork on one end. But the work was done so clumsily that Jim took pity on me and said he couldn't stand by and let me go hunting with such a rickety snake-fork. So he made a good stout one for me. I thanked him so profusely that he was quite won over, and volunteered to pilot me on my first hunt and show me a trick or two.

"So Jim taught me how to fork and kill my first 'rattler.' I couldn't have had a better

teacher, for he handled the snake as easily as if it were a calf he was herding to pasture. I was all excitement, of course, and kept far in the background, fearing the snake might spring at me and fasten its deadly fangs in my flesh. Jim laughed at my nervousness, and said if I didn't get over it I'd never get any belts unless I asked the snakes to crawl out of their skins and leave them hanging on a tree for me. Then he took my snake-fork and boldly drove out Mr. Snake from under a bush into an open space and put the amazed, angry, hissing reptile through his paces for my edification. He showed me how the adroit, crafty snake wriggled and crawled to get out of the way; how he had to coil himself up before he could spring; and how he could only spring the distance of his own length. He made Mr. Snake coil up, spring, and strike at the pole a number of times, just to illustrate how he did the trick. Then he made him coil with his rattle-ended tail poised in the air and emit the peculiar whirring sound that gives the reptile its name and warns interlopers that his snakeship is aroused and ready for battle.

"Jim ended the lesson by killing Mr. Snake with a sharp crack across the back with his stick. After he had explained snake habits and snake habitats, he flayed the reptile, and showed me how to handle the skin so as to preserve its beautiful markings and render it soft and pliable.

"There is always a little hope of preserving the life of anyone unfortunate enough to be bitten by snakes, providing there are powerful alkalies at hand ready for prompt application. I never carry whisky as an antidote for snake-bites; I couldn't carry enough of it to be of any use. For such an emergency I always carry a reticule containing a bottle of ammonia, a stick of nitrate of silver, and a cloth bandage to bind tightly around the wound in order to stop the circulation till the poison is conquered. But I place more faith in the ounce of prevention, and my greatest safeguard and protection is 'Tireless Vigilance.' That's my motto. When I'm out on a hunt and I discover a snake, I keep saying to myself, 'It's Mr. Snake or myself,' and I never think of anything else until the snake is duly laid out.

"I had my lesson taught me gruesomely enough to for ever impress me with its horrors. When I first began to hunt for 'rattlers' I used to take one of the dogs with me for company's

A GOOD DAY'S WORK—MISS SOMERS IS SEEN WITH HER SNAKE-FORK AND THE SKINS OF EIGHT SNAKES.
From a Photo.

sake. Buster was a shepherd dog, a fine-looking animal, and he knew as much as it is given a dog to know. Gradually he began to take an interest in my work and to watch me intently. He seemed to scent that the bites of 'rattlers' are deadly, for he never rushed in while I was fighting a snake, but always danced wildly in the background, barking excitedly until I had administered the finishing blow to the snake. But one day, just as I was trying to dispatch a handsome specimen, Buster, who was behind me, suddenly stopped barking. I remember I wondered why at the time."

"I didn't dare to take my eyes off the snake and look around till he was laid out. Then I turned to see what was the matter with Buster, for he invariably bounded forward, barking joyously, and apparently wildly anxious to share the credit of my battle. I was amazed to see that he had started another snake and was fighting it all by himself. I did not dare call him off or make the slightest movement, for I realized it was a critical moment. The angered 'rattler' was coiled for a spring, and Buster was moving warily around him trying to coax him to strike. Suddenly the snake shot out its venomous head, but the vigilant Buster bounded back at the same instant. Then, before the extended snake could recoil, Buster sprang upon it, seized it just behind the head, and with a vicious shake crushed its back.

"After that there was positively no stopping him. He seemed to take a pride in trying to rout out and kill more snakes than I did. He always got one, and sometimes two, on every hunt. I tried to break him of the habit, but there was no managing him. If I scolded he simply trailed along behind or waited till I was busy, and then he drummed the brush or raided the rocks in search of his own quarry.

"But one fatal day a snake caught him. I shall never forget the horror of the scene. As usual, Buster circled about the coiled snake trying to coax it to strike, but for once he miscalculated the distance. He bounded back as usual, but the 'rattler's' fang nicked his upper lip just under the nose. Poor Buster! He realized only too well what had happened, for he gave a long, heart-rending howl, and furiously buried his snout in the earth or frantically rubbed it with his paws. I ran up to him with the nitrate of silver and applied the smart caustic to the wound. Of course, at the first touch of the burning stick he howled and made off. I tried to reach him again to coax him to me, but he was too frantic. Then I ran to the house to get assistance. At last Jim managed to catch the poor, frantic beast and put him in a sack. Despite his struggles, I cauterized the wound. But Jim wasn't satisfied with my remedies. He doused Buster's head in whisky, forced all the liquor he could down his throat, and then bound up his jaws with rock salt. In spite of all we could do the poor dog got worse and worse, until at last Jim mercifully ended his sufferings.

"Before Buster was bitten I used to think at times that perhaps it wasn't quite right to hunt animal life, no matter in what form, for money. But after I had witnessed his sufferings I made up my mind that the more 'rattlers' I could stamp out the better it would be.

"I am kept busy all the time either catching the snakes or mounting the skins into belts. Of course, when I'm hunting snakes I wear a short skirt, padded leggings, and a stout pair of gauntlets. If I'm going any distance I ride over and tether my horse while I scare up the snakes on foot. You can always locate a snake's den, where the reptiles gather and breed, by the curious smell. Snakes love to snuggle among warm, sunny rocks, or in the soft, dry, rotten wood under a dead tree. I aim to find 'rattlers,' but I am always ready to capture any other kind that cross my path, for many of the harmless ones have skins with very pretty markings that can be sold at a good profit for purses.

"I am often asked whether I am ever going back to city life and typewriting, and my answer invariably is, 'Not so long as rattlesnakes are plentiful and the fashion of wearing snake-skin belts lasts.'"

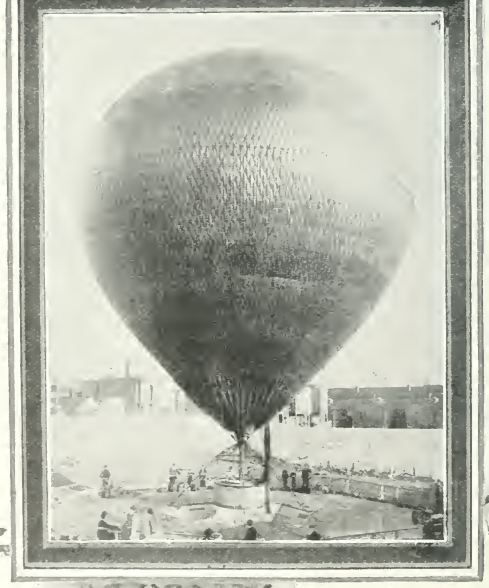
Adrift in a Runaway Balloon.

By John Chetwood, of San Francisco.

Being an account of the exciting experience which befell the passengers in Messrs. Hudson and Baldwin's "captive" balloon. The balloon broke loose from its fastenings and travelled upwards of seventy miles in an hour and a half, only the skill and courage of the aeronaut in charge averting a catastrophe.

DURING the latter part of last year a captive balloon owned by Messrs. Hudson and Baldwin* made many successful ascents from a large piece of waste ground in San Francisco. On Saturday, November 2nd last, the balloon rose at about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon for its last trip. It carried seven men and one woman as passengers, beside the aeronaut in charge, Mr. Edward Dudley.

All went well on the way up, and on the descent also till the travellers were within four or five hundred feet of the ground. The balloon, it should be explained, was attached to a stout wire cable, which was wound in by a small engine. The balloon was coming steadily down when, without the least warning, the cable suddenly snapped with a loud report. The balloon instantly darted off into space, carrying with it nine surprised and very reluctant travellers. These were Aeronaut Dudley; Walter Leon, a trapeze performer; Albert Dodge, owner of a theatrical publication; Edward Foster, musician; C. P. Videcoc, a tailor; M. L. Haworth, of the Southern Pacific Railroad Hospital; John Swift, a policeman; J. F. Leonard, pattern-maker; and Mrs. J. P. Gunsauls, whose husband owned a small candy factory.



F.R. Horsman.

THE CAPTIVE BALLOON AS IT APPEARED PRIOR TO THE ASCENT HEREIN DESCRIBED.
From a Photo. by O. S. Burns.

As soon as the accident occurred the management explained to the alarmed and excited spectators, many of whom were friends or relatives of the hapless balloonists, that Mr. Dudley was an expert aeronaut and should be fully able to cope with the alarming situation. As a matter of fact, the broken cable had been tested and had borne a much greater strain than the balloon put on it. Perhaps a little of the sulphuric acid kept on hand for gas-making may have come in contact with it and so weakened it. But, whatever the cause of the catastrophe, the unprepared condition of the balloon caused no small part of the danger, as the sequel showed.

Fortunately the promptness, skill, and courage of the man in charge enabled him to rise to the emergency. The moment he realized what had happened he told his startled companions to keep perfectly quiet, promising that if they did so he would land

* Baldwin was the man who made so many parachute descents in England at the re-opening of the Alexandra Palace.

them safe and sound, without fail, in an hour or so.

He then sprang up into the rigging and felt about for the valve-cord, which had for some reason been tucked away out of reach from below. Luckily it was soon found and uncoiled, and Mr. Dudley jumped back into the car. Then he gazed searchingly at the faces of the others, fearing to see signs of dizziness or panic, which so often impel people so situated to jump out, not only destroying themselves, but sending the balloon, deprived of their weight, to yet higher altitudes. Every ounce of weight is of value at such a time.

But these passengers were a brave lot, and fortunately they did not seem to realize the full extent of the danger. Mr. Leon had made several previous trips, and being a trapeze performer and used to taking risks in the air he was able to second the efforts of Dudley to calm the others.

Certainly the situation was far from reassuring. Already their friends below were out of sight. San Francisco looked like a distant etching, and the great fifteen-story "Speckles Building" appeared a slender stick on the ground. Just at the time the management far below were trying to calm the spectators, and secretly wondering why Dudley kept going higher and higher.

THE BALLOON AT A DISTANCE OF ABOUT 500FT. FROM THE GROUND, THE ALTITUDE AT WHICH IT BROKE LOOSE.
From a Photo. by O. S. Burns.

But he knew why. He was testing the currents in the upper air. At one level the wind would blow them towards the Pacific; at another to or along San Francisco Bay, which stretched away for forty miles to the south. They must find a current that would carry them away from both. And when finally that was found there came the delicate handling of the valve-cord on which all their lives depended.

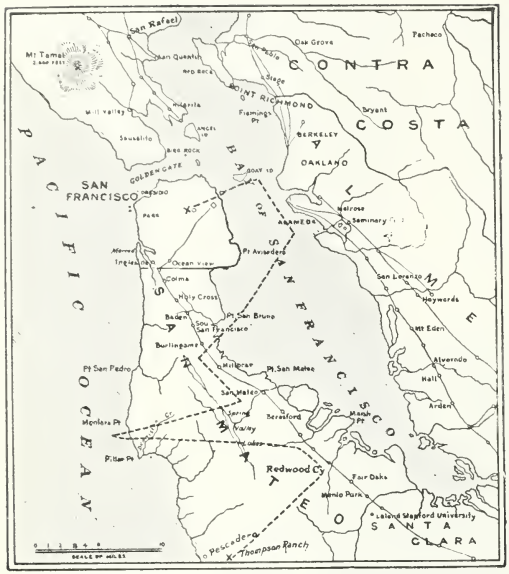
When the party left the earth the ascending power of the balloon was sufficient to raise twenty persons easily. This power, it was evident, must be reduced till it merely kept suspended the weight of the nine people in the balloon. But, on the other hand, it was necessary to attain this equilibrium very carefully and then descend gradually to a safe landing-place. For they were not prepared to avoid or rise above any sort of obstruction, as they had no drag-rope and no ballast—both articles of vital importance to the aeronaut.

As might be supposed, the course of the runaway under these adverse circumstances was a very fluctuating and uncertain one, as the accompanying map will make clear. The first wind carried the travellers to San Francisco Bay and nearly across it, when a side current at a higher level drove them south directly over the bay.

Mounting still higher, an easterly wind brought the balloon back over the bay and peninsula and then far out to sea. Here they descended in search of a lower current, which in turn bore them back — curiously enough, in the same direction as an express train far below, with which the balloon kept pace for several miles. Then a final change of direction brought the menace of fresh dangers to the hapless occupants of the drifting balloon in the shape of rugged mountain crests that reached to their level. Beyond these the ocean breakers again stared them in the face—and to go out to sea meant death.

At a speed of forty miles an hour the balloon whirled towards a rugged mountain-top. At this crisis, having no ballast to throw out, the aeronaut ordered all coats to be taken off. His own disappeared first, and this slight loss of weight proved sufficient. The car curved up and just cleared the summit. It then swept over several miles of rough wooded country where there was no opportunity to alight, although it was now rapidly growing dark and the ocean was not far away.

But finally they sighted a clearing which lay directly in their course. It proved to be the ranch of Mr. Beatty Thompson, some five miles from Pescadero Beach. Mr. Thompson was near a mill, known as Warr's Mill, when the shouts of the party overhead attracted his attention to them and the long rope which trailed from the car on to the ground. Catching hold of the rope, Mr. Thompson first steadied and then drew down the now scarce-resisting balloon. At last they were safe! They had traversed



MAP SHOWING THE DANGEROUS ROUTE TRAVERSED BY THE RUNAWAY BALLOON—IT TRAVELLED OVER SEVENTY MILES IN AN HOUR AND A HALF.

more than seventy miles in just one hour and a half!

The party were most kindly received and entertained by Mr. Thompson and his family, and they were enabled to communicate by telephone with their anxious friends in San Francisco, to which place they returned next day—followed a little later by the balloon.

Mr. Albert Dodge, of the *Theatrical Guide*, said to the reporters on his return: "The people all behaved very well, but it was a terrible experience, especially when we were over the ocean. I would not undergo it again for any consideration."

In giving her version of the affair, Mrs. Gunsauls said: "The gentlemen congratulated me and said I behaved bravely. Perhaps I did, but there were times when I did not *feel* brave at all. When I got in the basket my daughter and friends outside said if I came down safely they would try it. But I very much doubt if they ever will! We were laughing heartily and shouting good-byes as the balloon went up, but when the rope parted it seemed as if the earth were leaving us for ever.

"We felt very helpless, but Mr. Dudley kept up a constant stream of jokes, and his repeated assurance that there was no danger encouraged us greatly. But I would not care to repeat the experiment. And it did feel so nice to have the ground under foot again!"

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS SIX OF THE PASSENGERS WHO WERE IN THE BALLOON WHEN IT BROKE AWAY. ON THE RIGHT ARE THE TWO PROPRIETORS—AERONAUT DUDLEY IS SEEN IN THE CAR.
From a Photo. by O. S. Burns.

Barbecues, and How They are Conducted.

By Day Allen Willey.

All about the great open-air feasts which take place in different parts of the United States. Whole herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are slaughtered to feed the guests, and as many as six thousand people sit down to dinner at once.

SIX THOUSAND persons seated at table at one time form a rather large dinner-party. It requires a huge quantity of food to satisfy the hunger of such an army, especially if it has been waiting the greater part of the day for the repast.

Yet as many as six thousand persons have been fed at one time at one of the curious functions which are called "barbecues" in the United States. It is difficult to explain what a "barbecue" is, unless one has been a guest on such an occasion, for it not only means eating and drinking, but merry-making and—to use a popular phrase—a "general good time." The dinner is, however, the main feature, and it is usually served late in the day, in order that hunger may whet the appetites of the diners. If possible, all the guests are seated at the same time, in order to make the affair as impressive as possible. Then a hundred or more waiters, according to the number to be served, rush from table to table with plates of smoking viands. The clatter of knife and fork upon the china mingles with conversation and laughter, while the popping of corks resounds in all directions, and gurgling sounds proceed from a score of kegs which are being emptied of their contents.

While enjoying the meal the guests listen to the music of the orchestra, or—if it be a political "barbecue"—to the speeches of candidates. Not infrequently the dinner will have lasted for over three hours before the last man rises from the table with a look of placid contentment on his face.

AN OPEN-AIR BARBECUE KITCHEN, SHOWING THE HUGE POTS USED FOR MAKING "BARBECUE STEW."
From a Photo. by Howe, Atlanta, Ga.

THE GREAT COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' BARBECUE AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, AT WHICH 1,000 PERSONS SAT DOWN.
From a Photo.

The "barbecue" is an American custom pure and simple. It originated in the South, and even now the natives of Georgia claim that the only genuine "barbecues" are to be found in their State. There is certainly no doubt that the best "barbecue cooks" come from Georgia—old plantation negroes whose hair has turned white in bending over the smoking trenches where the meat is cooked.

The custom has spread into various parts of the country, and—during political campaigns especially—is very popular. Acting on the principle that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, a candidate for office will invite his townspeople to be his guests in some shady grove or other convenient spot. He secures the services of a "barbecue cook" and assistants, a band of music or an orchestra, contracts for the beef and mutton, and sees that a plentiful supply of wine and beer is also forthcoming. Cattle weighing from 1,000lb. to 1,500lb. each are killed, cut into quarters, and roasted in huge pieces. Sheep are merely cut in half and thus cooked. In the South, where fowls are plentiful, roast chicken is an added delicacy, so that, although the beef and mutton are the principal dishes, the bill of fare is sufficiently varied to suit everybody. Occasionally sweet potatoes and corn are added as vegetables; but as a rule the menu is limited

From a Photo. by A BARBECUE ORCHESTRA AT WORK. [*Howe.*

From a Photo. by] THE GREAT TRENCHES OVER WHICH THE CARCASSES ARE ROASTED. [*Howe.*

to meats, bread, beer, and wine, with after-dinner cigars.

Of course, the cooking has to be done on a huge scale, and a regular system is employed in order that enough may be ready to serve all at the same time. Several days before the great event the preparations begin with the digging of trenches in the earth. These trenches vary from two or three to six and seven feet in width, and from one to three feet in depth, according to the size of the carcass which is to be cooked. Next, the cook's assistants get a number of straight branches from the neighbouring trees, peel off the bark and knots, and sharpen each end to a point. The piece of beef or half-sheep is pierced lengthwise by these sticks, which extend from side to side of the trench, overlapping each edge. Then comes the arrangement of the fire, which is an absolute work of art in itself. Pieces of pine-wood or "kindling" are carefully placed upon the bottom of the trench and mixed with shavings, so that the application of a lighted match will quickly ignite the material. Upon the top of the kindling are piled billets of hard wood, in such a way that the heat will reach all parts of

READY FOR THE FEAST—A PROCESSION OF GUESTS LEAVING THE KITCHEN ON THEIR WAY TO THE TABLES.
From a Photo. by Howe.

From a Photo. by] READY FOR 3,000 DINERS—THIS HALL IS ARRANGED FOR AN INDOOR BARBECUE. [*Howe.*

the meat above it and cook it evenly. The work of arranging the fuel is one of the most difficult operations of the "barbecue," and the *chef* always inspects it carefully before the matches are applied, for if the heat is more intense in one part of the trench than another the meat there will be cooked more quickly, and the dinner perhaps seriously delayed.

With the trench dug and the fuel arranged, the carcasses spread upon the wooden strips are laid in rows crosswise, just high enough to prevent their being burned, yet so that they will cook thoroughly on the lower side. A score of men with matches ignite the kindling at the same time, and if the fire has been made properly the bottom of the trench is quickly aglow from end to end. One of the most interesting features of the "barbecue" is the roasting of these long rows of carcasses, while the appetizing fumes which arise from the pits increase the hunger of the observers. Constantly must the cook and his assistants watch this portion of the work in order that the cooking may be done evenly. After a few minutes each carcass is turned over, or "flopped," in "barbecue" language, and the raw side applied to the heat. From piece to piece the *chef* goes, armed with a long fork, with

From a Photo. by] A TYPICAL BARBECUE IN FULL SWING. [*Howe.*

which he prods the flesh. As it becomes more and more tender he knows it is nearly ready for the table. Of course, the larger pieces, such as the quarters of beef, require more heat, and the fire underneath these contains more fuel than in other places; but if the cook is an expert in "barbecue" work all the meats are ready at once.

While the cooking is in progress a score of men have been busily engaged in cutting up stacks of loaves into huge slices. Others bring tiers of plates to a long table near the trenches, while yet others complete the setting of the tables for the guests with the necessary glass, knife, fork, and spoon—for the utensils at these affairs are limited to what is absolutely necessary.

As soon as the meat is done the fires are partly extinguished, and piece by piece the huge joints are carried to the cutting-table. Here several of the cook's assistants, armed with sharp-edged knives and cleavers, cut the beef, mutton, and chicken as rapidly as if the process were done by machinery. As a matter of fact, one experienced man can cut enough beef to serve twenty persons in something like a minute! Up and down goes the cleaver as rapidly as the ticks of a clock, and as fast as the portions are "carved" the waiters place them upon the plates beside the pieces of bread and hurry off to the dining-tables. There is little ceremony or waiting. As fast as each man gets his "'cue" he begins to satisfy the inner man, and knife and fork and teeth are set in motion. Each table is provided with enough waiters to serve all the diners within a few minutes, and in a wonderfully short time after the roast is brought up all the assembled thousands are eating. Directly a plate is emptied, the waiter—without stopping to ask if the guest will have any more—hurries off for a fresh supply, for unstinted generosity is one of the features of the genuine "barbecue."

An important addition to the roast meats is the stew. A score of huge iron kettles, mounted on tripods, have been filled with a mixture of herbs, vegetables, bones from the meat, and other ingredients, which are mixed up according to secret recipes, of which each "barbecue" *chef* has his own. The making of the stew is one of the fine points in the cuisine. If properly mixed and cooked it is very appetizing, but a novice can easily spoil it. It is served in bowls or platters at the same time as the roasted viands, and forms a welcome addition to the feast. The kettles are large enough to hold from thirty to fifty gallons each. In the North

TABLES OF EXTRAORDINARY LENGTH ARE A COMMON FEATURE AT ALL BARBECUES.
From a Photo. by Howe.

maple-sugar kettles are largely used for this purpose, while in Georgia and other parts of the South, where "barbecues" are held regularly, they are manufactured especially for the purpose out of cast-iron.

"Barbecue grounds" are as well known in the Southern States as camp-meeting grounds in the North. They are located on the outskirts of many of the towns and are used regularly for such events. Trenches have been dug and lined with brick or fire-clay, in order to make them permanent. In place of the wooden skewers long iron rods are employed to hold the meat over the fire.

The tables, of boards, are supplied with benches for seats, and long wooden sheds protect the diners from the inclemencies of the weather. Here, on national holidays, such as the Fourth of July and Christmas—for many a "barbecue" is enjoyed in the South in winter when snow covers other less-favoured parts of the world—the people celebrate over the roast and the stew. Some of these permanent grounds have a proper kitchen where the stews are cooked and a stove-house for the plates and cutlery. Naturally a large stock of china and knives and forks is required.

The old-time "barbecue" was spread on bare boards, and the people used their fingers as well as forks, but of late years fashion has changed somewhat, and the feast has been made more picturesque and orderly, with waiters in evening dress and tables covered with snowy linen.

Probably the largest feast of this kind ever provided in the South was cooked near Augusta, Georgia, when it is estimated that no fewer than six thousand persons were fed. So large was the crowd that all could not be accommodated at the tables at once, and two dinners were really served, while hundreds stood up with plates in hand or spread their individual table on tree-trunks. Probably the greatest "roast" ever given in the United States was during a political campaign in Western New York, where the attendance was estimated at ten thousand persons. Here over fifty oxen and a whole herd of sheep were roasted at open fires and served on bread to the multitude. No tables or plates were provided, and each guest had to shift for himself, as it was impossible to feed the people in any other way. This function took place in a large field surrounded by a wood, which was filled with over a thousand vehicles owned by farmers and townspeople, some of whom had driven thirty miles to be present at the feast.

THE END OF THE FEAST—GUESTS CROWDING ON TO THE RAILWAY CARS AFTER A BARBECUE.
From a Photo. by Howe.

SOME INCIDENTS OF TWENTY YEARS' TRAVEL.

By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S.

This well-known Arctic explorer has recently started on what bids fair to be the most hazardous of his many undertakings—nothing less than a journey overland from Paris to New York. This, as a glance at the map will show, necessitates a journey through some of the wildest regions of the earth. The expedition just commenced will not be Mr. De Windt's first attempt at this monumental feat. He has tried once already, but on that occasion his expedition came to grief on the inhospitable shores of Behring Straits, and he himself barely escaped with his life from the hands of the savage natives. This time, however, Mr. De Windt's expedition is well equipped for its arduous work, and he is sanguine of complete success. He carries, in addition to the usual impedimenta of a modern expedition, an unusually complete photographic outfit, it being his intention to secure a large number of photographs *en route*. The whole trip should be brimful of adventure and incident, and we have, therefore, much pleasure in announcing that we have secured the exclusive right to publish the only illustrated account of his adventures in this country. The article published below is introductory to this series, and contains a few of the principal incidents of this well-known explorer's twenty years of travel in various parts of the world.

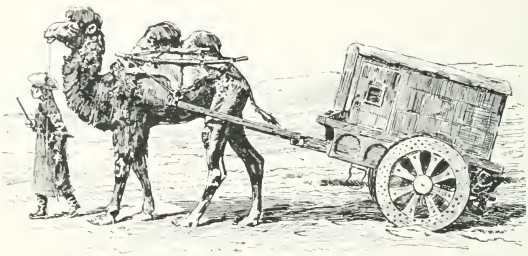
FORTY-FIVE years ago I saw the light at Epinay-sur-Orge, near Paris. Before I was out of my teens I had travelled a good deal in Eastern Europe — in Servia and Bulgaria, during the Russo-Turkish War—and had once (when sixteen years of age) made a voyage to Borneo and Java, but never with any very serious intent. My first trip of exploration was in Borneo in 1880, and it is with some of the incidents of my wanderings from that period until the present time that I propose to deal in this article.

MR. HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.
From a Photo. by E. Potterat, Montreux.

Passing over this trip—then a hazardous undertaking in view of the wild head hunters, who regarded Europeans with special hatred—I come to my first big expedition, "From Pekin to Calais Overland," undertaken in 1887. After some ever-memorable experiences in the sand wastes of the great Gobi Desert, I reached a place called Ourga, through one of the most awful scenes of desolation it has ever been my lot to witness — a valley literally crammed with the dead of the place, from skeletons to recently deposited corpses. In this town I came upon a mysterious religious sect, known as the "Death Lamas," whose functions include the tending of dying Mongols. I can only say that a Mongol when ill has but a poor chance of recovery in Ourga. He had far better be alone and deserted in the plains than handed over to the tender mercies of the "Death Lamas." There is a house or shed in Ourga, near the Lamasery or Monastery, specially set apart for the dying, for it is considered the worst possible luck for a Mongol to die in his own tent. The dwelling, should this occur, is looked upon as accursed for evermore, and its inmates are shunned like lepers by their neighbours. Thus it frequently happens that a poor wretch is bundled off without ceremony to the "dying shed" long before there is any real need for it. As the "Death Lamas," who receive him, do everything for the cure of his soul and nothing for the good of his body, the invalid has a bad time of it. It is not considered the proper thing to leave the "Death Chamber" alive, and few do so, however slight their ailment, when they are once admitted. Although we tried hard, we were not allowed to enter the sacred precincts, nor is anyone who is not of the Buddhist faith and *in extremis*. The outside world is therefore ignorant of the rites and ceremonies practised therein by the Lamas. When dead, everything the patient possesses becomes the property of the Lamas who have attended him, who have therefore an interest in getting rid of him. He is stripped naked, wrapped in a coarse blue cotton shroud, and given up to his friends, who bear him away to the Golgotha

just outside the town, and there leave him. Instances have been known of men and women recovering in this ghastly spot and returning to their homes.

Leaving Ourga we travelled by road in a *tarantass*—for it was summer—*viâ* Irkutsk, to Tomsk, in Central Siberia. In those days the road was infested with robbers—runaway convicts—who made solitary travellers their special prey, and who haunted the country between Tomsk and Irkutsk. Strangers were never molested in the daytime, and the most dangerous hours were between 3 a.m. and 6 a.m., when travellers, who had been on the *qui vive* all night, were apt to relax their vigilance. This was the opportunity of the villains. Two of them were generally told off to cut the traces of the *tarantass*, two more to seize and bind the *yemstchik*, or driver (who was as often as not an accomplice), and three or four others at the same moment would climb over the back of the vehicle and, falling suddenly in front of the hood, dispatch the passengers with blows from a heavy bludgeon. Usually the robbers carried no firearms, and most of the victims were first stunned and then stabbed to death. Fortunately I managed to escape the attentions of these gentry, but we had a very rough journey, what with bad roads and filthy post-houses.



THE CURIOUS CAMEL-CART IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CROSSED THE DESERT OF GOBI.

The picture reproduced below will explain sufficiently how we had to pass the nights of horror which we were compelled to spend in these terrible post-houses, which, since the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, have been largely replaced by good hotels.

When I arrived at Nijni Novgorod my journey—which occupied seven months—was practically ended, for at that place I entered the train for Moscow and Paris.

My next journey was a trip to India by land from Russia, *viâ* Persia and Baluchistan. On this occasion I started from Tiflis in the Caucasus, intending to proceed *viâ* the Central Asian Railway to Men and Bokhara, and thence *viâ* Afghanistan to India. The Russian authorities at Tiflis, however, would not hear of my going by the railway, and I was therefore obliged to find some other way, which I did, *viâ* Persia and Baluchistan. It is a *very* tough journey in winter. I left Tiflis for Teheran in January, and have seldom had a more arduous and uncomfortable journey. The snow was very deep in the passes, and one of my pack-horses on the way over the Kharzan Pass fell over a precipice quite 200ft. high, but rose at

A NIGHT OF HORROR IN A WAYSIDE POST-HOUSE.

once from the snowy valley into which he had fallen practically uninjured! The incident is worth recalling.

We had reached the most dangerous part of the pass, and the pathway, hewn out of the solid rock, was covered with a sheet of ice, over which our poor beasts skated and slipped most uncomfortably. Slowly we groped along this ledge—which was quite unprotected from the yawning abyss below—and I was beginning to congratulate myself on having reached the summit without accident, when the horse just in front of me blundered and nearly went on his head. At the same moment sounds of a struggle in my rear caused me to turn round, only to find that another horse had slipped and was already half-way over the edge. The poor beast was making frantic efforts to regain the path. There was no time for me to dismount and render assistance, and slowly, inch by inch, the poor beast lost his hold and, with a shrill neigh, disappeared from sight. For two or three seconds we heard him striking here and there against the rocks till, with a loud crash, he landed on a small plateau of snow-drifts 200ft. below. Here he lay apparently dead, while, through our glasses, we could see a thin stream of crimson staining the white snow around. The fall would assuredly have killed any animal but a Persian post-horse, and my amazement may be imagined when I saw him rise to his feet, give himself a good shake, and proceed to nibble a bit of grass. When he was recovered, a deep cut on his shoulder was found to be the only injury he had sustained, and even our portmanteaus which he carried were unharmed.

A MISHAP IN THE KHARZAN PASS—A PACK-HORSE FALLS OVER A PRECIPICE.

After leaving Teheran an unimportant but nasty incident occurred. I had retired to rest, only to be suddenly aroused at midnight by a piercing yell, and to find a tall, half-naked fellow, with wild eyes and a face plastered with yellow mud, standing over me brandishing a heavy club. Though a revolver was at hand it was useless, for I saw at a glance that I had to deal with a madman. After a severe tussle, however, I managed to throw out the unwelcome visitor and to bar the door, though I saw him for an hour or more prowling backwards and forwards in the moonlight in front of the bungalow, muttering fiercely to himself, waving his arms about, and breaking every now and then into peals of loud laughter. The incident now seems trifling enough, though it left a powerful impression upon my mind that night, when I was on the eve of setting out through an unknown country, where the life of a European is of little moment to the wild tribes of the interior. The madman was a Dervish, the head man said, and perfectly harmless as a rule, but liable to fits of rage at sight of a European and unbeliever. I was, therefore, not sorry to hear next morning that this ardent follower of the Prophet had been securely locked up and would not be released

till the morrow, when we were well on the road.

My ride from Russia to India took me over five months, and I was accompanied only by a Russian Cossack, who proved an invaluable companion.

My first travels in connection with Siberian prisons took place in 1890, mainly through the instrumentality of Mme. Novikoff, "O.K.," of Russian renown. Mme. Novikoff had read my book, "Pekin to Calais by Land," and, noting that in it I took a much brighter view of the Russian penal system than some writers, she suggested that I should cross Siberia from east to west and visit any prison I chose. This offer I eagerly accepted. I found the prisons, though perhaps overcrowded, very well conducted. On this occasion my visit was limited to the prisons of Western Siberia.

One of my experiences of a Siberian hotel during this first journey will not be inappropriate here.

Were I a cruel, vindictive despot, with the power of wreaking vengeance on my deadliest enemy, my victims should undergo torture in the shape of a month's residence at the Hotel Sherbakoff, Tiumen, Siberia. If they survived that I should be prepared to forgive them.

The landlord, a stout, bald-headed man, had been a sailor and had visited the port of Hull, where he had picked up half-a-dozen words of English. His invariable answer of "Very good; why not?" became somewhat monotonous after a time, especially as it generally had no connection whatever with the topic of conversation.

I arrived at Tiumen at daybreak, having posted all through the night. Aching in every limb and half-blinded with wind and dust, I alighted at the door of the Sherbakoff and pulled at intervals for quite an hour at the rusty bell-chain without attracting the slightest attention. "You had better sleep in here," said my driver, yawning, and curling himself up in the loose straw at the bottom of the carriage; "it is past five o'clock now, and the girls will be out at six for milking." But I did not see it in this light. The sharp morning air cut like a knife, and a roofless *telega* and bare boards are but a poor substitute for the soft sofa which I fondly imagined was close at hand. So while my *yemstchik* snored away in peace, and the poor jaded screws in the *troika* slept standing, I continued, mechanically and at intervals of about thirty seconds, to pull the loud and discordant bell.

POLITICAL PRISONERS ON THE WAY TO SIBERIA.

I commenced this performance in pitch darkness. When, at length, a ragged, shock-headed boy answered the summons it was broad daylight—the cold, cheerless dawn of a dull, sunless day, with its usual accompaniments of cock-crowing and awakening animal life—whilst wreaths of wood-smoke rising from two or three adjacent houses in the still morning air showed that at last the inmates were stirring.

Some of my previous quarters had been bad, but they were luxurious and palatial compared to the room, or rather den, about 20ft. long by 18ft. broad, into which I was shown at Tiumen. From the ceiling, which had once been whitewashed, great pieces of plaster had fallen away, disclosing laths and rafters and, in places, the room above; while long strips of

dirty, mildewed paper, dislodged by time and damp, hung mournfully from the grimy walls. The flooring, of rotten, insecure boards, was carpetless, and the room absolutely bare of all furniture save a small truckle bedstead, which, covered with an old and ragged mattress, stood in a corner of the room. Any idea of reclining on this was soon banished when I examined it. The place also swarmed with large grey rats, which, emboldened by numbers, seemed to resent intrusion, and ran about the floor all day—and over my body at night—regardless of all efforts to scare them away.

There was no food in the house, said the landlord, cheerfully, but he could send for some when the stores opened.

"Can I wash anywhere?" I asked, despairingly.

"Very good; why not?" replied mine host, adding, in Russian, "Nice pond in the yard," and pointing to a shallow pool of brown, stagnant water, coated with slime and duckweed.

Earth," just as well managed as the prisons of Western Siberia. On Sakhalin I met a most interesting prisoner, named Sophie Brokstem.

This neatly-dressed little woman was undoubtedly the most interesting criminal convict then in Sakhalin. Her career had been the talk of Europe, and her gigantic and successful frauds had earned for her the sobriquet of "Golden Hand." How she began life is not quite certain, although she is well known not only to the Russian, but also to the Paris and Vienna police, having upon one occasion spent over £40,000—the money of her dupes—in one year in the Austrian capital. Books have been written and songs published throughout Russia about the "Golden Hand," who now, having completed her long term of imprisonment, lives quietly on the outskirts of Rykovskaya, and supplies the village with eggs and vegetables. Sophie shook my hand warmly, but not that of the officer who accompanied me. It would not have been etiquette, although they appeared to

From a] THE FEMALE PRISONER HERE SEEN WAS KNOWN AS THE "GOLDEN HAND," AND HAD A MOST ROMANTIC HISTORY. [*Photo.*

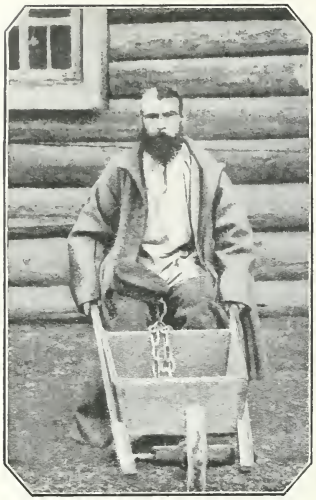
I may add that the Sherbakoff is (or was) the best hotel in the place, notwithstanding that Tiumen is practically the door-step of Siberia, through which nearly all the trade of Asiatic Russia passes, and is therefore a town of considerable mercantile importance.

On my return from this journey I was frequently told that my favourable impressions of Western Siberia would find a vivid contrast if I visited the prisons and mines of Eastern Siberia. I resolved to inspect not only the mines and prisons, but also the penal island of Sakhalin. I travelled to Sakhalin from Japan in a Russian convict ship, and found this penal settlement, which is generally alluded to as "Hell upon

be on excellent terms. We all three then sat down and partook of some delicious ice *kvas*, while our hostess very willingly related in fluent French and German some of the most striking incidents of her eventful life. She was a small, slightly-built woman, with sharp, clearly-cut features and light blue eyes, and showed traces of beauty that even prison life had failed to entirely obliterate.

That the "Golden Hand's" past life had not been altogether peaceful was evident, for deep scars showed that the ear-rings had been torn through her left ear no fewer than three times. Sophie was dressed in a black skirt and a loose mauve *peignoir*, her hair being

fringed across with some attempt at coquetry. We talked of London and Paris, and she admitted that she preferred the latter. "London was so *triste*; almost as bad as Sakhalin! Paris and Vienna were very different," added the "Golden Hand," who, I have since heard, managed to worm her way into good society in the former city until detected by Russian police agents. But Sophie's greatest *coup* was when she first achieved renown by pressing her attentions on the Shah of Persia when the latter visited St. Petersburg, for the purpose of relieving him, if possible of some of his diamonds. She even succeeded in having her private car attached to His Majesty's special train, but was foiled at the last moment, and sent for a long term of imprisonment to Eastern Siberia. Here, having regained her provisional liberty, she organized a band of robbers and cut-throats, whose services she controlled long after their terms had expired. She was then relegated to the prison of Alexandrovsky-Post, but managed to escape on two occasions, and once nearly got clear away from the island. I doubted her assurance that she never would attempt to escape again, but now intended to end her days in peace at Rykovskaya. "I have had my day," she said, with a pleasant smile, as we took our leave, and it is to be hoped, if even unconsciously, she spoke the truth.



CONVICT CHAINED TO A WHEELBARROW, ISLAND OF SAKHALIN.
From a] [*Photo.*

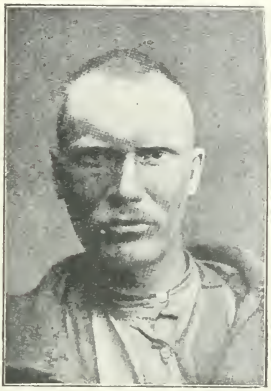
I journeyed to Sakhalin in the convict ship *Yaroslav*, which had arrived at Nagasaki from Odessa with 800 convicts, and on board of which there were some terrible types.

The transportation season commences in April and ends in October, when the navigation north of Vladivostock is closed by ice. Convicts for Sakhalin are brought by rail from various parts of Russia and embarked at Odessa, whence they proceed to their destination *viâ* Suez, Colombo, Singapore, Nagasaki, and Vladivostock—the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. While on board the convicts are in charge of the first lieutenant, who is furnished with the *dossier* of every man. This document, which, on arrival, is handed to the Sakhalin authorities, bears the full name, description, and photograph of the convict, also a list of the articles supplied to him on embarkation. This custom has, to a large extent, done away with the practice of exchange of name and sentence, at one time so common

From a] CONVICTS ABOARD THE "YAROSLAV." [*Photo.*

in Siberian prisons. The *Yaroslav* carried no female convicts, the latter being kept rigorously apart and dispatched in special ships.

On the occasion of my voyage the *Yaroslav* carried 797 male convicts. The ship is divided into four large "kameras," or public wards—two forward and two abaft of the engines. These "kameras" are each ventilated by an enormous hatchway and four large portholes on either side of the ship, which are invariably kept open night and day. In heavy weather, however, it sometimes becomes necessary to batten down, and air is then supplied by means of electric fans. Notwithstanding all these advantages, I am told the sight of one of these convict-holds during a typhoon (and the latter occur chiefly during the transportation season) baffles description. The intolerable suspense, the howling of the tempest, the stifling heat, and, worst of all, the darkness (for the electric-light is often extinguished), transform the usually quiet and well-ordered "kameras" into veritable infernos. One can readily conceive the sufferings of the poor wretches penned down below like rats in a cage, dreading the end with every sea that crashes overhead, and, in the event of disaster, almost inevitably doomed to destruction. But typhoons are fortunately not of very frequent occurrence, and the Russian prison-ships have up till now been singularly fortunate in this respect. There is no doubt that, apart from climatic conditions, which in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean are necessarily severe, the Sakhalin convict is far better off than his prototype on land, for the march across Siberia is, even under the most favourable conditions, infinitely more trying than the journey by sea.



From a] A CONVICT TYPE. *[Photo.*

A further examination of the holds showed that they are 8ft. in height, the oblong spaces under the hatchways being kept clear by means of iron gratings. These gratings, which subdivide the four principal "kameras" into smaller compartments, also completely surround them, forming a corridor 3ft. wide between the bars and bulkheads—a very necessary precaution. This circumstance has more than once given rise to the absurd report that Russian convicts are kept in cages on board ship! The wooden sleeping platforms are arranged on the same system as those of the Siberian prisons, and although there are no separate bunks a space of 6ft. by 3ft. is allotted to each man. Many of the convicts had pillows and some mattresses, although neither of these are provided by the Government. I remained nearly a month on board the *Yaroslav*, and during that time scarcely a day passed that I did not visit the holds; but I never found the latter anything but scrupulously clean and absolutely free from smell.

"There is no such word as mutiny on board my ship," said the captain to me one day, "and I will tell you why." He pointed to a large brass-nozzled hose trained against the starboard bulwarks. "There are four of those—one at each corner of the upper deck—leading direct from the engine-room. A turn of the wrist, and in an instant the lower decks and every 'kamera' would be swept clear of every living being. Steam and boiling water are better than powder and shot. They don't spoil my decks and are quite as effective."

In 1896 I made my first attempt to go by land from New York to Paris, and my journey on this occasion is fully described in "Through the Goldfields of Alaska." This work would have borne the alluring title "New York to Paris by Land," a journey which so far has never been accomplished, had not my plans failed owing to the machinations of a Tchukchi chief named Koari, who kept me a prisoner in his settlement on the Asiatic shores of Behring Strait, and from whose clutches I barely escaped with my life. Although my scheme was frustrated, however, the cloud had a silver lining, seeing that the first part of our voyage lay through a region then unknown by name to all save perhaps a dozen white men, but now a by-word through the civilized world—"Klondike." My companion, Harding, and I were the first Europeans to reside for any length of time alone among the Tchukchis of Siberia.

My plan on this occasion was to cross America from New York, walk over the ice on Behring Strait, and then travel home *viâ* Siberia and Russia. All went well until I reached the American shore of the strait, when I found that the ice conditions were such that I could not cross on foot as intended, and I availed myself of the opportunity of taking passage on the United States revenue cutter *Bear*, which vessel I boarded in September, four months after having left New York. The captain originally

intended to land us at East Cape, Siberia, whence I hoped to reach Nijni Kolymsk and continue my travels. But East Cape was unapproachable, and there was nothing for it but to make for a place called Oumvadjik—the end of the world—and which proved to us all but the end of our lives.

When the *Bear* had landed us and gone on her journey the old chief, Koari, treated us with the greatest barbarity and detained us as prisoners. Often starved, and distraught with anxiety, we passed the dreary weeks of our captivity in this terrible place in intense suffering. We had quite given up hope when one day we espied a whaler in the far distance, and despite the boiling seas which were raging decided to make a dash for life.

THE WHALER "BELVEDERE," WHICH RESCUED THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE SAVAGE TCHUKCHIS.

It was only after being almost drowned in the breakers that we were eventually sighted and dragged on board the whaler, which proved to be the American ship *Belvedere*. She landed us at San Francisco. All our impedimenta had been lost, and for many months I was at death's door as a result of our terrible experiences on the Siberian shores of Behring Strait.

I am now making another attempt to travel overland between New York and Paris, but this time in the opposite direction, and I hope to forward at intervals during the journey illustrated accounts of my experiences, which will appear in THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE. My companions will be the Vicomte Clinchamp-Bellegarde (a photographer of great experience) and my faithful fellow-traveller of so many years, George Harding. Proceeding by rail from Paris to the terminus of the Siberian line at Irkutsk (Mr. De Windt arrived there on January 15th.—ED.), I shall then travel by sleigh to Yakutsk, a distance of 1,300 miles from the railway terminus. (The expedition safely reached Yakutsk in the middle of February.)

A fortnight will be spent at Yakutsk, and we shall then proceed north-east over uninhabited and practically unknown country to Nijni Kolymsk, the most remote north-easterly settlement of Siberia, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Between Yakutsk and Nijni Kolymsk—a distance of 1,500 miles—transport will be by means of reindeer teams. This portion of the journey, and especially that over the Verkhoyamsk Mountains, will be attended with considerable difficulty.

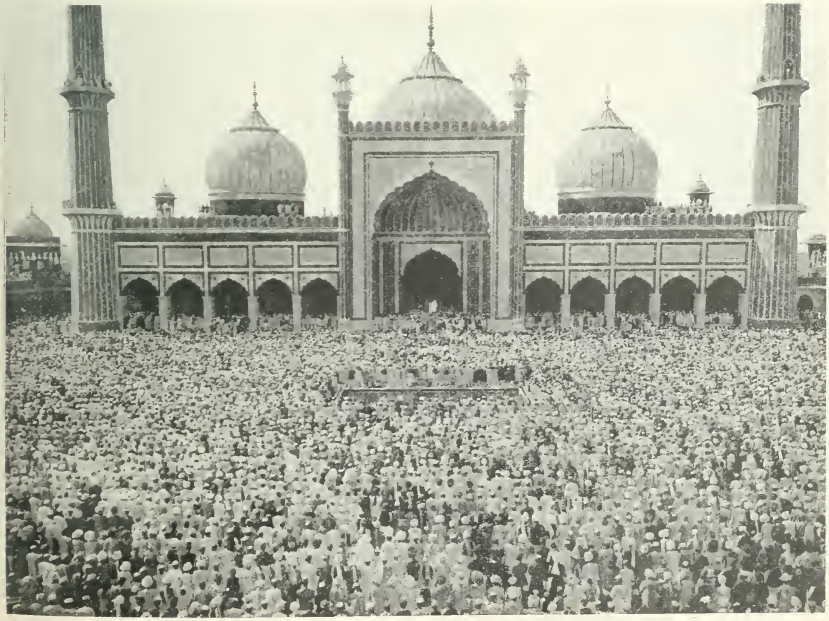
It is expected that the settlement of Nijni Kolymsk, which has a population of 2,000 political exiles, will be reached in March, and there I hope to fall in with a Tchukchi fur or ivory caravan returning to one of the small settlements on the shores of Behring Strait. It is, of course, my intention carefully to avoid Oumvadjik, the settlement where I nearly lost my life, and to make for East Cape, 120 miles to the north and 1,500 miles from Nijni Kolymsk. I shall then cross on the ice to Cape Prince of Wales, the most westerly point of America, where Behring Strait is only about the same width as the English Channel at Dover. Should the ice conditions not be favourable, the American revenue cutter *Bear* will, by arrangement with the Washington Navy Department, call for me and convey the expedition across the strait, whence we will return either by way of the Yukon or Mackenzie River to San Francisco, Winnipeg, and New York, which city, it is hoped, will be reached next summer.

I am indebted to the publishers of some of my books—"A Ride to India," 1889; "Pekin to Calais by Land"; and "The New Siberia," 1894—for permission to reproduce some of the pictures which accompany this article.

Odds and Ends.

The Id Festival at Delhi—A Tremendous Explosion—Fishing in Chota Nagpur—The Great Banyan at Calcutta—A Chinese Fortune-Teller—What Happened to the Policeman, etc., etc.

THE impressive photograph first reproduced shows the vast crowd assembled for the Id Festival at Delhi, which is observed in the following manner. Early in the morning the people get ready to go to the Jama Masjid. By 10 a.m. the whole of the vast compound is absolutely packed with people, who sit down patiently waiting for the prayers. Then the Imam (bishop) calls out in a loud voice, "*Allah o Akbar!*" (God is Almighty). This sacred phrase is meant for a call to prayers. The people thereupon rise to their feet and stand shoulder to shoulder in rows with almost military precision, turning their faces towards Mecca, the birthplace of their religion. The Imam then reads the prayers, kneels down, and puts his head on the ground, the whole congregation following him. This is done twice. After this comes the Khutba, or sermon. When the sermon is finished the Imam and the people pray for the welfare of the community and their Sovereign, King Edward, under whose rule they enjoy every sort of religious freedom. After this is over warm greetings and hearty shakes of the hand follow, and the people return to their homes, where they distribute alms to the poor and give fêtes and parties to their friends.



THIS IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE VAST CROWD ASSEMBLED TO CELEBRATE THE ID FESTIVAL AT DELHI.

A BARQUE WHICH CAPSIZED IN WELLINGTON HARBOUR—SHE TURNED OVER SO QUICKLY THAT MANY OF HER CREW WERE DROWNED IN THEIR BERTHS.
From a Photo.

The accompanying shap-shot—taken at Wellington, N.Z.—shows a barque which capsized under curious circumstances. She entered the harbour in a disabled condition, and was safely moored alongside the wharf. Here, however, she suddenly heeled over and sank with such rapidity that many of the crew were unable to make their escape, and were drowned in their berths. Others, more fortunate, succeeded in getting ashore, but lost all their effects. Our photograph was taken soon after the vessel sank. The ship's side and the ends of her yards are just visible above the water. The barque was eventually re-floated.

The impressive photograph here reproduced shows the tremendous smoke-cloud caused by the explosion of no less than 650,000lb. of smokeless powder, which was stored for the use of the United States Navy in a magazine on Mare Island, not far from San Francisco. Remarkable to relate, there was no shock and no noise, and nobody was killed. With the exception of the powder itself very little property was destroyed, yet in a few seconds 580,000 dollars' worth (about £116,000) of explosives were dissipated in smoke. It was estimated that the great column of rolling white smoke seen in our photograph was 1,500ft. in height, and it was visible for many miles. The explosion occurred on June 5th, 1901, and although it was assumed that the powder became ignited in some manner, and therefore did not develop its usual enormous explosive power, no satisfactory explanation of the accident was forthcoming.

The photograph shown at the top of the next page was taken on the Yangtse River, near Wuhu, and depicts a veritable floating village. It is really a huge raft, made up of logs lashed together, on which a number of sheds have been built for the housing of the owners and crew. The timber is floated down from the up-country reaches of the rivers to

SMOKE-CLOUD CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION OF 650,000LB. OF GUNPOWDER AT MARE ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO.
From a Photo. by Charles McMillan.

From a] A FLOATING VILLAGE ON THE YANGTSE RIVER. *[Photo.*

the ports for shipment or sale. Whole families live in this manner for weeks together, getting their food from the towns and fishing-boats as they pass down the stream. The semi-detached float in the foreground with a kind of oar attached is used for steering the unwieldy craft.

We next see a novel and laborious method of fishing which is in vogue among the Mundas of Chota Nagpur, an aboriginal Indian tribe. They build a dam of earth, stones, and branches across a likely stream. Two men then take their stand, one on each side of the brook, and proceed to bale out the lower pool with a basket-like contrivance which is slung between them. The water collected is poured into the stream above the dam, and when the pool below has become almost dry the fish contained in it are easily caught. This method of fishing, however, is painfully tedious and uncertain; for should the impromptu dam give way, all the time and trouble spent in baling out the lower pool are absolutely wasted.

At the top of the next page we give a remarkable photograph. It shows a 9ft. "shovel-nose" shark with its twenty-seven young ones spread out symmetrically in front of it. These youngsters, it appears, the mother carries in her stomach. When the correspondent who sent us this snap-shot hauled up the shark he

HOW THE MUNDAS FISH—THEY BUILD A DAM ACROSS A STREAM AND THEN BALE OUT THE LOWER PORTION.
From a Photo.

saw several young sharks drop out of its mouth, and, on examination, found twenty-seven youngsters, "all alive and kicking," in the creature's stomach. The photo. was taken at Caloundra, a rising watering-place in Australia.

Everybody has heard of banyans, those strange trees whose branches, growing downwards, take root and spring up as new trees, to continue the process until the progeny of one single tree covers whole acres of ground. Here we see a snap-shot of the great banyan at Calcutta, which is supposed to be the largest tree in the world. As will be seen from the photograph, the tree covers an immense area of ground, and it is stated that a whole regiment could camp comfortably under the shelter of its far-spreading branches.

A SHOVEL-NOSE SHARK AND ITS TWENTY-SEVEN YOUNG ONES—THE YOUNGSTERS WERE FOUND IN THE MOTHER'S STOMACH.
From a] [*Photo.*

From a] THE GREAT BANYAN AT CALCUTTA—A WHOLE REGIMENT CAN CAMP COMFORTABLY UNDER ITS BRANCHES. [*Photo.*

The accompanying photograph was taken on board a British steamer at Wanganui, N.Z., and illustrates in a striking manner the different types of British subjects who are to be found in the mercantile marine. The smaller man on the left is the engineer-steward, and he is a native of the Madras Presidency. The big man is a Maori, twenty-three years of age and weighing over twenty stone. King Edward VII. possesses no more loyal subject than this good-humoured Maori giant, who, when this photo. was taken, was looking forward eagerly to coming "home" with the N.Z. native contingent to be present at the Coronation.

AN IMPERIAL OBJECT-LESSON—A HINDU STEWARD AND A MAORI STEVEDORE PHOTOGRAPHED ON BOARD A BRITISH STEAMER.

From a] A CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER AT WORK. [*Photo.*

The old fortune-teller, whose portrait, together with that of a young customer, is here reproduced, plies a lucrative trade in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. This strange community also supports Chinese actors and actresses, priests and ear-cleaners, barbers, and men skilful in the preparation of bird-nests and other delicacies peculiarly pleasing to the Chinese palate. The fortune-teller professes to work out the future life of his customers by means of abstruse calculations, and it must be admitted that at times his prophecies are fulfilled in a remarkable fashion. The sage does all his work with camel-hair brushes, many dozens of which he keeps in a case in front of him.

Several attempts have been made to Christianize the Chinese settlers in that densely-populated portion of San Francisco known as Chinatown, but as yet the results can hardly be considered satisfactory. The Salvation Army, with its usual zeal and energy, has established a barracks in Chinatown, and a number of Mongolians have in consequence been "converted," but it is to be feared that pecuniary advantage, or the opportunity afforded of learning to read and write in English—a highly-prized accomplishment—is responsible for a large number of the "recruits" who join the movement. Our photograph shows the exterior of the Salvation Army Barracks, which are located in one of the most thickly-populated parts of the quarter.

THE SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS IN "CHINATOWN," SAN FRANCISCO. *From a*] [*Photo.*

Our next photograph was taken in the Caucasus, not very far from Shemacha, the scene of the recent frightful earthquake. The curious structure here shown is the summer sleeping-place of the owners of a neighbouring cottage, who retreat to this lofty eyrie in order

A SUMMER "SLEEPING-PLACE" IN THE CAUCASUS—THE INHABITANTS RETREAT TO THESE EYRIES AT NIGHT IN ORDER TO AVOID THE MOSQUITOES AND FEVER-LADEN MISTS. *From a*] [*Photo.*

[From a] A "HOUSEBOAT" ON LAKE TESLIN. [Photo.

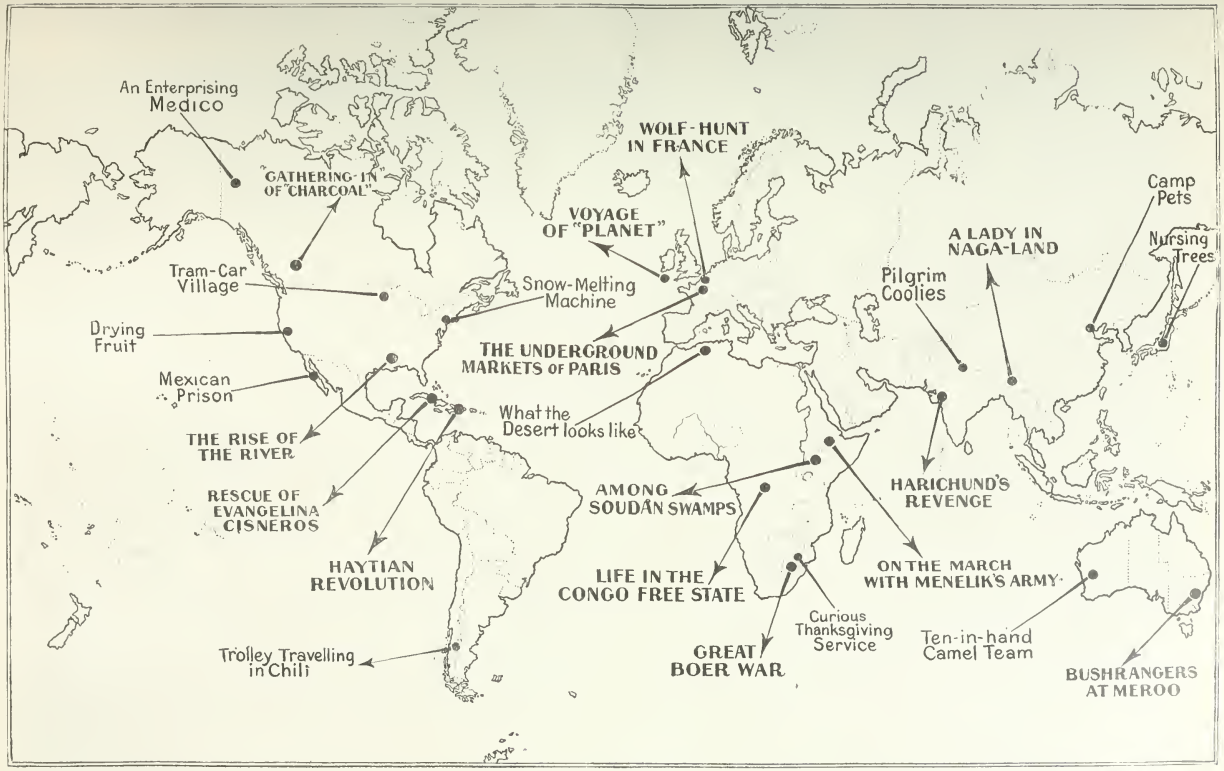
to avoid the fevers and mosquitoes which render life on the level practically unendurable in summer time. This "bird's-nest" dwelling is built of light yet strong material, and fulfils its purpose admirably.

The extraordinary houseboat shown in the above photo. was built by two prospectors on Lake Teslin, Yukon Territory, Canada, during the autumn of 1899. It was constructed of lumber picked up from the shores of the lake—drift-wood from the only saw mill ever operated in that remote region. In this strange craft the two men navigated and explored the whole of Teslin Lake—one of the great head waters of the Yukon River—and the Hootalingua River, the outlet of the lake, for a distance of over a hundred miles. They allowed the boat to become stranded upon the beach as the water receded in the summer, and refloated it again in the following spring. This houseboat was the most unique dwelling-place in the Yukon country, and roused great envy in the hearts of other prospectors less conveniently housed.

Our last snap-shot has a rather curious story attached to it. Constable Bruner, of the Akron (Ohio) Police, was a very zealous officer—a fact which did not increase his popularity among the criminal classes. One day the constable's house was absolutely wrecked by dynamite—windows, door, walls, and floors being completely blown out. Two youths who were known to have a grudge against the officer were arrested on suspicion, and they confessed that they were the authors of the outrage, and had used no fewer than fifty sticks of dynamite in connection with it. Fortunately no one was killed by the explosion, and, the house being a wooden one and offering little resistance, the explosion did much less damage than would have been the case with a brick or stone building.

THIS HOUSE WAS OCCUPIED BY A ZEALOUS POLICEMAN, AND WAS BLOWN UP WITH DYNAMITE BY SOME CRIMINALS WHO HAD A GRUDGE AGAINST HIM

From a Photo. by F. R. Archibald, Akron, Ohio.



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.

A COMPLETE SURPRISE—A NIGHT ATTACK ON A BOER CONVOY NEAR BRANDFORT BY MOUNTED INFANTRY.

Drawn by John Charlton. From a Sketch by a British Officer.

(SEE PAGE 221.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX. JULY, 1902. No. 51.

The Great Boer War.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

By arrangement with the Author and Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the publishers, Dr. Conan Doyle's famous work—universally acknowledged to be the standard history of the South African War—is here given exactly as it appeared in book form.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (*continued*).

BEFORE going into the details of the great De Wet hunt, in which Methuen's force was to be engaged, I shall follow Hamilton's division in its march across to the west of Pretoria, and give some account of their services. On August 1st he set out from Pretoria for Rustenburg. On that day and on the next he had brisk skirmishes which brought him successfully through the Magaliesberg range with a loss of forty wounded, mostly of the Berkshires. On the 5th of August he had made his way to Rustenburg and drove off the investing force. A smaller siege had been going on to westward, where at Elands River another Mafeking man, Colonel Hore, had been held up by the burghers. For some days it was feared, and even officially announced, that the garrison had surrendered. It was known that an attempt by Carrington to relieve the place on August 5th had been beaten back, and that the state of the country appeared so threatening that he had been compelled to retreat as far as Mafeking, evacuating Zeerust and Otto's Hoop. In spite of all these sinister indications the garrison was still holding its own, and on August 16th it was relieved by Lord Kitchener.

This stand at Brakfontein, on the Elands River, appears to have been one of the very finest deeds of arms of the war. The Australians have been so split up during the campaign that, though their valour and efficiency were universally recognised, they had no single large exploit which they could call their own. But now they can point to Elands River as proudly as the Canadians can to Paardeberg. They were five hundred in number, Rhodesians, Victorians, New South Welshmen, and Queenslanders, the latter the larger unit. Under Hore were Major Hopper of the Rhodesians and Major Tonbridge of the Queenslanders. Two thousand five hundred Boers surrounded them, and most favourable terms of surrender were offered and scouted. Six guns were trained upon them, and during eleven days eighteen hundred shells fell within their lines. The river was half a mile off, and every drop of water for man or beast had to come from there. Nearly all their horses and seventy-five of the men were killed or wounded. With extraordinary energy and ingenuity the little band dug shelters which are said to have exceeded in depth and efficiency any which the Boers have devised. Neither the repulse of Carrington, nor the jamming of their only gun, nor the death of the gallant Arnet was sufficient to dishearten them. They were sworn to die before the white flag should wave above them. And so fortune yielded, as fortune will when brave men set their teeth, and Broadwood's troopers, filled with wonder and admiration, rode into the lines of the reduced and emaciated but indomitable garrison. When the ballad-makers of Australia seek for a subject, let them turn to Elands River, for there was no finer fighting in the war. They will not grudge a place in their record to the one hundred and thirty gallant Rhodesians who shared with them the honours and the dangers of the exploit.

On August 7th Ian Hamilton abandoned Rustenburg, taking Baden-Powell and his men with him. It was obviously unwise to scatter the British forces too widely by attempting to garrison every single town. For the instant the whole interest of the war centred upon De Wet and his dash into the Transvaal. One or two minor events, however, which cannot be fitted into any continuous narrative may be here introduced.

One of these was the action at Faberspruit, by which Sir Charles Warren crushed the

* Dr. Conan Doyle desires to correct a portion of the account of the Battle of Driefontein as published in our issue for February, 1902. Further information has shown that the Welsh Regiment was passed by none other at that action, and that the honours of the day belong by right to it.

rebellion in Griqualand. In that sparsely inhabited country of vast distances it was a most difficult task to bring the revolt to a decisive ending. This Sir Charles Warren, with his special local knowledge and interest, was able to do, and the success is doubly welcome as bringing additional honour to a man who, whatever view one may take of his action at Spion Kop, has grown grey in the service of the Empire. With a column consisting mainly of Colonials and of Yeomanry he had followed the rebels up to a point within twelve miles of Douglas. Here at the end of May they turned upon him and delivered a fierce night attack, so sudden and so strongly pressed that much credit is due both to General and to troops for having repelled it. The camp was attacked on all sides in the early dawn. The greater part of the horses were stampeded by the firing and the enemy's riflemen were found to be at very close quarters. For an hour the action was warm, but at the end of that time the Boers fled, leaving a number of dead behind them. The troops engaged in this very creditable action, which might have tried the steadiness of veterans, were four hundred of the Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteers, some of Paget's Horse and of the 8th Regiment Imperial Yeomanry, four Canadian guns, and twenty-five of Warren's Scouts. Their losses were eighteen killed and thirty wounded. Colonel Spence, of the Volunteers, died at the head of his regiment. A few days before, on May 27th, Colonel Adye had won a small engagement at Kheis, some distance to the westward, and the effect of the two actions was to put an end to open resistance. On June 20th De Villiers, the Boer leader, finally surrendered to Sir Charles Warren, handing over two hundred and twenty men, with stores, rifles, and ammunition. The last sparks had been stamped out in the Colony.

There remain to be mentioned those attacks upon trains and upon the railway which had spread from the Free State to the Transvaal. On July 19th a train was wrecked on the way from Potchefstroom to Krugersdorp without serious injury to the passengers. On July 31st, however, the same thing occurred with more murderous effect, the train running at full speed off the metals. Thirteen of the Shropshires were killed and thirty-seven injured in this deplorable affair, which cost us more than many an important engagement. On August 2nd a train coming up from Bloemfontein was derailed by Sarel Theron and his gang some miles south of Kroonstad. Thirty-five trucks of stores were burned and six of the passengers (unarmed convalescent soldiers) were killed or wounded. A body of mounted infantry followed up the Boers, who numbered eighty, and succeeded in killing and wounding several of them.

TRUCKS OF STORES SET ON FIRE BY THERON AND HIS BAND OF TRAIN-WRECKERS.
From a Photo.

On July 21st the Boers made a determined attack upon the railhead at a point thirteen miles east of Heidelberg, where over a hundred Royal Engineers were engaged upon a bridge. They were protected by three hundred Dublin Fusiliers under Major English. For some hours the little party was hard pressed by the

burghers, who had two field-pieces and a pom-pom. They could make no impression, however, upon the steady Irish infantry, and after some hours the arrival of General Hart with reinforcements scattered the assailants, who succeeded in getting their guns away in safety.

At the beginning of August it must be confessed that the general situation in the Transvaal was not reassuring. Springs, near Johannesburg, had in some inexplicable way, without fighting, fallen into the hands of the enemy. Klerksdorp, an important place in the south-west, had also been re-occupied, and a handful of men who garrisoned it had been made prisoners without resistance. Rustenburg was about to be abandoned, and the British were known to be falling back from Zeerust and Otto's Hoop, concentrating upon Mafeking. The sequel proved, however, that there was no cause for uneasiness in all this. Lord Roberts was concentrating his strength upon those objects which were vital and letting the others drift for a time. At present the two obviously important things were to hunt down De Wet and to scatter the main Boer army under Botha. The latter enterprise must wait upon the former, so for a fortnight all operations were in abeyance while the flying columns of the British endeavoured to run down their extremely active and energetic antagonist.

At the end of July De Wet had taken refuge in some exceedingly difficult country near Reitzburg, seven miles south of the Vaal River. The operations were proceeding vigorously at that time against the main army at Fouriesberg, and sufficient troops could not be spared to attack him, but he was closely observed by Kitchener and Broadwood with a force of cavalry and mounted infantry. With the surrender of Prinsloo a large army was disengaged, and it was obvious that if De Wet remained where he was he must soon be surrounded. On the other hand, there was no place of refuge to the south of him. With great audacity he determined to make a dash for the Transvaal, in the hope of joining hands with Delarey's force, or else of making his way across the north of Pretoria, and so reaching Botha's army. President Steyn went with him, and a most singular experience it must have been for him to be harried like a mad dog through the country in which he had once been an honoured guest. De Wet's force was exceedingly mobile, each man having a led horse and the ammunition being carried in light Cape carts.

In the first week of August the British began to thicken round his lurking-place, and De Wet knew that it was time for him to go. He made a great show of fortifying a position, but it was only a ruse to deceive those who watched him. Travelling as lightly as possible, he made a dash on August 7th at the drift which bears his own name, and so won his way across the Vaal River, Kitchener thundering at his heels with his cavalry and mounted infantry. Methuen's force was at that time at Potchefstroom, and instant orders had been sent to him to block the drifts upon the northern side. It was found as he approached the river that the vanguard of the enemy was already across, and that it was holding the spurs of the hills which would cover the crossing of their comrades. By the dash of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and the exertions of the artillery ridge after ridge was carried, but before evening De Wet with supreme skill had got his convoy across and had broken away, first to the eastward and then to the north. On the 9th Methuen was in touch with him again, and the two savage little armies, Methuen worrying at the haunch and De Wet snapping back over his shoulder, swept northward over the huge plains. Wherever there was ridge or kopje the Boer riflemen staved off the eager pursuers. Where the ground lay flat and clear the British guns thundered onwards and fired into the lines of waggons. Mile after mile the running fight was sustained, but the other British columns, Broadwood's men and Kitchener's men, had for some reason not come up. Methuen alone was numerically inferior to the men he was chasing, but he held on with admirable energy and spirit. The Boers were hustled off the kopjes from which they tried to cover their rear. Twenty men of the Yorkshire Yeomanry carried one hill with the bayonet, though only twelve of them were left to reach the top.

De Wet trekked onwards during the night of the 9th, shedding waggons and stores as he went. He was able to replace some of his exhausted beasts from the farmhouses which he passed. Methuen on the morning of the 10th struck away to the west, sending messages back to Broadwood and Kitchener in the rear that they should bear to the east, and so nurse the Boer column between them. At the same time he sent on a messenger, who unfortunately never arrived, to warn Smith-Dorrien at Bank Station to throw himself across De Wet's path. On the 11th it was realized that De Wet had succeeded, in spite of great exertions upon the part of Smith-Dorrien's infantry, in crossing the railway line, and that he had left all his pursuers to the south of him. But across his front lay the Magaliesberg range. There are only three passes, the Magato Pass, Olifant's Nek, and Commando Nek. It was understood that all three were held by British troops. It was obvious, therefore, that if Methuen could advance in such a way as to cut De Wet off

from slipping through to the west he would be unable to get away. Broadwood and Kitchener would be behind him, and Pretoria, with the main British Army, to the east.

Methuen continued to act with great energy and judgment. At 3 a.m. on the 12th he started from Fredericstadt, and by 5 p.m. on Tuesday he had done eighty miles in sixty hours. The force which accompanied him was all mounted, twelve hundred of the Colonial Division (1st Brabant's, Cape Mounted Rifles, Kaffrarian Rifles, and Border Horse) and the Yeomanry, with ten guns. Douglas with the infantry was to follow behind, and these brave fellows covered sixty-six miles in seventy-six hours in their eagerness to be in time. No men could have made greater efforts than did those of Methuen, for there was not one who did not appreciate the importance of the issue and long to come to close quarters with the wily leader who had baffled us so long.

On the 12th Methuen's van again overtook De Wet's rear, and the old game of rearguard riflemen on one side and a pushing artillery on the other was once more resumed. All day the Boers streamed over the veldt with the guns and the horsemen at their heels. A shot from the 78th Battery struck one of De Wet's guns, which was abandoned and captured. Many stores were taken and much more, with the waggons which contained them, burned by the Boers. Fighting incessantly, both armies traversed thirty-five miles of ground that day.

It was fully understood that Olifant's Nek was held by the British, so Methuen felt that if he could block the Magato Pass all would be well. He therefore left De Wet's direct track, knowing that other British forces were behind him, and he continued his swift advance until he had reached the desired position. It really appeared that at last the elusive raider was in a corner. But, alas for fallen hopes, and alas for the wasted efforts of gallant men! Olifant's Nek had been abandoned and De Wet had passed safely through it into the plains beyond, where Delarey's force was still in possession. Whose the fault, or whether there was a fault at all, it is for the future to determine. At least unalloyed praise can be given to the Boer leader for the admirable way in which he had extricated himself from so many dangers. On the 17th, moving along the northern side of the mountains, he appeared at Commando Nek on the Little Crocodile River, where he summoned Baden-Powell to surrender, and received some chaff in reply from that light-hearted commander. Then, swinging to the eastward, he endeavoured to cross to the north of Pretoria.

THE PURSUIT OF DE WET—ARTILLERY CROSSING A DRIFT AT KAREEPOORT.
Drawn by John Charlton.

On the 10th he was heard of at Hebron. Baden-Powell and Paget had, however, already barred this path, and De Wet, having sent Steyn on with a small escort, turned back to the Free State. On the 22nd it was reported that, with only a handful of his followers, he had crossed the Magaliesberg range by a bridle-path and was riding southwards. He had not been captured, but at least he could now do no serious harm to the British line of communications. Lord Roberts was at last free to turn his undivided attention upon Botha.

Two Boer plots had been discovered during the first half of August, the one in Pretoria and the other in Johannesburg, each having for its object a rising against the British in the town. Of these the former, which was the more serious, involving as it did the kidnapping of Lord Roberts, was broken up by the arrest of the deviser, Hans Cordua, a German lieutenant in the Transvaal Artillery. On its merits it is unlikely that the crime would have been met by the extreme penalty, especially as it was a question whether the *agent-provocateur* had not played a part. But the repeated breaches of parole, by which our prisoners of one day were in the field against us on the next, called imperatively for an example, and it was probably rather for his broken faith than for his hare-brained scheme that Cordua died. At the same time it is impossible not to feel sorrow for this idealist of twenty-three who died for a cause which was not his own. He was shot in the garden of Pretoria Gaol upon August 24th. A fresh and more stringent proclamation from Lord Roberts showed that the British commander was losing his patience in the face of the wholesale return of paroled men to the field, and announced that such perfidy would in future be severely punished. It was notorious that the same men had been taken and released more than once. One man killed in action was found to have nine signed passes in his pocket. It was against such abuses that the extra severity of the British was aimed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE END OF REGULAR WARFARE.

The time had now come for the great combined movement which was to sweep the main Boer army off the line of the Delagoa Railway, cut its source of supplies, and follow it into that remote and mountainous Lydenburg district which had always been proclaimed as the last refuge of the burghers. Before entering upon this most difficult of all his advances Lord Roberts waited until the cavalry and mounted infantry were well mounted again. Then, when all was ready, the first step in this last stage of the campaign was taken by General Buller, who moved his army of Natal veterans off the railway line and advanced to a position from which he could threaten the flank and rear of Botha if he held his ground against Lord Roberts. Buller's cavalry had been reinforced by the arrival of Strathcona's Horse, a fine body of Canadian troopers, whose services had been presented to the nation by the public-spirited nobleman whose name they bore. They were distinguished by their fine physique and by the lassoes, cowboy stirrups, and large spurs of the North-Western plains.

It was in the first week of July that Clery joined hands with the Heidelberg garrison, while Coke with the 10th Brigade cleared the right flank of the railway by an expedition as far as Amersfoort. On July 6th the Natal communications were restored, and on the 7th Buller was able to come through to Pretoria and confer with the Commander-in-Chief. A Boer force with heavy guns still hung about the line, and several small skirmishes were fought between Vlakfontein and Greylingstad in order to drive it away. By the middle of July the immediate vicinity of the railway was clear save for some small marauding parties who endeavoured to tamper with the rails and the bridges. Up to the end of the month the whole of the Natal army remained strung along the line of communications from Heidelberg to Standerton, waiting for the collection of forage and transport to enable them to march north against Botha's position.

On August 8th Buller's troops advanced to the north-east from Paardekop, pushing a weak Boer force with five guns in front of them. At the cost of twenty-five wounded, principally of the 60th Rifles, the enemy was cleared off and the town of Amersfoort was occupied. On the 13th, moving on the same line and meeting with very slight opposition, Buller took possession of Ermelo. His advance was having a good effect upon the district, for on the 12th the Standerton commando, which numbered one hundred and eighty-two men, surrendered to Clery. On the 15th, still skirmishing, Buller's men were at Twyfelaar, and had taken possession of Carolina. Here and there a distant horseman riding over the olive-coloured hills showed how closely and incessantly he was watched; but, save for a little sniping upon his flanks, there was no fighting. He was coming now within touch of French's cavalry, operating from Middelburg, and on the 14th heliographic communication was established with Gordon's brigade.

Buller's column had come nearer to its friends,

but it was also nearer to the main body of Boers who were waiting in that very rugged piece of country which lies between Belfast in the west and Machadodorp in the east. From this rocky stronghold they had thrown out mobile bodies to harass the British advance from the south, and every day brought Buller into closer touch with these advance guards of the enemy. On August 21st he had moved eight miles nearer to Belfast, French operating upon his left flank. Here he found the Boers in considerable numbers, but he pushed them northward with his cavalry, mounted infantry, and artillery, losing between thirty and forty killed and wounded, the greater part from the ranks of the 18th Hussars and the Gordon Highlanders. This march brought him within fifteen miles of Belfast, which lay due north of him. At the same time Pole-Carew with the central column of Lord Roberts's force had advanced along the railway line, and on August 24th he occupied Belfast with little resistance. He found, however, that the enemy were holding the formidable ridges which lie between that place and Dalmanutha, and that they showed every sign of giving battle, presenting a firm front to Buller on the south as well as to Roberts's army on the west.

On the 23rd some successes attended their efforts to check the advance from the south. During the day Buller had advanced steadily, though under incessant fire. The evening found him only six miles to the south of Dalmanutha, the centre of the Boer position. By some misfortune, however, after dark two companies of the Liverpool Regiment found themselves isolated from their comrades and exposed to a very heavy fire. They had pushed forward too far, and were very near to being surrounded and destroyed. There were fifty-six casualties in their ranks, and thirty-two, including their wounded captain, were taken. The total losses in the day were one hundred and twenty-one.

On August 25th it was evident that important events were at hand, for on that date Lord Roberts arrived at Belfast and held a conference with Buller, French, and Pole-Carew. The general communicated his plans to his three lieutenants, and on the 26th and following days the fruits of the interview were seen in a succession of rapid manœuvres which drove the Boers out of this the strongest position which they had held since they left the banks of the Tugela.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR VLAKFONTEIN—AMBUSHED BOERS ATTACKING RELIEF TRAIN.
Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I. From a Sketch by Trooper George Foucar.

The advance of Lord Roberts was made, as his wont is, with two widespread wings and a central body to connect them. Such a movement leaves the enemy in doubt as to which flank will really be attacked, while if he denudes his centre in order to strengthen both flanks there is the chance of a frontal advance which might cut him in two. French with two cavalry brigades formed the left advance, Pole-Carew the centre, and Buller the right, the whole operations extending over thirty miles of infamous country. It is probable that Lord Roberts had reckoned that the Boer right was likely to be

their strongest position, since if it were turned it would cut off their retreat upon Lydenburg, so his own main attack was directed upon their left. This was carried out by General Buller on August 26th and 27th.

On the first day the movement upon Buller's part consisted in a very deliberate reconnaissance of and closing in upon the enemy's position, his troops bivouacking upon the ground which they had won. On the second, finding that all further progress was barred by the strong ridge of Bergendal, he prepared his attack carefully with artillery and then let loose his infantry upon it. It was a gallant feat of arms upon either side. The Boer position was held by a detachment of the Johannesburg Police, who may have been bullies in peace, but were certainly heroes in war. The fire of sixty guns was concentrated for a couple of hours upon a position only a few hundred yards in diameter. In this infernal fire, which left the rocks yellow with lyddite, the survivors still waited grimly for the advance of the infantry. No finer defence was made in the war. The attack was carried out across an open glacis by the 2nd Rifle Brigade, supported by the Inniskilling Fusiliers, the men of Pieter's Hill. Through a deadly fire the gallant infantry swept over the position, though Metcalfe, the brave colonel of the Rifles, with eight other officers and seventy men were killed or wounded. Lysley, Steward, and Campbell were all killed in leading their companies, but they could not have met their deaths upon an occasion more honourable to their battalion. Great credit must also be given to A and B companies of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, who were actually the first over the Boer position. The cessation of the artillery fire was admirably timed. It was sustained up to the last possible instant. "As it was," said the captain of the leading company, "a 94lb. shell burst about thirty yards in front of the right of our lot. The smell of the lyddite was awful." A pom-pom and twenty prisoners, including the commander of the police, were the trophies of the day. An outwork of the Boer position had been carried, and the rumour of defeat and disaster had already spread through their ranks. Braver men than the burghers have never lived, but they had reached the limits of human endurance, and a long experience of defeat in the field had weakened their nerve and lessened their morale. They were no longer men of the same fibre as those who had crept up to the trenches of Spion Kop or faced the lean warriors of Ladysmith on that grim January morning at Cæsar's Camp. Dutch tenacity would not allow them to surrender, and yet they realized how hopeless was the fight in which they were engaged. Nearly fifteen thousand of their best men were prisoners,

A NIGHT BIVOUAC ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
Drawn by F. De Haenen. From a Photo. by Lieutenant Toppin.

ten thousand at the least had returned to their farms and taken the oath. Another ten had been killed, wounded, or incapacitated. Most of the European mercenaries had left; they held only the ultimate corner of their own country, they had lost their grip upon the railway line, and their supply of stores and of ammunition was dwindling. To such a pass had eleven months of war reduced that formidable army who had so confidently advanced to the conquest of South Africa.

While Buller had established himself firmly upon the left of the Boer position, Pole-Carew had moved forward to the north of the railway line, and French had advanced as far as Swart Kopjes upon the Boer right. These operations on August 26th and 27th were met with some resistance and entailed a loss of forty or fifty killed and wounded; but it soon became evident that the punishment which they had received at Bergendal had taken the fight out of the Boers, and that this formidable position was to be abandoned as the others had been. On the 28th the burghers were retreating, and Machadodorp, where Kruger had sat so long in his railway carriage, protesting that he would eventually move west and not east, was occupied by Buller. French, moving on a more northerly route, entered Watervalonder with his cavalry upon the same date, driving a small Boer force before him. Amid rain and mist the British columns were pushing rapidly forwards, but still the burghers held together, and still their artillery was uncaptured. The retirement was swift, but it was not yet a rout.

On the 30th the British cavalry were within touch of Nooitgedacht, and saw a glad sight in a long trail of ragged men who were hurrying in their direction along the railway line. They were the British prisoners, eighteen hundred in number, half of whom had been brought from Waterval when Pretoria was captured, while the other half represented the men who had been sent from the south by De Wet or from the west by Delarey. Much allowance must be made for the treatment of prisoners by a belligerent who is himself short of food, but nothing can excuse the harshness which the Boers showed to the Colonials who fell into their power, or the callous neglect of the sick prisoners at Waterval. It is a humiliating but an interesting fact that from first to last no fewer than seven thousand of our men passed into their power, all of whom were now recovered save some sixty officers, who had been carried off by them in their flight.

"A LONG TRAIL OF RAGGED MEN"—THE BRITISH PRISONERS RELEASED AT NOOITGEDACHT.
Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I. From a Sketch by F. J. Mackenzie.

On September 1st Lord Roberts showed his sense of the decisive nature of these recent operations by publishing the proclamation which had been issued as early as July 4th, by which the Transvaal became a portion of the British Empire. On the same day General Buller, who had ceased to advance to the east and retraced his steps as far as Helvetia, began his northerly movement in the direction of Lydenburg, which is nearly fifty miles to the north of the railway line. On that date his force made a march of fourteen miles, which brought them over the Crocodile River to Badfontein. Here, on September 2nd, Buller found that the indomitable Botha was still turning back upon him, for he was faced by so heavy a shell-fire, coming from so formidable a position, that he had to be content to wait in front of it until some other column should outflank it. The days of unnecessary frontal attacks were for ever over, and his force, though ready for anything which might be asked of it, had gone through a good deal in the recent operations. Since August 21st they had been under fire almost every day, and their losses, though never great on any one occasion, amounted in the aggregate during that time to three hundred and

AN ENGAGEMENT WITH THE ENEMY'S REARGUARD.
Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I. From a Sketch by Lieut. C. Leigh.

sixty-five. They had crossed the Tugela, they had relieved Ladysmith, they had forced Laing's Nek, and now it was to them that the honour had fallen of following the enemy into this last fastness. Whatever criticism may be directed against some episodes in the Natal campaign, it must never be forgotten that to Buller and to his men have fallen the hardest tasks of the war, and that these tasks have always in the end been successfully carried out.

On September 3rd Lord Roberts, finding how strong a position faced Buller, dispatched Ian Hamilton with a force to turn it upon the right. Brocklehurst's brigade of cavalry joined Hamilton in his advance. On the 4th he was within signalling distance of Buller and on the right rear of the Boer position. The occupation of a mountain called Zwaggenhoek would establish Hamilton firmly, and the difficult task of seizing it at night was committed to Colonel Douglas and his fine regiment of Royal Scots. It was Spion Kop over again, but with a happier ending. At break of day the Boërs discovered that their position had been rendered untenable and withdrew, leaving the road to Lydenburg clear to Buller. Hamilton and he occupied the town upon the 6th. The Boers had split into two parties, the larger one with the guns falling back upon Kruger's Post and the others retiring to Pilgrim's Rest—both of them places the names of which seem to bear a relation to the peripatetic President. Amid cloud-girt peaks and hardly passable ravines the two long-enduring armies still wrestled for the final mastery.

To the north-east of Lydenburg, between that town and Spitzkop, there is a formidable ridge called the Mauchberg, and here again the enemy were found to be standing at bay. They were even better than their word, for they had always said that they would make their last stand at Lydenburg, and now they were making one beyond it. But the resistance was weakening. Even this fine position could not be held against the rush of the three regiments, the Devons, the Royal Irish, and the Royal Scots, who were let loose upon it. The artillery supported the attack admirably. "They did nobly," said one who led the advance. "It is impossible to overrate the value of their support. They ceased also exactly at the right moment. One more shell would have hit us." Mountain mists saved the defeated burghers from a close pursuit, but the hills were carried. The British losses on this day, September 8th, were thirteen killed and twenty-five wounded; but of these thirty-eight no fewer than half were accounted for by one of those strange malignant freaks which can neither be foreseen nor prevented. A shrapnel shell, fired at an incredible distance, burst right over the Volunteer Company of the Gordons, who were marching in column. Nineteen men fell, but

it is worth recording that, smitten so suddenly and so terribly, the gallant Volunteers continued to advance as steadily as before this misfortune befell them. On the 9th Buller was still pushing forward to Spitzkop, his guns and the 1st Rifles overpowering a weak rearguard resistance of the Boers. On the 10th he had reached Klipgat, which is half-way between the Mauchberg and Spitzkop. So close was the pursuit that the Boers, as they streamed through the passes, flung thirteen of their ammunition waggons over the cliffs to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British horsemen. Finally demoralized after their magnificent struggle of eleven months the burghers were now a beaten and disorderly rabble flying wildly to the eastward, and only held together by the knowledge that in their desperate situation there was more comfort and safety in numbers. The war was evidently approaching its close. On the 15th Buller occupied Spitzkop in the north, capturing a quantity of stores, while on the 14th French took Barberton in the south, releasing all the remaining British prisoners and taking possession of forty locomotives, which do not appear to have been injured by the enemy. Meanwhile Pole-Carew had worked along the railway line and had occupied Kaapmuiden, which was the junction where the Barberton line joins that to Lourenço Marques.

On September 11th an incident had occurred which must have shown the most credulous believer in Boer prowess that their cause was indeed lost. On that date Paul Kruger, a refugee from the country which he had ruined, arrived at Lourenço Marques, abandoning his beaten commandoes and his deluded burghers. How much had happened since those distant days when as a little herdsboy he had walked behind the bullocks on the great northward trek! How piteous this ending to all his strivings and his plottings! A life which might have closed amid the reverence of a nation and the admiration of the world was destined to finish in exile, impotent and undignified. Strange thoughts must have come to him during those hours of flight, memories of his virile and turbulent youth, of the first settlement of those great lands, of wild wars where his hand was heavy upon the natives, of the triumphant days of the war of independence, when England seemed to recoil from the rifles of the burghers. And then the years of prosperity, the years when the simple farmer found himself among the great ones of the earth, his name a household word in Europe, his State rich and powerful, his coffers filled with the spoil of the poor drudges who worked so hard and paid taxes so readily. Those were his great days, the days when he hardened his heart against their appeals for justice and looked beyond his own borders to his kinsmen in the hope of a South Africa which should be all his own. And now what had come of it all? A handful of faithful attendants, and a fugitive old man, clutching in his flight at his papers and his money-bags. The last of the old-world Puritans, he departed poring over his well-thumbed Bible, and proclaiming that the troubles of his country arose, not from his own narrow and corrupt administration, but from some departure on the part of his fellow-burghers from the stricter tenets of the Dopper sect. So Paul Kruger passed away from the country which he had loved and ruined.

Whilst the main army of Botha had been hustled out of their position at Machadodorp and scattered at Lydenburg and at Barberton a number of other isolated events had occurred at different points of the seat of war, each of which deserves some mention. The chief of these was a sudden revival of the war in the Orange River Colony, where the band of Olivier was still wandering in the north-eastern districts.

THE CAPTURE OF BARBERTON—THE FINAL STAGE OF THE FIGHT FOR THE TOWN.
Drawn by F. C. Dickinson. From a Sketch by Captain E. S. Jackson.

Hunter, moving northwards after the capitulation of Prinsloo at Fouriesburg, came into contact on August 15th with this force near Heilbron, and had forty casualties, mainly of the Highland Light Infantry, in a brisk engagement. For a time the British seemed to have completely lost touch with Olivier, who suddenly on August 24th struck at a small detachment of Queenstown Rifle Volunteers under Colonel Ridley, who were reconnoitring near Winburg. The Colonial troopers made a gallant defence. Throwing themselves into the farmhouse of Helpmakaar, and occupying every post of vantage around it, they held off more than a thousand assailants, in spite of the three guns which the latter brought to bear upon them. A hundred and thirty-two rounds were fired at the house, but the garrison still refused to surrender. Troopers who had been present at Wepener declared that the smaller action was the warmer of the two. Finally, on the morning of the third day a relief force arrived upon the scene and the enemy dispersed. The British losses were thirty-two killed and wounded. Nothing daunted by his failure, Olivier turned upon the town of Winburg and attempted to regain it, but was defeated again and scattered, he and his three sons being taken. The result was due to the gallantry and craft of a handful of the Queenstown Volunteers, who laid an ambuscade in a donga and disarmed the Boers as they passed, after the pattern of Sanna's Post. By this action one of the most daring and resourceful of the Dutch leaders fell into the hands of the British.

On September 2nd another commando of Free State Boers under Fourie emerged from the mountain country on the Basuto border and fell upon Ladybrand, which was held by a feeble garrison consisting of one company of the Worcester Regiment and forty-three men of the Wiltshire Yeomanry. The Boers, who had several guns with them, appear to have been the same force which had been repulsed at Winburg. Major White, a gallant Marine, whose fighting qualities do not seem to have deteriorated with his distance from salt water, had arranged his defences upon a hill, after the Wepener model, and held his own most stoutly. So great was the disparity of the forces that for days acute anxiety was felt lest another of those humiliating surrenders should interrupt the record of victories and encourage the Boers to further resistance. The point was distant, and it was some time before relief could reach them. But the dusky chiefs, who from their native mountains looked down on the military drama which was played so close to their frontier, were again, as on the Jammersberg, to see the Boer attack beaten back by the constancy of the British defence. The thin line of soldiers, one hundred and fifty of them covering a mile and a half of ground, endured a heavy shell and rifle fire with unshaken resolution, repulsed every attempt of the burghers, and held the flag flying until relieved by the forces under White and Bruce Hamilton. In this march to the relief Hamilton's infantry covered eighty miles in four and a half days. Lean and hard, inured to warfare and far from every temptation, the British troops at this stage of the campaign were in such training, and marched so splendidly, that the infantry was often very little slower than the cavalry. Methuen's fine performance in pursuit of De Wet, where Douglas's infantry did sixty-six miles in seventy-five hours, the City Imperial Volunteers covering two hundred and twenty-four miles in fourteen days, with a single forced march of thirty miles in seventeen hours, the Shropshires' forty-three miles in thirty-two hours, Bruce Hamilton's march recorded above, and many other fine efforts serve to show the spirit and endurance of the troops.

In spite of the defeat at Winburg and the repulse at Ladybrand, there still remained a fair number of broken and desperate men in the Free State who held out among the difficult country of the east. A party of these came across in the middle of September and endeavoured to cut the railway near Brandfort. They were pursued and broken up by Macdonald, who, much aided in his operations by the band of scouts which Lord Lovat had brought with him from Scotland, took several prisoners and a large number of waggons and of oxen. A party of these Boers attacked a small post of sixteen Yeomanry under Lieutenant Slater at Bultfontein, but were held at bay until relief came from Brandfort.

At two other points the Boer and British forces were in contact during these operations. One was to the immediate north of Pretoria, where Grobler's commando was faced by Paget's brigade. On August 18th the Boers were forced with some loss out of Hornies Nek, which is ten miles to the north of the capital. On the 22nd a more important skirmish took place at Pienaar's River, in the same direction, between Baden-Powell's men, who had come thither in pursuit of De Wet, and Grobler's band. The advance guards of the two forces galloped into each other, and for once Boer and Briton looked down the muzzles of each other's rifles. The gallant Rhodesian Regiment, which had done such splendid service during the war, suffered most heavily. Colonel Spreckley and

four others were killed and six or seven wounded. The Boers were broken, however, and fled, leaving twenty-five prisoners to the victors. Baden-Powell and Page pushed forward as far as Nylstroom, but finding themselves in wild and profitless country they returned towards Pretoria, and established the British northern posts at a place called Warm Baths. Here Page commanded, while Baden-Powell shortly afterwards went down to Cape Town to make arrangements for taking over the police force of the conquered countries, and to receive the enthusiastic welcome of his Colonial fellow countrymen. Plumer, with a small force operating from Warm Baths, scattered a Boer commando on September 1st, capturing a few prisoners and a considerable quantity of munitions of war. On the 5th there was another skirmish in the same neighbourhood, during which the enemy attacked a kopje held by a company of Munster Fusiliers and was driven off with loss. Many thousands of cattle were captured by the British in this part of the field of operations, and were sent into Pretoria, whence they helped to supply the army in the east.

There was still considerable effervescence in the western districts of the Transvaal, and a force of cavalry, including some of the 3rd Brigade and of the Colonial Division, met with fierce opposition at the end of August on their journey from Zeerust to Krugersdorp. Methuen, after his unsuccessful chase of De Wet, had gone as far as Zeerust, and then taken his force on to Mafeking to refit. Before leaving Zeerust, however, he had dispatched Colonel Little to Pretoria with a column which consisted of his own 3rd Cavalry Brigade, 1st Brabant's, the Kaffrarian Rifles, R Battery of Horse Artillery, and four Colonial guns. They were acting as guard to a very large convoy of "returned empties." The district which they had to traverse is one of the most fertile in the Transvaal, a land of clear streams and of orange groves. But the farmers were numerous and aggressive, and the column, which was nine hundred strong, could clear all resistance from its front, but found it impossible to brush off the snipers upon its flanks and rear. Shortly after their start the column was deprived of the services of its gallant leader, Colonel Little, who was shot while riding with his advance scouts. Colonel Dalgety took over the command. Numerous desultory attacks culminated in a fierce skirmish at Quaggafontein on August 31st, in which the column had sixty casualties. The event might have been serious, as Delarey's main force appears to have been concentrated upon the British detachment, the brunt of the action falling upon the Kaffrarian

THE DERBYSHIRES RE-TAKING CAPTURED GUNS AT HEKSPOORT.
Drawn by W. T. Maud. From a Sketch by Lionel James.

Rifles. By a rapid movement the column was able to extricate itself and win its way safely to Krugersdorp; but it narrowly escaped out of the wolf's jaws, and as it emerged into the open country Delarey's guns were seen galloping for the pass which they had just come through. This force was sent south to Kroonstad to refit.

Lord Methuen's army, after its long marches and arduous work, arrived at Mafeking on August 28th for the purpose of refitting. Since his departure from Boshof on May 14th his men had been marching with hardly a rest, and he had during that time fought fourteen engagements. He was off upon the war-path once more with fresh horses and renewed energy on September 8th, and on the 9th, with the co-operation of General Douglas, he scattered a Boer force at Malopo, capturing thirty prisoners and a great quantity of stores. On the 14th he ran down a convoy and regained one of the Colenso guns and much ammunition. On the 20th he again made large captures. If in the early phases of the war the Boers had given Paul Methuen some evil hours, he was certainly getting his own back again. At the same time Clements was dispatched from Pretoria with a small mobile force for the purpose of clearing the Rustenburg and Krugersdorp districts, which had always been storm centres. These two forces, of Methuen and of Clements, moved through the country, sweeping the scattered Boer bands before them, and hunting them down until they dispersed. At Kekepoort and at Hekspoort Clements fought successful skirmishes, losing at the latter action Lieutenant Stanley, of the Yeomanry, the Somersetshire cricketer, who showed, as so many have done, how close is the connection between the good sportsman and the good soldier. On the 12th Douglas took thirty-nine prisoners near Lichtenburg. On the 18th Rundle captured a gun at Bronkhorstfontein. Hart at Potchefstroom, Hildyard in the Utrecht district, Macdonald in the Orange River Colony—everywhere the British generals were busily stamping out the last embers of what had been so terrible a conflagration.

Much trouble but no great damage was inflicted upon the British during this last stage of the war by the incessant attacks upon the lines of railway by roving bands of Boers. The actual interruption of traffic was of little consequence, for the assiduous Sappers with their gangs of Basuto labourers were always at hand to repair the break. But the loss of stores, and occasionally of lives, was more serious. Hardly a day passed

Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I.] A NIGHT ATTACK ON A DERAILED TRAIN. [*From a Photo. by a British Officer.*

that the stokers and drivers were not made targets of by snipers among the kopjes,* and occasionally a train was entirely destroyed. Chief among these raiders was the wild Theron, who led a band which contained men of all nations—the same gang who had already, as narrated, held up a train in the Orange River Colony. On August 31st he derailed another at Klip River to the south of Johannesburg, blowing up the engine and burning thirteen trucks. Almost at the same time a train was captured near Kroonstad, which appeared to indicate that the great De Wet was back in his old hunting-grounds. On the same day the line was cut at Standerton. A few days later, however, the impunity with which these feats had been performed was broken, for in a similar venture near Krugersdorp the dashing Theron and several of his associates lost their lives.

Two other small actions performed at this period of the war demand a passing notice. One was a smart engagement near Kraai Railway Station, in which Major Broke, of the Sappers, with a hundred men attacked a superior Boer force upon a kopje and drove them off with loss—a feat which it is safe to say he could not have accomplished six months earlier. The other was the fine defence made by one hundred and twenty-five of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, who, while guarding the railway, were attacked by a considerable Boer force with two guns. They proved once more, as Ladybrand and Elands River had shown, that with provisions, cartridges, and brains the smallest force can successfully hold its own if it confines itself to the defensive.

And now the Boer cause was visibly tottering to its fall. The flight of the President had accelerated that process of disintegration which had already set in. Schalk Burger had assumed the office of Vice-President, and the notorious Ben Viljoen had become first lieutenant of Louis Botha in maintaining the struggle. Lord Roberts had issued an extremely judicious proclamation, in which he pointed out the useless of further resistance, declared that guerilla warfare would be ruthlessly suppressed, and informed the burghers that no fewer than fifteen thousand of their fellow-countrymen were in his hands as prisoners, and that none of these could be released until the last rifle had been laid down. From all sides in the third week of September the British forces were converging on Komatipoort, the frontier town. Already wild figures, stained and tattered after nearly a year of warfare, were walking the streets of Lourenço Marques, gazed at with wonder and some distrust by the Portuguese inhabitants. The exiled burghers moodily pacing the streets saw their exiled President seated in his corner of the Governor's veranda, the well-known curved pipe still dangling from his mouth, the Bible by his chair. Day by day the number of these refugees increased. On September 17th special trains were arriving crammed with the homeless burghers and with the mercenaries of many nations—French, German, Irish-American, and Russian—all anxious to make their way home. By the 19th no fewer than seven hundred had passed over.

At dawn on September 22nd a half-hearted attempt was made by the commando of Erasmus to attack Elands River Station, but it was beaten back by the garrison. While it was going on Paget fell upon the camp which Erasmus had left behind him and captured his stores. From all over the country, from Plumer's Bushmen, from Barton at Krugersdorp, from the Colonials at Heilbron, from Clements on the west, came reports of dwindling resistance and of the abandoning of cattle, arms, and ammunition.

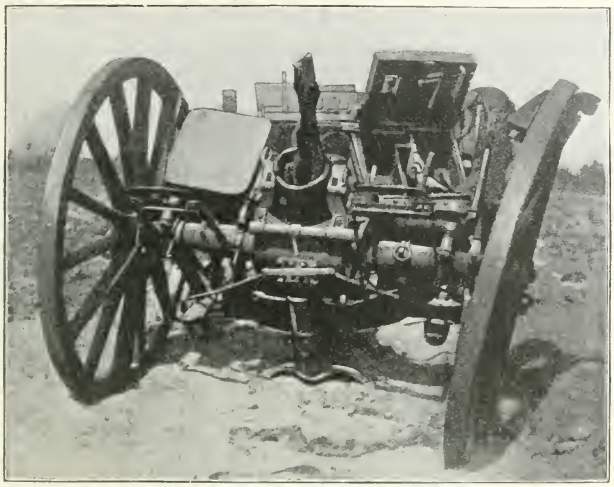
On September 24th came the last chapter in the campaign in the Eastern Transvaal, when at eight in the morning Pole-Carew and his Guardsmen occupied Komatipoort. They had made desperate marches, one of them through thick bush, where they went for nineteen miles without water, but nothing could shake the cheery gallantry of the men. To them fell the honour, an honour well deserved by their splendid work throughout the whole campaign, of entering and occupying the ultimate point which the Boers could hold. Resistance had been threatened and prepared for, but the grim, silent advance of that veteran infantry took the heart out of the defence. With hardly a shot fired the town was occupied. The bridge which would enable the troops to receive their supplies from Lourenço Marques was still intact. General Piennaar and the greater part of his force, amounting to over two thousand men, had crossed the frontier and had been taken down to Delagoa Bay, where they met the respect and attention which brave men in misfortune deserve. Small bands had slipped away to the north and the south, but they were insignificant in numbers and depressed in spirit. The hunting of them down should become a matter for the mounted policeman rather than part of an organized campaign.

One find of the utmost importance was made at Komatipoort, and at Hector Spruit on the Crocodile River. That excellent artillery which

* It is to be earnestly hoped that those in authority will see that these men obtain the medal or any other reward which can mark our sense of their faithful service. One of them in the Orange River Colony, after narrating to me his many hair-breadth escapes, pathetically said the memory of his services would pass with the death of them.

had fought so gallant a fight against our own more numerous guns was found destroyed and abandoned. Pole-Carew at Komatipoort got one Long Tom (96lb.) Creusot and one smaller gun. Ian Hamilton at Hector Spruit found the remains of many guns, which included two of our Horse Artillery twelve-pounders, two large Creusot guns, two Krupps, one Vickers-Maxim quick-firer, two pom-poms, and four mountain guns. The most incredulous must have recognised, as he looked at that heap of splintered and shattered gun-metal, that the long war was at last drawing to a close.

And so at this very point I may stop the chronicle of these doings—a chronicle which has necessarily grown less complete, and possibly less accurate, as the events have come more closely up to date. The sins of commission may be few, but those of omission are many. There is still to be told the story of the suppression of the scattered bands of Boer warriors, of the fate of De Wet, and of the final suppression of a form of warfare which was approaching every week more closely to brigandage and even to murder. My time and my space forbid the inclusion of these last incidents, which could have no bearing upon the ultimate result.



A HORSE ARTILLERY GUN FOUND AT HECTOR SPRUIT—IT HAD BELONGED TO "U" BATTERY, R.H.A., AND WAS CAPTURED AT SANNA'S POST.
From a Photo. by] [*Lieutenant O. W. Elsner.*

THE END.

A Haytian Revolution.

By Captain Douglas Combs, late of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's Service.

The author, thirsting for adventure, took service with the "Revolutionary Committee" of Hayti, and was appointed to the command of the rebel gunboat "La Patrie." After a stiff battle with a Government vessel Captain Combs realized that the cause of the revolutionary party was doomed, and decided to abandon it. He had, however, to turn H.B.M. Acting-Consul pro tem. in order to save his life.

BETWEEN the years 1885 and 1886 I was in the service of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the scope of whose operations extended over the Leeward and Windward Islands, the Havana, Venezuelan, and Nicaraguan coasts, British Guiana, Jamaica, and Hayti. It is with the latter island that my narrative deals.

It happened that just about this time the R.M.S. *Eider*—which had been for some years among the West India Islands trading, and to which I belonged—was for sale. A revolution had broken out in Hayti, and the revolutionary agents were anxious to engage men to serve the cause of that particular party. They decided to buy the *Eider* and convert her into a gunboat. It occurred to me that here was an opportunity for adventure with a chance of making money, so I, with two other officers, Carlyon and Bruce, volunteered to remain with the ship, resigning our positions in the mail service. We were ordered to proceed in the vessel to Jacmel. At St. Thomas, D.W. Indies, we partially fitted her out, but had some difficulty in procuring a crew, and, though still flying the British flag, the English Consul was somewhat suspicious as to our movements and in doubt whether to let us go. Fortune favoured us, however, and we got away. Without waiting for orders we slipped away in the dead of night, taking in coal at an island ten miles away from lighters which were waiting for us. The revolutionary agent met us here and gave us instructions to proceed with all speed to the port of Jacmel, which was in the hands of the rebels, and to avoid all passing vessels. We heard casually that President Salomon, of Hayti, had fitted out a gunboat to attack us, and as the only gun we had on board was a 6-pounder it was highly desirable that we should not meet any armed vessel.

THE AUTHOR, CAPTAIN DOUGLAS COMBS.
From a Photo. by Bryne & Co., Richmond.

After seven days' steaming we reached Jacmel safely. On entering the harbour a shot whizzed over our mast-head from a mountain-top on our port hand. We quickly steamed out of range of the gun, however, and dropped anchor abreast of the mole, or landing-place. The rebel officials immediately came aboard us. One gentleman, gorgeously dressed in a blue frock-coat with gold epaulettes, a cocked hat, and slippers, was the "General in Charge." I found out afterwards that he had been a clerk in a dry goods store. There were numerous other officials, all more or less gloriously bedizened, and all wearing a look of the utmost importance on their faces. They appeared to think the *Eider* was going to be the salvation of their cause, and greeted me effusively.

The crew were now mustered and asked

whether they would join the movement in aid of the revolutionary party. A few signified their willingness to do so, but the majority declined and left the ship.

The rebel flag was now hoisted, and the bugler sounded a fanfare on a battered trumpet,

THE REBEL BOAT MAS-[illegible]

while the "General in Charge" solemnly re-christened the ship *La Patrie*. We were now fairly in for it.

The "General" then informed us that he would show us round the defences of the town. We saw no soldiers on landing, and the stores had a deserted appearance, the proprietors having evidently suspended business, fearing that their premises might be looted. Mules were provided for us to ride on, and we set out on our tour of inspection. The town was even then being besieged by the Government troops, and shot and shell were flying thick and fast overhead. "Keep on the near side of the street," said the General, and we carefully followed his advice.

The so-called "defences" consisted, in many cases, of empty flour-barrels filled with sand, while small field guns — 12-pounders — were placed here and there. They were all muzzle-loaders, and the motley, ragged, unkempt crew around them consisted of ruffians of all descriptions and nationalities. The chief part of the defence consisted of two forts, each carrying 100-pounder muzzle-loading guns. There was one howitzer (dated 1803), with which the "General" seemed much impressed. Evidently with an eye to effect, it had been placed on high rising ground, where it stood a very good chance of being dismounted.

The supposed location of the enemy's magazine having been pointed out to us, I suggested that the position of the howitzer should be changed so that we might have a shot at it. The shell was placed in the gun, the nondescript "staff" looking on, but keeping at a respectful distance. After we had fired the gun we looked round. All the "officers" had disappeared, together with the howitzer, which was found in a bush some yards to the rear, for the old gun "kicked" in a most vigorous fashion. The shot, however, was a complete success, for we heard a tremendous explosion in the enemy's lines.

Carlyon, my first officer, now began to think he had had enough of it, an impression which was strengthened by the fact that when we were visiting our magazine a shell exploded right in the centre, but luckily escaped the powder. He gloomily pointed out that the position of the revolutionists was distinctly precarious. Although the towns of Gonaives, Jeremie, and Miragoane were in their hands, both the last-named and Jacmel itself were being besieged by the President's troops. I told him, however, that if he backed out now he would most likely be shot, for we were in the hands of lawless men. I had to admit, however, that things looked black. Up to this time we had received no pay whatever;

food was very scarce and bad at that; and numbers of poor natives were constantly being killed in the streets by the falling shell and shot.

It was decided by the revolutionists to dispatch *La Paix* to the relief of Miragoane, and for that purpose she was supplied with an armament consisting of one 100-pounder and six 12-pounders, besides a mortar. Being a merchant steamer, her sides were unprotected, so we hung sheets of iron suspended by chains all round her, and then took on board our ammunition, together with some hundred ragged looking soldiers, a Swedish gunner, and one English man-of-war's-man, who sprang from goodness only knows where. We had also some prisoners on board, whom I put in the stoke-hole to fire the boilers. Amidst a chorus of good wishes we started out of the harbour for Gonaives, where we arrived without incident after one day's steaming. We sailed next day for Jeremie, and on the way met an English gunboat, H.M.S. *Boadicea*. She signalled "Stop; boat launched and coming." We accordingly slowed down and awaited the arrival of the boat. I received the lieutenant in charge at the gangway. "This is a rebel gunboat," he said, as he stepped aboard, "and I am given to understand that there are four Englishmen on board. I now call on them to stand forward and listen to what I have to say." Carlyon, Bruce, and the man-of-war's-man stepped forward and stood beside me, and the lieutenant thus apostrophized us: "You probably know that, having joined the Foreign Legion, and being also on board a rebel gunboat, you forfeit your nationality. I therefore invite you to leave and take the protection we offer you, otherwise your lives will be in serious jeopardy."

We looked at each other and then I answered for all.

"We fully appreciate your kind words," I said, "but we have made our bed and must lie on it."

"Then your blood be on your own heads, gentlemen," said the lieutenant. "Good-bye!" And with this he sprang over the side and departed, and we were presently speeding on our way once more.

On arrival at Jeremie we found one side of the town in the President's hands, while the other was still held by the rebels. As at Jacmel, shot and shell were flying over the town continually.

We directed our swivel 100-pounder at one of the Government forts and succeeded in dismounting a gun. It was then decided, in spite of the heavy fire, to land the English man-of-war's-man and the soldiers and build a sand-bag battery in which to mount the light guns. This programme was duly carried out, and before we

"SHE FIRED WITH THE 100-POUNDER, HITTING HER ABOVE THE WATER-LINE."

left the battery was firing on the Government troops and doing good execution.

Arriving off Miragoane, we landed provisions and ammunition for the garrison; but we could see that the town was being heavily besieged and that the garrison were very hard pressed.

Up to this time we had not seen anything of the President's gunboat, the *Desillenes*, which we were in constant fear of meeting, and we congratulated ourselves on being able to return to Jacmel safely.

Bruce had been on shore for some time when one of the Haytian officers on board called my attention to a suspicious-looking vessel in the offing, flying Spanish colours. I signalled to Bruce, "Return at once." Meanwhile the strange vessel approached rapidly and we beat to quarters. Her Spanish flag now came down and the flag of Hayti was hoisted instead — it was the dreaded *Desillenes!* A well-aimed shell from her bow gun presently dropped right in front of our wheel, killing four men and wounding five. We replied with the 100-pounder, hitting her above the water-line. She fired next, and the shot went clean through our bows. We now came to close quarters, when we were able to use our 12-pounders with great effect. Bruce (who had got safely on board) was soon wounded in the right arm, but Carlyon and myself were unhurt, and busied ourselves by assisting in the working of the guns. Presently we had the good luck to hit the Government vessel rather badly below the water-line. She did not sink, however, but continued firing hotly. She was commanded by Captain Cooper, an American, who evidently knew his business thoroughly. He endeavoured to run alongside and board, but our rifles and broadside guns did great execution and effectually deterred him from doing so. The odds, however, were greatly against us, and I can safely say that I and every man on board had made up our minds that the end had come, for we were convinced that the *Desillenes* would either blow us up or sink us.

Our opponents would frequently wait until the thick smoke between the ships had cleared away before they fired, being reluctant to waste a single shot. The loading of the guns; the rapid firing and loud shouting of orders in Spanish and French; the thumping recoil after each discharge; the screeching of the shell; the crash as it struck the ship, with a sound similar to the smashing of a door with a crowbar; the flying splinters; the men struck down and rolling on the deck, presented themselves to me in a confused medley of sight and sound.

The action soon became general. The forts at Miragoane began to train their guns on the poor little *La Patrie*, and our gunner—who was working the 100-pounder on the forecastle—was presently struck down by a round shot. The *Desillenes*, however, now seemed to be in as bad a plight as ourselves. We had suffered severely. 'Midships lay seven or eight dead men, many

"A CONFUSED MEDLEY OF SIGHT AND SOUND."

wounded were lying about, and the decks were drenched with blood. My face was covered with blood and gunpowder and my hands were black and raw from work at the guns.

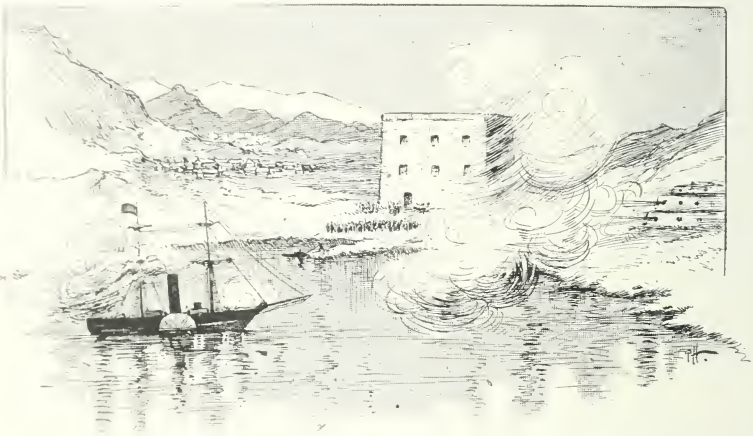
We had now fought for six hours and it was rapidly getting dark. Presently, greatly to our relief, the *Desillenes* hauled off, probably to renew the attack in the morning, or perhaps to

approach us stealthily in the night. We worked frantically at repairs, as one of our boilers was injured and the enemy's shot had made havoc in all directions. Our wounded were also attended to and the dead committed to the deep. We heard the firing of guns during the night at Miragoane, but to land was impossible as we did not know which side had the advantage. We officers held an anxious consultation as to whether it would be possible for us to continue the fight. *La Patrie* was an old ship, and we knew she could not stand much more battering about. Her boilers, too, were in a very bad condition, and to attempt to enter the harbour of Port-au-Prince was out of the question, as the foreign men-of-war would have prevented our entry, the rebels not being recognised as belligerents. Under these circumstances we decided to return to Jacmel, trusting that the *Desilenes* would not attempt to pursue us, as our boilers were now leaking badly. We therefore got up steam, and about 4 a.m. started off cautiously, keeping a sharp look-out for the *Desilenes*. We saw nothing more of our enemy, however, so came to the conclusion that she had suffered in the fight and was not in a condition to pursue. We were all glad to think we had acquitted ourselves so well in our first naval engagement.

We arrived safely at Jeremie at noon next day and found incessant firing going on. Our own battery was still at work, with the man-of-war's man in command, and the inhabitants cheered us frantically when they saw the signs of conflict and learnt that we had been in action.

We now trained our guns on to the heights occupied by the Government troops, and succeeded in dismounting two of their guns, which caused great jubilation among the rebels.

We parted from the good people of Jeremie with feelings of regret, for we knew full well from what we had seen that the revolutionary cause was almost lost. In fact, on arriving at Gonaïves the following day we found that place in the hands of the President's forces. However, we risked a chance shot at the fort, which caused much consternation among the Government troops, who evidently expected a bombardment. They replied, but their shots fell short, so we left them in disgust and hastened on to Jacmel, our head-quarters. The Haytians on board were in a state of great excitement. They knew that their cause was toppling, and wanted to do all sorts of impossible things with the ship. Failing to make me fall in with their views, they repeatedly accused us of treachery and threatened all sorts of reprisals. Half the crew, however, were on our side, and so the excited Haytians were compelled to keep quiet, having no one else to navigate *La Patrie*.



"WE RISKED A CHANCE SHOT AT THE FORT."

Presently we arrived off Jacmel. No shot was fired at us on entering the harbour, but we heard incessant firing in the direction of the town. We dropped anchor abreast of the moles and the officials came on board. They no longer wore looks of importance, but

appeared worried and anxious. They informed us that Jacmel would certainly have to surrender soon, although they were doing their best to hold out as long as possible. The foreign Consuls, however, who also came on board, advised us Englishmen to haul down the rebel flag and leave the vessel. Things had, indeed, come to a nice pass, and we all regretted the foolish step we had taken in leaving the mail service to serve the rebel cause, about the rights or wrongs of which we knew absolutely nothing. After thinking the matter over I called the Haytians together and informed them that we could no longer hope to save their cause, and that, as we had received no pay for our services, we contemplated leaving the vessel. They received my remarks in sullen silence, but made no attempt to interfere with us.

During the day, therefore, Bruce, Carlyon, and myself packed up our traps and landed. We were met by the foreign merchants, who offered us much good advice. "Believe nothing the rebel General or his satellites may tell you," they said; "Jacmel must fall, as the siege has been raised and the foreign Consuls have already been in treaty with the Government for the surrender. There is, however, no English Consul here to save your lives from the President's troops, and we have, therefore, decided to appoint Captain Combs British Vice-Consul *pro tem.*" So here was I transformed in an hour from captain of a rebel gunboat to H.B.M. Acting Vice-Consul! No doubt my appointment was irregular, but it was the only way to save our lives.

We set to work at once to protect the "Consulate" which had been allotted to me. We hoisted the British flag and mounted two small machine-guns, which had been given to us by the merchants, on the roof. Next day over eighty refugees came into the Consulate for protection, which is allowed under the Haytian law. It is necessary, however, for the refugee to escape by stealth, for on going out of the Consulate he runs a risk of being shot.

We soon saw that the surrender was a fact, for a long line of ragged-looking cavalry—the advance-guard of the Government troops—passed by. They were a motley assembly, dressed in cockaded hats, blue trousers, and frock-coats; some were without boots. As they rode along they maltreated any unfortunate rebels who had not made their escape, tying them to the saddle girths and beating them with their machetes; numbers were shot down without mercy. Thankful were we to be in security, though the soldiery had a shrewd idea that we had also fought against them, and many evil glances were directed at our house. They even dared to say they would attack the Consulate and kill us, but on seeing the business-like machine-guns on the roof and the British flag—which is much respected in Hayti—flying above, they thought better of it. They posted a guard at the door, however, to prevent any of the unfortunate rebels inside from escaping. We had plenty of food stored for everybody, so this manœuvre did not distress us much.

We remained quietly for some days at the Consulate, until things should have settled down somewhat. We heard that *La Patrie* had been captured, the principal Haytians on board being shot without mercy, very few of them escaping. Thus ended the career of the poor old *Eider* as a gunboat, for she was soon afterwards sunk in Port-au-Prince Harbour. Thus ended, too, the "Great Haytian Revolution," by which we three Englishmen gained absolutely nothing and lost a good deal!

We remained at the Consulate two months, when Captain Wyndham, the British Consul who had been appointed, appeared, and made arrangements for us to leave. He applied to President Salomon to give us a free pass out of the island, but this the President declined to grant, as he said we ought to be shot for having fought against his troops.

He eventually issued a permit, however, and allowed us to go, and one dark evening, escorted by Captain Wyndham and several of the merchants—all armed, to guard against treachery—we got safely to a boat. By previous arrangement the West India Mail Steamer *Moselle* received us on board and landed us safely in Jamaica, where Bruce and myself lay two months in hospital suffering from the effects of our brief spell of active service afloat. In this ignoble fashion did our career as revolutionary officers come to an end. We realized too late that the pursuit of romantic adventure does not pay in these prosaic days.

The Voyage of the "Planet."

By Frederick H. Bryant, Officer in Charge.

While on a voyage across the Atlantic the steamer "Crown Point" fell in with the barque "Planet," of Hamburg. The crew were stricken with scurvy, the chief mate was dead, and the captain and second mate were dying. Mr. Bryant volunteered to navigate the barque to Queenstown—a task which he succeeded in accomplishing in spite of terrible obstacles. Mr. Justice Barnes, in the Admiralty Court, said that his conduct was deserving of the highest encomiums, and awarded him £642 as his share of the salvage; while the Committee of Lloyd's marked their appreciation of the gallant young officer's conduct by presenting him with their coveted silver medal "for meritorious conduct."

IN May of last year I was serving as second officer on board the ss. *Crown Point*, of the Philadelphia Transatlantic Line. We left Delaware Breakwater on the 3rd of May and all went as usual until Tuesday, the 14th, when, at 6.35 a.m., we sighted the German barque *Planet*, of Hamburg. She was showing a flag signal denoting that she wanted to be towed, and Captain Wall, of the *Crown Point*, immediately steered close to her. All the members of her crew were grouped on the poop, and as we passed under her stern one of them hailed us and said that they wanted a navigator. We could not hear very distinctly owing to the distance between the two ships, but we gathered that they had some kind of disease on board. Accordingly, our chief officer, Mr. W. G. Lord, was asked to go and ascertain what the trouble was, and—although he did not know what disease it was—he immediately boarded the *Planet*. Meanwhile Captain Wall asked me whether, in the event of the barque requiring a navigator, I would volunteer for the job. I said I should be only too glad, and made some hasty arrangements for going. In the meantime the chief officer returned and made his report. He had found the captain of the barque raving in delirium in his bunk; the first mate had died and had been buried about four days; the second mate was lying very ill in his bunk; and all the provisions were bad. He said the disease on board was scurvy, and altogether the barque seemed to be in a very bad way. Captain Wall told me that he could not think of leaving me on the ship under these circumstances; but he decided to tow me to the Lizard, whence I could sail the *Planet* up to Falmouth and get a pilot. Accordingly I boarded the barque, taking with me a few nautical instruments and books, and made arrangements for towing, although the crew were so enfeebled that it was a difficult business. Captain Wall also sent all the provisions he could spare for the sick. Soon after the towing commenced—the poor fellows having with difficulty managed to furl the barque's sails—I noticed that the *Crown Point* was increasing her distance from us, and realized that the tow-rope had parted somewhere. I was greatly relieved to see the steamer returning to me again, but I did not know how to heave in the broken chain to recommence towing. We got the windlass connected, but the combined efforts of the crew could not move it at all, not even with all hands on one side. I waited for the *Crown Point* to come near enough, and then Captain Wall told me through the megaphone that he could do nothing more for me, and told me to make for Queenstown as best I could. He then blew three blasts on the steam whistle by way of farewell, dipped his ensign, and away went the *Crown Point*, my shipmates waving their hands and shouting out good wishes.

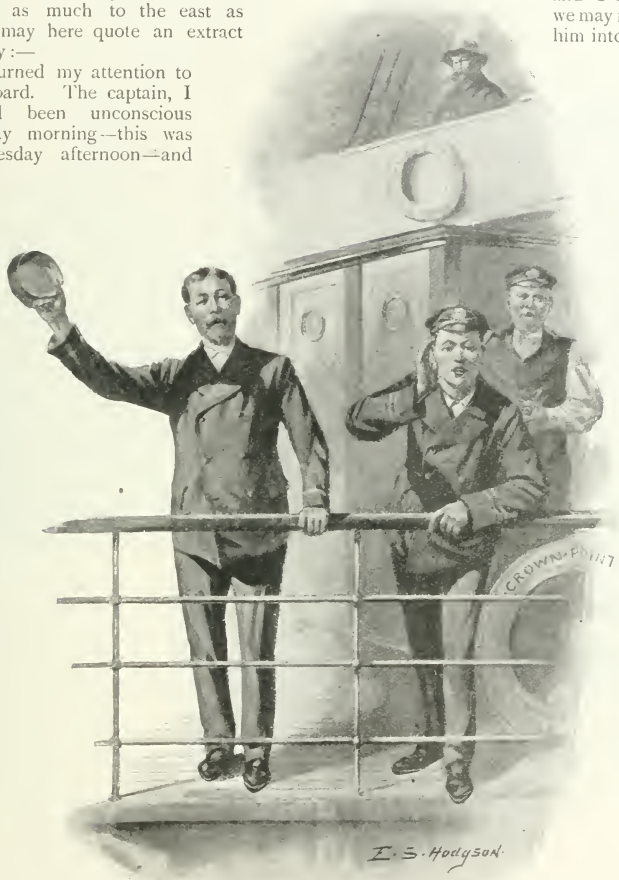
THE AUTHOR, FREDERICK H. BRYANT.
From a Photo. by W. Boughton and Sons, Lowestoft.

I felt very strange indeed when I realized

that I was left alone with all this shipload of trouble to look after, but I took off my coat and set to work with the men. We got sail on the barque again, but found the wind was against us, so stood away to the northward, edging as much to the east as possible. I may here quote an extract from my diary:—

"I then turned my attention to things on board. The captain, I learned, had been unconscious since Monday morning—this was on the Tuesday afternoon—and had eaten nothing since Sunday, when he had taken a little soup. He looked very bad, in fact dying, and we couldn't manage to force any stimulants down his throat; his body was in an emaciated condition. . . . I shall not attempt to describe the sickly smell of the whole after-part of the ship.

"The second mate was conscious, but seemed to have great difficulty in breathing; his body and legs are quite cold. . . . He took a little port wine through a pipe, and I sincerely hope we may manage to take him into port alive."



"AWAY WENT THE 'CROWN POINT,' MY SHIPMATES WAVING THEIR HANDS AND SHOUTING OUT GOOD WISHES."

I may mention here that all the crew were more or less afflicted with scurvy.

"It seems that the captain and officers were worse than the crew owing to their having eaten bread made of bad flour, although the ship's biscuits which the crew had eaten were bad enough, being literally alive. The place

down below where the boys live actually sickened me with the terrible smell from the damp wood and rusty chain. In fact, things could not be much worse, and as I can see I am in for a long spell of easterly winds, with little or no chance of getting in for another week, I cannot feel particularly cheerful. The

"I [illegible] OF [illegible] 'THEN I OPENED THE DOOR.'

sailmaker, who speaks the best English amongst the crew, told me that the wood in the hold was full of 'schmall schnakes mitt feet,' which I discovered by his description were scorpions. He said that, so far, they had only killed about twenty on deck, and advised me to be careful. I think his advice is very good.

"The deceased chief mate, who has been buried four days, possessed a dog, which flew at me and left the marks of his teeth in my sea boots, which I fortunately had on. He had been shut up in the late officer's room and resented my intrusion when I opened the door. I showed his teeth marks to the sailmaker, and he said: 'It is much better he did not bite you proper; he have been already mad two weeks!' His advice as to being careful I shall endeavour to bear in mind. Altogether the *Planet*, of Hamburg, seems to me to be a place where Mark Tapley would come out strong; but there's nothing else to do but put the best face on it.

"We kept on a northerly course through the night, but shortened sail before dark, as I did not want to be taken with too much wind with only a short-handed and weakly crew. . . . . I have nowhere to sleep in the ship, only the cabin settee, which was originally made of horse-hair, but has since been covered with canvas and coal-tarred. I lie down with clothes and sea boots on, and my bag of clothes for a pillow and my overcoat over me.

"We kept on the same course until noon on the next day. We had gone above the fifty-first parallel of latitude and, thinking it unwise to go too far from the steamer track, I decided to go round on the other tack. The captain remained unconscious all day—second mate, I am sorry to say, getting weaker; crew seem to be improving with the fresh food I brought on board, with the exception of one of the boys called Max. I gave him a good dose of castor-oil. The bottles in the medicine chest are all marked with German names which I do not understand, but castor-oil, even if it does not do much good, will not do any harm, so I feel quite safe about it. The crew are fine-looking fellows, but look washed-out; their eyes are terribly bloodshot and the whites have turned yellow."

I put the sailmaker in charge of one watch and a young fellow named Wilhelm in charge of the other, but as they knew nothing of navigation and still less about the "rule of the road," I had to be on deck as much as possible all the time. The ship made very little headway, all day, as the wind was light from the east. I was very thankful when I found a bottle of scent—which

I was taking home — among my things; it made a great improvement to the cabin. On Thursday the wind remained light and easterly and we made little progress. Still we were making three miles an hour, which, when one considers that the barnacles on the bottom were 6in. long, was not so bad. The captain seemed to be getting weaker and had taken no food at all; the second mate was not improving, as he could eat nothing.

The *Crown Point* had left me, among other provisions, some boxes of jelly, which the German steward seemed to know nothing about, so I went to the galley myself. Paying strict attention to the printed directions, I tried my hand at making a red-currant jelly. It was rather a failure, as, after it had stood for some time and had not started to look like getting firm, we placed it in the cool air on the cabin skylight, but, the ship heeling over to the big ground-swell that was running, the whole dishful capsized and was wasted; but number two was quite a success and looked very nice, and I felt rather proud when I took it to the second mate. But he, poor fellow, could not eat it; the only thing he would try to eat was a raw potato, but I kept on with the port wine. At noon observation I found that we had made fifty-eight miles towards Queenstown in the two days I had been on board, or just a little better than one mile an hour. If it were not for the two poor dying Germans and the sick crew, this break-neck speed would have been amusing. At 6 p.m. the steward and myself attempted to administer some brandy and milk to the captain, but without success. His eyes began to look glassy, and I didn't think he would last through the night. At 10 p.m. we were lying in a flat calm, the captain struggling for breath and the second mate groaning painfully. I remained in the captain's room with him till 1 a.m. on Friday morning and then went on deck and walked about with the sailmaker till 2.30, when I had another look at the captain. He was still breathing, but with great difficulty. I put a man from the watch into his room and told him—through the sailmaker—to let me know if he saw any change. Then I went into the cabin and must have fallen off to sleep, for when eight bells (4 a.m.) struck I found myself sitting on the settee, with my head resting on my arms. I immediately jumped up and went to see the captain, and found he had breathed his last. The man on watch said he was not dead at one bell (3.45), so that he must have died since. The watch came along, and I called them in to look at the body. I told Wilhelm, who was in charge of the other two men of the watch, that he must get the captain sewed up in canvas ready for burial at night. Wilhelm did not seem to relish the task much.

"THE STEWARD AND MYSELF ATTEMPTED TO ADMINISTER SOME BRANDY AND MILK TO THE CAPTAIN."

"The second mate seems in a very bad way, and I have given strict orders to the men, who go in to do little things for him, not to mention a word about the captain's death, as it would only discourage him more, and he seems very

despondent now, but says he is sure he will die. The steward came to me to-day (Friday) and showed me how badly the scurvy had taken hold on him. . . . He looked very frightened, and, as a matter of fact, I began to be a little nervous myself, for I did not know what to do to relieve him.

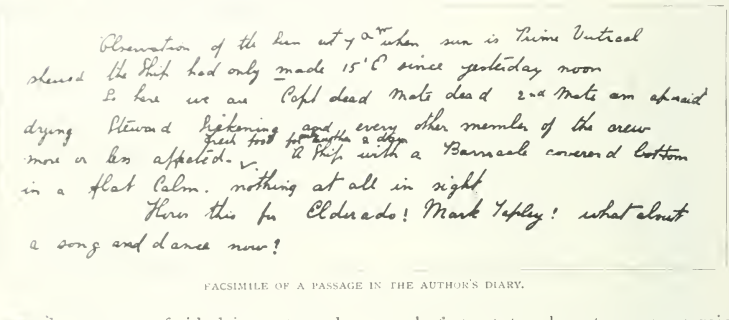
"I gave him some castor oil, which is the best thing to do under the circumstances. I wish I had brought my 'Sailors' Pocket-book,' as there are directions in it for the treatment of scurvy. . . So here we are—captain dead, mate dead; second mate, am afraid, dying; steward sickening, and every other member of the crew more or less affected (with scurvy). Fresh food for only another two days, a ship with a barnacle-covered bottom in a flat calm; nothing at all in sight. How's this for El Dorado, Mark Tapley?

"But there's something on the credit side of the ledger after all, for I have seen no 'schmall schnakes mitt feet' at present, but shall keep my sea boots on all the same. Furthermore, the dog has recovered from his madness. He is sitting on my lap as I write this. I had to keep my eye on this dog, for one day he took a fancy to one of my jellies and drank it all up before it had time to set.

"At 7 p.m. committed the captain's body to the deep, all hands being present. Gustave Frank, one of the sailors, read some prayers in German. He being rather shy at speaking aloud I considered it necessary to supplement his attempt by what I could remember from the Prayer Book of the Service for the Burial of the Dead at Sea, which I have often heard read. At the words 'We therefore now commit his body to the deep' I raised my hand, the end of the plank was tilted up by the sailmaker, and the body slid out from under the German ensign, which was covered over it, into the sea."

A dense fog had come on meanwhile, and this, together with the melancholy groans of our fog-horn, made the scene very weird, and one that will always remain in my memory. The ceremony had a most depressing effect on the men, and it affected me considerably.

We lay all the next day (Saturday) becalmed in the fog, occasionally catching a glimpse of a steamer when the fog lifted. We had got down to lat. 49.30 N. and about long. 11deg. W., which was right in the track of steamers, and is generally considered a very unhealthy position for a sailing ship in a fog, as fog-horns are no much to trust to when steamers are going past "eased down." The second mate's condition was not improving, but the steward was decidedly better. On Sunday the day broke beautifully clear, but without wind, and at six o'clock in the morning I saw that a steamer in the distance would come close enough to "talk mitt de flags," as Wilhelm said, so I determined to put myself in communication with her. Accordingly, I put up the German ensign, and also flags denoting we had scurvy on board. The approaching vessel proved to be the British steamer *Goodwood*, of Middlesbrough. She stopped close to me and I got our little boat out and, with two of my most healthy men, went on board. Captain White, who commanded her, asked what he could do for me, and I asked him if he could take the second mate on shore in order to try and save his life. He said he could not possibly do that, as he would most undoubtedly be quarantined at Antwerp (to which port he was bound) if he attempted to land him; but he gave me all the provisions he could spare and two bottles of lime-juice, which latter was most acceptable. He also gave me some books to read; in fact, he did everything he could to help me, and he also advised me to clean the ship's bottom with a length of chain if the men were strong enough for the task. I sent a letter to my employers by the *Goodwood*, telling them how matters were, and that I hoped


Observation of the Sun at 7 a.m. when sun is Prime Vertical
showed the Ship had only made 15' E since yesterday noon
So here we are Capt dead Mate dead 2nd Mate am afraid
dying Steward sickening and every other member of the crew
more or less affected. Fresh food for only another 2 days
A Ship with a Barnacle covered bottom
in a flat Calm. nothing at all in sight
How's this for Eldorado! Mark Tapley! what about
a song and dance now!

FACSIMILE OF A PASSAGE IN THE AUTHOR'S DIARY.

to reach Falmouth in the course of a few days. She steamed away at 7.30 a.m.

"I spent a very quiet Sunday, sitting with the second mate nearly all day. He speaks good English and has been talking about his sweetheart and looking at her photo., which he holds in his hand. On Monday we made very little headway to the northward, as wind was still very light. . . . Second mate seemed a little better, and I began to hope for him after all.

"Wednesday.—Second mate had a relapse again, and I once more began to have my doubts about him. He takes nothing but brandy and water; his tongue has swollen and seems to fill his mouth. I really wish he would lose consciousness as the captain did, for he must suffer terribly."

The wind fell light again at night and we made but little headway. I found a note in my diary of this day to the effect that the potatoes were all finished. They are the best remedy known for scurvy, I think, and I was sorry we had no more, but the lime-juice was doing the men a lot of good. Thursday morning found the ship hardly steering, as the wind had all gone in the night. I started the men to-day getting all the chain on deck, as I knew that if I reached either Queenstown or Falmouth I should want to moor with two anchors, and as the *Crown Point* had carried away forty-five fathoms of the port chain when the tow-rope broke I thought the best thing to do was to take thirty fathoms from the starboard anchor and put on the port one. It was rather a hard job, and the men had to get a tackle on the masthead to aid them, owing to the winch being broken.

I got a bad scare during the night, although I had told the sailmaker, who was on watch, to let me know if he saw anything. About nine o'clock, after having worked up our latitude by the stars, I went on deck and saw a red light on our starboard bow, not very far off. We were on the port tack, and it was our place (according to regulations) to keep out of the other vessel's way. I immediately ordered the helm to be put up, but found the barque was carrying her helm hard over—as the wind had freshened—and she would not pay off. We got some sail in, however, and let go the lee braces, and so just cleared the other ship, but it showed me I must not be off the deck for long. We were now lurching heavily, as the sea had risen considerably, so we got the second mate out of his bunk, as he felt so uncomfortable lying down to leeward, and put him on the settee in his room, which lies athwartship. He seemed very bad and in great agony, but unfortunately I could not spare a man from the watch to sit by him as we were busy shortening sail. By midnight on Thursday it was blowing a gale from the eastward, with vivid lightning, although it was a clear starlight night. I took the wheel at 1 a.m., as it took all hands to get the mainsail in and the fore upper topsail. At 3.30 I was relieved, and immediately went to see the second mate, and found to my horror that while all hands had been busy he had fallen into a heap at the bottom of the settee with the heavy lurching of the ship. We got him up and I sat holding him in my arms. At four o'clock he asked me if I would try and bury him ashore, and also requested to see the ship's position on the chart. Soon after he sank into a doze. Poor fellow! he held his sweetheart's photograph in his hand until he died at 4.45, the end being quite peaceful.

I find the following entry in my diary for the Friday:—

"Friday, May 24th, 5.30 a.m.—What with the death of that poor man and a gale of wind blowing with a very high sea I find my hands pretty full. I only wish I could get a good sleep. Am looking for a change of wind to-day, as the barometer is falling and a change of the moon takes place to-night. Noon position, lat. 48.46 N., long. 7.04 W. Ship made ninety-one miles on a S. 34deg. E. course since yesterday. Easterly gale blowing and a mountainous sea. Ship plunging and lurching heavily at times.

"We buried the second mate at 7 p.m. The boy Max read the prayers, I giving the signal as before. Owing to the heavy wind and sea we lost sight of the body immediately it was launched overboard. Having, in my opinion, got far enough south gave the men a job to 'wear ship,' so as we could go to the northward again. This task occupied about an hour and kept the men's minds from the funeral."

On Saturday we made due north and I hoped, if the wind would only last, that we should get into Queenstown on Sunday. The old sailmaker was the most depressing individual I think I ever met. He told me on the Saturday—when I had really begun to pick up heart—that he dreamed the previous night that, now the captain and officers were dead, the steward was to go next, then he would follow. He really could only just walk, as his legs were so terribly swollen. Then he concluded, cheerfully: "Bime-by all finish." I asked him where I came in; but his dream did not seem to have embraced me, for which small mercy I was truly thankful. I took him—in my most hopeful manner—and showed him the chart, pointing out the proximity of the ship to Queenstown; but I found he was taking careful bearings of a bottle of brandy that stood in the bottle-rack

over the cabin table. I expect he was working up the course and distance of it from the cabin skylight with a view to reaching down for it at night. The late second mate told me that the sailmaker had a little weakness that way, but I must say that neither he nor any other member of the crew ever took the least liberty during my stay on the ship. They looked on me with a kind of trustfulness.

It had come on to rain heavily, with vivid lightning, and although I was steering due north I kept hoping the wind would go into the south-west, so as to give me a chance of reaching Falmouth, with which port I was slightly acquainted.

On Sunday the easterly breeze died away again, and we were becalmed about eighty miles from the Old Head of Kinsale, lying close to some French fishing-boats. We lay all Sunday becalmed, until at night a breeze sprang up from the northward, the very wind I did not want. Once more I began to be disheartened. Against that day I find this entry in my diary :—

"This is perfectly sickening, and I feel more disheartened to-night than I have ever done

"WE HAD CLEARED THE OTHER SHIP.

before. It really seemed yesterday as though I should arrive in Queenstown to-day; but now the wind has headed me off again, and we must try for Falmouth after all. My head feels very funny, and I am almost afraid to lie down at all, for I find myself trying to think of three or four things at one time. I hope I don't go off my head altogether—I don't think I have far to go."

This kind of thing will account for the disjointed reading of my diary, for there is no doubt that the continual exposure to the damp, foggy weather and always sleeping with my wet clothes on—together with the fact that I never got more than two hours' sleep at a time—began to have its effect on me.

Next day the wind went round to the southward and for the first time we were steering a compass course for Kinsale Lighthouse.

On Monday night I had got within sixteen miles of the Light and expected to sight it. Not seeing it, however, we took several casts of the lead, and finding the soundings agreed with the assumed position of the ship I let her go on. Presently I found myself close to a fishing fleet, and, in fact, we sailed (or more properly drifted) right amongst them.

At daylight on Tuesday, much to my joy, I saw the lighthouse of Kinsale, and presently the pilot-boat bore down on us. After the pilot came on board we steered up for the Daunt Rock Lightship and eventually arrived in Queenstown at 1 p.m. We sailed in without assistance, and were soon safely moored with two anchors.

Dr. Hodges, the medical officer, then boarded the ship and examined the crew. I showed him the state of things that existed; he spoke very kindly and said the crew showed signs of having had scurvy very badly. He was good enough to tell me that my efforts, together with the fresh food supplied by the steamers *Crown Point* and *Goodwood*, had saved their lives.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY "LLOYD'S" FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT.
From a [*Photo.*

Mr. Horne, my owners' agent, also boarded the ship, bringing a German captain and mate to relieve me. I landed at Queenstown that afternoon and made a deposition before the German Consul there. I also received a nice letter of thanks from the German Consul-General in London.

It was indeed a comfort to find myself in a bed after my long spell on that terrible settee, but it was a long time before I could get to sleep.

I boarded the *Planet* again at noon on Wednesday to bring my things away. The poor dog was wild with joy when I returned to him after being away for a day, running and jumping all over me. He and I had become inseparable chums during the voyage, which was a good thing for me, as before we got acquainted I used to be annoyed by rats running about the cabin at night, but the dog kept them all away from me. When I finally left the *Planet* all the crew climbed on the side and gave me three cheers, which was very kind of them. I felt a lump come into my throat as I bade a final good-bye to the old barque on which I had had such a memorable experience.

I came to London that same night, and on the next day received the congratulations of my employers, Messrs. Simpson, Spence, and Young, of Crosby Square. Mr. W. Young, the managing director, told me that he would do his best to procure me as high a salvage award as he could. I never dreamed that the old barque would be valuable, although I knew enough about things to know that I might get £60 or £70 for what had been done. How well my employers had worked on my behalf I realized when Mr. Justice Barnes made his unexpected award on the 27th of January last.

I had a week's holiday at my home in Lowestoft, and was then promoted to be chief officer of the ss. *North Point*, sister ship to the *Crown Point*, and this post I still hold.

Life in the Congo Free State.

By Captain Guy Burrows.

III.

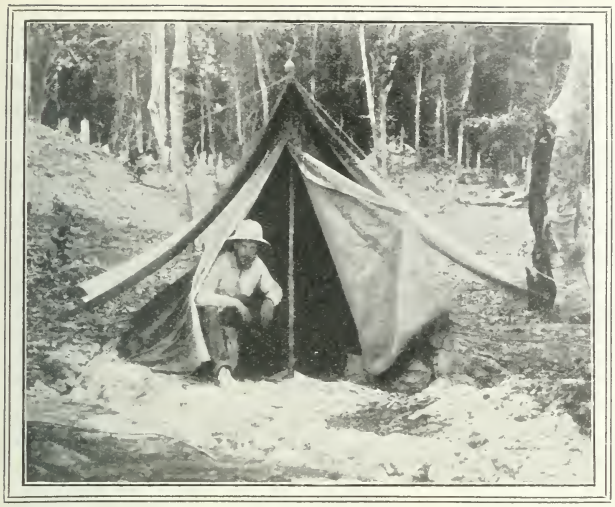
Captain Guy Burrows was, until a few months ago, the senior British officer in the service of the Congo Free State Government, whose decorations he holds. In this article he gives an interesting account of his experiences among the dwarfs and cannibals of this great Central African country.

NEAR to Stanleyville are the magnificent falls of Tchopo, where the river tumbles noisily over a giant staircase of boulders. This is one of the most picturesque spots on the whole of the Congo, and used to be a favourite haunt for Sunday picnics among the officials.

In an important station like Basoko there is always a stream of visitors going up or coming down by the monthly steamers, and one makes many friends among the ever-changing faces. Some of the men come up in health and vigour, full of enthusiasm for the new work and taking a keen delight in the surroundings, that are so delightfully new to them. Older pioneers of the State stations often look at these youngsters with a grim memory of some of their predecessors, who went into the pestilential tropical swamps to find glory and discovered naught but malaria or black-water fever. Some of them, too, one sees coming down again, wrecked physically beyond repair, and making for the coast at full speed, with the angel of death at their heels. They have perhaps been laying a telegraph line—the most solitary and unhealthy employment in the whole service. Each with his tent and stores, and a few blacks as porters and linesmen, the members of a telegraph or road-cutting party separate from one another as outposts along a wire section, and depart for months at a stretch into the solitude of a forest and a marsh. But the selected few learn to love the life; they are those whose physique can stand it, and who come through their probation period hardened and tempered. These few also occasionally return to the station on their way to the coast, not less changed than the others. They have the far-away look of a lonely man whose only companions have long been the children of the forest and the voice of

[Photo.

THE FALL OF TCHOPO, NEAR STANLEYVILLE—A FAVOURITE SPOT FOR OFFICIAL PICNICS.



A TELEGRAPH SURVEYOR IN HIS TENT—LAYING A TELEGRAPH LINE IS THE MOST SOLITARY AND UNHEALTHY WORK IN THE SERVICE.
From a] [*Photo.*

Nature; their chins are squarer and maybe their smile has gained in sincerity what it may have lost in liveliness. Generally when you see such men coming down you know you will see them yet again, for the voice of the forest is a siren to the man who has once heard it.

The Bangalas and other tribes make very good soldiers when once it has been dinned into them that the State uniform is not an instrument for the oppression of their relatives. As soon as they have been taught a sense of their own unimportance they begin to be useful material for keeping order. They are very keen marksmen, and after they have learnt how to take the "kick" of a rifle (of which at first they are immensely afraid) they take kindly to target practice. They have always come across firearms before they are recruited, as most villages possess at least a gun or two. The rifle used by the troops on the Congo is the Albini breechloader, formerly used in the Belgian army. The native soldier soon develops a sense of duty, and manages to compare very favourably with the average Tommy in point of military usefulness.

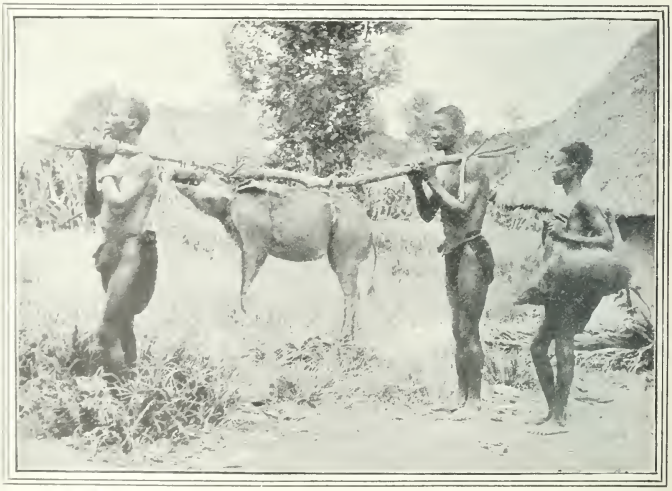
Kasongo is the great market village of its district. This market is held every Sunday throughout the year, the reason being that that day is a holiday to the State-employed natives,

From a] STATE TROOPS AT MUSKETRY PRACTICE AT STANLEYVILLE. [*Photo.*

THE GREAT WEEKLY MARKET AT KASONGO. [*Photo.*

of whom there are a great number. The people come in with their wares from villages many miles away, and always come unarmed. The result of this excellent practice is that, though there is a great deal of chaffering and barter, there is never any quarrelling; perhaps the native regards commerce as too serious a business to be interfered with by such a piece of levity as a fight. There is no market inspection—considering the numbers who attend it would be an impossibility. The whites buy very little food in the open market; there is always a danger in doing so in a country where the people are cannibals. The natives bring in one's food from the forest, whither one very often sends out a soldier or two with a gun. They frequently secure a boar or a bush cow; the bigger the better for them, for the meat will not keep, and they get what the white men do not need

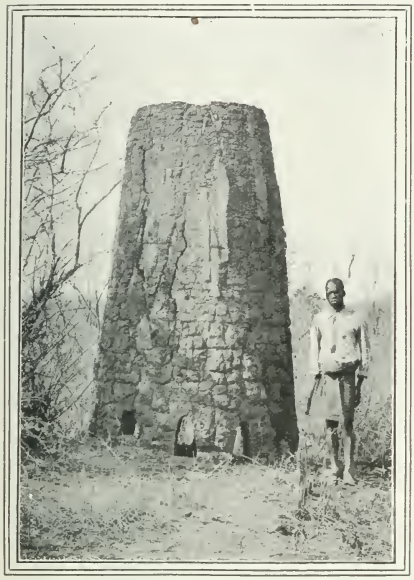
The native smiths are very good craftsmen. They smelt the iron ore, with which the Congo abounds, in their high conical furnaces, running out the molten metal into shapeless bars. They make fairly sound metal, too, which is used for the manufacture of spear-heads, knives, and other implements; but I have never had the time to look into their processes. What iron they do not require for their own use they bring



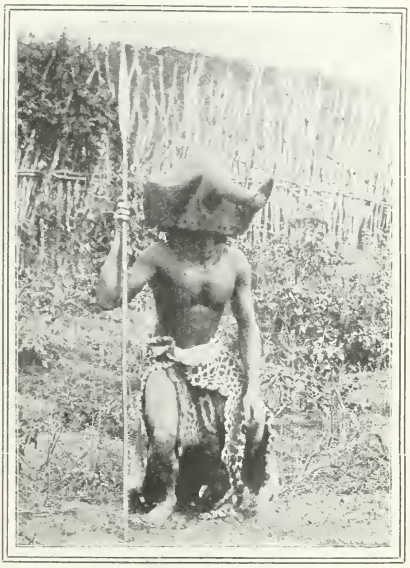
BRINGING IN GAME FOR THE WHITE MAN—THE OFFICIALS SEND OUT MEN WITH GUNS TO FORAGE FOR THEM. [*Photo.*

down to the stations and exchange for black oil, which they put on their hair.

The natives are very fond of dancing, and on occasions of importance they make a special

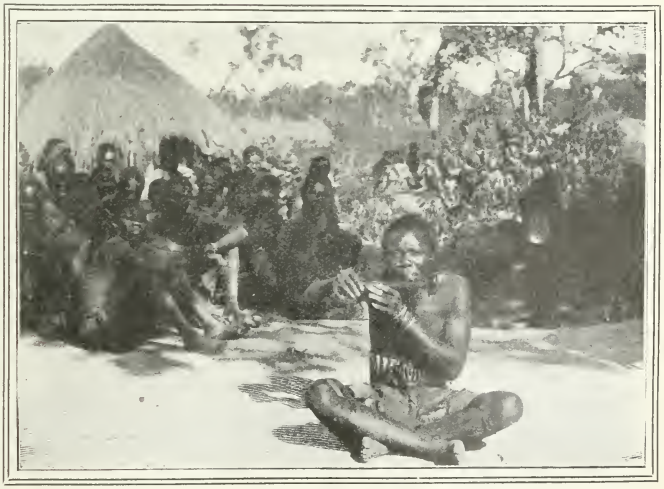


From a] A NATIVE SMELTING FURNACE. *[Photo.*



A NATIVE EQUIPPED FOR THE "ELEPHANT DANCE."
From a Photo.

feature of it, dressing themselves up in fantastic garments or imitating someone or something. One of their principal dances is the elephant dance, which is a solo affair. The village sits on its haunches in a circle, a select number beating time on tom-toms and other noisy instruments, while the performer, equipped with a crude pantomime elephant's head, gyrates and grotesques in the centre. Most of the natives are fond of music in their own interpretation of the word, and many villages boast of skilled flautists, who are called on for solos at the tribal concerts. For my part, I am unable to criticise it as music. It



From a] "MANY VILLAGES BOAST OF SKILLED FLAUTISTS, WHO ARE CALLED ON FOR SOLOS AT THE TRIBAL CONCERTS." *[Photo.*

generally pleases those for whom it is meant, which, after all, is the best thing it can do.

A fair idea of the country farther inland towards the great lakes may be gained from the photograph of Maluma-Niama, a village near Tanganyika. The vast distance in the view is typical of equatorial scenery, where the atmosphere is so clear that the range of vision seems to be tremendously extended. The picture also gives a good idea of the average native village. In this particular case the people were bringing in the Upper Welle, brought among other things a piece of striped skin something like that of the zebra. I asked them where they got it, and they usually pointed to the south. I was certain it could not be the skin of a zebra, yet the zebra was the only animal I could think of as likely to possess that curious striped skin. I questioned the natives closely, and they made various statements about the animal. For one thing, they told me that the skin they brought was from the hindquarters of the

From a] MALUMA-NIAMA, A TYPICAL VILLAGE NEAR LAKE TANGANYIKA. [*Photo.*

to wood for the village fires. Life among them is still in the communistic stage, and they have very little idea of personal property. The country is not always so smiling as this, however. Among the forests there are vast unhealthy swamps, where the ground is so treacherous that the natives have to construct bridges across the worst places, sometimes nearly a mile in length.

Since my return home I have been much interested in the new animal discovered by Sir Harry Johnstone, which most readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE will know under the name of the "okapi." I never had a whole skin, but it was only by the merest chance that I did not come across the animal. The question, however, as to what the beast could be had already given me much thought before Sir Harry Johnstone published the record of his discovery. From time to time natives, who were accustomed to bring skins into my station animal and that the rest of the beast was not striped at all. But you can never be sure of a native's truthfulness. His one instinct is to tell you what he thinks will please you, and knowing this you become accustomed to suspect him of lying with the best intentions, and therefore to discount every word he says; and that, while at times an excellent plan, is likely sooner or later to prove disastrous.

It did in this case. I could not believe in their description of the new beast, and it is easy enough to be wise after the event. Had I suspected the existence of this new mammal I should have instituted an expedition to search for it, and it would not have been a very arduous search, for it was to be found in the forest close to the station where I was Commissioner. I saw the skin—that is to say, the striped part—frequently, as the natives were very fond of using it for girdles, knife-belts, and head-dresses. But my time was so fully occu-

From a] NATIVES FISHING ON THE CONGO. [*Photo.*

pied that I was never able to go and investigate the "okapi" at first hand.

All through the Congo and its tributaries the natives are skilful fishermen and make huge catches; their "net" is made of basket ware. They are chiefly successful in fast water, or where the current breaks over sunken rocks. Sometimes their methods are even simpler, and consist merely in driving stakes down into the stream, as may be seen in my picture of the falls at Leopoldville, fixing the baskets between the poles. I judge that the rivers must abound with fish, considering the enormous quantities taken by these primitive means. Some of the fish I have seen were quite unlike any other fish I know of, and I believe there is plenty of work for the naturalist who will undertake the task of classifying the wonders of the Congo rivers.

On the Franco-Congo frontier at Banzyville the people are thrifty and industrious folk, with the one great vice of being addicted to cannibalism. They build good villages and are fairly peaceful and orderly; but they are as bad as the Bangalas, if not worse, in their man-eating habits. Yet this brings with it no sign of degeneration. They are of a superb physique, and as intelligent as any race of natives I know of.

North of my district spread the great tribe of the Zande, or Niam-niam, who are the highest

From a] A CANNIBAL VILLAGE ON THE FRANCO-CONGO FRONTIER. [*Photo.*

type I have yet come across in tropical Africa. I should say they are the people of the future in that part of the country. They are quite distinct from the negroes, having often a Semitic cast of features; a possibility of their having been of Oriental or Northern origin has, I believe, not yet been entirely discarded by anthropologists. These people are born soldiers. They fight by science and with a good knowledge of military formations and tactics; they have also some skill in fortification. Formerly, when I was in the Upper Welle district, I was frequently engaged with them, and found them a tough set of people as enemies and the staunchest and most faithful as friends. Lately, however, I had less to do with them, for which I was not unthankful.

But after all some of the most interesting people are those of one's own household. The sight of an orderly taking his afternoon pipe in the barrack-yard has often tickled my sense of proportion, especially when I remembered that the smiling smoker was drawing through that banana stem a mixture of coarse native tobacco and red pepper fit to choke any civilized person. And my pygmy servant (who is a full-grown man) standing beside Bob, my sheepdog from England, has often set me laughing—not at him, for he would have been deeply offended—but at the odd circumstances that brought a specimen of this curious type of African humanity to be the body-servant of an Englishman. Much as has been written of these midgets concerning their low standard of intelligence, the small person whose photograph I give has during the four years he was with me learnt several languages. When he was first brought to me he could only speak the language of the Mangbettou tribe, amongst whom he had been brought up; but since that time he has rapidly picked up the "trade" Bangala, Fiote, Kiswahili, and English. The fact that he spoke and understood English I only found out by chance, and this is how it came about. In the Central Prison at Basoko, among the prisoners, there were a goodly number of West Coast natives, British subjects who, of course, spoke English. One day I heard a spirited conversation passing between two natives in English. On going out into the veranda to investigate matters I naturally expected to find two West Coast boys. But to my intense surprise I discovered that one of the disputants was no other than my pigmy friend, who, not having seen me enter the veranda, was delivering, for the benefit of the other native, a very choice selection of swear words in excellent native English. This part of his education was perfected whilst he was awaiting my return to the Congo in 1898, in the English factory at Boma, where, of course, the West Coast natives and Kroo boys employed were in the habit of using English. After this episode I could never induce the little man to speak English again, he invariably replying in the vernacular when addressed in English.

A KOLO OF ZANDE CHIEFS. [Photo.

My pigmy, who went by the name of Bauli, was quite a character in his way. One day he came to me and told me he wanted to get married. I looked at him somewhat incredulously, but he assured me it was the truth. "Whom do you want to marry?" I asked him. He would not tell me at first, evidently desiring to get me to say that I would marry him, for, of course, as Commissioner of the district I was charged with the performance of all civil

marriages. The attitude of the little man made me suspicious. "Let me see whom you want to marry," I said, and he trotted off, finding that his first ruse was no good. Presently he returned with one of the biggest working women in the station. They were certainly an ill-assorted couple, but still I could understand it to a certain degree, for the women were all fond of him.

At the same time, I was not quite satisfied that both parties wanted to enter upon the union with any sense of the importance of the step. So I sent them both off and awaited the development of events, not meaning to marry them if I could help it.

Soon afterwards I sounded my pigmy's matrimonial intentions again. "I'm not going to marry you to that woman," I said. "Of course you understand that?"

"I don't care much one way or the other," was his answer. The whole thing puzzled me, but his reply decided me sufficiently against the marriage, so I set to work to discover the "romance" of the affair.

From an ordinary European point of view the complexion of the whole story would appear sordid in the extreme. But other peoples, other manners — and this was what lay behind the romance of the pigmy and the woman. He had obtained from the other boys of the station all their pay for the week — by what means I do not know, except that he could "blarney" with anybody on earth. Having wheedled their money out of them he had bought cloth at the store, until he had as much as would make six gorgeous dresses. Then he had gone to the woman and had based his "proposal" on the grounds of his extraordinary wealth. She, on her side, had evidently thought she was in for a good thing and that she would get plenty more dresses as time went on. But when I taxed him with the facts he admitted them with his pigmy cheerfulness. Yes; it was all quite true, he said. Next week he was to do the same for one of the other boys. There was a sort of wholesale marriage society among them, in fact. That way lay trouble, I knew, and so I put a stop to it.

A QUIET SMOKE—THE PIPE IS MADE OUT OF A BANANA STEM AND CONTAINS A MIXTURE OF COARSE TOBACCO AND RED PEPPER! [*Photo.*
From a]

BAULI, CAPT. BURROWS'S PIGMY SERVANT.
From a Photo.

The difference between the Congo of to-day and the Congo of 1894 is, of course, very considerable in so far as relates to the creature comforts supplied to the white agents. Improved transport on the upper river and the Matadi-Stanley Pool Railway enable supplies to be carried up in a relatively short space of time, and thus abolish for ever such disagreeable experiences as being left without bread and salt and being for many months at a stretch without wine or other medical comforts.

Most of the photographs illustrating this account of life in the Congo Free State were taken by State officers, and were lent to me by the Administration.

HARICHUND'S REVENGE

BY ALEC BAIR

The author is a well-known Anglo-Indian journalist, and in this narrative he relates a strange story of revenge which came under his observation in Bombay and Hydrabad.

THE Kambeker Street murders will long be remembered in Bombay as one of the most appalling crimes that ever startled the city. In the month of February, 1890, the native town was swept by a severe epidemic of cholera. Great was the excitement when one morning it was reported that the well-known and wealthy merchant, Govindas Ramlal, and five of his family had died during the night from the dire scourge. Only one person in the house had escaped, a nephew named Harichund.

The bodies were hastily prepared for cremation, according to the Hindu custom, and at sunset the funeral procession set out for the burning-ghat. But the procession had not gone far on its way when a lieutenant of police appeared at the head of a body of Sepoys and ordered the bodies to be conveyed to the Morgue!

The fellow-caste-men of Govindas Ramlal raised a great outcry, shook their staves, and threatened to attack the police. Harichund was the most vehement of all in his protestations at the interruption of the funeral. But the Sepoys, with batons drawn, surrounded the biers and their bearers and hammered a passage through the crowd.

The bodies were examined. Then the terrible discovery was made that Govindas and his unhappy family had died from *poison!* It did not take long either to make the further discovery that only the day before Harichund had purchased from a native dealer in the bazaar a large quantity of strychnine, sufficient, as the doctor who made the *post-mortem* examination said, to kill more than fifty people! A search was made for Harichund, but he had disappeared. The country was scoured, but the murderer could not be found.

Disappointment in love and a determination to possess himself of the entire wealth of his uncle, Govindas Ramlal, were proved to have been Harichund's chief motives for committing the terrible crime. He evidently thought he had only to wed Motee, his uncle's favourite niece, in order to make the property practically his own. But Govindas had other designs for the girl, and she was betrothed to Chunderdas, the son of a rich and respected fellow caste-man. Harichund took his rebuff with apparent calm, but the tragedy followed hard upon the marriage festivities.

The murderer having fled and there being no other near relative left to claim a share of Govindas Ramlal's property, Chunderdas and Motee entered into possession without dispute. But their wealth gave them no pleasure. They knew how artful their cousin Harichund was, and that he would stick at nothing, however terrible it might be, to gain his end. That end, of course, he had not yet accomplished. On the contrary, Harichund had brought the property to the very people from whom he meant to snatch it.

The grief-stricken young wife therefore lived

in constant dread of the return of her wicked kinsman, and begged her husband to dispose of their property and seek a new home in some distant part of the country. It was in vain that he argued with her that they were safer in Bombay, so far as Harichund was concerned, than anywhere else.

Therefore, without any definite idea as to where they might settle, they took their departure, and Bombay knew them no more.

I had almost forgotten the Kambeker Street murders, and the mysterious disappearance of Chunderdas and his wife, which created no small sensation at the time, when, two years later, I discovered the sequel to the story in the most remarkable manner. I was visiting the ancient Sindi city of Hydrabad, where I was the guest of a Mr. Motabhoy, who entertained me with characteristic Parsee hospitality. I was not very anxious to see the prison, but that was one of the places he was most anxious to show me over, as it was considered a model of its kind. The section which interested me most was where a gang of grey-capped felons, with heavy chains locked on their ankles, were working as smiths. The men wrought hard. They blew at the bellows until the sparks danced about their heads and fell in showers upon their naked shoulders. One of the warders, noticing me smile, said :—

"Oh, they'll work till they drop on a job like that."

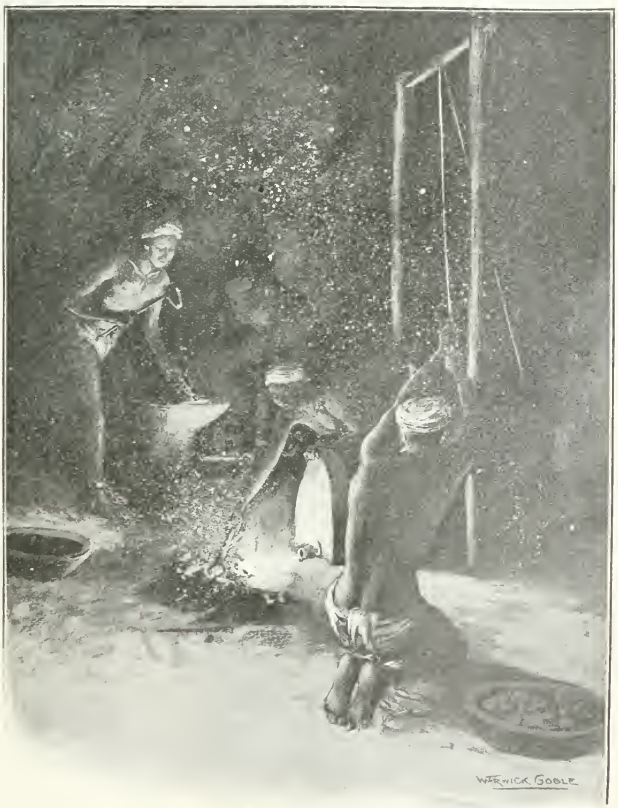
"A job like that," I repeated ; "what are they making ?"

"Fetters !" he replied.

Had it not been for the interest I took in these hard-working fellows I might have passed them by as indifferently as I had done the criminals in the other sections of the prison, and this sequel to the Kambeker Street murders would never have been told—by me, at any rate.

There was one prisoner who puzzled me ; he looked quite different from the rest. He had really well-cut, even handsome features. He was a Hindu of high caste, I could see, and his face seemed curiously familiar.

A bell rang, and suddenly the din stopped. Work was over for the day ; and, as the prison rules there are not so stringent as in England, I was readily given permission to satisfy my curiosity by talking to the man in whom I was interested. He salaamed courteously when I addressed him, but was not inclined to talk till I told him I came from Bombay and that I knew him. I confess I got a shock when he told me his name. Then I remembered all. I had seen him at the Kambeker Street murders inquest. He was Chunderdas, the husband of



"A GANG OF GREY-CAPPED FELONS WERE WORKING AS SMITHS."

Motee, who had disappeared so mysteriously two years ago!

But why was he now in prison? It was a terrible story. Chunderdas may or may not have told me the truth, but, at any rate, his story was an illustration of the terrible subtlety of the Hindu when he sets his mind to the carrying out of a scheme of revenge.

When Chunderdas and his wife left Bombay they travelled north, stopping first at one place and then at another, till, on reaching Hydrabad, they determined to begin their new life there. Their arrival naturally created some curiosity, but Chunderdas, instead of courting society, resented all advances on the part of any castemen who extended to him the hand of friendship. This, as it turned out, was the greatest mistake he could possibly have made. Such unsociability, so uncharacteristic of a Hindu, aroused suspicion, and Chunderdas and his wife were looked upon as a mystery. It was agreed by common consent that they had not come to Hydrabad for any good purpose. While Motee lived in absolute seclusion, men shook their heads and sneered at Chunderdas as he walked through the bazars. Even the police became suspicious and kept a close watch upon him.

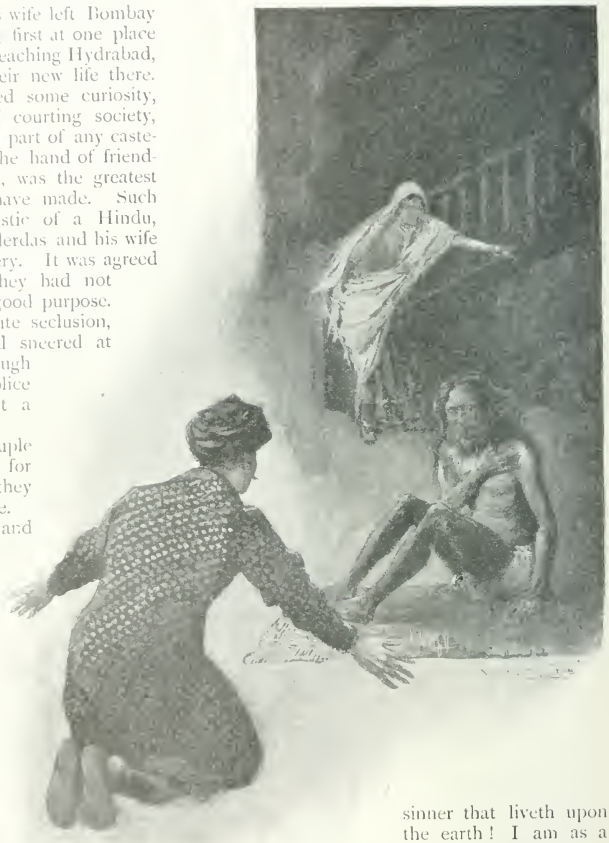
The unhappy young couple were destined not to retain for long the peace and quiet they had sought in their new home.

One night Chunderdas and Motee were sitting together on the upper veranda of their bungalow, when they heard what seemed to be a moan of pain proceeding from the compound below. Startled by the sound, Chunderdas looked over the veranda, and, dark as it was, he could distinctly perceive the outline of a human form stretched upon the ground. Another groan, more prolonged and agonizing than the first, and Chunderdas flew downstairs, calling the servants as he went.

The sufferer, on being carried into the bungalow, appeared to be a fakir, or religious mendicant, in a dire state of emaciation and apparently starving. He was naked but for a grimy cloth twisted round his loins, his eyes were almost lost in his head, his limbs were covered with wales and bruises—evidently self-inflicted for the purpose of creating compassion, after the manner of his tribe—and his long hair was matted with dirt.

Like a good Hindu, Chunderdas, so he told me, prostrated himself before the holy man and prayed—in Hindustani, of course:—

"O, most holy father, I am the most miserable sinner that liveth upon the earth! I am as a worm that crawleth before thee! No man is more unworthy of this visitation than I. What can I do to show my profound acknowledgments to the high and mighty Brahma for the great honour he has done me in directing thy holy steps to my wretched dwelling? I am, O most holy father, thy most humble and willing slave. Ask what thou wilt. All in this house is thine."



"ASK WHAT THOU WILT. ALL IN THIS HOUSE IS THINE."

"Thou has spoken, my son," replied the fakir, "like a true servant of the great and mighty Brahma, and may peace ever rest in thy house. By virtue of my vows thy silver I dare not touch. Food and shelter for the night are all I claim."

"Again I say, O most holy father, that all I have is thine. Thou hast but to express thy slightest wish, and I shall deem it an honour to wait upon thee till thou art satisfied."

"Then hasten, my son, for I have travelled far to-day under the burning sun, without either food to satisfy my hunger or water to moisten my lips. But my wants are simple. A handful of *chunna* and some parched rice, with a *lota* of water drawn by thine own hands from thy well, are all I ask. Then will I bless thee and lay myself down to rest in a corner of the *dewankhana*."

Chunderdas arose and hurried to attend to his holy visitor Crossing the *dewankhana*, he found his wife leaning against the stairs trembling with terror.

"Chunderdas, *huzzoor*, who is that wicked man who comes here seeking alms? Thou must not let him remain here to-night. He means no good to thee and me."

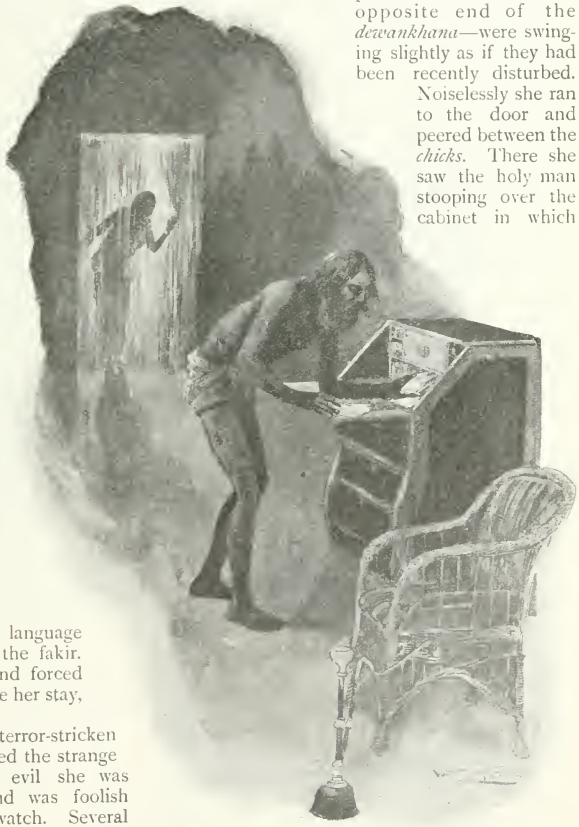
"Hush, Motee, my love! Thy words will prove our undoing if he but hear them. Retire quickly to thy room. He is a holy priest who has wandered hither seeking food and shelter, and it is my duty to attend upon him."

"Nay, husband, I have been watching, and as thou madest thy salaams to him his eyes glared with evil and he raised his arms above thy head, as if calling the vengeance of Heaven upon thee."

Chunderdas looked round in terror, fearful that Motee's wild language might have been overheard by the fakir. He took his wife by the arms and forced her up to her room, where he bade her stay, and then left her.

There was no sleep for the terror-stricken young wife that night. She feared the strange guest. That his visit boded evil she was convinced, and if her husband was foolish enough to trust him she would watch. Several times she crept downstairs in the darkness, and each time, by the light of the one small lamp that was always kept burning during the night in the *dewankhana*, she could see the figure of the man huddled up in a corner, apparently sound asleep.

About the fifth hour, when the day was beginning to break, the voice of a muezzin addressing the sun from the topmost tower of a neighbouring Mohammedan mosque, and calling the faithful to prayers, startled Motee from a light slumber. She arose from her bed and went once more to look at their holy guest. But he was not there. She hoped that he had gone, but the bolted door showed her that he must still be within the house. Her quick eye noted that the beaded *chicks*, or blinds, suspended across the door of a room—her husband's private chamber, at the opposite end of the *dewankhana*—were swinging slightly as if they had been recently disturbed. Noiselessly she ran to the door and peered between the *chicks*. There she saw the holy man stooping over the cabinet in which



"THERE SHE SAW THE HOLY MAN STOOPING OVER THE CABINET."

she knew Chunderdas kept his money! That the pretended fakir was a thief she now felt convinced, but when the man turned his face full towards her it was with difficulty she suppressed a cry. She fled upstairs and shook her husband from his sleep.

"Chunderdas, *huzzoor!* Awake and come down quickly. Your guest is no holy man, but Harichund!"

"Harichund! Our uncle's murderer? Thou art asleep, Motee. Thy constant dread of Harichund maketh thee dream of him."

"Nay, I am not dreaming. I have not closed my eyes nor slept the night through. I thought I recognised him last night; but thou wouldst not listen. Now I am certain. He has starved and maimed himself that we might not know him, and followed us here, all to complete his vengeance on our family. He is now in thy room breaking open the money cabinet."

Chunderdas leapt up, seized a bell, and rang it loudly.

Motee clutched at her husband's arm to stop the ringing, knowing that to rouse the servants was but to alarm the robber. She was right, for when Chunderdas, followed by Motee, got down, followed by some of the servants, their strange guest had disappeared.

Chunderdas examined the cabinet, but though it had been moved from its place it remained locked. Nor did he miss anything else from the room. In fact, he felt quite jubilant at the thought that Harichund, if it had really been he, had been scared by the bell. Alas! poor man, he was yet to learn that the pretended fakir had not been there in vain.

That same day, while making purchases in the bazaar, he was quite unconscious that he was being shadowed by the artful scoundrel. When Chunderdas left the bazaar, Harichund—for it was really he—made his way to the police-station and told the officer on duty that he had a statement to make about the man Chunderdas which he would probably be glad to hear. The mystery of the quiet life of Chunderdas being one which the police were very anxious to solve, it may be imagined how the officer pricked up his ears when his weird-looking informant went on to tell him that Chunderdas was one of the cleverest coiners and forgers of currency-notes in all India! That, he said, explained the secret of his seclusion and his curious objection to make friends among even his own caste-men. The man went on to tell how, on the previous night, he had sought food and shelter at the bungalow of Chunderdas. While Chunderdas had thought he was asleep he watched, and saw him printing and forging enormous quantities of currency-notes, which he had just seen him tendering in the bazaar. If the officer would but come with him, he said, he could show him where Chunderdas had passed them. The officer called two Sepoys and followed Harichund into the bazaar. It was as he had said. The notes which Chunderdas had paid for the goods he had purchased were found to be clever but spurious imitations!

Harichund then told the officer, who was now in great glee at his luck in getting on the track of what had so long been a mystery, to search the room on the right side of the *dewankhana* in the bungalow where Chunderdas lived.

Meanwhile Chunderdas, quietly resting on his veranda, was quite unconscious of the approaching raid. Great, therefore, was his surprise when the police appeared and informed him that he was a prisoner, charged with tendering forged currency-notes and false coin in the bazaar. But he was more amazed than ever when they entered his private room and insisted on opening the money cabinet, in which were discovered notes which Chunderdas himself could not but admit were forged. But that alone did not satisfy the police. They searched the room as they had been directed, pulled aside a couch, raised a portion of the floor, and discovered a tiny lithographic press—no doubt placed there by the villainous Harichund—and such apparatus as is commonly used by forgers of notes.

The evidence was now complete, and the dumfounded Chunderdas, with handcuffs round his wrists, was taken off to gaol.

When Motee, who had been standing unseen in the background, stupefied with amazement, realized that her husband was a prisoner, she rushed with a shriek upon the police-officer, but the strain was more than she could bear, and she fell in a death-like swoon at his feet. It was long before she awoke, and when she did her reason was gone.

Poor Chunderdas told such a wild and incoherent story to the police about Harichund's persecution that there is perhaps little to be wondered at in the fact that it was received as a wicked attempt to implicate a poor, harmless, wandering mendicant. Chunderdas was sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment. The revenge of Harichund was complete!

The Underground Markets of Paris.

By Herbert Vivian.

All about the "Halles," the strange underground markets of Paris—a kind of Covent Garden, Smithfield, and Billingsgate rolled into one. The author had an extended tour through this curious establishment, and made the acquaintance of the egg-testers, the pigeon-feeders, the guild of "strong men," and other of the remarkable people who live in this great subterranean mart.

THERE is no particular romance, but a great deal of vitality, about the markets at Covent Garden. The Paris *Halles*, on the other hand, while full of vigour and movement, so much so that certain parts of them are not always very safe for a well-dressed visitor, have an atmosphere that is laden with mystery. It includes the mystery of crime, and I am told that whenever the French police are on the look-out for a particularly dangerous criminal they begin by looking for him in one of the eating-houses or thieves' kitchens attached to these markets, and it is the fashion among rowdy young men of the Latin quarter to wind up a nocturnal orgy by a visit to the adjacent taverns. Just as the intelligent foreigner, when he comes to London, engages a detective to accompany him to the opium dens and other horrible haunts of the East-end, so in Paris, if he has secured the services of a similar guide, he is almost certain to be taken to explore the recesses and adjacent resorts of the *Halles*.

Probably the first place he will be taken to is a sort of eating-house which is very popular with the criminal classes. In the centre of the room he will find an enormous cauldron, seething with a weird kind of haggis, into whose origin he had better not inquire. The smell of it is not altogether unsavoury, and no doubt the ordinary clients, who are not fastidious about the preparation of their meals, find here plentiful satisfaction. The procedure is to pay a halfpenny, which entitles you to be given a sort of toasting-fork, which you may dip into the

THE STRANGE UNDERGROUND RESTAURANT AT THE "HALLES," WHERE MYSTERIOUS DISHES MAY BE PURCHASED INCREDIBLY CHEAP.
From a [*Photo.*

cauldron. You must then regard your dip as though it were into a lucky-bag, for you may draw a blank in the shape of an impossible piece of gristle or you may be rewarded with a prize in the shape of a succulent morsel of horseflesh.

It is not, however, everyone who finds pleasure even in the unwonted sensation of consorting with cut-throats and feeding upon dishes whose origin is shrouded in uncertainty. Most of us, I think, will content ourselves with paying a visit to the underground portion of the markets, where many strange sights and surprising experiences may be encountered. The building of the *Halles* seems to me anything but attractive. It is, however, one of the first constructions in existence that depended upon iron and glass for its materials, and those who see nothing unsightly in the Eiffel Tower may conceivably view it without disgust.

The moment to arrive, if you desire to make a study of the life of the place, here as in fairy tales and short stories, is on the stroke of midnight. Then the neighbourhood begins to be illuminated, and you may recognise that like the ob of alimentation at this heart of the city of Paris has begun. The market gardeners, as usual, are first in the field: their vans and carts and baskets block up for a time all the approaches to the markets, bringing every variety of garden produce, from the commonest vegetables to the choicest fruits. Perhaps the most appetizing sight is that of the arrival of the strawberries, which, as they cannot be heaped up basket on basket like most other fruits, have to be placed on the ground side by side. On busy days you may see as many as 35,000 baskets, each containing 17lb., all huddled together. Right down the Rue Montorgueil, and down the Rue Turbigo as far as the Boulevard Sebastopol, the whole outlook is scarlet with the advancing stream of strawberries, which resembles an army of red-coats or a river of blood.

But we have come to pay a visit to the underground markets, so we must not linger here, or we shall be delayed all day by the many interesting sights which present themselves. It is by no means everyone who is permitted to penetrate into this strange subterranean world, and it is only by the favour of one of the head officials that we are allowed to explore. We grope our way down a well-worn stair, and find ourselves at last almost in pitch darkness. Our first impulse is to contrast the silence of these vast, gloomy cellars with the bustle and turmoil of the scene we have just quitted. It would seem that the place is almost deserted, but gradually, as our eyes become accustomed to the darkness, we discover a whole population of gnomes, busily at work in countless recesses which are separated at intervals by big gratings. We perceive huge warehouses in which vast mountains of merchandise are stowed away until the moment shall come for disposing of them; but the real interest centres in the various industries which are carried on down here in the darkness.

ONE OF THE BUTCHERS IN THE "STUDIO OF MASSACRE."
From a Photo.

The first which we encounter is rather a gruesome one. It takes place in what is picturesquely termed the "Studio of Massacre." Here you may observe the somewhat villainous-looking butchers who are at work behind a long wooden trestle. This is constantly supplied

with the heads of sheep that have been freshly killed in the slaughter-houses of La Villette. Little carts on rails bring down some four or five thousand heads in the course of a day.

These are dealt with in the "studio" by two classes of artists. First there is the *fraisier*, who rapidly cuts out the tongue and tears back the skin to remove the cheeks, which are sold to provision merchants. The others are known as *cabocheurs*, whose occupation consists in extracting the brains, which are said to be used in the manufacture of artificial cream!

As each head is dealt with it is cast on to a huge heap, which will presently be taken away on men's backs in large baskets. Then other artists will plunder them still further, for the skin is used to make glue, the bones provide a paint known as animal black, and what finally remains will be boiled down with all sorts of refuse of the markets, both animal and vegetable, for the preparation of dog biscuits.

Indeed, one of the most remarkable facts about the *Halles* is the ingenious economy whereby nothing is wasted, however worthless it may apparently be. Take the pigeons, for instance. Their blood is collected to make bait for fishermen; their entrails are sold for cats'-meat; and even the corn which they have swallowed whole is taken out of their crops, carefully washed, and eventually used over again for feeding other pigeons!

We will now hurry on to a more savoury quarter. Like Covent Garden, the *Halles* are the centre of the wholesale trade in cut flowers for the metropolis. Unfortunately, so many different articles of commerce are represented here that space is at a great premium, and the florists suffer more than any others from the lack of it. They have been condemned to sit cheek by jowl with the fishmongers, and the result often is that a bunch of violets or a spray of lilies acquires a suspicious fragrance of cod, or a gardenia has its perfume alloyed with the unmistakable effluvium of shrimps. However, on the occasion of our visit the weather is intensely cold, and this has obtained for the flower-sellers the privilege of establishing themselves underground.

Long stretches of stalls are set out in a vault, and members of the trade hover about to make their purchases. Farther on various corners are devoted to doing up bunches for sale in the shops and streets. The place has a very rough appearance. On one side is the inevitable grating, unpleasantly suggestive of the "conversation-room" in a prison. Elsewhere there are wooden panels and little rude cupboards in the walls that look as if they might be hundreds of years old. The tables and stools are of the roughest and most solid workmanship, and the only evidence that we are not looking on at a mediæval industry is afforded by the electric light globe which hangs from the ceiling.

The flowers themselves are treated with a

From a] A CORNER IN THE FLORISTS' DEPARTMENT. *[Photo.*

certain amount of deference. They arrive in the usual wickerwork baskets, accompanied by great armfuls of ferns and foliage, most of which is said to be poached in the country by the individuals (known as "wild men") who bring them into the markets. Every kind of bouquet is prepared, from little penny buttonholes to enormous stiff bouquets in frilled paper for weddings and other ceremonial occasions. Then there are long, dainty boxes with a profusion of white paper, for the decoration of the counters of the smart florists. Farther on we come to other groups of women, who are busying themselves with the preparation of funeral wreaths, both natural and artificial. A favourite, but somewhat unsightly, construction is made by stringing little sham pearls on to wires and twisting them into various floral and fantastic patterns. The above photograph shows a great array of these set out to tempt possible purchasers.

We now find our way into the section which is perhaps the most interesting of all in the underground markets. In a very rude cellar, with rough brick walls, two men are seated facing each other in absolute darkness, save for one candle which is set up between them. They look as if they were engaged in some kind of game, and a bowl of eggs beside them seems almost to suggest a new variety of ping-pong. They are in reality engaged in testing eggs for the Paris market. The eggs are brought to them in long white boxes, appropriately known as "coffins," which they really do resemble in shape. These boxes mostly come from Italy, and, as the eggs are only protected by a plentiful supply of shreds of paper, it is wonderful that so few of them are broken on the journey.

Eggs are almost the only article of commerce in the markets which are not sold by auction. If you want to buy eggs there you will buy them by the thousand. Formerly the custom was to give 1,040 eggs to the nominal thousand, as a kind of guarantee against possible bad ones. But this did not prove satisfactory to the buyers, who now insist upon having a thousand good, saleable eggs for their money. When they buy a thousand they do not pay for it until the quality has been verified. For this purpose a set of experts are employed underground, and

THIS SECTION IS DEVOTED TO THE PREPARATION OF FUNERAL WREATHS. [*Photo.*

we find our two friends in the picture engaged in the operation known as the "mirage of eggs." There is certainly something weird about the life of these people, who spend their days almost in pitch darkness seated beside long white coffins, holding up egg after egg by the thousand to the light of a single candle.

From a] EGG-TESTERS AT WORK. [*Photo.*

Long practice has made them so perfect that they can recognise almost in an instant the precise age and condition of an egg. What happens to it as it grows older is this: the air inside increases in volume, the yolk goes down inside the shell, and the membrane becomes more opaque. Apart from the question of age, the egg may also deteriorate by reason of damp, so that, however fresh it is, an expert may detect a kind of spot which detracts from the value. Some eggs also have a red thread in the yolk or a little lump floating about in the albumen.

Until lately there was a further classification of eggs according to size, the means employed being to pass them through rings of various dimensions, but this practice has now been abandoned after a certain amount of squabbling between various branches of the trade. I was told when visiting this quarter that there has been a great deterioration in the size and quality of eggs here during the last few years, as all the finest specimens are exported to England.

After occupying ourselves with eggs we may not inappropriately continue our exploration into the poultry department. Here the chief article of commerce seems to be pigeons, over three millions of which put in an appearance at the *Halles* every year, some carefully plucked and neatly arranged in little boxes of a dozen, others huddled alive to the number of sixty in cage-work baskets. They have probably travelled a long way, many of them from foreign countries, and generally arrive in an emaciated condition. They are at once handed over to a body of professional feeders, who proceed to stuff them with food with an eye to the market.

These people, known as *gaveurs*, form a small corporation, which has existed for a long time. You may see them standing round a huge bucket of lukewarm water, in which a large quantity of grain has been put to soak. The men fill their own mouths with grain and water, force open the beaks of the birds, and blow the grain into their throats until you can see the crops begin to swell. When a bird can hold no more it is thrown on to some straw, and remains for some time apparently dead. Then, very slowly, it begins to derive benefit from the nourishment, and at last staggers clumsily on to its feet. The rapidity with which a *gaveur* fills a pigeon is extraordinary. He is paid by results at the rate of 3d. per dozen birds, and out of this sum he has to provide the grain.

As these people are responsible for the custody of the pigeons, and as there are a great many cats always prowling about the *Halles* seeking what they may devour, a number of dogs have been specially trained to protect the birds and chase away any cats that chance to make their appearance dangerously near. A story is told of one dog having been so perfectly trained that, whenever it met a cat, instead of

setting upon it, it tried to improve an acquaintance in the most amiable manner possible. Like a police agent in a detective story, it cajoled the cat into coming downstairs into the underground market, probably holding out all sorts of allurements in the shape of banquets of fish and fowl. But as soon as the pair were underground the mask of politeness would be immediately thrown off, and the traitor would proceed to strangle his hereditary foe in the most scientific manner possible.

The population of the markets is quite distinct in character and sentiments. Most of it has dwelt here for generations, and as they spend their whole lives in the peculiar atmosphere they acquire a point of view quite different in many respects from that of the outside world. A book might be written about the underground people and the various strange characters of the *Halles*. Certainly the most interesting of them all are the "strong men," known as *les forts*.

They consist of a corporation which does all the fetching and carrying of the markets. There are 640 of them, divided into various sections according to the kind of goods which they transport. Admission to their ranks is greatly coveted by the population of the markets, and they are to be recognised by a copper medal bearing the arms of Paris, which they wear on their breasts outside their blouses. Many of them also wear enormous hats, which make them look like caricatures of Buffalo Bill. In the photograph of a poultry auction we see a selection of this headgear. The object of it is to protect the head and shoulders from contact with unpleasant merchandise, such as raw meat or sacks of flour. Before the would-be recruit can be admitted to the ranks of the "strong men" he has to pass through a trial of strength, the chief test being to carry a burden of about 4cwt. up and down the stairs of the underground markets. A *fort* begins with a salary of £60 a year, and is promoted if he behaves well, from section to section, until he reaches the blue riband of his profession, which is to be found in the dairy department, where he receives £160 a year. In the fruit section he is paid even more, but the work is much harder, as he has to spend the whole of the night in the streets.

HERE ARE SEEN IN THE CORPORATION OF "STRONG MEN," DISTINGUISHED BY THEIR ENORMOUS HATS. [*Photo.*

The *forts* have a great deal of responsibility, as the loads are entrusted to their keeping, and many of the frequenters of the *Halles* are not particularly noted for their honesty. The corporation is, however, very jealous of its honour-

able traditions, and occasions for complaint are very rare. Like all strong men, the *forts* are somewhat inclined to presume upon their strength and give themselves airs, but if you take them the right way and give them the mild homage they expect you will find them always ready to afford help or information. I was amused to notice that even the policemen invariably called them "monsieur" when speaking to them.

There is no doubt a good deal of unnecessary red-tape in the management of the *Halles*, with its army of officials and endless formalities. My last photograph shows that even a fat buck cannot be bought and sold without at least half-a-dozen officials in gold-laced caps attending the operation of weighing it, but apart from this characteristic of nearly all Continental trade we shall find many reasons to admire the perfect organization of this enormous and intricate establishment. The traveller, too, if he be of an adventurous disposition, will find endless instruction and entertainment in wandering about and studying the ancient habits and strange peculiarities of this curious market-world, both above and below ground.

From a] RED-TAPE AT THE "HALLES"—FIVE OFFICIALS SUPERINTENDING THE WEIGHING OF A BUCK. [*Photo.*

The Rescue of Evangelina Cisneros.

By G. C. Musgrave, Correspondent of the "New York Journal" and London "Daily Chronicle."

The case of Miss Cisneros aroused a great deal of attention at the time, but the history of her incarceration in the terrible Recogidas at Havana, the futile negotiations for her release, and her final dramatic rescue has never before been fully told. The author illustrates his narrative with a complete set of photographs and portraits.

ONE hot June morning in 1897 I was strolling through the low slums of Havana with Mr. Bryson, a well-known correspondent. We stopped before the curious gateway of the Real Casa de Recogidas, the prison for women. With true Castilian courtesy the alcade, Don José, asked us to enter the dingy *Sala de Justicia*, and after he had partaken of the universal *copita* at our expense he invited us to view the prison. Passing through a second heavy gate we looked into a large courtyard through an iron lattice like the bars of a huge menagerie cage. Penned within were the most frightful horde of women that it is possible to picture. Black, white, and brown, these repulsive creatures raved, swore, and scolded, thrusting out skinny arms and begging for cigars and money. There were over a hundred of them in all, and they snarled and squabbled like wild beasts.

"Do not venture too close," said one of the under-gaolers, pointing to his sightless eye, which had fallen a prey to the wrath of one of these fearful creatures.

As we turned away in disgust there suddenly appeared in this inferno a delicate white face, young, pure, and beautiful. A girl of probably eighteen was crossing the yard. Her pale, sad face, surmounted by masses of dark hair, together with her simple white dress and dignified bearing, only accentuated her horrible surroundings. She glanced in our direction and then hurried inside, amid a chorus of coarse insults from her fellows. "That is our beautiful Evangelina—a terrible little rebel, the poor child," explained our guide. Over further refreshments Don José recounted the story of the young prisoner, explaining that he was powerless to alleviate her condition because she refused to appeal for assistance to the military officers who visited the prison from time to time.

MISS CISNEROS IN PRISON GARB.

The history of Evangelina Cossio y Cisneros, which I learned from the alcade and subsequently investigated, reads more like an impossible romance than a true story of these prosaic days.

She was, it appeared, the daughter of a famous old grandee family of Camaguey, direct descendants from a noble name in Spain, but, like all Colonial families, staunch patriots, actively striving against the misrule of their beloved Cuba. Her uncle, Salvador Cisneros, Marquis of Santa Lucia, was proclaimed President of the Cuban Republic during the Ten Years' War. Her father was then a noted Cuban leader, and when Evangelina was only a

few hours old his house was attacked and burned by the savage *guerilleros*, the mother and child barely escaping at the back as the irregulars swarmed through the plantation, cutting down with their machetes all who crossed their path. The mother died soon after reaching a Cuban camp, and the babe was smuggled into the hands of friends at Sagua.

The peace of Zanjon soon followed, the ruined homestead was rebuilt, and the baby-girl became the consolation of her stricken father during the sixteen years of peace that followed. But after waiting in vain for the promised reforms, practically denied even a vote in their own land, the Cubans again rose in 1895. For a few weeks the revolt smouldered. Don Agostino at once re-organized the Camaguey cavalry among the wealthy planters, and fixed the rendezvous for June 22nd. But a traitor was in their midst, the plan was betrayed, and the leaders were captured as they rode to the muster. The revolt now swept like a wave through Eastern Cuba, and the great and humane General Campos, who had in vain begged his Government to grant just reforms, was forced to approve the death sentence of the captured officers as a deterrent to revolution. Evangelina, however, managed to obtain an audience with the gallant commander, who, touched by her pleadings, commuted her father's sentence to banishment for life to the Isle of Pines.

Political prisoners were there allowed provisional liberty, many obtaining work on the tobacco plantations. Evangelina accompanied her father to exile, and as they had some small means they lived comfortably in a little house at the port and capital of the penal settlement, which was controlled by an easy-going Governor, Colonel Menendez. But the virulent Peninsular party, backed by the notorious "Spanish Volunteers"—an armed body politic in Cuba, 100,000 strong, ignorant and brutal, and which had been responsible for most of the exploitation and misrule of the unfortunate Colonials—soon became enraged at the humanity and equity shown by General Campos. Their slightest wish was the island's law, and, accordingly, Campos was forced to resign, and General Weyler arrived to institute the harsh measures which finally lost Cuba to Spain. All the administrative staff were changed at the same time, and Colonel B——, who did not bear a very good name among his fellows, but who was a close relation of the Spanish Minister of War, became Governor of the Isle of Pines.

There was no society in the settlement, and the new Governor found his appointment very dull. The striking beauty of his chief prisoner's daughter, however, soon attracted his admiration, and he became a frequent visitor to the little house. But his attentions became so marked that Don Agostino was obliged to remonstrate, since Evangelina was hardly more than a child. It transpired later that the persistent officer had a wife in Spain, whereupon the indignant father demanded a permit for his daughter to leave the island without further delay. High words followed, and a few hours later the Cuban was seized in the street and carried into close confinement.

That night, while waiting anxiously for her father's return, Evangelina heard a knock at the door. As she cautiously unbarred it, it was pushed open and the Governor entered the house. After warning the frightened girl that her father was in his hands for life or death, he made violent protestation of his love. Terrified by his manner, Evangelina finally strove to rush out of the house. But the Spaniard was too quick and dragged her back. Finding that she was powerless, the girl screamed aloud for help.

On the veranda of a small hotel close by were sitting Betencourt, son of the principal trader, Vargas, a clerk, and Superville, a young French merchant. Hearing a woman's cry for help they rushed down to the house, where they found Evangelina struggling in the grasp of the officer. Despite his protestations the three young men beat him soundly and pinioned his arms preparatory to taking him before the civil judge. Meanwhile an angry crowd, including many exiles, gathered around. Alarmed by the noise, the guard doubled up with fixed bayonets, whereupon the Governor shouted to them that the political prisoners had risen and were about to murder him. The soldiers began to use their bayonets left and right, and released the Governor, opening fire on the fleeing people.

Betencourt hurried Evangelina away in safety, directing her to hide in a cave on the coast, from which he hoped to take her to Jamaica in one of his father's boats. He was, however, recognised and seized by a troop of cavalry. Vargas and Superville had already been taken, also a dozen innocent spectators—exiles who had seen too much. Evangelina was forced from her retreat by hunger three days later, and she, too, fell into the hands of the searching soldiers. The Governor had declared that she had invited him to the house, where the fourteen prisoners had lain in wait, intending to murder him, seize the island, and liberate the captives. On his evidence all the persons implicated were sent to Havana to answer the capital charges of high treason and conspiracy.

At the very outset, however, the flimsy case fell to pieces. The local priest had witnessed

the whole occurrence, none of the prisoners were armed, and they had had ample time to kill a dozen Governors before the troops arrived. But the honour of a highly-connected officer was of far greater importance than the liberty of a score of Cubans, and so, to avoid complications, the Frenchman was expelled, and the other prisoners and the witnesses — including the priest and Arias, the Governor's private secretary — were remanded indefinitely to prison. Of these poor captives some died in La Cabana fortress; new charges were raked up against others, and they were shot or sent to Fernando Po, and a few lingered on until the Americans arrived. It was by such methods as these that inconvenient truths were suppressed in Cuba.

Evangelina had languished in the terrible Recogidas for ten months when I first saw her. In the interval her uncle, the Marquis of Santa Lucia, had again been elected President of the Republic, which now held sway over 30,000 square miles in Eastern Cuba, the Spaniards holding only a few big coast towns. He being beyond the reach of the Spaniards, the two relations of the insurgent President were marked out for special severities. At this juncture it had been decided that both Evangelina and her father were to be re-tried for offences against the State. Most of the evidence had been previously used at the first trial, for which Don Agostino had been sentenced to death and later deported, but the cry for "examples" rang through Cuba, and the Public Prosecutor instructed the Court that he would ask for sentence of death for the father and deportation for the daughter. Executions were then daily occurring, and the island literally ran with blood.

THE MARQUIS OF SANTA LUCIA, WHO WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE REBEL REPUBLIC OF CUBA—HE WAS THE UNCLE OF MISS CISNEROS.
From a Photo. by Moreno & Lopez, New York.

My friend Bryson, who had influence at headquarters, finally induced a high officer to lay an appeal on the girl's behalf before General Weyler. For his temerity he was summarily expelled.

By judicious bribes to venal gaolers I was frequently able to see Miss Cisneros and to supply her with a few absolute necessities, as the fearful inmates of the prison had beaten her and stolen all her money, and even the clothes from her back, during the first weeks of her incarceration. The warden finally permitted me to see her in his office outside both the inner gates, divining a love affair from my frequent visits. The officials had not been paid for months, and bribes could accomplish most things short of assisting so important a prisoner to escape. Often the chief would send the sentinel from the main gate to fetch wine and cigars for himself at my expense.

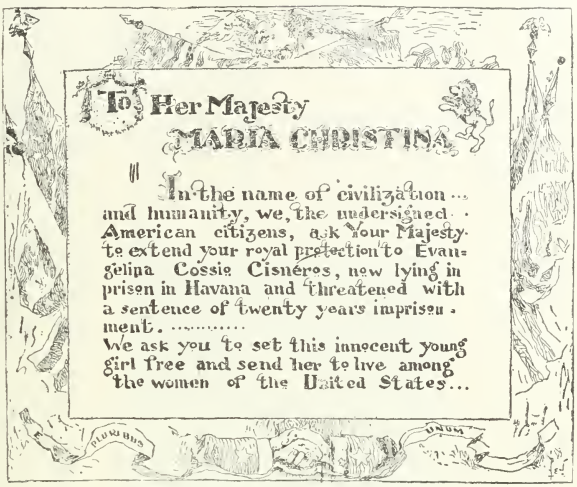
This fact soon led me to formulate a plan of escape for the prisoner, and a young doctor from Baltimore gladly promised his help. We were to heavily drug the drink of the gaoler and send the soldier off to a *bodega* to get cigars as usual. The key of the outer side gate—by which I now entered—was left in the lock until I left. Thus I

COLONEL NESTOR ARANGUREN, THE REBEL OFFICER WHO WAS TO HAVE ASSISTED MISS CISNEROS'S ESCAPE.
From a [*Photo.*

hoped to take Miss Cisneros out to the narrow lane undetected. My companion was to prepare the drug and fetch the wine first, and later to place a cloak over the fair prisoner and hurry her away while I relocked the gate. The greatest danger lay in leaving the invested city in its present state of siege.

I now invoked the aid of Colonel Nestor Aranguren, at one time a surgeon, but now an officer in the rebel army which was making frequent raids against the city blockhouse line. I corresponded with him through his *fiancée*, who sent and received letters regularly by means of a hollow tree beyond the Spanish lines and a kind cousin in the Royalist army. Her dashing rebel lover—only too soon to be betrayed and foully murdered through a false appointment at this trysting spot—was very ready to aid his President's niece. He proposed to cause a diversion by arranging a massed attack, and under cover of this to send horses, with men to cut the barbed wires at an isolated spot, and take us through to the interior.

This plan we should soon have put into execution had not a short notice of the impending trial, that appeared in the official gazette, been reproduced by the American Press. This pointed a more pacific path to liberty. By every steamer I smuggled uncensored Press despatches dealing with all details of Miss Cisneros's case, to be cabled to New York from Key West. Bryson lent his influence in New York, and two weeks later I was gratified indeed to hear that the Press of almost every country had copied the sad story, while Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and Mrs. McKinley in America, Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Marie Corelli, and other well-known women in England, had initiated petitions from prominent women of both countries, praying the Queen-Regent of Spain to release the unhappy prisoner. Over 60,000 signatures were secured. Mr. Hannis Taylor presented the appeal to the Queen, and that noble lady, who had openly deplored the severities imposed by her Ministers, graciously promised that Miss Cisneros should be sent to a convent, to be detained only until the war ended. Even the Pope had become interested in the case, and it was he who suggested this way out of the difficulty.



THE GREAT PETITION SENT TO THE QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN BY THE WOMEN OF AMERICA, PRAYING FOR THE RELEASE OF MISS CISNEROS.

But the Spanish party in Cuba denounced this concession as a dangerous surrender to foreign opinion. The Queen's order duly came to Havana, but General Weyler—personally opposed to it as a sign of weakening—was hardly likely or even able to enforce it in the face of his supporters. The censorship of mail and cable grew stricter, the acting American Consul was assured that the girl had been transferred to a convent, the official newspaper

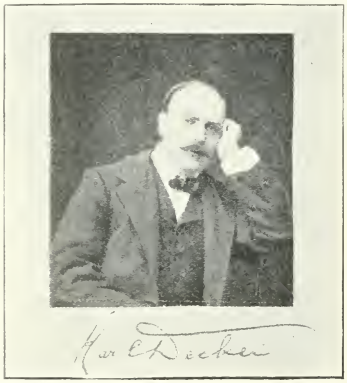
GENERAL WEYLER, THE SPANISH GOVERNOR OF CUBA, WHO DISOBEYED THE QUEEN'S ORDER AND KEPT MISS CISNEROS A PRISONER.
From a Photo.

correspondents were also given this item to cable, and an official notice in Spain announced that the Queen-Regent's wishes had been carried out. Meanwhile new guards were placed on the Recogidas, no one was allowed to enter its gates on any pretext, and Miss Cisneros was coolly shut up "incommunicado"—which meant that she was to see or be seen by no one. My friendly gaoler sent me a note to this effect, warning me to come no more to the prison for the present, as the General wanted the affair to blow over as a nine days' wonder. "She will never be released," he added. Thus the agitation for her release had only rendered the poor girl's case more desperate and her rescue far more difficult.

At this juncture Mr. Karl Decker arrived in Havana to replace Mr. Bryson. We spent the first afternoon at a bull-fight, and between the acts I told him of our plans of rescue, and had soon enlisted his hearty co-operation. Obviously a far more elaborate project was necessary. I had previously underrated the value of such an enterprise to the "New Journalism," but after some consultation the proprietor of a prominent New York newspaper gave us *carte blanche* in the matter. Decker's fresh courage and resource spoke only of success, but the weeks rolled by as we watched and waited, and the gaoler brought me a piteous letter from the prisoner, who was rapidly sickening in her close confinement. A doctor had even been called in, and his report, the gaoler said, was far from reassuring. A further appeal to public opinion we knew would be futile, and the girl's death would relieve the authorities of much unwelcome trouble and responsibility. Haste was obviously imperative.

The Recogidas lay in a network of filthy slums and narrow streets. Only loopholes and the main gate opened outward, the barred windows of the prison all facing the inner courtyard. But the "incommunicado" cells were built in a small added tier, and one barred aperture in each opened on to the roof. In these windows lay the key of the situation; but how could the roof be reached?

Like the letter L reversed, a thoroughfare known as Calle O'Farrill ran along the front of the prison and then directly north. By rare chance No. 1, the first house on the right where the street turns abruptly from the Recogidas, was to let. When reconnoitring one day Decker saw the tenants leaving, and it gave him an idea. From the flat roof a ladder would give perilous access to the frowning stone front that had so long baffled us, and files could do the rest. Within an hour the house was rented, and the same day furniture was moved in to avert suspicion. At this juncture two new allies joined the cause—Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Carbonelle, both well known in Havana shipping circles.



MR. KARL DECKER, THE CORRESPONDENT WHO PLANNED THE RESCUE. [*Photo. from a*]

To save time even a blazing full moon had to be endured. On October 4th whitewashers were engaged and their ladders taken in, and on the night of the 5th the attempt was made. Midnight had long since struck and the quiet of the besieged city was only broken by desultory volleys at distant outposts, and the challenges of the guards and patrols which swarmed in the city at these critical days. After a stifling day the foul alleys gave forth their indescribable reek and rats swarmed over the pavement, but few persons dared to face the risks of the streets by night at a time when civil war, famine, and pestilence, with their incumbent horrors, stalked through the land.

After a low whistle, signifying that the arsenal patrol had passed and all was quiet, a ladder was furtively thrown across from house-roof to gaol. A great guard-wall, spiked and slimy, rose twenty feet above the battlemented roof of the Recogidas, but over the main gate there was only the natural parapet, since undetected access seemed impossible at this point. Thus the ladder had to be thrown at an acute angle across the narrow street, at the far end of which patrols constantly passed, and immediately over the main gate, within which a sentinel was posted. But Decker and MacDonald, who had insisted on undertaking the most desperate part of the work, swiftly crawled across the creaking rungs and reached the crumbling parapet. Even as they landed a piece of plaster was detached and fell with a crash. Just as the ladder was withdrawn the guard came forth and stared upward, and in a few moments the half-clad warden joined him. Three Colts instantly covered both the men, but muttering an imprecation against

the rats the warden soon clanged-to the gate, while the crouching figures on the parapet straightened up and in stockinged feet crept swiftly across the roof.

Miss Cisneros was expecting some attempt at liberation, and she was soon dressed and at the bars watching the operations with feverish anxiety. But the steel bars, if old, were tough. For two hours the files rang out ominously loud. Three patrols had trotted right past the building, and in the Calle Compostella, at the rear of the Recogidas, a tattered regiment of soldiers had bivouacked.

At 3 a.m. the plaintive réveille sounded, calling for the march to the outposts before daybreak. The bars were then only cut through in one place, and no human power, unaided, could bend them upward.

But further delay meant discovery, and after reassuring the trembling captive that they would come again next night the exhausted men gave the signal, the ladder was pushed over, and they regained the house. A few moments later the tired Spanish bandsmen struck up a march, the miserable tenants of the slums crept forth to see the soldiers, and all was life and bustle.

Ere the day broke Decker and I were at my rooms in the Plaza Criso, a safer retreat than our hotel. Decker slumbered uneasily for an hour or two, but I could not rest, and watched until I saw the sun rise like a huge red fire balloon above the distant hills. There the rebel camp fires were gleaming, but the city, in its palm-fringed setting, looked strangely peaceful and beautiful.

Hour by hour the day dragged on—the longest we had ever lived. Yet what was our suspense compared to the tortures of the hapless girl? With her hands tightly clasped over the severed bars, fearful even to eat or rest, she passed a frightful vigil. But at last midnight struck, and with it came the relief of action. Good cause had all for apprehension. If the cuts had been discovered we knew that riflemen would be waiting in the gloomy cell to frustrate a renewed attempt at rescue. The moon was brighter than ever, and a number of Chinese coolies, driven by hunger from the devastated plantations, were sleeping on the refuse heaps dumped outside the prison. Some soldiers, too, were dancing in a drinking saloon a few doors down, and greater caution than ever was necessary.

MR. G. C. MUSGRAVE, THE AUTHOR, WHO ASSISTED IN THE RESCUE OF MISS CISNEROS.
From a Photo.

I took up my post, therefore, in a wine-shop close by. A few evil-looking customers gambled with the host in the *bodega* parlour, but only a small boy slumbered on a cot before the bar ready for any chance customers. The place had a bad reputation. But, dressed as I was in rough clothes, I was unmolested. I sat at a table by the door, pretending to doze, with my untouched wine before me. I could here watch the main approach to the Recogidas, and so give any necessary warning to my confederates. I also carried a bundle containing simple disguises, holding open an avenue of escape in case of pursuit; for Decker and MacDonald were hatless, coatless, and bootless.

Furtively the two men crossed the ladder, and soon they were reassured by a fervent "*Gracias a Dios*" from the anxious captive. Taught by experience, MacDonald had this time provided two Stilson wrenches. In an incredibly short time the bars had been wrenched upward and the slender girl drawn through the narrow opening. The ladder was recrossed in safety and the house gained. Staying only to revive Evangelina with a glass of wine, and throwing a mantilla over her head, Carbonelle quietly escorted her to the end of the street. Here a carriage had been fetched from an adjoining yard, where the unsuspecting driver had waited the summons, ostensibly for an eloping couple.

The driver lashed his horses to a gallop. At one point the guard stopped him. "A marriage of Heaven," explained the Jehu. Carbonelle threw out a gold piece, and the horses were again urged forward as the sergeant cried: "God grant you both many days." They left the carriage at a quiet suburb and walked to Carbonelle's house, where his sister and a trusted Cuban servant received the exhausted girl and carried her to bed.

Evangelina's escape, as may be supposed, caused tremendous excitement. For three days the police scoured the city. Every ship was searched and guards placed on board all outward-bound vessels. The houses of all prominent Cubans were scanned from top to bottom. "Her escape outside is quite impossible," said General Weyler, "and she must be found." Escape did indeed seem impossible, for Havana was encompassed by a wall of defences and every outlet was guarded, for the enemy was at its very gates. It was equally impossible, however, for us to remain in the city. Every morning came news of houses raided in the night close to where the girl lay hidden, and that house could not escape scrutiny long.

An American mail steamer was to leave on the following Saturday. A colonel and a special guard had been placed on board her; but here lay the only means of egress. How could Miss Cisneros be got on board without detection?

First a Spanish youth was engaged for work in New York in order to obtain a passport and a ticket. These he procured as desired, a month's wages were given him, and he was told he would not be required for some days yet. Thus the passport difficulty was solved. Evangelina had meanwhile remained in an unused room, her presence unknown even to the servants. Her only chance lay in impersonating the Spanish youth and so passing on board the steamer. This would only be possible after dark—and the port was closed at sunset. But, thanks to our two commercial accomplices, all difficulties were surmounted. Shipping agents, when important freights were delayed, could sometimes get their vessels cleared after dark by a *douceur* to a high official. This was £100, besides the heavy fees of the ship, but a delay of two hours was finally arranged for a consignment ostensibly from Matanzas; and fate sent a dark, wet evening.

Shortly after sunset Carbonelle and Miss Cisneros—who, dressed in a blue serge suit and hair closely plastered under a sombrero, made a perfect youth—drove quietly down to the quay. Here a boat was hired and they rowed to the steamer. An officer of the ship, who was in the plot, stood at the gangway. As the boat approached, true to his part, he turned and ordered dinner to be carried up to the colonel and his vigilants, who were growling at the delay. A guard-boat watched below, and, as they could see the gangway as they sat, the Spaniards willingly entered the little saloon on the promenade deck. As they ate, a youth, smoking a cigar, coolly came over the side.

"Passport and ticket," said the ship's officer loudly in Spanish; and with a gruff "Wait there, boy!" he handed the passport to the colonel, who had come forward. The unsuspecting official turned to the light of the cabin door and read the passport: "Juan Sola, marinero, eighteen; passenger to New York." Everything was in order. "All right," he said, glancing again at the youth, who stood, with well-feigned composure, in the shadow. Then he returned to his dinner.

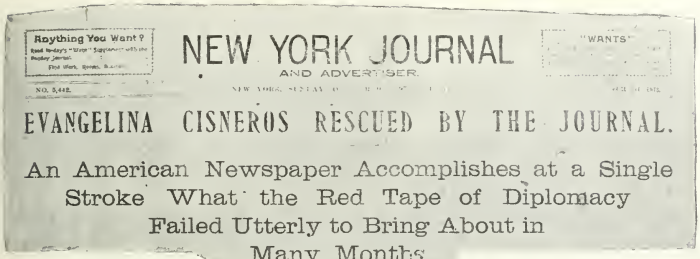
THE DISGUISE IN WHICH MISS CISNEROS ESCAPED FROM HAVANA.
From a Photo.

"Juan Sola" was quickly taken by a friendly stewardess to a state-room and concealed underneath a berth. The heroic fortitude that had sustained her to the end gave way, and she lay almost senseless with terror. The agents were now notified that the imaginary freight could not be down in time, and after the police had scoured the ship, looking into every state-room, the steamer left the harbour shortly after six.

Decker and I crouched on the dark rocks before El Punta fortress at the narrow harbour mouth. As the huge steamer loomed through the darkness a red light flashed twice, our officer-friend's "All's well." Miss Cisneros was safe!

With hearts bursting with thankfulness we drove to a suburban resort, where several friends were invited to a banquet in honour of an invented birthday. Late that night I sent a cipher cable to New York announcing Miss Cisneros's safe departure.

We knew that after she arrived in New York Havana would be undesirable for our continued residence. Our paper would print all details of her rescue, and even were no names used we were registered as its correspondents. I had met most of the officials, and it would be useless for me to attempt to leave openly, but Decker had not been there so long. Under an assumed



Anything You Want? Read Today's "Want" Supplement with the Sunday Journal. Pick Out, Rent, Buy.

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

"WANTS"

NO. 8,442.

EVANGELINA CISNEROS RESCUED BY THE JOURNAL.

An American Newspaper Accomplishes at a Single Stroke What the Red Tape of Diplomacy Failed Utterly to Bring About in Many Months

THE NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT WHICH CAUSED MR. MUSGRAVE'S HURRIED FLIGHT FROM HAVANA.

name he boldly applied for a passport early the following day. Gold and a plea of urgent business obtained the *visé* without delay, and he decided to leave by the Spanish steamer *Panama*, sailing that morning. An hour after he waved good-bye a special edition of *La Lucha* was issued with a special despatch from New York. My cipher cable had proved too great a temptation to our editor for delay. In bold headlines in his Sunday edition he had announced that Miss Cisneros had been rescued by representatives of the paper and was on her way to New York. The story had been cabled back to Havana, and even while I was seeing Decker safely on board the steamer the police had gone to his hotel and my rooms. Fortunately the *La Lucha*, paragraph gave me warning and I lay hidden for several days, when I finally managed to get through the Spanish lines to the Cuban forces, where I was warmly welcomed. Shortly after this Weyler was recalled in disgrace and the humane Marshal Blanco came to institute broad reforms, but too late to save the situation.

There is little more to tell, but even a romance of real life may end happily in the orthodox manner. Miss Cisneros received a monster demonstration in the United States. The whole country rose to welcome her, and Decker arrived to share the ovations. They were feasted and fêted by the highest in the land. Now in the perilous days during which he had guarded her, Carbonelle had become deeply attached to his beautiful compatriot. His part in the rescue had never been hinted at, and he remained at his home until war was declared by the United States.

With many other wealthy Cubans who had graduated at American colleges and become naturalized Americans he then had to leave Cuba. He volunteered for service, and was offered a captaincy on the general staff on account of his knowledge of Cuba. Captain Carbonelle went to Virginia to pay a visit to General Fitzhugh Lee, to whose staff he was attached. After his arrival Mrs. Lee took him forward to be introduced to the celebrated Miss Cisneros, who was then visiting her. Explanations of course followed, and a month passed pleasantly by as the Army Corps was mobilizing.

MISS CISNEROS AFTER HER RELEASE.
From a Photo. lent by "Under Three Flags in Cuba."

But duty called. The house-party broke up, and the general and his staff were ordered to the front. Two days before they left there was a quiet military wedding from the Lees' ancestral home.

Now Cuba is free. Mr. and Mrs. Carbonelle are living in the beautiful house where so many perilous hours had been spent. Don Agostino has been released and his estate restored, but his health is wrecked. The Marquis of Santa Lucia not long since refused the nomination for the first President of the now properly-formed Cuban Republic, on the plea of ill-health.

On the March with Menelik's Army.

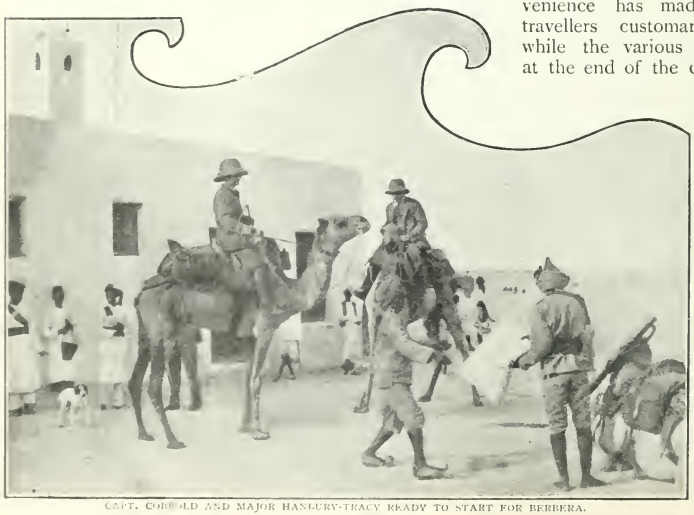
By Captain Ralph P. Cobbold.

I.

Captain Cobbold and Major the Hon. A. Hanbury-Tracy were detailed for special duty with the Abyssinian army in its operations against the Mad Mullah. Captain Cobbold saw many interesting and curious things in Menelik's country, and illustrates his narrative with a series of photographs taken during the progress of the expedition.

I WAS chosen to accompany Major the Hon. A. Hanbury-Tracy upon a mission with the Abyssinian army acting in co-operation with the British expeditionary force against the Mad Mullah. The operations, which were conducted during the summer in the Ogaden country lying to the south of Abyssinia, were moderately successful, as the presence of the Abyssinian army in the field must have prevented many of the Somali tribes from joining this troublesome fanatic. Both before and after taking up my official duties with the Abyssinian troops on the march I had abundant opportunities for observing the country and people of King Menelik. I venture to think that some of the knowledge I acquired about their land, their habits, and customs may be interesting.

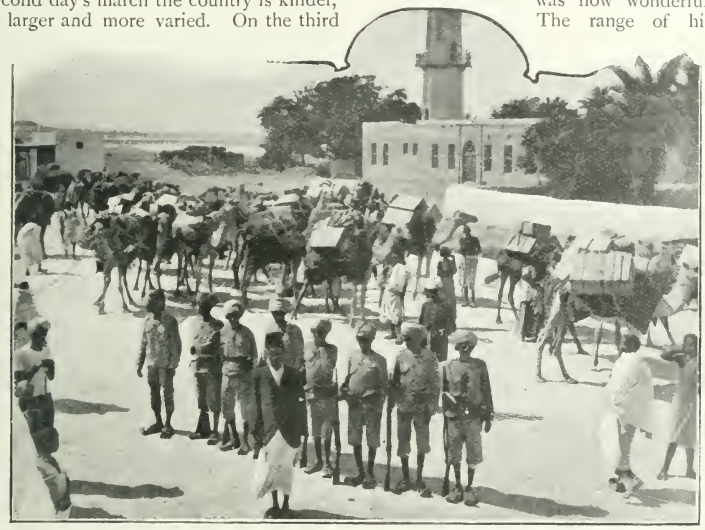
Starting from Berbera, the first two days' march lies through a pitiless thorn-covered desert. At times the going is fairly good and your camel carries you along at a not uncomfortable jog-trot; but in places the road is very rough with loose stones, and intersected with innumerable rocky nullahs, down which the camels stumble in most disconcerting fashion. The country, though desolate and inhospitable, is by no means devoid of vegetation, but covered for the most part with a dense scrub, frequently attaining to the dignity of jungle. Conspicuous in the monotonous landscape is a bush with a leaf like a large kind of mistletoe and covered with berries, which, from their appearance, give promise of much moisture. The chief living things in this unpleasing tract are insects, spiders, ants, and small beetles swarming in most irritating profusion. Here and there are respectable trees whose rare convenience has made for successive travellers customary halting-places, while the various camping grounds at the end of the day's march, which averages about twenty miles, boast more ample accommodation for man and beast, sometimes even offering to the sun-stricken, dust-driven caravans the refreshing sound of running water. For the numerous nullahs, or dry watercourses, will hold for a few brief hours the rain that falls occasionally upon the distant hills.



Capt. Cobbold and Major Hanbury-Tracy ready to start for Berbera.
From a Photo.

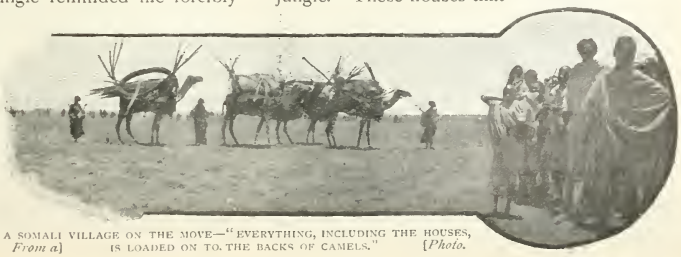
During the first twenty miles from the sea coast the air is still heavy with the clammy saltness of the Red Sea. But thereafter, as the steady upward grade of the track begins to tell, a finer air rewards the traveller into the interior. Nature, too, becomes more generous and animal life more plentiful. Already at the end of the second day's march the country is kinder, the trees larger and more varied. On the third day out from the coast we passed by palms and here and there splendid acacia trees festooned with creepers, and not a few green trees affording delightful shade. Flocks of goats and sheep were encountered on the way, and pheasants, guinea-fowl, and many other birds abounded. The sheep had very fat tails and jet-black heads and necks in striking contrast to their fleeces of dazzling white, except in the case of the older animals, whose wool had a brownish tint. A dry river-bed with its waste of sand and scanty water-holes bordered by jungle reminded me forcibly of an Indian river in the hot weather. At the end of the third day we camped near a Somali village, of squalid aspect and full of unprepossessing women.

This first part of the route had lain to the south-west of Berbera; the remaining portion of our journey to Harrar lay but little south of due west. At the end of our fourth day's march we entered upon a vast plain dotted over with clumps of green bushes, which red-tinged aloes, with their splashes of bright colour, made very pleasing to the eye. The atmosphere was now wonderfully clear. The range of hills lying about twenty-five miles to the east of Harrar, and still over a hundred miles distant, rose in sharp outline above the far horizon. The whole of the fifth day we passed through a waterless jungle, and towards evening came upon the curious spectacle of a Somali village in process of removal.



From a] THE AUTHOR'S ABYSSINIAN ESCORT. [*Photo.*

Everything, including the houses, is loaded on to the backs of the patient camels; and what but a few hours ago was the busy habitation of man falls again into the silence of the lonely jungle. These houses that



A SOMALI VILLAGE ON THE MOVE—"EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE HOUSES, IS LOADED ON TO THE BACKS OF CAMELS." *From a*] [*Photo.*

can be carried on camels' backs are necessarily not very substantial structures. They are, in fact, nothing more than a framework of sticks with a covering of mats. In this they resemble those of the nomad tribes of Central Asia, the chief difference being that these latter make the coverings of felt, whereas the Somalis make theirs of aloe fibre.

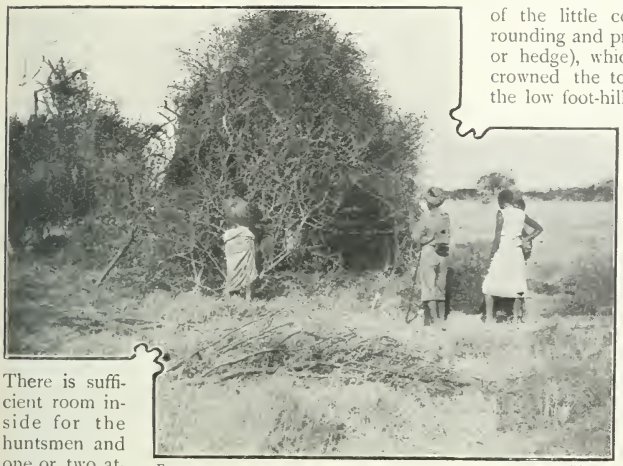
One amusing incident I must mention here was the introduction of the gramophone to the Abyssinians. They could not in the least understand it, and the photograph here reproduced shows them listening in utter bewilderment to this wonderful instrument.

For the next four days the road continued along the high plateau of this part of British Somaliland. The country was for the most part slightly undulating, tracts of stony, scrub-covered ground alternating with stretches of park-like scenery and again with more open plains. At times, with the aid of a little imagination, we could fancy ourselves riding through an English park; at other moments it needed no imagination to picture ourselves upon a boundless prairie. The air at this elevation—probably 5,000ft.—is delightful, and just like that of the South African veldt. As we neared the Abyssinian frontier the road passed over rolling plains upon which many flocks and herds were grazing, and upon the tenth day out from Berbera, having travelled some 200 miles, our caravan descended into a green valley in which lies Jig Jigga, the Abyssinian frontier fort upon this route.

The actual border is some miles to the east, but Jig Jigga is the first settled post, and it is here that the Customs dues are levied. The fort is a strongly stockaded enclosure with conical thatched houses inside. It is garrisoned by Somali levies under an Arab chief. These men, who are in the pay of Abyssinia, are armed with repeating rifles of various descriptions—chiefly Mausers—and gave a very good account of themselves some two years ago, when the fort was attacked by the Mad Mullah and his Dervishes. The principal Customs dues consist of a toll of 10 annas (10d.) for every camel coming into Jig Jigga, which the Arab chief collects for the Emperor Menelik. The chief also levies toll in kine from the Somali villages pasturing here from April till September, when there is no grass in the Bulhar district. There is apparently no check upon the receipts, the chief merely handing over to the Imperial treasury what he thinks proper and sufficient. Needless to say, the chief is a very wealthy man in these parts.

The photo. next given shows a hunter's zareba built of prickly thorn bushes. This erection enables a man to shoot lions with the knowledge that he is effectually safeguarded from any possibility of attack and maltreatment.

[From a] ABYSSINIAN CHIEFS LISTENING TO THE GRAMOPHONE. [Photo.



From a A ZAREBA OF THORN BUSHES FOR LION-HUNTING. *Photo.*

There is sufficient room inside for the huntsmen and one or two attendants, and, once ensconced within, the open aperture shown in the picture, through which entrance and egress are effected, is closed up and made secure with more thorn bushes; the builders then leave the occupants for the night. A goat or other decoy is tethered some little distance from a zareba of this kind and a cord attached to its ear, the other end of which is made fast within the zareba, enabling the hunter by an occasional jerk to make the animal bleat and thus attract his game.

Harrar, the commercial centre of Abyssinia, lies about fifty miles due west of Jig Jigga. The country between is more broken than that previously traversed, and about mid-way is crossed by a range of considerable hills running due north and south. The scenery among these hills, which are densely wooded, is very fine. From the top of the pass on the Jig Jigga side you look down over tree-clad slopes upon a great flat plain covered with flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, goats, and camels, with numerous Somali villages dotted about. Looking towards the west the eye travels down similar well-wooded hillsides to undulating plains studded with a number of table-topped hills, which form a striking feature of the landscape. In the clear distance more than twenty miles away the town of Harrar, with Ras Makonnen's new house standing dominant, is plainly visible.

We arrived at Fuyambiro, the head of the pass, or rather ridge, at sunset. All the previous day in approaching thereto we had passed through a well-cultivated country with teams of oxen ploughing the soil and Somalis sowing grain (*jowar*), whilst above and on either hand clusters of the little conical huts, with their surrounding and protecting zareba (thorn fence or hedge), which make a Somali village, crowned the tops and projecting spurs of the low foot-hills. As we climbed up the steep ascent the great flat-topped mass of Konduto towered precipitously upon our right. The scene was picturesque in the extreme, and hardly less so by night, when the dark, recumbent masses of the sleeping mountains were picked out in twinkling points of light from the grass fires lit by the villagers to keep away wild beasts. At Fuyambiro all camel caravans going to Harrar stop and change their loads on to the backs of mules or donkeys. Here I learnt that the villages we had seen between this and Jig Jigga were but a tithe of those which formerly existed before the unarmed Somalis had been raided and plundered by the Abyssinians since the latter became possessed of rifles.

From the top of the hills to Harrar the country is richer and the vegetation more diversified. Soon after leaving the ridge the eyes are gladdened by the sight of running water. The soil is of a rich sepia, and coffee and banana plantations are encountered for the first time. The actual descent is steep and rocky, with precipitous gorges opening out at every turn, and we were glad to get on to the level again. Our route now became more populous. We met numbers of Gallas, a semi-subject race, with laden donkeys upon the road, and women carrying loads or babies. Presently we crossed a tributary of the River Fafan, with vast fields of *jowar* upon its banks. On the far side of the valley we entered a charming country, passing through shady lanes festooned with the wild rose and the honeysuckle, along a high plateau overlooking wooded ridges and covered with coffee plantations right up to the mud walls of Harrar. The coffee trees were very interesting, with their fragrant white flowers, their green berries, and their ripe red berries all on the same shrub. Such is the approach to Harrar.

The political capital of Abyssinia is Adys Ababa, 350 miles farther west, where dwells Menelik, Negus of Abyssinia, King of Kings, and Emperor of Ethiopia; but Harrar is its trading mart. Here converge the different caravan

routes from the sea coast. Here, too, is the residence and seat of Government of Ras Makonnen, nephew and probable successor of the Negus, Commander-in-Chief of the Abyssinian Army, and Governor of the most important province of Ethiopia. Harrar itself is not at all imposing. Look, for instance, at the accompanying photo. of the eastern gate of the city. It is surmounted with crude representations of the Royal lions of Judah, and elephants' tails hang from the cross-beam. Streets, in our understanding of the term, the city has none. Even the principal ways are extremely narrow, widening out here and there into irregularly shaped market-places. For the most part communication is effected by narrow passages between the high mud walls enclosing the different habitations. These are nearly all mean and squalid to a degree, and hardly any have a second story. Thus in Ras Makonnen's old house (he has recently built a new one), what I suppose must be called by courtesy the banqueting hall is a place with a roof of interlaced boughs supported on poles and a floor of earth strewn with cut grass. The town is dominated by an old fort situated on a long spur of a hill about a mile to the north and mounting three antiquated guns. The fort itself, which was constructed by Rolf Pasha and Hunter before 1885, is a relic

THE EASTERN GATE OF THE CITY OF HARRAR—"IT IS SURMOUNTED BY THE ROYAL LIONS OF JUDAH, AND ELEPHANTS' TAILS HANG FROM THE CROSS-BEAM." [*Photo.*
From a]

From a] A STREET SCENE IN HARRAR. [*Photo.*

of the Egyptian occupation of the Soudan before the rise to power of the Mahdi and his Dervishes. The annexed photograph shows the firewood market. The Gallas and other inhabitants of the surrounding country bring into the town countless bundles of wood and *jowari* stalks, which form the only fuel used. Owing to the improvidence of the natives in looking after their forests a neighbourhood soon gets denuded of trees, and when this happens the town has to change its site. King Menelik has already removed his capital once for this curious reason.

THE FIREWOOD MARKET—WHEN A NEIGHBOURHOOD GETS DENUDED OF TREES THE TOWN HAS TO CHANGE ITS SITE.
From a Photo.

The population of Abyssinia is approximately made up half of Abyssinians proper, who are Christians, one-quarter of Gallas, the indigenous pagan inhabitants, one-eighth of Somalis and other Mohammedan tribes of Arab descent, and the remaining eighth of negroes, chiefly from the western provinces. The Abyssinian is practically half Arab, half Jew by descent, and many of them have clear-cut features, with their Semitic origin unmistakably defined. The ordinary dress of the Abyssinians consists of white cotton drawers and a shirt or tunic of similar material, and a *tobe* or voluminous cloak also of white cotton, caught up and thrown over the left shoulder so as to leave the arms free. In the middle of the *tobe* is woven a broad band of crimson as a sign of their Christianity and to distinguish them from the subject races. They go barefoot and wear white turbans. The women, as a rule, wear only one garment, a robe of Abyssinian cotton-cloth, slightly open at the neck and draped over the shoulders after the usual fashion of the East; a cummerbund is usually tied round the waist. Women of higher station may wear a fine cambric shirt underneath the cotton robe, but nothing more, except when riding, when loose pyjamas tied round the waist and ankles are the fashion.

In their customs, civil and religious, are preserved many ancient Jewish practices, notably a liberal use of the harp in all religious ceremonies. The form of this instrument is said to be identical with that of early Biblical history.

The historic origin of the Abyssinian church is preserved in a proverb, which reads: "We drink from the well of Alexandria."

Despite many attempts, by the Portuguese especially, to convert them to Roman Catholicism they have remained staunch to the Greek Church. The priesthood is strongly represented and its influence is very great. Religious observances are strictly kept and they are many and onerous. The Abyssinian Lent extends to fifty-five days, while Wednesday and Friday are fast days in every week. Altogether, out of the 365 days of the year, 297 are fasts upon which the Abyssinians must eat no flesh or animal product of any kind under penalty of a fine. Every man must confess to a priest or may be denied Christian burial. The country is thoroughly priest-ridden. The Archbishop of Abyssinia is termed *Aboona* or *Papas*, and is appointed by the Patriarch of Alexandria.

One very curious religious rite which the Abyssinians alone among Christians observe is the "Dance of David before the Ark of the Covenant," seen in the following photo. This strange ceremony takes place on the Saturday before Easter—the day of the Jewish Feast of the Passover—and I was fortunate enough to be present at a celebration thereof in Harrar. Upon the occasion to which I refer hundreds of priests, carrying their crutches in their hands, were assembled in the courtyard of Ras Makonnen's old palace. All priests carry sticks with a crutch of carved ivory or brass. These are to afford them support, as priests are not allowed to sit down in church or during religious observances. The actual rite is performed by the chief priests alone. These, clad in strange vestments of many colours and with golden crowns upon their heads, conduct a fantastic dance before a representation of the "Ark of the Covenant," itself concealed from view under a low canvas tent. The performance is accompanied by an uncouth noise of drums, timbrels, and other instruments, barbaric rather than musical, among which rattles are monotonously assertive. The high priest himself does not participate in the dance, presiding seated—the high priest's privilege—under a violet umbrella.

[Photo.

ONE OF THE MANY MARKET-PLACES IN HARRAR.

Not less curious than the quaint ceremony itself is the reason for its survival in Abyssinia. Early in the fourth century A.D. the Emperor Constantine held a number of councils at Constantinople to discuss the affairs of the Christian Church. To these councils a bishop was asked to come from each Christian State. At the sixth of these councils, the first at which a bishop from Abyssinia is known to have attended, an ordinance was passed reviving the ancient Jewish ceremony of the "Dance of David before the Covenant of the Lord" on the Saturday before Easter. In obedience to this ordinance the Jewish rite was forthwith introduced into Abyssinia. In the following year, at the seventh council of bishops, the ordinance of the sixth council enjoining the "Dance of David" was revoked and the discontinuance of the rite ordered. But neither at this council nor at the next, or eighth council, did any representative from Abyssinia attend. Consequently the Abyssinians knew nothing of the later ordinance and have continued to perform the dance to this day.

Some of the State officers have suggestive titles and some rather peculiar duties. There is the *Likumakwas*, an officer with the right to wear clothes like the Emperor's. The object is purely utilitarian, as it is this officer's duty to sit beside the Emperor, and in battle especially, to distract the enemy's attention from the Imperial person. There should be twelve of these lay figure Emperors, but at present there are only two. The Commander-in-Chief of the whole army in time of war is called *Abagaz*, which signifies "Father of Trouble." Other high military titles are those of the *Fitaurari*, "Holder in Front," who commands the vanguard; *Dedjazmach*, "Warrior of the Gate," whose duty it is to camp in front of the Emperor's tent and in battle to fight in front of the Imperial person; *Kanyazmach*, "General of the Right," in command of the right wing; and *Gerazmach*, "General of the Left," in command of the left army. The Chief Justice is named *Afa Nagus*, "Mouth of the King," and is a very important personage; a judge is called *Wombar*, meaning "Chair." A remarkable official is the *Agabesat*, or "Watcher of the Time." It is this officer's delicate duty to watch over the King's eating and drinking, and to regulate his indulgence even to the point of withdrawing the Royal plate from under the Royal nose, or removing the Royal cup from the Royal lips, when he considers that His Majesty has eaten and drunk enough.

THE "DANCE OF DAVID BEFORE THE ARK OF THE COVENANT"—THE ABYSSINIANS ARE THE ONLY CHRISTIANS WHO OBSERVE THIS CURIOUS RITE.
From a [*Photo.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE RISE OF THE RIVER

After an abnormal rainfall the mighty Mississippi frequently breaks through the levées, or dykes, which hold it in and floods huge areas of country. In this story Mr. Kennedy relates how he was caught by the rise of the river, narrowly escaping with his life.

I HAD a strange experience one night in Louisiana. What happened just before it or what led up to it I don't remember. The picture of the experience stands vividly before my mind, but it stands alone; I forget where I was going or what I was going to do.

I was walking along the railway track from Bayou Sale, making probably for some plantation. That day I had walked for many miles. This I remember distinctly—I was tired.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon I turned to the left from the railway track and went down a road that cut through a thick forest. It was a lonesome road.

After going along for about two miles the forest broke, and soon there was before me a big, clear stretch of country. I looked up at the sun and saw that I had hardly an hour's daylight left me. I should have to go faster.

On and on I went till I noticed something shining curiously in the distance. It seemed to lie right over the stretch of country and the road I was on led straight into it. It reflected the rays of the sun in a strange way. For a moment I stopped, puzzled, and then the truth broke in on me. It was water! The Mississippi had burst its *levées*, or dykes, and was flooding the country. I would have to turn; I could not go that way.

The best thing I could do now was to get back as quickly as possible to the railway track, which was built on higher ground. The sun, meanwhile, was getting lower and lower.

After a time I began to run. The idea of being caught in the rising water was not pleasant. The fear of being drowned did not cross my mind, though I had heard that the waters of the Mississippi often came up over the country with a sudden rush when the overtaxed *levées* gave way. One could not be always sure that the rise would be a gradual one.

What really bothered me was the thought that darkness would come on me suddenly and that I might lose my way. I had been lost once on a prairie for two days and nights, and one experience of that kind is enough for a lifetime. The sensation of being lost and alone is, perhaps, the most trying that one can conceive of.

As I ran on it was as if I could feel the water coming up over the land — as if it were some great, vague monster that was following me. I began to get depressed and afraid.

Once I stopped and looked back. The sun had gone down now and it was close on to darkness. The twilight I knew could only last a short time. Great grey shadows were already rolling out over the stretch of water that was covering the land. To my eyes it seemed as if the water were nearer to me now than when I had first seen it. The sight was a strange one. The water and the sky and the shadows of twilight had become one. Out before me was an immense, sinister greyness—the coming flood.

"I SAW SOMETHING THAT ALMOST MADE MY HEART STOP BEATING."

I turned and ran along the road again, and then I saw something that almost made my heart stop beating. It was the greyness! The water was covering the road in front of me! At first I could hardly believe it. Surely the road rose up gradually till I got to the railway track, I thought. I remembered now, however, that I had noticed a slight fall in it when I first came down it.

But then it struck me that I should have got out of the clearing by this time. I should have been into the forest long ago. I was almost certain of this. Perhaps I had missed my way—got turned somehow on to another branch of the road as I was running back. But this could not be. I was certain that I had not gone off the road I had started on. But a fact was a fact—there was the water.

And all at once it got dark, and now I knew I was done for. The water would rise up above me; in an hour I would be drowned in the darkness like a rat.

I turned and walked in the opposite direction. But this time I went along slowly. It was now as dark as pitch.

There was no particular reason for my moving in any direction at all. One place was as good for me as another. It was only a question of waiting till the water came up on me. But I felt impelled to move. I could not stop there and do nothing. And there was the forlorn chance that I might find out where the road branched off. I must have made a mistake in some way. The road surely rose up gradually till it got to the track.

I had not gone far when the idea struck me to go back again. I was certain now that I had made no mistake about the road. And what I had seen might not have been water at all. I had been looking at the stretch of water in the first place and wondering about it, and my seeing it before me again when I turned back might have only been a fancy—some trick of vision.

The fear left me. I walked along now at a better pace. I found no difficulty in keeping on the road, even though it was so dark. Now and then I got to the edge of it, but the slight rise and the feel of the vegetation under my

feet warned me, and I veered off into the middle of it again. In the darkness one's senses become keen.

I could hear quick rustlings and movements in the brush on both sides of the road. I knew well the reason of it: the animals and snakes were making for the high land. They were getting away from the rise of the river; I was in the same boat with them, but they knew their way, whilst I did not. They had better eyes and ears and senses than I had.

The only things I feared were the snakes. If they got on to the road and I trod on one of them I should be in a bad fix. Whilst a snake will always get out of a man's way, still, if he treads upon it, it will turn and strike.

I paused and tried to make out from the sounds the direction in which the animals were going, but in this I failed. Either my hearing was not cute enough or I was too confused to follow the sounds properly. Twigs seemed to be breaking in every direction. And I could hear the whir of the wings of birds as they flew overhead. They were afraid of the water, too. Everything about me seemed to be moving through the dense, thick darkness—moving away from the flood.

"IT WAS COMING ON SLOWLY AND TERRIBLY."

Suddenly I stopped dead. Yes, I was not mistaken. The water was lapping against my feet! I stooped down and put my hand into it to make sure. It was water, sure enough. The river had got me!

To make certain that it was the river and not some wayside pool I got a stone from the road and flung it as far forward as I could. I heard it splash off in the distance. The sound of the splash destroyed the last faint hope I had. Here I was in the darkness with a river rising around me. Death might come in an hour—and such a death! And, as near as I could tell, I was still in the clearing. If I were in the forest I might, as a last resort, have got into a tree. But that would have been of little use to me in a sparsely settled, flooded country. It would only mean that death would be longer in coming. I was a fool to have left the railway track at such a late hour of the day. I ought to have made some inquiries.

There was nothing for me to do now but to turn back again on the road. I could still hear the rustling and moving as I walked slowly The beasts and reptiles were making for some place of safety. But where? It was useless to think about it. I could not have followed even if I could have seen them. I was tied to the road.

And then the moon came out suddenly, filling the whole scene with brightness. I turned. Before me stretched a sea of pale yellow water. It lay over the country like a vast, still pond. It seemed to have in it neither movement nor life. It looked as still and as dead as if it had lain there for centuries. And yet it was coming on slowly and terribly—a vast winding-sheet that did not seem to move, but still was coming on—a slow, horrible thing.

The water of the Mississippi! No one who

had ever laid eyes on it could mistake it. I had never seen it like this before; it looked so quiet and still in the moonlight. There was no sign of the thick forest. Here and there solitary trees were standing up out of the yellow water. I must have missed my way altogether. It seemed to me beyond all reason that I should have got so far away from the forest in such a short time. But there was no use thinking of that now. The best thing to do was to take advantage of the light to try and get up to the high ground. If the land I was on was not completely surrounded I might still get to a place of safety. The high ground might lie off from the road at a right angle.

The coming of the light brought back my spirits. I did not feel so hopeless now. It was not the first time in my life that I had been in a tight place, I reflected, and I hoped for the best as I went along.

For about a mile I walked, and then I came to the water again. It stretched out quiet and still over the land—just as I had seen it at the other end of the road. Away off in the distance I could see the top of a house. It was submerged in the water almost up to the roof. It was probable that the people had left it with all their goods and chattels at the approach of the flood. This house in the water was the most desolate-looking object I had ever seen.

At last, however, I resolved to strike off from the road. There was little use in waiting till daylight came. Daylight would in no way mend matters, for there was not the slightest chance of anyone coming along the road. I should have to take the chance of floundering into a deep swamp, and once I got off the road there was no certainty that I should be able to get back again. But the chance had to be taken, and when I came to the first slight rise in the ground I cut off at right angles from the road.

It was difficult walking. Often I had to make my way through thick underbrush; and there was the danger of treading on a snake. But fortunately they were as much afraid of me as I was of them and kept well out of my way. Once I struck a small piece of swamp, but I managed to skirt round it safely. The clear moonlight held out full and strong. There was no idea in my mind of trying to follow any given direction. Even if I had desired to do this it would have been most difficult, for the moon is hardly a safe guide. All that I wished for was to find high ground and make for it; and as long as I kept that object before me there was no danger of my going in a circle, as men do when they are lost.

I must have gone on for hours stumbling and skirting swampy places, and watching as keenly as I could the lie of the ground. I was still in the clearing. There was no sign of the forest anywhere, and I did not get back again to the road.

At last the moon began to wane. Darkness was coming again. But by this time my mind had become hardened to the situation and I felt no fear. If I was done for, I was done for; and that was the whole of it—lock, stock, and barrel.

It was dark now, and I was floundering along slowly and mechanically, when suddenly I thought I noticed something twinkling a long way off. I stopped, and looked long and steadily towards it. It might only be the illusive light that sometimes moves and hovers about a swamp, I thought. But it kept in one place—always in one place. It was a light, coming either from a fire or from some house. And such a light meant human beings—and safety.

If I could make it I should be all right, and I began to move cautiously towards it.

The sight of it made me feel a new man altogether; the sense of weariness and fatigue left me as if by magic. If the moonlight had been with me now I should have got there in no time, but I would have to go towards it cautiously and warily.

Luck favoured me. I did not once encounter a swamp on my way to it; I was on firm, level ground the whole time, and when I got near enough I saw to my joy that the light came from a small house.

I was there at last, standing in front of the door. The light came from a side window.

I listened for a while before I knocked, but I could hear no sounds. Still someone must be there, and I knocked loudly and boldly.

There was a long pause, and I knocked again.

"Ho, thar! Who is you?"

The door had not opened, but a voice was coming to me from behind it—the voice of a negro!

"I'm a white man!" I called out. "I've been caught in the rise of the river, and I have lost my way. Will you let me in for the night?"

There was no reply, and I could hear no sound of movement. I was beginning to think I might not be let in when suddenly the door opened and a stream of light broke full upon me.

The light dazzled my eyes for a moment and then I made out something that took the nerve clean out of me. A big negro was standing in the doorway, holding by the collars two great dogs that were straining to get at me. They

would have torn the life out of me in short order. They were of the breed that had been used to hunt and kill slaves—a cross between a mastiff and a bloodhound.

Farther back in the doorway stood another negro holding a lamp well up over his head. I trembled.

"Where yo come from, white man?" asked the negro who held the lamp.

They brought me to a low room that lay at the back of the house.

"Sleep on the bench thar, white man," said the negro who held the lamp. He went out and in a moment brought me back a big piece of corn bread and a cup of black coffee.

"Yo's hungry, I 'spec," he said, and left me in the darkness.

I ate the bread and drank the coffee. Then

"WHERE YO COME FROM, WHITE MAN?"

"I'm an English sailor," I answered, unsteadily. "I've been caught in the rise of the river. Won't you let me in till daylight comes?"

"Yass, let um in," called out a voice from behind him again. It was the voice of a negress. "Come in, white man." And the dogs were pulled back and I was let in.

I stretched myself out on the bench and fell asleep.

In the morning the negro who had given me the bread and coffee came and showed me the way to the railway track. It was no great distance off, after all. I thanked him and went on.

THE BUSHRANGERS AT MEROO.

By Miss H. G. Hirst, of Dulwich Hill, Sydney, New South Wales.

Being an incident in the life of a pioneer settler's wife in the early days of the Australian gold discoveries, when bushrangers established something like a reign of terror in the remoter districts.

IN the far-away fifties and early sixties, during the first days of the gold discoveries in New South Wales, armed bands of desperadoes haunted the roads for miles around the goldfields, chiefly endeavouring to rob the police escorts which were sent from time to time from the principal towns to bring down the product of the mines for forwarding to Sydney.

These bushrangers, however, by no means confined themselves to gold robberies, for midnight raids on homesteads, and even country towns, for horses and valuables were of frequent occurrence. As a general rule women and children were left unmolested, but should a man resist he was certain to be shot down.

Many people sought to secure themselves against these gangs by the payment of a considerable subsidy to the leaders. All those who could be intimidated were bound, under threats of awful vengeance, to give information of any danger to the bushrangers and to keep their movements secret from the police, and revenge generally followed hard on any attempt at playing them false.

At certain specified dates the crude gold, under a strong escort of mounted police, was sent from the mines to the nearest town, whence in due course it was dispatched to the Royal Mint in Sydney. The troopers were well armed, but frequently came into collision with these outlaws, and not infrequently, in spite of a hard struggle, the precious metal fell at length into the hands of the bushrangers.

It was a veritable reign of terror while it lasted, but after some years, as the population increased, the ringleaders were gradually killed or captured and the various bands dispersed.

MRS. DICKSON.
From a Photo. by W. Bradley, Sydney, N.S.W.

At the time of which I speak my aunt, whose husband was a district police commissioner, was living in the country district of Braidwood, which lies in the south-eastern division of New South Wales and is the centre of an auriferous region of considerable magnitude. In those days Braidwood, the chief town of the district, was scarcely more than a small village, and was the nearest township to the important goldfields of Major's Creek and Araluen, some thirty miles south on the main road. A smaller mine, called Little River, lay about ten miles away on the other side of the town. At all these places detachments of mounted police were quartered to preserve order and to superintend the gold output, with Braidwood as their head-quarters.

My aunt then lived some distance out of

Braidwood, at a place named Meroo. The house, a one-storied cottage, stood a little off the main road to Little River, hidden by trees and approached by a winding track through the bush. This track led through some slip-rails up to the back door of the house.

One morning she found herself left alone in the house with her three children—mere babies—a young Irish nurse-girl, and another servant. Her husband had found it necessary to remain away for several days on important business, and the only other man about was old Peter, one of the farm hands.

As they were sitting down to breakfast Mrs. Dickson (my aunt) remarked: "I wonder what all that firing is down the road? Just hark at it! Some men at revolver practice, I suppose."

"P'r'aps it's bushrangers!" suggested one little boy, his eyes sparkling.

"Nonsense!" replied his mother, although the child's words sent a thrill of fear to her heart. "They wouldn't come here; they know there's not much to take now father's away."

"I could shoot and frighten them, mother, couldn't I? I'm big; I could shoot off the gun," said the little six-year-old.

SUPERINTENDENT ORRIDGE IN FULL UNIFORM.
From a Photo.

All at once Peter came up to the back door, breathless and trembling.

"Oh, please, ma'am," he said, "the bushrangers are down at M'Grath's" (a farm just below Meroo); "they've been fightin' the gold escort, and one trooper's badly wounded. Hide everything, quick, an' the childer, for they'll be up here soon."

At that moment there came a shriek from the servant outside. Pushing past the terrified Peter, Mrs. Dickson rushed out into the garden. The girl lay in a heap on the ground, and a wild-looking, bareheaded man was standing over her.

"What is it? What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Dickson.

"Don't be alarmed, please—I'm not a bushranger," cried the stranger; "I'm T——, the Little River storekeeper, and I've got the escort gold with me! Take it, quick, and hide it! The bushrangers have stuck up the Little River escort. They shot my hat off and I had a hard job to get away. Can you get me a horse?"

"Yes, I'll take the gold," replied Mrs. Dickson; "go to the paddock and catch any horse you can, and get away. Oh, do be quick! They'll chase you and kill you; I hear them coming!"

Even as she spoke they heard the sound of horses' feet coming up the winding road; they stopped a little below the house. The nurse ran inside, screaming, with the children, while the poor girl on the ground remained in a dead faint. Mrs. Dickson and the storekeeper dragged her into the house and then the latter dashed off to catch a horse.

Calling to Peter to assist her, Mrs. Dickson secured the doors and windows. She shut the nurse and the children into the drawing-room, telling them to get under the table or sofa for safety if the bushrangers should appear, and, above all, to make no noise.

Meanwhile, she and Peter carried the heavy bag of gold—the object of the bushrangers' raid—into a spare bedroom, underneath which there was a small cellar, entered by means of a trap-door cut in the floor. Here the courageous lady hoped to hide the precious bag, covering the trap-door over with carpet

As they entered the room they could distinctly hear the bushrangers riding up the long road, and knew that it would only be a matter of minutes before they reached the cottage.

Old Peter worked desperately to open the trap-door, but it was stuck fast and obstinately refused to move an inch.

"Get a knife and prise it open," said Mrs. Dickson. But the old man was now in a

horrible fright, and could do nothing but fumble aimlessly at the boards. Mrs. Dickson accordingly rushed out of the room and got a knife, with which she returned to the bedroom, hoping against hope that she would be able to get the gold safely hidden before the bushrangers arrived. She knew that they would be furious at the loss of the gold, and that she might expect but little mercy from them if they suspected the precious bag was in the house.

Suddenly she heard a wild stampede going on outside and the sound of horses tearing away in all directions. Then came silence.

Too terrified to go to the window to investigate, Mrs. Dickson continued her work at the trap-door, and presently managed to prise it open. She then made Peter get down and dig a hole in the earth in which to bury the gold. Some small valuables were also stowed away, together with a rifle belonging to her husband. Every moment, as she worked, my aunt expected to hear a thunderous knock at the door and a hoarse command to open it.

"Oh, ma'am, what do you think?" exclaimed the servant-girl, running in, wild with terror. "There's a poor Chinaman just been here; he says the bushrangers are all in the scrub on the main road, an' they're stopping everybody who passes. The poor creature was coming into town to get married, and they've taken £50 from him! He says Clark (the head of the gang) said he was coming up here for the master's gun, and that if we give them that they won't take anything else!"

"OLD PETER WORKED DESPERATELY TO OPEN THE TRAP-DOOR."

Old Peter stopped his spade work and looked questioningly at his distressed mistress.

"Never mind, Peter," she said. "Help me to nail down the carpet. Oh, dear, I wish the police would come! What's that?"

For suddenly there arose a great noise outside—the trampling of hoofs and the shouts of men.

Somebody now began pounding on the back door. The bushrangers had arrived! Afraid, if she should delay, that the robbers would become more furious, Mrs. Dickson, pale and trembling, went downstairs—for the servants were too terror-stricken to move—and with shaking fingers withdrew the bolts and opened the door, steeling herself to speak calmly to the fierce ruffians outside. Then she fell, almost fainting, right into the arms of Mr. Orridge, the superintendent of police, who stood on the doorstep, holding his panting horse.

"Thank Heaven, you're all safe, Mrs. Dickson!" he panted. "We've had such a chase! I thought those wretches might have come on here. But my men are after them now. Where's the gold? And the rifle: we mustn't let them get that."

The trap-door was soon opened again and the bag handed up. It contained several fair-sized nuggets and a quantity of gold dust, as well as a considerable sum of money. The "Clark gang," it appeared, had made a bold attempt to seize this bag and in the fight with the escort had shot one man through the head.

"SHE WITHDREW THE BOLTS AND OPENED THE DOOR."

They had also "stuck up" M'Grath's farm, taken one of the best horses, and searched the house for valuables. Mrs. M'Grath had about £45 hidden in an old tea-pot which the bushrangers saw, but fortunately did not trouble to examine. The posse under Superintendent

Orridge rode hard after them, but they took to the mountains, where it was too risky to follow them.

In the meantime neighbours were flocking in from all sides anxious to learn if any harm had befallen those at Meroo, and offering to stay and protect the household against further raids. The troopers, too, returned one by one, greatly disgusted at the escape of the marauders. All the rest of the day more men kept coming in, and Mrs. Dickson's resources were hard taxed to provide food for so many.

Superintendent Orridge and his men returned to Braidwood late in the afternoon, taking all the valuables with them for safety. Two of the troopers were left behind, fully armed, in case of a night attack. It may well be imagined that all in the house spent a very uneasy night, and several false alarms kept them on the *qui vive* until morning.

The bushrangers, however, did not put in an appearance, although it was afterwards ascertained that they had reversed the shoes on their horses' feet, and, returning along the Little River road, had camped all night in the back paddock at Meroo. Only the knowledge of Mrs. Dickson's reinforcements deterred them from raiding the house, against which they considered they had a grievance.

A month or so later one of the men tried to get in at my aunt's window at night; but she pluckily scared him off with an old revolver. He then endeavoured to force the stable door, but was driven away and nearly torn to pieces by the dogs.

"SHE PLUCKILY SCARED HIM OFF WITH AN OLD REVOLVER."

This was the last attempt the bushrangers made to raid Meroo, and not long afterwards the gang was finally broken up by the police, the brothers Clark, the leaders, being hung at Sydney for the numberless crimes they had committed.

A Lady in Naga-Land.

By Mrs. L. W. Shakespear, of Kohima, Assam.

An account of a trip into the little-known territory of the Nagas, beyond whose country lies a mysterious unknown region into which no Englishman has ever yet penetrated. Mrs. Shakespear illustrates her article with a set of interesting photographs taken by herself.

THE Nagas of Assam are a people of whom little is known except by the limited number of people who are officially brought into contact with them. A short account, therefore, of a tour which I was fortunate enough to make among them lately may be of some interest to Wide World readers.

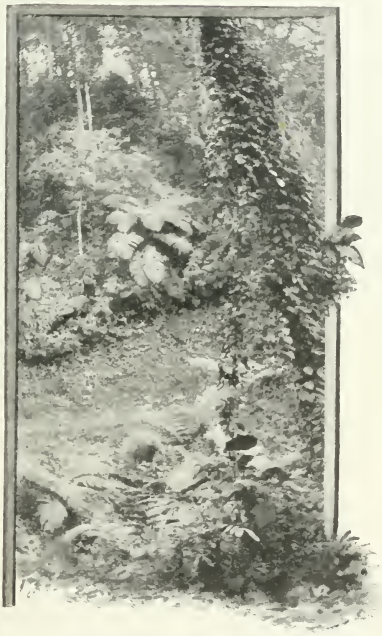
The Sema Nagas are a tribe living on the extreme north-east frontier, on the western slopes of the Patkoi range. Their country has not been annexed, so they do not pay any taxes, but they are under "political control," which means that the British protect them from the raiding and head-hunting of their neighbours in the independent country across the border. They are also answerable to us for their own good behaviour.

A TYPICAL NAGA, SHOWING THE CURIOUS WADS OF COTTON-WOOL WHICH THE MEN STICK IN THEIR EARS.

From a [*Photo.*

We entered their country at Kilonasa, and found them to be a very inferior-looking people to the Angamis, whom we left behind. The men wear next to nothing in the way of clothing, and the women only a cloth thrown round them. The one distinguishing feature about the Naga dress is the curious wads of cotton-wool which the men stick in their ears. These wads are then spread out on a frame into a wide fan-shape several inches deep on each side of the face, the whole having a most extraordinary effect:

From this point, elevation 6,100ft., a fine view is obtained of Wokka peak, the most remarkable mountain in the neighbourhood. Its slanting lines of strata look rather like paths, which the natives call "The Pathway of the Dead," the belief existing among some of the tribes that all their dead must pass up and over this peak. A similar idea exists among the Tonpal Nagas with regard to their mountain, Servi, their belief being that all their dead must pass up it. At the top, they say, stands the guardian of their heaven, who challenges the entrance of the stranger. Meanwhile, however, the friends of the departed are enumerating his virtues and pronouncing him worthy in the funeral ceremonies. Moreover, they sacrifice a buffalo on his behalf. The guardian listens to their praises, and the buffalo pushes the door of heaven open with his horns so that the deceased is able to slip in. Hereabouts, too, they have also a curious legend to the effect that far away, towards Burma, there is a village of women only, a dread and awful place, whence rashly enterprising Nagas who have tempted fate by going there have never been known to return. There is still another strange belief prevalent among these border tribes concerning the existence of a cannibal tribe still farther east, where Englishmen have not yet penetrated.



From a] A FOREST PATH IN NAGA-LAND. [*Photo.*

Our next march was to Sataka's village—elevation 5,200ft.—partly through lovely forest (as shown in the above photograph) and partly on open hillsides. About a mile out a deputation from this village and its neighbour, Kukiye, met us — a most weird collection of natives. There was white-haired old Sataka in his red cloth—the badge of his position as headman, given him by the Political Officer of the district—also other notables, together with a big crowd besides, all eager to see us, for no white lady had ever before entered their country. They were eager to get us to visit their respective villages, and all had screeching fowls—intended for presents—tucked under their arms. Everybody talked and shouted at once, and the uproar was deafening.

After drinking some of the inevitable *zu*, or rice beer, always brought out for the visitor, we started off again. One of the new-comers, whose rollicking, rolling gait and breezy manner suggested that he had had quite as much *zu* as was good for him, picked me up in my bamboo chair and ran off with me at great speed down the hill, followed by the whole of the tribe, and finally deposited me with a flourish at the rest-bungalow. Little mud and thatch bungalows of two rooms are located at intervals all along this route for the accommodation of the Government officials, who occasionally tour through the country. The photograph which forms the heading of this article shows the bamboo chair and its occupant on the back of a stalwart Naga. This chair was cleverly made out of a single piece of bamboo, which, after being split up, had been bent into a hood-shaped frame. At the bottom a seat was woven in, with a foot-rest attached. The hood is useful in wet weather, as it can be covered with waterproof sheeting and forms an excellent protection.

From this place we made a diversion next morning by going to visit Jekia's village, on the opposite side of the valley, in the "independent country." It was only four miles distant, but what miles they were! I, being unable to walk, had three mighty men from the village told off to carry me in my chair, and it was wonderful to see the ease with which they carried me over the most break-neck places—along bridges made

of fallen trees, slippery with wet and weeds—over trunks of great trees blocking the way, and up steep places which, even without a load, required a great deal of climbing. Six Semas went in front to clear the jungle, cutting notches for footholds with their *daos*, and thus improving the track for us. At last we reached Jekia's, just over the crest of the hill, and a most glorious view immediately opened before us, which we contemplated as we sat over our breakfast in front of the *goanbura's*, or headman's, house. Immediately below was the valley of the Tisu, and farther on that of the Tita, with numbers of villages dotted about on the many ranges of mountains. Beyond, and far above all, rose Sarametti, in the far-away, unknown land which lies between this country and Burma, as yet unexplored and unsurveyed. Among the villages scattered about was one to our left, Matu, which is renowned and feared by all around on account of the belief which prevails that its headman and his wife can, at will, turn themselves into tigers!

From a] A GENERAL VIEW OF JEKIA'S VILLAGE. [*Photo.*

"OUR PICTURESQUE FOLLOWING OF SAVAGES."
From a Photo.

Having seen all we could of this wonderful view, and taken a few photos., we turned homewards again. Our picturesque following of

NAGA ARCHITECTURE AT SATAKA'S VILLAGE—THE CURIOUS-SHAPED PIECES OF WOOD COMMEMORATE EITHER FAMOUS MEN OR BIG FEASTS.

From a] [*Photo.*

savages had by this time greatly increased. The spirits of all rose as we neared home, finding vent in wild shouts and war-whoops.

Each tribe of Nagas has its own style of architecture for its houses, that of the Semas being as shown in the above photograph, which was taken in Sataka's village. The thatching of coarse grass is most beautifully done, the rest of the building being roughly put together with timber and bamboo matting, while the ridge and the front gable-en are ornamented with bright little rice-straw decorations. The "fishing-rods" and curious-shaped blocks of wood are erected either to celebrate the memory of some remarkable person or the giver of some more than usually bounteous feast, the latter generally connected with the gathering-in of the harvest. The "fishing-rods" are simply bamboos with leaves tied round them, and often have very tasteful little straw ornaments hanging from their ends; the blocks are just trunks of forked trees with rough similitudes of buffaloes' heads and other quaint devices chipped out on them.

Our next march brought us to Gukia's village, elevation 4,300ft. A large following of men and urchins, all armed with spears, gathered behind us as we approached. A

From a] THE NAGA URCHINS WERE KEENLY INTERESTED IN THE WHITE LADY. [*Photo.*

deputation, headed by Gukia himself and his little boy, ushered us into the village, all the rest of the inhabitants — and a very dirty lot they were— swarming out to see us pass.

First of all, then, we had to go to Gukia's house, where he made us sit down while his chief wife (he had three, we found, and fourteen children) waited on us and gave us the inevitable *zu*. She was a lady of colossal proportions, dressed in a short waist-cloth, with a huge and handsome necklace of cornelians and shells. It was a very picturesque interior, the darkness usual to all these houses being relieved by a large fire on the ground in the centre of the back compartment. On a platform raised on four tall, thick posts sat Gukia himself, in all the pride of mastership, with his son beside him. Mrs. Gukia No. 1 kept hovering about, looking wonderingly at our clothes and other belongings. My gloves and my watch were special marvels. The background was occupied by a shadowy mass of tightly-packed humanity, who gazed their fill at us from a respectful distance. These people are a miserable and dirty-looking lot, but even they are surpassed by those of Momi, a village we passed through next day on our way to Emilomi. A more debased-looking lot of absolute savages than these it would be difficult to imagine.

The beast of burden specially prized by these people is the "mitton," a handsome, heavily-built animal, standing about fourteen hands, its appearance being something between a buffalo and a bison, very heavy in the shoulder and with a big, handsome head and thick, close-curling hair over the forehead. My next photo. shows one of these beasts standing in front of Gukia's house.

On leaving Gukia's village—depicted at the top of the next page — our road began by taking us down about 2,000ft. to the bed of the Gileki, from which 3,000ft. had to be climbed up to Emilomi, 4,700ft. above sea-level. These people we found less appallingly dirty than those we had just left. Deputations, as usual, came out to meet us—headmen in red cloths and men carrying spears. All of them, after the presentation of *zu* and fowls, fell in behind us, making quite a formidable procession. The village of Emilomi is very picturesquely built, standing on a hill with bamboos clustering about it.

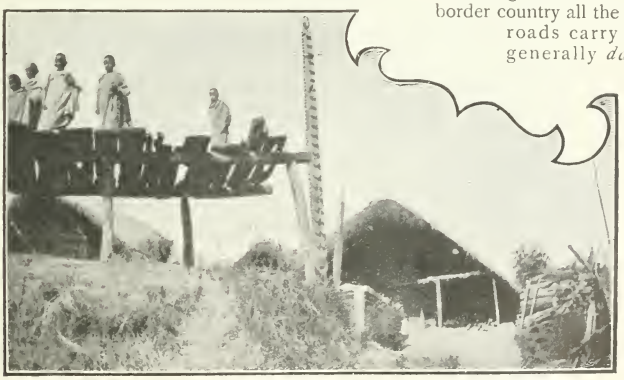
THE "MITTON," THE NAGA BEAST OF BURDEN.
From a Photo.

Our next march—to Auchakilimi, elevation 5,500ft.—led us at starting up over a shoulder of Pipliakami, 6,100ft. high, the watershed between the basins of the Doyong and the Dikku, and from thence gradually downhill to our destination. It was a rather uninteresting road, the hillsides being all bare, ready for the "Job's tear," or *kundri dhan* crop. Auchakilimi had, a few months previously, been burnt by the British for the participation of its inhabitants in the murder of some men from Natami, a revenue-paying village within the British boundary. On our way we passed by Segomi and Serami, both rather notable villages, on the

GUKIA'S VILLAGE, WHERE THE PARTY WAS VERY CORDIALLY RECEIVED.
From a Photo.

other side of the valley. At the former two unfortunate traders from near Wokka, who visited the place a little while ago, were taken prisoners and tortured. One eventually had his head cut off, while the other was kept upon a *machan* (or platform), from beneath which the amiable inhabitants smoked him with burning chillies. Fortunately, however, the poor trader managed to escape and bring in information, and in due time punishment was meted out by the burning of their village. Just beyond Segomi are the four big villages of Satami, which have never yet been visited by Englishmen. They are inhabited by a somewhat turbulent lot of people, who frequently send in impudent messages of defiance to the powers in Kohima, which is the head-quarters of the representatives of Government of this district.

Throughout the whole of this border country all the people on the roads carry spears, and generally *daos* also, the former always beautifully bright and sharp-bladed, in striking contrast to those used by the Angamis and other people who are under our direct rule. With them all is assured peace, and,



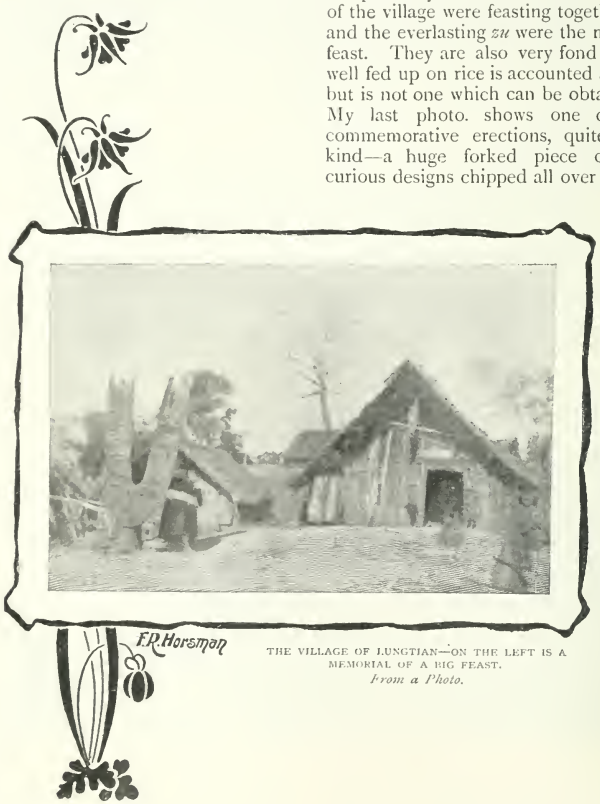
THE TALL POST IN THE CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH IS A WARRIOR'S MEMORIAL — ON THE LEFT IS A "CHATTING-PLATFORM."

therefore, their spears, being only now used as ornaments, are invariably dull, rusty, and blunt.

Our next march took us through Alopvomi, a miserable little village, to Lemomi, another poor and uninteresting little place. The chief industry hereabouts is the making of clay *ghurrahs*, or pots, which the women make and mould most cleverly with their hands, while the men superintend the baking of them in an open wood fire. These people use them in place of the wooden and bamboo vessels used by other tribes.

The picture at the bottom of the previous page shows the grave of some notable warrior on the borders of the Sema country. The tall piece of timber is his memorial, and on it are chipped the rude simulations of forty-five heads, which represent the number of human beings the deceased has accounted for in his day. To the left of the picture will be seen one of the rough platforms which these people erect in their villages on any spot which has a particularly good view over the surrounding country. On these platforms the men assemble of an evening after the day's work is done, chatting amicably over their suppers of *zu* and parched grain.

The last Sema village which we visited was Lungtian, a miserable-looking little place, but for all its apparent squalor its inhabitants were evidently capable of enjoying themselves, as shown by the sounds of merriment and singing proceeding from one of the larger houses, where we presently discovered that most of the men of the village were feasting together. Pig's flesh and the everlasting *zu* were the materials of their feast. They are also very fond of dog; a dog well fed up on rice is accounted a great delicacy, but is not one which can be obtained very often. My last photo. shows one of their quaint commemorative erections, quite unique of its kind—a huge forked piece of timber with curious designs chipped all over it.



THE VILLAGE OF LUNGTIAN—ON THE LEFT IS A MEMORIAL OF A BIG FEAST.
From a Photo.

A Wolf-Hunt in France

By Leon Jacob

In some parts of Northern France wolves are still a terrible scourge, and at intervals hunts are organized for their destruction. Monsieur Jacob here describes how a notorious man-eater was finally run to earth and killed after a chase extending over two days, during which the wolf managed to kill six of the dogs.

WOLF-HUNTING is a vastly different sport to that with which the typical fox-hunting English squire has been so long identified. Moreover, it is a far more serious matter, and its devotees may with justice claim to render a useful service to mankind.

The wolves, which are still a very real and terrible scourge in many districts of Northern France, afford sport which may fairly be said to combine the attractions of tiger-shooting and fox-hunting, for not only is the element of danger always present, but a most exciting run is invariably a part of the entertainment.

The prime object of the hunt, of course, is the destruction of the wolves. These fierce and wily beasts not only devastate the flocks and herds of the peasantry, but having once tasted human flesh they become, as in the case of man-eating tigers, addicted to it, and disdain all other prey. The famous wolf of Gevaudan, killed in 1765, had actually devoured no fewer than eighty persons and maimed more than a hundred. Its destruction involved from first to last an outlay of about £2,000.

The office of *Lieutenant de Louveterie*—analogous to the position of an English M.F.H.—is of very ancient origin, and was instituted as a matter of real necessity. It is a position much sought after, and in bygone days the appointments were made by the King. In 1793 the office was swept away, like all other things which pertained to the aristocracy, but it was revived under the First Napoleon and prizes were offered in each district for the wolves destroyed. Nowadays the scale of rewards is as follows: For a she-wolf with young, 18fr.; for one without young, 15fr.; for a dog-wolf, 12fr.; and for a whelp, 5fr. In the district with which the writer is at present dealing, as probably in other districts also, the names of the persons who had acted as *Lieutenants de Louveterie* are still on record from the year 1400 until the date of the Revolution. In the old days a small tax was imposed on the inhabitants of each district to assist in defraying the cost of the hunts.

The organized hunting of wolves is, however, a very expensive matter, and would not suffice to keep the plague in check. Other methods have, therefore, to be resorted to, amongst them snares and nets of various kinds, and poison. Poison is not generally effective, the wolf being too wily a beast to succumb readily to temptation. Pits or traps are the usual methods of snaring adopted. In the latter case the trap must be such as the wolf can drag after him, for if he finds himself caught by the leg in a fixed snare he will not hesitate to gnaw through the captured limb and thus free himself. It is no infrequent occurrence for the hunt to find that it has for its quarry a three-legged animal.

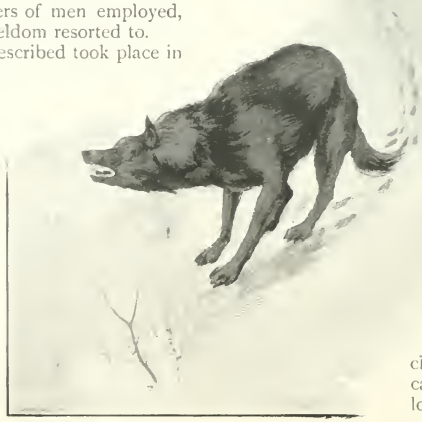
Great care must also be taken that the snare whilst being put in position is not touched with the bare hands, for the wolf, with his keen scent, would at once recognise the traces of human agency. Gloves rubbed with aniseed are generally worn.

The soles of the snarer's shoes are also rubbed with aniseed, and pieces of meat are laid about to attract the wolf to the neighbourhood of the trap or pit. Should a captured wolf drag his trap after him, as he frequently does, the track is, of course, easy to follow.

The netting of wolves affords exciting sport, and with good fortune may prove a regular *battue*, but, like hunting, it involves a considerable outlay, as it is necessary, in order to obtain good results, to surround on three sides the portion of wood to be dealt with. The net is usually some 6ft. or 7ft. in height: it is strongly made and is held in position by stout poles. A large number of beaters then drive the wolves in the required direction, and in their endeavours to escape the brutes become so confused by the environing nets as to offer an easy prey to the marksmen. This is really the most practical and effective method adopted with a view to the extermination of the vulpine pest, but, as has been already stated, it is an expensive method by reason of the cost of the nets and the large numbers of men employed, and on this account it is seldom resorted to.

The hunt about to be described took place in December last. The field numbered twelve, without counting the *piqueurs*, and it included two English officers. All were well mounted and fresh horses were in waiting at different points, for a wolf-hunter cannot do much with merely a second horse—he must have three or four. The dogs were sixty in number and were divided into three packs, one pack being with us, the remainder following in two closed waggons. If the whole pack were let loose at once, the probabilities are they would succumb long before the wolf showed any signs of fatigue. For the run, be it understood, is not a matter of minutes or hours, but frequently of days. It is a generally-accepted axiom among devotees of the sport that in a wolf-hunt all things are possible, for the character of the beast justifies almost any method of destruction.

We had received information that the particular wolf of which we were in search—and which had already achieved a bad reputation as a man-eater—had been known to have feasted on the previous night off a fat sheep. It was, therefore, a reasonable conclusion that, with a full stomach, he would not be in his best running form, and we might look for an early capture. The conclusion failed of justification, however, for the wolf, having been raised by the dogs, was seen starting off at a brisk pace.



"THE WOLF REGULATED HIS PACE ACCORDINGLY."

The cry used by the wolf-hunters is not the usual one of "Tayant, tayant!"—used when animals like the stag or roebuck are the object of the chase; but the more sinister call of "Vlao!"—and "Harloup!" when the excitement of the run has begun.

It is very necessary for the hunters to keep well in touch with the hounds in order to inspire them with confidence, for the dogs know well the dangerous character of the animal they are pursuing, and that they can do little or nothing without the aid of mankind.

The beast ahead of us was an old dog-wolf in the pink of condition, and he showed every sign of being able to give a good account of himself.

The hounds were now in full cry, the horses going strong, and the excitement intense. It was, however, a vastly different experience from fox-hunting. Here our object was to shoot the wolf, for there is no hope of capturing him in any other way. With this end in view, every rider endeavoured by riding hard to get ahead of the beast—not an easy matter to accomplish by any means, but the only way in which a fair shot at him could be obtained. It takes a good sportsman, with steady nerves, to do any creditable shooting when mounted and riding at a mad gallop. If one can get sufficiently far ahead to dismount, however, it is a different matter.

Now and then the wolf looked back, and after studying the state of affairs regulated his pace accordingly. But suddenly he put on a fresh burst of speed. A small wood was near and into this he disappeared, a couple of dogs upon his very heels. An instant later we heard an unearthly howling, followed by a gurgling noise. When we reached the scene it was only to find our two best dogs in the agonies of death. One vicious snap at the throat of each and the deed was done; the wolf himself had disappeared. Presently, however, the welcome "View halloa" was sounded, and away we went, eager to avenge our hounds. Close by was a village, where a long line of beaters forced the wolf to make a turn at right angles, and the huntsmen thus gained upon him. The *cor-de-chasse* sounded again and a clear run began which lasted for two whole hours. Desperate endeavours were made to forge ahead and get a shot at the flying wolf, for it was evident that he was making for the forest of Ballot.

But all our efforts were in vain: the brute gained the cover of the forest and vanished from sight—and the chase was over for the day. Daylight is short in December even on the open plain, and in the depths of the forest darkness had already come.

"THE BRUTE GAINED THE COVER OF THE FOREST."

We made the best we could of the matter, however; the tired horses and hounds were attended to, and fresh mounts and dogs got in readiness for the next day's work. It was not likely that the wolf would break cover until forced to do so, but we took no chances, and

the eager villagers remained up all night in order to assist the *piqueurs* and to see that the dreaded man-eater did not give us the slip.

Reports came to the *Lieutenant de Louveterie* at intervals during the night, and at 7 a.m. next day we were in the saddle. The morning was cool and dull—an ideal hunting morning—and as the ringing *cor-de-chasse* sounded we set out in high spirits. The hounds soon raised our friend the wolf, and we followed in fours, in extended order, in order to head him off if he changed his direction.

A large number of beaters—the volunteers of three villages—had arranged themselves with a view to circumscribing the limits of the chase and preventing, if possible, so long a run as that of the previous day, when we covered nearly forty kilomètres (twenty-five miles) of ground.

Presently the wolf broke cover and, after a momentary halt to take wind, started off at a tremendous pace. Suddenly, to our surprise, a second wolf appeared before us. He was little more than a whelp and not worthy to divert the attention of the hunt. Two horsemen, however, tackled him—for he was, after all, a wolf, and full of potentialities of evil—and presently a couple of well-directed bullets laid him low. The beaters took charge of the carcass and thrashed off the hounds, whose attention had been attracted from their more legitimate game. But by this time the great wolf was a speck in the distance. A long and tiring run ensued, but by judicious riding and a knowledge on our part of the position of the beaters we at length got near enough to our quarry to see—by the now frequent turns of the head, the bloodshot eyes, and foaming mouth—that the strain was beginning to tell. Half-a-dozen flying shots were sent after him, and at least one bullet reached him, for blood appeared upon his furry coat, the hounds baying madly at the sight.

But at this point a stag broke cover from a cluster of trees half a mile away on our right and the hounds hesitated whether or not to follow this new game. A liberal dose of the whip from the *piqueurs* decided them and we continued the chase. Very shortly afterwards we came upon our fresh horses and the carts with the extra hounds. An exchange was quickly effected, and none too soon, for the run had already lasted for two hours and a half.

The now frequent doublings of the wolf were unmistakable signs that the end was near.

"WITH SAVAGE FURY HE TURNED UPON THE DOGS."

Several of the huntsmen had already passed him and driven him back. At last, in the very act of turning once more, with gaping jaws and lolling tongue, a bullet rolled him over, and in a trice the dogs were upon him. But the desperate brute was not done for yet, and with savage fury he turned upon the dogs and actually succeeded in placing four of them *hors de combat* before one of the huntsmen put a bullet through his brain.

Well, he had made a gallant fight! He had led us over nearly sixty miles of country and had destroyed six of our best dogs. But the terrible man-eater and ravager of flocks was dead, and the villagers were delighted.

Among the Soudan Swamps.

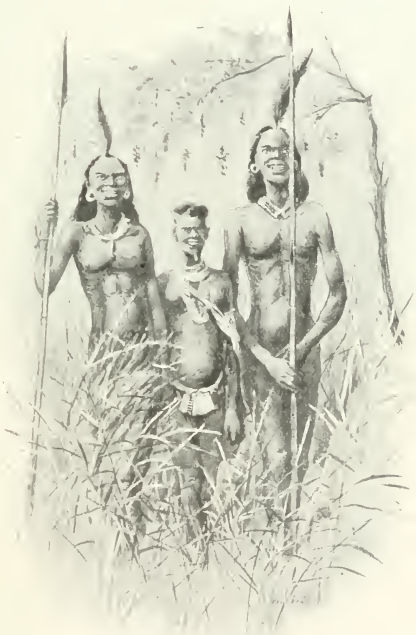
By Brevet-Major R. G. T. Bright, C.M.G., Rifle Brigade.

III.

The narrative of the adventures and privations of three British officers during an Expedition recently concluded, in which both the Europeans and the natives they had with them suffered terribly from starvation and thirst and from the giant Turkana tribesmen in the hitherto little known country near Lake Rudolf.

AT the beginning of April we reached our old camp of 1898 on the River Omo, a magnificent river running into the north end of Lake Rudolf. On the occasion of our former visit Austin and I were employed with one of the columns of Colonel Macdonald's Expedition, and on my return I had the pleasure of writing a short account of our travels for The Wide World Magazine.

By this time our rations were becoming rather scant, so we spent nearly a month in this inhospitable region in search of food, but without success. Austin therefore decided to apply to our former friends of 1898 in the native settlements of Lumian and Komogul, situated on the lake shore. But, to our surprise, our former friends now proved to be enemies, and our reception at Lumian was a horrible one. During our march to that place we had seen but few natives, and at the end of the day we camped at the junction of two small and almost dry river-beds. During the afternoon two soldiers and our cook were stabbed to death by natives, and their bodies were found within a short distance of camp. By the time the bodies had been brought in and buried it was nearly dark, so that it was impossible to either move camp from such hostile surroundings or defend it with a "zareba" or hedge of thorn branches. To add to our discomfiture, after night had fallen a large comet appeared in the sky. This was looked upon by the Soudanese as a very bad omen. Their depression was scarcely to be wondered at, for they were naturally rather upset after the tragic events of the afternoon. To crown all, our food was nearly exhausted, and the hostility of these people made it impossible for us to replenish our supplies.



"BOTH OF THESE MEN WERE 6FT. 4IN. HIGH, AND THEY ARE FAIR REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TURKANA."

We at once took what steps we could to protect ourselves from a surprise. All the men were ordered to sleep at their posts with their bayonets fixed, while the guards had their rifles loaded. As I have previously mentioned, the camp was in an angle formed by two river-beds; the intervening ground was occupied by the nomad giant Turkana, who had crept up to us through the dry river-beds without the slightest noise. In the middle of the night their attack was delivered. Rising as from the ground they rushed with blood-curdling yells on the unpro-

tected camp. They came from three sides, but were met with a steady and rapid rifle fire which appeared to surprise them, for they threw a few spears into camp and then fled. For the remainder of the night we were left unmolested. The attacking warriors were stark naked, their only ornament being an ostrich feather worn in their hair and standing straight up out of their heads. These feathers were dyed red, which I believe is a sign that the warriors are on the war-path. They carried only spears, which they use either for stabbing or for throwing, as may best suit their opportunity. As can be seen from the first sketch reproduced their hair is worn in the form of a bag hanging down behind, and is used as a receptacle for small articles. But what most struck us was the gigantic stature of this tribe. In the picture are shown a couple of men and a woman. Both of these men were 6ft. 4in. high, and they are fair representatives of the Turkana.

These people, although they never again actually attacked us, were always on the look-out to cut off stragglers; and, unfortunately, on several occasions they succeeded in killing our men when within a few hundred yards of the main body.

The next day we were followed by large bands of hostile natives. We were now marching along the western shore of Lake Rudolf, and the above picture shows our camp in that desolate region. Our position was now most critical. We were at least four hundred miles from the nearest British post in the Uganda Protectorate, and our food was all but exhausted. In addition, the natives were hostile, and there was little or no game to be shot to supply the party with meat. It therefore became necessary to slaughter the camels and donkeys to supply food for the expedition. Day by day it became more evident that the Soudanese could not live on meat alone. The men not unnaturally lost heart. They were tired—and no wonder, for we had been marching for four months with no proper rest. Our men died daily, and it is sad to relate that on one march alone no fewer than seven of our party succumbed.

THE CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION ON THE WESTERN SHORE OF LAKE RUDOLF—THE PARTY WERE HERE 400 MILES FROM THE NEAREST BRITISH POST AND THE FOOD WAS ALL BUT EXHAUSTED.

The water in Lake Rudolf is impregnated with sodium and possesses a very disagreeable taste, which added fresh sufferings to our privations.

One evening a camel died a short distance from our zareba, affording a great temptation to the men to increase their scanty ration. Strict orders had been given that no man was to leave camp, but, notwithstanding, one of the transport men crept silently out into the open to cut up the dead animal. Scarcely had he left when the camp was alarmed by blood-curdling screams, and we all prepared once more to resist a rush of hairy giants. But the screams emanated from the disobedient Gehadiah, who had been stabbed by the watching tribesmen. The poor fellow managed to crawl back to camp, however, only to die a few days later from his wounds.

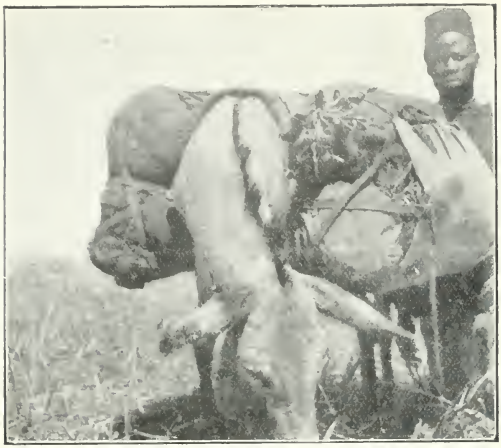
"THEY WERE STANDING IN THE DRY BED OF THE TURKWEL RIVER WATCHING OUR EVERY MOVEMENT."

After leaving the shore of Lake Rudolf we came to the River Turkwel, which was, as we expected, absolutely dry. Natives were very numerous and furtively watched us from the banks, but fortunately appeared to be friendly. The march had not been a hard one; but many of the men were so feeble that, although they were allowed to ride the spare donkeys, they continually fell off from sheer weakness. Their donkeys had then to be caught and the men remounted by the exhausted rear-guard, which consisted of either Garner or myself and a few soldiers.

The natives signalled their desire to approach by waving branches over their heads. They explained by signs that they would show us where to get water from wells in the river-bed. These people wished us to camp some distance from the water-holes, but this we fortunately did not agree to do, as later on, when darkness was setting in, we observed that the natives were watching the wells in order to surprise and kill any of our men going to the water. Our new friends also promised, by signs, to bring grain and live stock in exchange for tobacco. Altogether, things were beginning to look a little better than they had done for some time. All was quite peaceful; our animals, grazing near, were watched by a grazing picket, who kept up constant communication with the guard in camp. Suddenly the corporal in charge of the animals was speared without warning, and before a shot could be fired all the treacherous Turkana had disappeared into the thick bush. The wounded man died that night.

The next day we were surrounded by natives. My next picture, drawn from an indifferent photograph, gives a good idea of what these treacherous savages look like. They were standing in the dry bed of the Turkwel River, watching our every movement. When they approached too near they were dispersed with a few well-directed shots. Following us as we marched in the river-bed—for those of our mules and donkeys which were unable to keep up with the column had to be abandoned—it was sickening to see our poor starved animals speared to death by these bloodthirsty creatures.

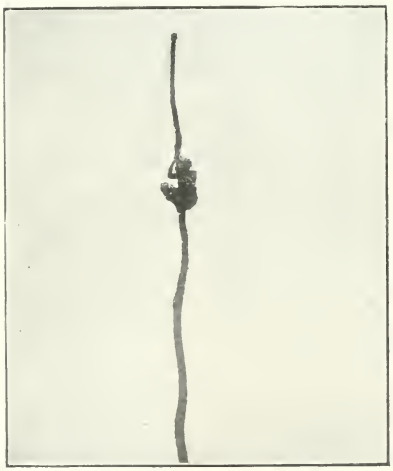
For several days we only obtained water by digging in the sand, but after that the bed of the Turkwel became moist and we found occasional pools. As we gradually ascended the river we came to running water, and, in fact, too much, for we had to march through it nearly up to our knees. The banks were now clothed with the densest African forest, in most places quite impenetrable, and when on several occasions we did leave the river we had the greatest difficulty to find it again on account of the thick jungle. We had by this time lost by death many of our men, and quite a third of the survivors were sick and had to be carried on donkeys. Every second day a donkey was slaughtered for food, its tongue being one of the delicacies which graced the breakfast table of the officers' mess.



A DONKEY AT THE END OF A MARCH BROUGHT IN TO BE UNLOADED PRIOR TO BEING KILLED FOR FOOD.
From a] [*Photo.*

The accompanying photograph shows a donkey at the end of the march being brought in to be unloaded, its only reward for six months of faithful service being to be killed and issued as rations. One day, while taking a short rest in the thick jungle, one of our weakly men laid down, placing his rifle and accoutrements beside him, when a low growling was heard behind, causing him to retreat, leaving behind his goods. There was evidently a lioness and cubs in the bush, but it was so thick that we never caught a glimpse of her. After a considerable amount of persuasion the man was induced to recover his kit, which we could not afford to lose. He advanced cautiously into the bush, grabbed his goods, and made a very hurried exit, while we waited with loaded rifles in case the lioness appeared. Lions and leopards were plentiful, and one evening firing was heard from the grazing guard. In the belief that the natives were attacking the transport animals, every available man hurried to the spot. So far as the natives were concerned it was a false alarm, but on reaching the animals Austin found that one of the best donkeys had been killed by a leopard. This was a serious loss, as we had only that morning slaughtered one for rations, but we nevertheless ate this one as well.

At evening we camped near a place where in 1898 had stood a small fort temporarily occupied by Colonel Macdonald's expedition. It was, of course, now nothing but jungle. In the following snap-shot may be seen the flag-post of the fort. We never found any difficulty in hoisting our Union Jack, but, true to tradition, it often refused to be lowered. Then the bugler would swarm up the pole and loosen it. In the photograph he is seen on his way down, the flag having preceded him.



THE BUGLER ON HIS WAY DOWN THE FLAG-POST, AFTER HAVING LOOSENED A UNION JACK, WHICH REFUSED TO BE LOWERED.
From a] [*Photo.*

Crossing the Turkwel River we thought we were at last clear of the warlike Turkana, but were again mistaken. One of our men forded the river at a point almost opposite our camp to search for a missing donkey, but instead of carrying his rifle with him he left it on our bank. This mistake cost him his life. We had seen no natives that day, but they were still watching us, and on reaching the opposite bank the poor fellow was seen by one of our escort near the camp to be pounced upon by the savages and repeatedly stabbed with spears. He struggled into the river, only to be picked up dead by his comrades. This man was a transport corporal and one of the best men that we had. Immediately after the murder a noise was heard in the water as if men were wading through, and an ambush was laid in the long grass to give the natives

a warm reception. Nearer and nearer came the noise of the advancing foe, but this turned out to be our lost donkey, who was very nearly received with a withering volley as he walked quietly into the ambush.

We now entered the Suk country, where we found a native who understood Kis-Swahili. He promised to guide us to a British post, which he said was some five days distant. I think this boy really believed there was a fort there, but we subsequently found that it had been dismantled. Our guide, on learning this disconcerting fact from the neighbouring natives, quietly slipped off, taking with him the few remaining goats we still possessed. We were left in what was to us an unknown country. Our food was exhausted and our men and animals were in a most pitiable condition.

Austin, who had but a short time before recovered from a severe attack of gastritis, was now suffering from scurvy, and so we decided that as we could not march we had better rest for a short time and see what would turn up.

We, therefore, remained halted for ten days and succeeded in obtaining a quantity of ears of corn from the natives in exchange for meat. They would not accept donkey, so we killed the few sheep that were still alive and converted them into grain. Small though this supply of food was, it undoubtedly saved our lives.

During the remainder of our journey three more of our men succumbed. When we started once more our progress was very slow, as Austin's state of health was still bad, and at one place we had to halt for eight days, our chief being too ill to ride a donkey and the men far too weak to carry him in a litter.

A native informed us that there were white men near Lake Baringo and offered to guide us to their camp. We accepted his offer, but were now in a rather unbelieving state, owing to our many disappointments at the hands of treacherous guides. This man, however, turned out to be reliable, and we reached Lake Baringo after many difficulties on account of the scanty supply of water available. On reaching the lake our guide wished to take us round the east shore. We thought, however, that our shortest way to Uganda would be along the opposite side of the lake, as we did not believe in the existence of the "Wazungu" (Europeans) of whom he was constantly talking. We therefore parted, the guide pursuing his own route and taking with him a letter from us explaining our desperate condition, and saying that we intended to march along the west shore of Baringo on our way to Uganda. This letter he promised to deliver at the fort.

A couple of days later we suddenly emerged from thick thorn bush, and there in front of us, in the open plain, stood a British post! In the middle of a square of thorn fence was a neatly-thatched house and a flag-post; but at a glance we saw to our dismay that the place was deserted. This was, then, the camp to which our guide had been leading us.

We followed a good track leading towards what a thick belt of trees indicated was a river, which we found absolutely dry. Once more our hearts almost failed us, and we were about to start digging in the sand for water when, to our great joy, there suddenly appeared an Englishman, riding on a pony. He proved to be Mr. Hyde Baker, in charge of the Baringo post, and that we were most delighted to see him it is hardly necessary to add. It was now August, and his was the first white face we had seen for nearly seven weary months.

Our letter, he told us, had been delivered at the Baringo post by the native, and our friend had immediately started and tracked us down. With great forethought he had brought food with him for our party, each of his soldiers carrying a small bag of rice on his head. We were soon enjoying a most welcome meal—and eating bread! We had not tasted flour for over three months, and what that means it is hard to describe. By dark that evening the expedition was in the lap of luxury at the Baringo post of the Uganda Protectorate.

In little more than three months we had lost from starvation and the hostility of the Turkana no fewer than forty-five men, and our transport had become reduced to three mules and forty-three donkeys. All of us, men and animals alike, were in a very pitiable condition, for our equipment and kits had long since been destroyed.

My last picture, drawn from a photograph, represents the few survivors of the expedition at Lake Baringo, with the exception of Austin, who was unfortunately too ill to be in the group; several of the men were likewise quite incapacitated. On the right of the picture is Mabruk Effendi, the officer commanding the Soudanese escort. To the splendid example he set his men and his untiring energy is due to a very great extent the fact that we eventually reached civilization. It was evident how discipline had told in the long run, for while all our civil servants and thirty out of the thirty-two Gehadiah had succumbed, the soldiers had lost but half their number. All had done their best, but it is only fair to add that the behaviour of the escort of the 10th Soudanese had been beyond praise. It will always be a source of great sorrow to us that

so many men lost their lives in this terrible journey.

For twelve days we remained at Baringo, where officers and men received the greatest kindness from Mr. Hyde Baker. He then equipped us with fresh transport animals and sent an escort of his soldiers to accompany us the eighty miles to Lake Nakuro, the nearest station on the Uganda Railway. Two months after leaving the hospitable Baringo fort we were home again in England. We travelled from Nakuro by the Uganda Railway to Mombasa, on the coast of British East Africa, a distance of some 450 miles, and sailed thence to Egypt. At Cairo the expedition was disbanded, the men being very liberally rewarded, while the widows of those who did not return were pensioned.

A GROUP OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE EXPEDITION AT LAKE BARINGO

The "Gathering in" of "Charcoal."

By Charles Herbert.

Describing how "Charcoal," a Blood Indian, went on the war-path; how he killed the Indian agent and foiled the police; and how after evading capture for upwards of a month—during which time the best trackers in the country were on his trail—he was finally "gathered in" by means of a trick.

If you wish to authenticate this story, you will find the particulars of it in the Blue-book of the Department of the Interior, Government of Canada.

The story of "Almighty Voice," the criminal Cree Indian who held the police at bay from a prairie bluff until a field-gun had to be called into play, has already been told in The Wide World Magazine.* But while "Almighty Voice" was brave and cruel, "Charcoal" possessed both these characteristics, together with a cunning that baffled for weeks the cleverest trackers, scouts, and plainsmen in the south country.

The story was told me by John Herron, a veteran rancher and frontiersman, of Pincher Creek, Alberta, who was most active in his efforts to aid the police in securing the criminal.

ON THE LEFT IS "CHARCOAL," THE BLOOD INDIAN OUTLAW. AT HIS SIDE SITS "LEFT HAND," HIS HALF-BROTHER, WHO ASSISTED IN HIS CAPTURE.

Photo. taken in the Anglican Mission House, Blood Indian Reserve.

Charcoal was a "bad" Blood Indian. Horse-thieving, "rustling" cattle, and doctoring brands were among his accomplishments, and as a result the police knew him well.

But he had finer feelings, and these were touched when camp scandal, associating the name of Moostoos (Singing Coyote) with that of Ahmo (The Bee), Charcoal's squaw, came to his ears. There was no great squabble or demonstration on Charcoal's part, but a Winchester 40-70 bullet, properly placed, ended the career of Moostoos, and Charcoal, fearing the worst at the hands of the police, promptly went on the war-path.

There was very little excuse for going to the length Charcoal did, for the Government, under the circumstances, would, no doubt, have treated him leniently for the killing of Moostoos. But with the fear of hanging before him the Indian blood stirred quickly, and Charcoal's subsequent action made him an outlaw. Blaming Red Crow, the chief of the tribe, and McNeil, the Blood Reserve agent, for notifying the police of the killing of Moostoos, he promptly put a bullet into McNeil from outside the office window, and then hunted up Red Crow to do the like for him. But Red Crow was wary, and so Charcoal's scheme miscarried. Had Red Crow ventured from his shack that night the Blood Indians would have had a new tribal chief shortly after—but Red Crow kept indoors.

Charcoal now struck south, crossing the Silvo Canyon, and headed for the boundary line. He was a day ahead of the detachment of police, under Inspector Jarvis, who went after him. He must have known full well, however, that the course he was taking was suicidal, for anybody who got wind of his crime and who scented a reward would either turn him over to the Border Police or shoot him on sight.

Charcoal made camp on a butte at the edge of one of the mountain passes, in dense scrub, and here the scouts located him. Considerable shooting at both long and close ranges was done on both sides without any apparent effect, after which the police rushed the camp.

While they were coming on through the dense timber Charcoal slid out snakewise through the back of his *teepee*, dropped into the canyon,

* See issue for August, 1900.—Ed.

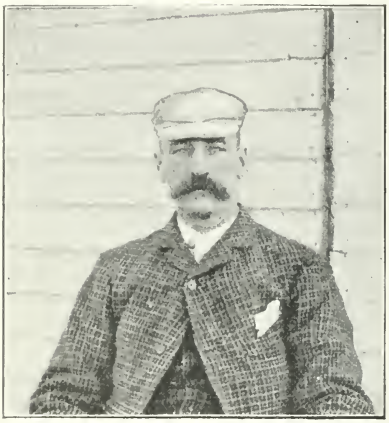
made a long *detour*, and then stole into the police head-quarters stable seven miles away, leaving the scouts searching vainly for him. They spent a day and a half longer at the same hopeless task, thoroughly scouring the locality.

Meanwhile Inspector Davidson had returned to head-quarters, put up his horse in the stable, and repaired to the barrack-room to make a report. This was Charcoal's opportunity. He crept into the stall, gave the animal an extra feed of oats, and then carefully saddled him up and rode north to the Piegan Reserve, some forty miles away. Before the police had left the canyon, where they were searching for him, Charcoal had crossed the Pincher Creek and had spent three hours with his brothers on the Reserve.

An Indian courier, carrying messages, saw the police horse tied in some scrub and guessed the rest. He came into Pincher that night and gave the alarm.

It was Sunday evening and service had commenced at the church when word was brought to me of the outlaw's whereabouts. I promptly asked for volunteers who were ready to spend a few days in the saddle, and who could be depended upon to take a long chance at a pinch. I selected fifteen of the best of them, and early in the morning we reported for duty to the police. We were detailed to act as guides and scouts, and sent off in different directions about the Reserve. During the three following days we searched every foot of the prairie and river bottom scrub for twenty miles in every direction, giving up the chase on the morning of the fourth day. I said every foot of the ground was searched. Not so. Near where the Pincher Creek joins the Old Man River is a huge rocky butte, standing some 40ft. or 50ft. above the rolling prairie. This has served for years as a burying-ground for the Piegans and Blood Indians. Its sides are seamed with crevices and canyons, and into one of these, like a gliding snake, Charcoal had climbed and crawled until from his position he could watch the movements of the search party. Three days and three nights did the dusky watcher, whose cunning was baffling a full two hundred police, scouts, and Indians, keep a lonely vigil on Dead Man's Butte. The audacity of the hunted man was his temporary salvation, for no one ever dreamed of his whereabouts; nor did we learn until after Charcoal's capture, when the savage was howling his war-song and lauding his own cunning in the guardroom at Fort McLeod, how he had eluded us.

The search-party dispersed at the end of the third day, leaving to the police the task of bringing in the criminal. A week later Sergeant Wilde, who was then in charge at Pincher, received word through a friendly Indian that Charcoal had been seen in the Dry Forks of the Kootenay, at the mouth of Laughing Canyon.



SERGEANT WILDE, THE BRAVE POLICE-OFFICER, WHO WAS SHOT BY THE OUTLAW. [*Photo.*
From a]

The sergeant came over to me that night and asked me to guide him direct to the spot, as he had never been much south of the Pincher River. We started off at once, and a four hours' ride brought us into the hill scrub of the Red Bank country. On the prairie there I picked up the tracks of an Indian leading a horse. They seemed fresh, and we followed them up, presently coming to a camp where a fire was still smouldering. From the signs we judged that Charcoal had killed a calf here and had spent a couple of days in feeding. It seemed reasonable to suppose that the Indian had noticed our approach and fled. He was likely to be higher up, we decided, hidden behind some rock—and he was. He afterwards stated that he could easily have picked us off one by one while we searched for him that day. At one time Sergeant Wilde—who did not seem to appreciate danger—was so near to the outlaw that a rolling stone at Charcoal's hand would have laid him out.

But again the cunning of the man saved him, for long before we saw them Charcoal had descried a large body of police riding in the form of an arc towards the mountains. A rifle-shot at that time would have headed them directly towards him. To escape then would have been impossible, for he was up 2,000ft., with Laughing Canyon on one side and White Water Pass on the other. To the rear the

fluted columns of the rock-ribbed Rosthurn hedged him in.

And that is why I am sitting here to-night. Charcoal never missed his mark. When his rifle spoke it meant death.

With the coming of the police Sergeant Wilde returned to his Pincher head-quarters, and I stayed as guide and scout with the soldiers, continuing the hunt for a week longer. At the end of that time I returned home, and smaller detachments of the police continued the search.

"MANY-TAIL-FEATHERS-ABOUT-HIS-NECK," A FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT WHO ASSISTED THE POLICE.
From a Photo.

On the 10th of November, 1896, poor Wilde met his death at the hands of the outlaw. It was a clear, cold morning, with possibly six inches of snow on the ground. About eleven in the forenoon word came in to the Pincher police that three Indians had got on Charcoal's trail and were following only half an hour behind him. Wilde had heard so many reports that proved groundless that he at first put little credence in the story. But duty prompted an investigation, so he saddled up and, taking a man with him, rode out to meet the Indians.

"THE ROCK-RIBBED ROSTHURN," WHICH FORMED AN EFFECTUAL BAR TO "CHARCOAL'S" RETREAT.
From a Photo.

They soon proved to his satisfaction that Charcoal was indeed ahead and was running south. As soon as Wilde was convinced of this he sent his man, Ambrose, to notify the Kootenay detachment to head Charcoal off. Then he, with the three Indians, followed up the trail. Again it ran to the Dry Forks of the Kootenay. About three in the afternoon, on ascending a bluff, Charcoal was seen in the scrub at the river bottom. The river beds, by-the-bye, are fringed like the hedged ways in the homeland. As soon as Charcoal discovered the party he rode out from the willows into the open prairie, shouting his defiance and tossing his Winchester into the air. The Indians followed with a great show of courage, but a shot from Charcoal damped their ardour, and they drew in their ponies. Wilde, riding around the bluff and hearing the shots, drove spurs into his horse and soon caught up and passed the Indians.

Then began a mad chase across the brown-patched prairie, which ended in the triumph of the savage and the closing of the career of one of the bravest men that ever lived.

Charcoal swung to the south, heading for a deep ravine, but Wilde, guessing his motive, rode so as to cut him off. Then Charcoal headed due east, with five miles of level country before him. One horse was as fresh as the other, though both had gone their distance that day. Charcoal kept shifting in his seat and trying to shoot, but Wilde kept directly behind him to lessen the Indian's chances of hitting him.

The soldier worked up to within a hundred yards of Charcoal and then fired his Lee-Metford. The bullet clipped the fringe of the Indian's moccasin. Immediately Charcoal's rifle dropped on the withers of his pony, and he reached for

his buckskin lariat to check the brute's speed. Wilde, seeing the action of Charcoal, guessed that he meant to surrender, and immediately thrust his rifle away and reached for his revolver. Charcoal's chance had come. A twist about of his pony and he was plunging madly down to meet the rushing police horse.

A savage cry of triumph, a glint along his rifle-barrel, and a bullet drove through tunic and breast and laid poor Wilde on the prairie.

The onrush of the two horses carried them some distance apart. The savage now rode quietly round the struggling plainsman. Like a vulture he circled round his victim. Here was real triumph. "Maka-ma-qua" (Man-with-a-spirit) was down, and Charcoal had put him there.

"Charcoal, the hunted man, hunts also and kills," he sang. "Maka-ma-qua takes Charcoal. See! He takes Charcoal! Yi, Yi, Yi! He takes what Charcoal has to give him!"

Wilde drew himself erect once more, and seeing his rifle, and recalling his mission, struggled to reach it. He had nearly succeeded when Charcoal headed his pony towards him. At a pony's length away he leaned from his saddle and shot Wilde dead. Then, dropping from his pony, he gathered up Wilde's field-glasses, cartridge-belt, and rifle, caught the police horse, and rode away on it.

"LIKE A VULTURE HE CIRCLED ROUND HIS VICTIM."

With two murders to his credit and one attempted murder, Charcoal's capture became a positive necessity. Wilde's popularity as a citizen and soldier, together with the cruel way in which he had been done to death, angered every man on the plains, and they decided that, dead or alive, Charcoal must be brought in.

He was soon driven to the mountains, but for a week longer succeeded in eluding his pursuers. One scouting party, under my charge, got on his trail in Old Man Gap, and catching him up exchanged shots with him. But Charcoal was 1,000ft. above us, and got into the timber before we could harm him. That night we headed him off in an attempt to cross the Rosthurn Glacier. He returned the compliment, later on in the night, by stealing one of our ponies, which he rode before daybreak into the

Piegan Reserve, over forty miles away.

Hunger and privation, however, had worn the warrior down, and fear and despair had blunted his cunning, till at last he staggered into a trap which his treacherous brothers had laid for him. It seems strange and altogether unfitting that Charcoal, the cunning outlaw, the keenest scout in the countryside, should be caught like a rat in a trap at the last. But so it was.

Some weeks before, Colonel Sam Steele had suspected Charcoal's half-brothers—"Left Hand" and "Bear's Backbone"—of harbouring the fugitive, and had arrested them. They acknowledged their guilt and craved for mercy.

"Go out and bring in Charcoal; and not only will the Great Mother forgive you, but the Government will bring you many ponies," said Steele. And so he dismissed them. He has done greater things since.

"CHARCOAL ROLLED OFF HIS PONY EXHAUSTED, AND KNOCKED LOUDLY AT THE DOOR."

Ten mornings after this Charcoal rode up to his brothers' house, rolled off his pony exhausted, and knocked loudly at the door. He left his rifle on the pony, or this story would have had a different ending. Left Hand sprang behind the door while Bear's Backbone threw it wide open.

"Well, Charcoal?"

"Greetings, brother. Do I enter?" queried Charcoal.

"Come, brother," replied Bear's Backbone.

"Any police about?" asked the outlaw. "Have you seen 'Many-Tail-Feathers-About-His-Neck'?" *

"There are no red-coats about," said Bear's Backbone, "and Many-Tail-Feathers sleeps in his *teepee*. Come! let us give you food, for the night has been cold, and it is a far cry and a poor trail from Old Man Gap to the shack of Left Hand."

So said the treacherous host. Charcoal walked into the room, and in an instant Left Hand was on his back and had borne him to the floor. The struggle was a short but a desperate one. Charcoal, in his exhausted condition, was no match for his brothers, and first one foot and then the other was tied, and then a raw-hide strip was run round his wrists and he was fast.

And so, after a month's chase, after having foiled and fooled fully two hundred of the best trackers in the section, Charcoal was "gathered in."

* "Many-Tail-Feathers-About-His-Neck" was the most cunning Indian scout with the police and a personal enemy of Charcoal.

Odds and Ends.

A Mohammedan Feast at "the Front"—An Uncomfortable Pilgrimage—A Rock-Hewn Penitentiary—The Pets of the Camp—A Tram-Car Village—New York's Snow-Melting Machine—Drying Fruit in California, etc., etc.

A MOHAMMEDAN FEAST AT "THE FRONT"—INDIAN DHOOLIE-BEARERS HOLDING A THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT LYDENBURG.
From a Photo.

IT comes as a surprise to be told that the first photograph we reproduce was taken at "the front" in South Africa. It shows a kind of thanksgiving service which was held recently by the Mohammedan dhoolie-bearers of No. 24 Field Hospital at Lydenburg. The celebration took place on the first day of the Ramadan. The altar, as will be seen from the picture, was very tastefully decorated with the scanty materials at hand—flowers, leaves, cloth, and a profusion of lamps. A priest officiated behind the altar, and the entire proceedings were carried out with due solemnity. We are indebted for our snap-shot to one of the assistant surgeons at Lydenburg.

Badrinath and Kedernath temples, near two sources of the Ganges, are places of pilgrimage for Hindus from all parts of India. The nearest railway station is Hurdwar, but after leaving this point the road is extremely steep and stony, and has to be traversed on foot, unless the pilgrim is sufficiently wealthy to be able to afford to engage the services of a coolie. These coolies carry passengers in baskets strapped on their backs. The basket is filled with the baggage of the pilgrim, and on top of this sits the unhappy passenger. For further security a cloth is passed over his legs and then round the coolie's body, as will be seen from the snap-shot here reproduced. A more uncomfortable method of transport could hardly be devised. As a matter of fact, it is not by any means a rare occurrence for pilgrims to die in these baskets, for, besides the extreme discomfort of the journey, the change from the heat of the plains to the cold of the Himalayan snows, amid which the sacred temples are situated, is particularly trying. The pay of the coolies, as wages go in India, is good; they receive one rupee (1s. 4d.) per day and free meals.

PILGRIMS BEING CARRIED ON THE BACKS OF COOLIES TO THE SACRED TEMPLES OF BADRINATH AND KEDERNATH.
From a Photo.

The accompanying illustration shows the gaol at Santa Rosalia, Lower California, Mexico. As will be seen from the photograph, this delectable place is cut out of the solid rock, the gates being composed of thick iron bars. The prisoners never know how long they will be detained in this terrible place, as they are not allowed to be present at their trial—an interesting custom which practically ensures their conviction, unless they are in a position to oil the machinery of justice. Their friends, if they have any, bring them food, as the State does not undertake to feed them, and they get their water out of the two five-gallon oil tins which may be seen outside the gates. Altogether an English convict prison seems like a haven of luxury compared to this rock-hewn penitentiary.

From a] THE GAOL AT SANTA ROSALIA, MEXICO—IT IS CUT OUT OF THE SOLID ROCK. [*Photo.*

Very few people have any idea what the desert looks like. The majority imagine it to be a vast expanse of level sand, and to these the photograph here shown will come as a revelation. This was taken during a French military expedition in Algeria, in the desert region of Zu-Salah. For miles and miles nothing is to be seen except these vast mountains of sand—mountains which are always on the move, for the lightest breath of air blows clouds of fine sand into the air, while a strong wind will completely change the whole face of the desert, sucking up the sand into a series of rotating funnels bearing a curious resemblance to waterspouts. At such a time

WHAT THE DESERT LOOKS LIKE—"FOR MILES AND MILES NOTHING IS TO BE SEEN EXCEPT THESE VAST MOUNTAINS OF SAND."
From a] [*Photo.*

[From a] SUMMER DWELLINGS AT WAUKESHA BEACH, WISCONSIN—THEY WERE FORMERLY TRAM-CARS AND MAKE IDEAL ABODES. [Photo.

the unhappy traveller is in terrible danger, for he stands a very good chance of being engulfed bodily in the treacherous waves of shifting sand.

We have already published in this section some snap-shots of "Car-town," San Francisco, the curious settlement composed of old railway carriages, and now have pleasure in presenting our readers with a photograph taken at Waukesha Beach, in Wisconsin. Here we see a row of pleasant summer dwelling-places, which in days gone by were nothing more or less than the old-fashioned one-horse street cars. These cars make ideal abodes, and are tastefully fitted with curtains and settees, with ingenious little stoves for cooking purposes. Charmingly situated in a shady grove, these "tram-car houses" are extremely popular at Waukesha.

In many things America can certainly claim to be ahead of Europe. One really noted invention which does not yet seem to have made its way across the Atlantic is the snow-melting machine. As all those who have struggled with the municipal cleaning problem know, when masses of snow have to be cleared away out of broad thoroughfares it is not everything to cart away the half-frozen slush; the real problem is how to get the snow melted. It is this perplexing problem that the American inventor has solved. With the aid of his machine—which recalls to the British eye the all too familiar dust-cart—a hundred tons of snow a day can be melted, the melting process going on while the snow is being actually gathered up. Thanks to this snow-melting machine the New York streets are no longer rendered impassable whenever there is a snow-storm.

The photograph at the top of the next page illustrates one of the many methods used in

[From a] THE CURIOUS SNOW-MELTING MACHINE AT WORK IN NEW YORK. [Photo.

From a] DRYING APRICOTS IN THE SUN IN CALIFORNIA. *[Photo.*

California for preserving fruit: it was taken on a farm near San José. The fruit which is being dried (apricots) is first carried to large sheds, where the apricots are cut in half, the stones taken out, and the portions laid on large, flat, wooden trays. These are then placed on the ground to be dried by the hot rays of the sun, which in this favoured land shines with unclouded brilliancy. A very short time is needed to dry the fruit, which is then packed in wooden boxes for shipment to all parts of the world.

Camels are now fast superseding horses on the goldfields of Western Australia, not only because they are more powerful, but because they can subsist with ease upon the scant food they find in those inhospitable regions. Moreover, they can go for days without water, being in this way able to cover long, waterless stretches which would be practically impossible to horses. The snapshot at the bottom of this page, which was taken at the Murchison goldfield, shows a team of ten camels harnessed to a bush waggon—an imposing and useful turn-out in these arid wastes.

"Professional etiquette" seems to have no terrors for the enterprising medico shown in our next snap-shot, which was taken on the Yukon goldfields. The doctor does not appear to possess the traditional red lamp, but instead he has hung up a business-like placard. Knowing that at first cases may be few and far between, the doctor has provided himself with other means of livelihood, as signs exhibited on the tent record the fact that he sells beer, whisky, and cigars. It is quite likely that this ingenious gentleman will be called upon in his professional capacity to cure derangements brought about by over-indulgence in

A MEDICO IN THE WILDS—THIS DOCTOR ALSO SELLS WHISKY AND CIGARS.
From a Photo.

From a] A TEN-IN-HAND CAMEL TEAM IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA. *[Photo.*

alcoholic beverages sold by himself in his rôle of publican.

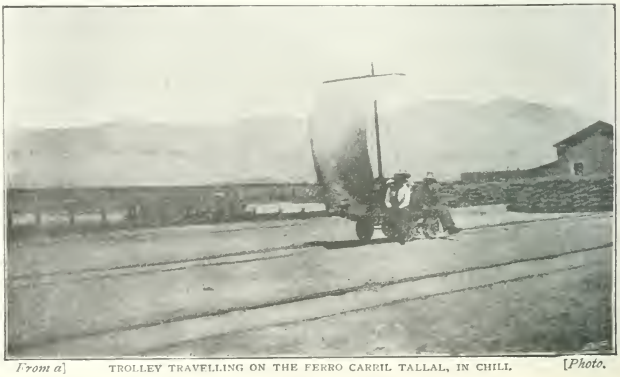
The two sheep shown in this reproduction have a somewhat interesting history. They were taken from India to China on board a transport. Not being required for food on the voyage they were landed and soon became great favourites in the British camp at Pekin. They wandered at will about the place, eating anything and everything they could find. They were especially partial to tobacco and appeared to thrive on it. The photograph was taken by a Royal Artillery officer during the recent operations of the Allies in China.

THESE TWO SHEEP WERE THE PETS OF THE BRITISH CAMP OUTSIDE PEKIN—THEY WERE EXTREMELY FOND OF TOBACCO.
From a Photo.

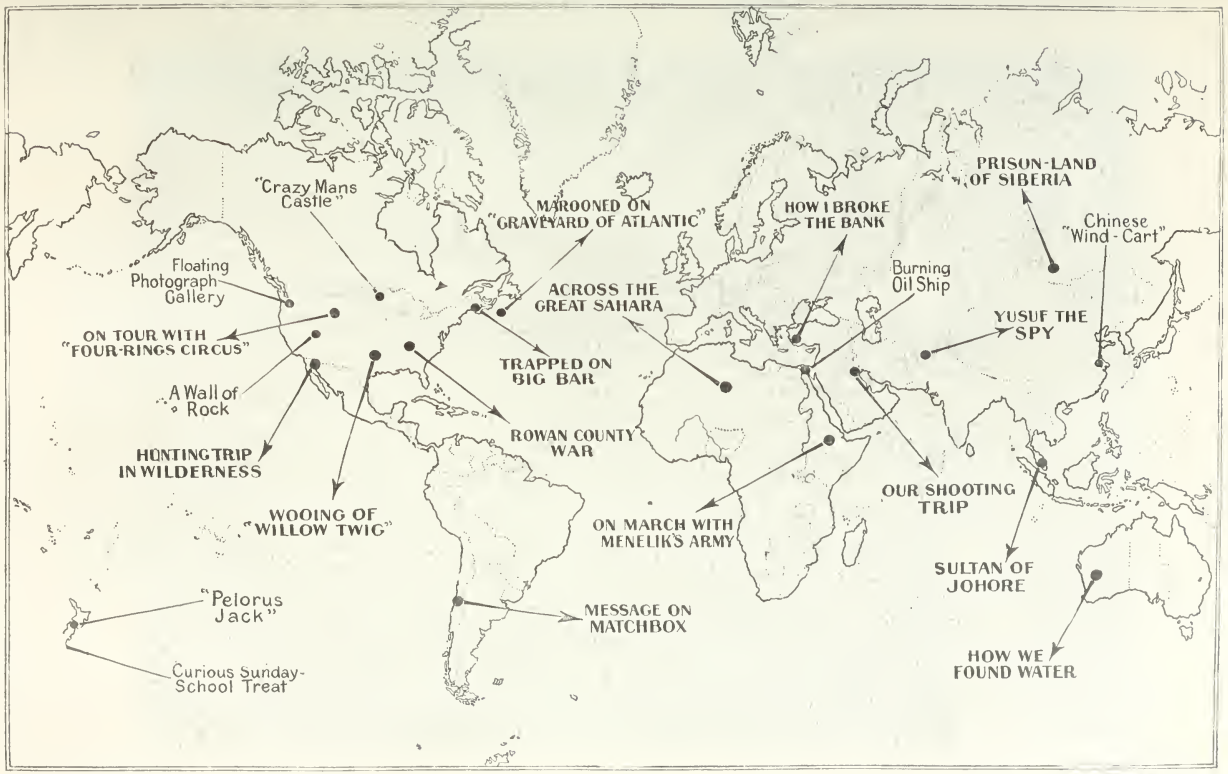
A [illegible] "COD[illegible]G" TROPICAL PLANTS IN JAPAN. [*Photo.*

The curious system employed by the Japanese of cod[illegible]ling tropical trees and plants during the severe winter months is admirably seen in the photo. given above, which was taken in Yokohama. All the small branches in this instance have been cut back and the larger branches wrapped in thick casings of straw. This tree under ordinary circumstances is a mass of dark glossy foliage with red blooms like a French bean. All palms and tropical trees, when in a very exposed position, are treated in this way in Japan.

A fascinating form of railroad travel is illustrated in the annexed photograph. On the Ferro Carril Tallal, one of the Chilian railways, there is a gradual rise from the coast to the Andes, eighty miles distant. A wind blows constantly inland for six hours of the day, and by utilizing this trolleys equipped with a sail are enabled to overcome the gradients, returning to the coast by the force of gravitation. It is a most curious experience to sail up into the mountains and "coast" back, particularly when one has been used to the comparatively laborious methods used for propelling trolleys in this country.



From a] TROLLEY TRAVELLING ON THE FERRO CARRIL TALLAL, IN CHILI. [*Photo.*



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.

HIS HIGHNESS THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

From a Photo.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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The Sultan of Johore.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A ROYAL TIGER-HUNTER.

By Frederic Coleman.

The Sultan of Johore is a keen sportsman, and within four years has killed ten tigers and four elephants, to say nothing of many other wild beasts. A feature of his tiger and elephant shooting is the fact that he always hunts on foot, thus increasing the danger considerably. His Highness related to Mr. Coleman a number of his most thrilling encounters, and photographs of some of his tigers are also reproduced.

MOST of us have our hobbies, but not all of us are given opportunities to indulge them. When a Royal personage has a hobby, however, there is much probability that he or she will give it more than a modicum of exercise.

His Highness Ibrahim, K.C.M.G., Sultan of the State and Territory of Johore, is ruler of one of the richest States in the Malay Peninsula. As is natural, the Sultan has his hobbies. The two principal ones, or at least the two to which he has devoted the most time and attention, are big-game shooting and horse-racing.

The fact that the Sultan, although but little more than four years has elapsed since he first began big-game shooting, has become an experienced huntsman is proven by the ten tigers, four elephants, and many other wild beasts which he has killed within that time.

HIS HIGHNESS THE SULTAN OF JOHORE IN STATE UNIFORM.
From a Photo.

Personally, the Sultan is a very charming young gentleman of twenty-eight years, whose frank, genial manner wins friends for him wherever he goes. He is tall, lacking but an inch of being 6ft. in height, and of good figure. His upright carriage and springing step at once bespeak his energetic and athletic temperament, which accounts for the fact that he works as hard while at play as he does while at work.

Johore itself possesses remarkable facilities for the indulgence of its ruler's taste for shooting big game. Its 9,000 square miles of territory are chiefly covered with what is as yet unexplored jungle, and its 300,000 inhabitants are for the most part residents of districts near the coast. In the virgin forests of the interior of Johore there is a sufficiency of game to keep sportsmen busy for many years to come.

But it is not into the unexplored portion of Johore that

the Sultan went to shoot his tigers. Indeed, the ten he has killed all met their fate within a radius of seven or eight miles from Johore Bahru, or New Johore, the capital and principal city of the State. Johore Bahru, with

THE SULTAN'S FIRST TIGRESS, SHOT ON JANUARY 20, 1898—SHE MEASURED 7FT. 3IN.
From a Photo.

its estimated population of 20,000 souls, lies fourteen miles due north-east from the city of Singapore. Yet within the last two years a big tiger came walking down one of the new roads one dark night to a spot not more than one hundred yards from the Johore Hotel, the principal hostelry thereabouts, and then coolly marched back the way he had come, leaving his huge footprints in the soft earth to cause excited gossip among the terror-stricken natives the next morning.

I met a gentleman when I was last in Johore who is an intimate friend of the Sultan. He told me the following characteristic story concerning him: "I was having tiffin with His Highness one day," he said, "when news was brought to us that a tiger had been seen about a mile out of Johore. The Sultan asked me if I would pardon him while he went and changed, and left me to myself for a little while. Within a couple of hours he reappeared, looking as unconcerned as though he had done no more than go out to have a look at a favourite horse. I was not a little surprised to hear from him that he had been out and had shot the tiger! Sure enough, the big striped brute was brought up on the lawn for our inspection not many minutes after. That was, it seemed to me, a most remarkable interruption to our tiffin, but it was looked upon as a most trifling matter by my host."

From a] THE SECOND TIGER, KILLED ON NOVEMBER 16, 1898. [*Photo.*

The Sultan has done a good deal of travelling on the Continent, strictly incognito. He has spent some months in England, and his stud of ten or twelve horses, which two English grooms are soon to take out to the Straits Settlements, has been admired by many critical eyes.

Knowing that the subject of sport is ever dear to the heart of the average Briton, and that big-game hunters the world over are always eager to hear of countries prolific with big game, His Highness kindly granted me an interview on behalf of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE on the subject of his own experiences in tiger and elephant shooting.

"I consider tiger-shooting the best sport in the world if done on foot," said the Sultan. "I do all my shooting on foot, whether I am after tiger or elephant. Elephant-shooting is good sport, but it is not up to tiger-shooting in any particular.

"I began shooting in the summer of the year 1897, but it was not until the 20th of January, 1898, that I bagged my first tiger. The event was one which I shall not soon forget. I was out on the Tehran Road, just a little over five miles east of Johore. When first I caught sight of the animal, which was a fine young tigress, she was about a hundred yards distant. I fired at once and wounded her. She came on with great bounds, and I waited till she reached a close range before letting her have the second shot, which found its mark just at the back of her ear, smashing the skull and reaching the brain. The bullet caused instant death, and I was pleased to discover that the tigress measured 7¼ ft. in length.

From a] THE FOURTH TIGER, MAY, 1899—HE MEASURED 9FT. 6IN. [*Photo.*

THE THIRD TIGER, KILLED IN MARCH, 1899—IT TOOK THREE SHOTS TO FINISH HIM.
From a] [*Photo.*

"In July, 1898, I shot my first elephant at a place not more than ten miles out of Johore. I was accompanied by my tracker and gun-carrier. We followed the track of an elephant for a mile and a half through the jungle, and when we finally reached our quarry he was lying down. In fact, we were upon him before we knew it, for when he rose, disturbed by the noise we made in tracking him, he was not more than twenty yards away.

"A shot from my 12-bore struck him in the forehead, and with a scream of anger he charged down upon us. By the time he reached the spot where he had sighted us, however, we were elsewhere, and had temporarily escaped his fury. A second shot struck the big brute near the eye, and caused him to stand still for a moment. Instantly I let go two charges from my ·577 Express, both taking effect near the ear. As these did not seem

enough to settle him, I treated him to an explosive bullet from a Lee-Metford sporting rifle, making the fifth charge which he had received. Even that was not sufficient, and five more shots had to be fired before the big brute at last came down.

"The elephant was an exceedingly large one. His tusks—which, with his great feet, are in my collection of trophies—are very beautiful ones. We brought back a portion of the trunk about 3ft. long and found that its actual measurement was 2ft. 1in. in circumference near the middle and 1ft. 2½in. at the tip."

THE FIFTH TIGER, JULY, 1899—THE SULTAN FOLLOWED THE ANIMAL ALONE INTO THICK JUNGLE.
From a [*Photo.*

I asked the Sultan what other big game could be found in Johore, and he named so many varieties of wild beasts that I was inclined to wonder how it fared with the few natives of the interior with such unpleasant neighbours about them.

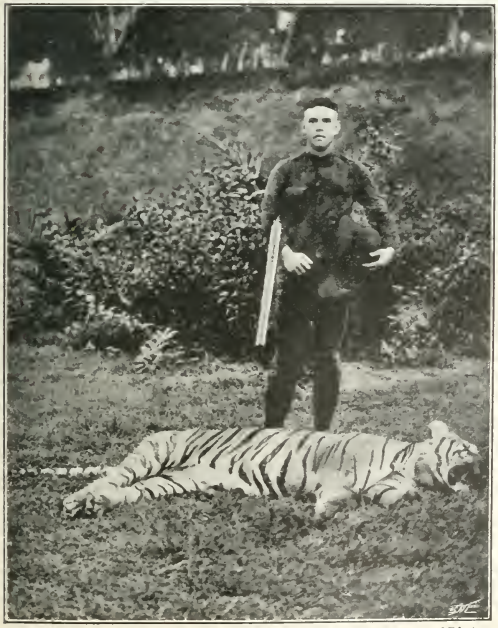
"To begin with," said His Highness, "after the elephants and tigers come the *sladang*, a great wild bull, and the rhinoceros. Then there are black panthers, spotted leopard, bears, and many wild boars. In the rivers there are large numbers of crocodile."

The *sladang* is a great wild bull or bison, which is very dangerous to hunt. The huge beast is very fierce, extremely quick, and possesses a most keen power of scenting his enemy.

From a THE SEVENTH TIGER, KILLED APRIL, 1900. [*Photo.*

From a] THE SULTAN'S TENTH TIGER, KILLED IN 1901. [*Photo.*

Captain Syers, of Selangor, who was a noted sportsman and perhaps the best-known great-game shot of the native States, met his death, after twenty-six years of experience in the jungle, while hunting *sladang* in Pahang, the native State north of Johore. The captain shot at a great *sladang*, which charged him and, striking him, tossed him against the bough of a tree, catching him on its horns as he came down again. He died while *en route* to a point where medical attendance could be procured. When the *sladang* which cost Captain Syers his life was finally killed, he was found to be marked with no fewer than eighteen bullet wounds. An immense *sladang* head which adorns the top of the staircase of the Singapore Club gives the casual globe-trotter some idea of the enormous size of the beast.



From a] THE EIGHTH TIGER, AUGUST, 1900. [*Photo.*

"Yes," continued His Highness, "there is still plenty of big game in Johore, and I am sure big-game hunters will always find a cordial welcome awaiting them here."

"Do the tigers bother the natives much?" I asked.

"Well, they keep pretty well away from the villages except in rare instances," answered the Sultan. "Of course, they get a native now and then who has been unlucky enough to run across a tiger in the jungle, and they trouble the people a great deal by continually carrying off cattle and pigs. I allow my subjects to trap tigers and they frequently catch one in that way, but I have forbidden the use of spring guns on account of the danger to the people."

"What gun do you prefer for shooting big game?" I queried, "and how do you go to work to get at your tiger when you shoot him?"

"All my guns are from Holland and Holland. This firm, I consider, makes some of the best guns in the world for big shooting," His Highness replied. "My preference is a ·577 Express for tiger and an 8-bore for elephant. As to beating

up for a tiger, I invariably use my own men for that work. Outside natives are frequently quite ready to do it, but if I engage them I am responsible for their safe return home, which is by no means probable if they do not know their business thoroughly well. I have had but one fatality thus far among my own beaters, though now and again one of them gets wounded, for it is always most dangerous work. The beaters hammer empty kerosene tins with a stick, let off crackers, and shout—do anything, in short, which will make a tremendous row.

"My dogs? Oh, I use no good dogs for tiger-shooting. A pariah dog is worth just as much as a pure-bred hound for that work. A good dog only gets killed; and to be too game means sure death for a dog when he is after a tiger.

"Where do I shoot a tiger?" The Sultan laughed heartily at the question. "Why, anywhere so as to get him. As soon as he is wounded he will either wait for you to come to him or else come at you himself. How near have I been to a tiger? Oh, I should say as close as 10ft. One can never tell how close one may have to get to the beasts."

The Sultan, as has been recounted, bagged his first tiger in January, 1898. Before the close of the year he had killed his second, and in March, 1899, he added the skin of a third to his collection of trophies.

"My third tiger," said the Sultan, in answer to a question, "I shot not far from the waterworks at Johore. He was driven in such a way that he emerged from the jungle at a point not thirty yards from the spot where I was waiting for him. I fired and struck him in the back, breaking his spine. Firing again, I hit the brute in the head, the bullet entering the skull and rolling him over on the grass. As he was a full-grown animal and a very large one, another shot was necessary to finally finish him.

"About two months after that I got my fourth. I was told that a tiger had been seen in the neighbourhood of Johore, and at once set off for the point to which my trackers had followed him. The beaters soon drove him out of the jungle, and I was able to get a shot at about twenty-five yards. I was lucky with the first shot, which entered the beast's head just over the eye and pierced his brain, killing him at once. He measured 9ft. 6in. in length and was beautifully marked."

TIGER KILLED BY MRS. GEORGE PAULING, A FAMOUS LADY LION-HUNTER, WHO WAS THE SULTAN'S GUEST IN 1901.
[from a] [Photo.

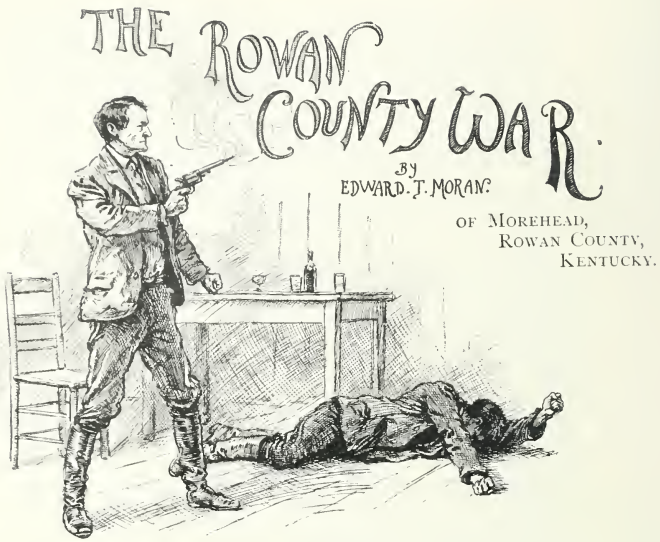
In getting his fifth tiger His Highness showed his absolute disregard of the danger he ran by following the big animal alone into the thick jungle. "A tracker fired at my fifth tiger," said the Sultan, "before I arrived on the scene. He did not hit the brute, which instantly returned to the jungle. I went in after the beast and came upon him quite suddenly. I shot him behind the shoulder as he came at me, but he still advanced. My second shot, however, hit

him in the cheek and brought him down in a heap. He was not so large as some I had shot, but was very plucky."

His Highness killed still another tiger in 1899 and two in 1900. In 1901 he killed two more, which brought the list up to ten. The Sultan kindly furnished me with photographs of nine of the dead tigers and one which was shot by Mrs. George Pauling, an experienced African lion shot, who was a guest of His Highness in 1901.

A feat of the Sultan's while elephant-shooting is frequently told by his friends. Five or six elephants were in a herd which His Highness had stalked. He fired at the bull, and as he did so a cow elephant, thus far unseen, charged the party from the rear. Turning like lightning, His Highness shot the charging elephant, now but a few yards distant, with the undischarged barrel of his gun. Both shots proved so serious as to be to all intents and purposes fatal, for both elephants were soon finished off. Thus the Sultan of Johore bears the distinction of having shot one elephant with one barrel of his gun and another with the other—two charges for two elephants being a very good record indeed.

From a] THE SULTAN'S MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF TROPHIES. [*Photo.*



THE INNER HISTORY OF A FAMOUS KENTUCKY FEUD.

This impressive narrative throws a lurid light on the conditions which prevail, even at the present day, in Kentucky. This account of the terrible Nemesis which overtook the seven conspirators, striking them down one by one on the very anniversary of their victim's death, will come as a revelation even to many Kentuckians who are conversant with the general details of the famous "Rowan County War."

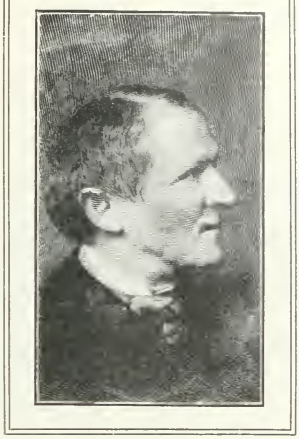
KENTUCKY feuds have long been celebrated in song and story,* but no feud has ever been so expensive to the State, so demoralizing to the people, and so disastrous to life and property as the terrible "Rowan County War," which had its beginning and its end in the little town of Morehead. Blood flowed almost as freely as water, and both the county and State officials were powerless to prevent the great loss of life. Many are the thrilling narratives that have been written concerning this feud, but the greatest tragedy of the conflict, and doubtless the most mysterious ever enacted on Kentucky soil, has for years been locked securely in the bosom of the writer. All the participants having now gone to their rest, however, and secrecy being no longer necessary, I have decided to give it to the public in all its strange and terrible detail.

On the 10th day of August, 1882, the county election was held in Rowan County. At Morehead, the county seat, were gathered some of the most desperate men in the district. Excitement ran high, for everybody realized that the election meant more than the triumph of one section over the other and a division of party spoils, but that to the winning party it would mean great loss of life. While the more law-abiding citizens were discussing the best means of averting trouble a pistol-shot rang out, and answering ones promptly resounded through the air, proclaiming to the anxious throng who had collected to discuss measures of peace and compromise that their plans were thwarted and that the threatened trouble had actually begun. Police-officers hurried to the spot, where they found two men lying dead and one wounded. All were of the Republican party—two prominent partisans, while the other was an innocent bystander, who had committed no offence save to cast his vote for the party of his choice

* See "A Kentucky Feud, and My Part In It," by Miss Jessie Trimble, which appeared in THE WIDE WORLD for March, 1902.

While the excitement over the shooting was at its height the result of the election was announced, giving victory to the Democratic party. This infuriated the Republican leaders still more. They were certain that their murdered men had been the victims of partisan feeling, and they clamoured for the detection and punishment of the guilty parties.

The entire county was soon in a commotion. The women and children trembled with fear and apprehension, while the men-folk collected in crowds in every place throughout the county and discussed the result of the election, the crime, and the possible apprehension of the murderer. Suspicion pointed to Floyd Tolliver, an hotel proprietor in the town of Farmers, eight miles from the county seat, but this suspicion was based solely upon his well-known party prejudices and the fact that he was close to the scene of the murder when the officers arrived. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, tall and well-built, and of a jovial temperament. It seemed preposterous to his friends to think that he was capable of such a crime.



JOHN MARTIN, THE MAN WHO SHOT FLOYD TOLLIVER.
From a [*Photo.*

For months nothing happened, and one day in the February following Floyd Tolliver went to Morehead to purchase supplies for his hostelry. It being the regular county court day many citizens were there, some to attend to their claims and business and others for pleasure. Conspicuous among the latter class was John Martin, a champion of the Republican party and a well-known bully and desperado of Eastern Kentucky. Meeting Tolliver in the street that day about noon he greeted him pleasantly and invited him to step across to the saloon at the opposite corner and join him in a social glass. Though there had been some bitter feeling between them, Tolliver, being a good-natured man, forgot all past differences and accepted the invitation, with no thought of impending danger. While drinking and talking together the shooting incident was mentioned, and a hot dispute ensued, whereupon Martin, true to a premeditated plan, shot Tolliver dead. The muffled sound of the pistol reached the officers at the court-house, and they were on the spot almost before the smoke had cleared away. Martin was discovered standing in the middle of the floor with his pistol in his hand, complacently marking on it the notch which chronicled his ninth victim. The officers secured the doors and windows, and, seeing that escape was impossible, Martin surrendered without resistance.

MR. FLOYD TOLLIVER.
From a Photo. by C. H. Bryan, Mt. Sterling, Ky

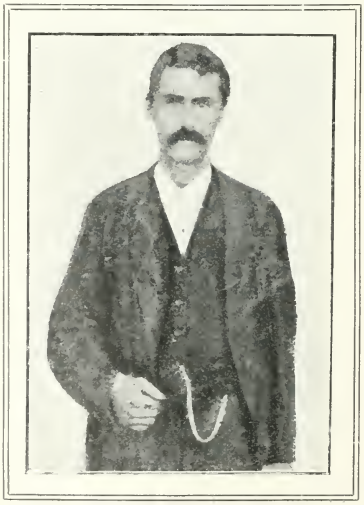
He was hurried to the county gaol a few yards distant, and in less than half an hour a strong guard had been placed around the building by a Republican marshal—ostensibly for the purpose of preventing the prisoner's escape, but believed by the Democrats to be for his protection against mob violence. Next day Martin was hastened to Winchester, a "blue-grass" town beyond the border of the feudal section. None too soon was this precaution taken, however, for in a dark and lonely ravine, known as "Gloomy Hollow," two miles from the town, were gathered twenty men who had determined to break into the gaol and kill the murderer of their friend Tolliver.

Although temporarily baffled, these self-consti-

tuted avengers were not beaten, and their leader —one Shephard—arranged another meeting in the Hollow for the following Thursday. Meanwhile Martin, in the custody of the sheriff, and accompanied by a devoted and sorrowful wife, was speeding away toward the peaceful town of Winchester. His friends now busied themselves with schemes for his escape. They met, and plotted how they might secure his freedom. The other faction, however, were occupied with a plot, intricate and dreadful, for the immediate execution of the guilty man.

From a] "GLOOMY HOLLOW," WHERE THE AVENGERS OF FLOYD TOLLIVER MET. [*Photo.*

The crowd of avengers met, as arranged, on the Thursday night. All were dismissed save seven of the shrewdest and most trusty, the others being conciliated by the assurance that they would be called together again when the plot was complete. Plans were then submitted and discussed, but none found universal favour until Shephard unfolded his scheme. It was a simple idea and one easily executed, but was ultimately to bring ruin and untimely death to each of the participants. Shephard's plan was as follows: An order was to be forged, purporting to be from the county judge to the gaoler at Winchester, ordering him to deliver up Martin to the bearer of the order. Shephard—who was then marshal of the town of Farmers—would present this order and take the prisoner. Once in his custody Martin would never escape. The other six conspirators were to board the train at Farmers and "hold up" the train while the others shot Martin.



JOHN SHEPHARD, WHO PRESENTED THE FORGED ORDER FOR MARTIN'S REMOVAL.
From a] [*Photo.*

Shephard duly presented himself at the Winchester Gaol on the Saturday night following and delivered the forged order to the gaoler, who had no suspicion of the real state of affairs. Shephard waited for his prisoner at the entrance. Not a word of greeting was exchanged between them, and after parting from the gaoler Shephard, accompanied by the prisoner, walked rapidly to the railway depôt, reaching it just as the east-

bound train came puffing in. They boarded the train and were whirled away through the fair "blue-grass" country. Darkness enveloped everything, and an occasional twinkling light from a distant farm-house was the only thing to be seen. Shephard was taciturn, and seemed wrapped in gloomy meditation; he was apparently very careless of his prisoner, but as a matter of fact his eye never once wandered or relaxed its vigilance. When they reached the town of Mount Sterling, some twenty miles from Farmers, he rose with a nonchalant air, and with a voice of studied carelessness said, "Come, Martin, let us go into the smoker and take a puff." It was at the hour of eleven that Shephard and his prisoner entered the smoking-car and seated themselves, Shephard placing himself on the side next the aisle.

"MARTIN DROPPED MORTALLY WOUNDED."

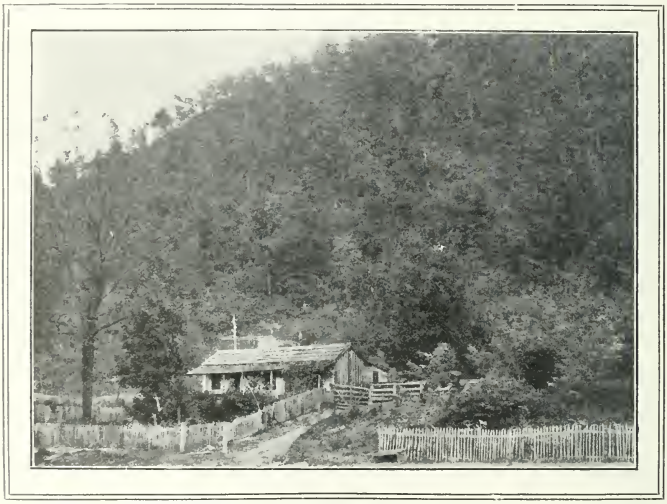
Just at this hour I was hastening from my home in Farmers to the bedside of a dying friend. In order to reach the place quickly I took an old deserted road, and when hurrying along about a mile from the village I had just left sounds of galloping horses' feet arrested me and alarmed me, for I was aware of the great excitement that prevailed. Accordingly, as a measure of precaution, I jumped behind the stump of a gigantic tree to await the passing of the horsemen. As they drew near they slackened their speed and finally stopped and dismounted within 10ft. of me. I was almost paralyzed with fear, thinking that my presence would be discovered, but I soon found that they had only stopped to review some plan. I recognised each voice, and in a few moments was made acquainted with all the details of the terrible deed to be committed that night. They discussed the location of Shephard and his prisoner in the car. There were six of them, and I gathered that three would "hold up" the engineer while the others would locate the prisoner, shoot the lights out, and then attack him. Shephard was to dodge beneath the seat to avoid injury to himself. After repeated instructions and careful cautions they remounted, and, hearing the whistle of the train in the distance, put spurs to their horses and galloped on.

I was rooted to the spot with horror. There

was no time to save Martin from his fate, for the train was almost due. I saw that I was powerless to do anything, and, too frightened to think coherently, I hurried on as fast as my trembling limbs would carry me to the bedside of my friend. No minister being present, I prayed with him and soothed him in his dying hours. I was in a state of great agitation and dread, and spent a night of indescribable horror.

Next morning the country rang with the news of John Martin's death: how six masked men had held up the train at Farmers; how three appeared in the doorway of the smoking-car, and, extinguishing the lights as if by magic, fired with one accord at the manacled man. Their aim was excellent — Martin dropped mortally wounded. Meanwhile the frightened occupants of the carriage scrambled wildly for the door. Others from the next carriage rushed up, and a scene of wild confusion ensued. The lamps were again lighted, but there was no trace of the masked men; they had disappeared as suddenly and as silently as they came. The terrified passengers assisted in trying to minister to Martin, who was still living, and when the train reached Morehead he was carried to the nearest inn and a messenger dispatched to carry the sad tidings to his father and mother. The messenger found a band of desperate men assembled at the Martins' house planning the release of their leader on the morrow, but their plans could avail him nothing now. The bearer of evil tidings broke the news as best he could. Grief and consternation were depicted on every countenance, and with one accord Martin's supporters hurried to the inn, to find the dying man breathing his last. He was able to utter but one word—"Revenge"; but these wild children of the feud country understood, and swore vengeance in his dying ears.

Martin was buried two days later. But what of his murderers? There was not the slightest clue to their identity. I dared not reveal my knowledge of the crime, for it only meant certain death to me and more bloodshed in the county. Besides, how could I substantiate my story against seven men's denial? So the crime and its perpetrators have always remained a mystery. Thereafter terrible tragedies followed each other in quick succession, and, although I noted them all with increasing horror, my lips perforce remained sealed.



THE OLD MARTIN HOMESTEAD—JOHN MARTIN LIES BURIED IN THE ENCLOSURE TO THE RIGHT.
From a Photo.

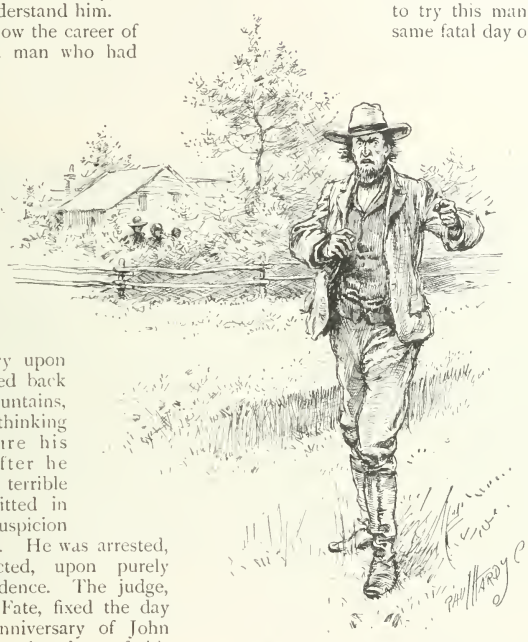
I will now proceed to set forth the strange fate which befell the seven conspirators.

Julian Welch, a man of unusual brilliancy of mind and nobility of character, a much-respected citizen of Farmers, had been persuaded to join the guilty seven through a misrepresentation of their purpose. They convinced him that the killing of Martin was the only way of ending hostilities without many years of bloodshed and

strife. He was drawn into the plot believing the act to be one of patriotism and of justice. He forged the fatal order, and a short time afterwards realized that he was a murderer, guilty of a dastardly crime. Being a man of tender conscience, he brooded until life became unbearable, and finally sought to drown his remorse in headlong dissipation. He finally came to an untimely end on the first anniversary of the night when he aided and abetted in the murder of John Martin. He died raving in delirium, beseeching the watchers again and again to "burn the order; burn the order." They, of course, did not understand him.

We will now follow the career of William Colton, a man who had served for year as one of the county's best officials. He continued to live in Morehead for some months after the Martin tragedy, and quietly pursued his avocation, which was the practice of law. But the fear of discovery lay heavy upon him, and he moved back farther into the mountains, to Martinsburg, thinking thereby to ensure his safety. Soon after he settled there a terrible crime was committed in the locality, and suspicion pointed to Colton. He was arrested, tried, and convicted, upon purely circumstantial evidence. The judge, as if inspired by Fate, fixed the day of the second anniversary of John Martin's death as the date of his execution! The convicted man was duly hung on the appointed day, although loudly protesting his innocence to the last moment. Three weeks later the real murderer, being no longer able to bear the weight of a guilty conscience, confessed to the murder and thus declared Colton's innocence. But it was too late! William Colton had gone to answer for his share in the tragedy at Farmers.

Some months later it was whispered that one of Morehead's most prominent citizens had become mentally unbalanced. For days he would walk and talk incessantly, and when unable to secure a companion in his rambles would hold conversations with some imaginary person. This mood was followed by days of strictest seclusion. He was gloomy and taciturn, and would see none of his friends or acquaintances. His family kept the matter suppressed for weeks, until finally he conceived a maniacal hatred for one of his grown sons, addressing him always as "John Martin," and attempting to murder him whenever he came in sight. Family pride and filial love finally succumbed to fear, and his family had his sanity tested in court. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of the writer when summoned on the jury to try this man for lunacy on the same fatal day of the year that John Martin was shot! It was the third anniversary. The man was sent to the Lexington Insane Asylum, and there he remained until the day of his death some few months later. I have since heard the officials who accompanied him relate that when the train reached the town of Farmers he became so violent that it required the assistance of four passengers to hold him down. No one could account for the agitating effect of that quiet, peaceable little village upon the diseased mind; but to one acquainted with the case, as I was, it seemed perfectly clear.



"HE WOULD WALK AND TALK INCESSANTLY."

Three years had now passed, each bringing its terrible result to some one of the guilty band. I had in the meantime lost trace of John Wheeling, one of the chief plotters in the gang, and one whom I remembered as most noisy when discussing their plans on that fateful night. I chanced one day to pick up an Ohio paper, and was stricken speechless with astonishment to find the picture of John Wheeling—a prisoner awaiting trial for the murder of his father-in-law! I followed the

proceedings of the trial very carefully. No motive could be assigned for the deed, but John Wheeling was given a life-sentence, and on the fourth anniversary of his midnight ride to Farmers he donned a convict's garb and gave up home and freedom for a crime of which he stoutly declared his innocence and for which no just cause or reason has ever yet been found!

Hitherto I had not connected the catastrophes which befell these men with the murder of John Martin, but now I began to note the mystery of it all, and found myself looking forward to the 3rd day of March with excitement and dread. The fifth anniversary, a beautiful day for the season of the year, passed off without any evil occurrence, and I felt greatly relieved. But night came with another misfortune wrapped in its gloomy curtains.

"HIS FATHER WAS HANGING FROM THE STIRRUP."

Andrew Tolliver was a prosperous farmer living some five miles distant from the county seat. He had sold the products of his farm a few days before, and came on the 3rd of March to deposit his year's earnings in the safe of a merchant friend in town, there being no bank nearer than thirty miles at that time. He seemed unusually cheerful and jolly that day, meeting his fellow-farmers along the road with a cheery greeting and passing jokes with all. "Andrew seems lively this morning," remarked one; "he must have had a good sale this year."

Tolliver lingered in town beyond his wonted stay, chatting with different friends. At dusk, however, he bade them "good-bye" and galloped out of the town towards home. But he was destined never to reach his home alive. He lingered so long in the town that his family, becoming alarmed at his prolonged stay, sent a boy of fifteen in search of him. The night was one of inky blackness. The boy rode on until he almost collided with a riderless horse standing still in the road. He held his lantern higher so that he could see the animal, and with a start recognised his father's saddle-horse! His father was hanging from the stirrup covered with blood, and quite dead.

The boy's pitiful cries aroused several persons, and soon a large crowd gathered and conveyed the body home. Morning had dawned by this time, and the coroner was soon upon the ground making investigation. By bits of clothing and traces of blood they traced the victim back to the old homestead of John Martin, but what occurred at that spot still remains a mystery. The coroner's verdict was that Andrew Tolliver came to his death by being thrown from his

horse and dragged along the road, the horse's fright being occasioned by something or someone just in front of the old, deserted Martin homestead.

Meanwhile John Shephard was sojourning in the Kentucky Penitentiary, having been sentenced to imprisonment there for a term of twenty-one years for killing an officer in Mount Sterling, who attempted to arrest him for some misdemeanour. While he was in the penitentiary he conducted himself so meritoriously as to get into the good graces of the warden, and to secure greater liberty than other criminals of his class. He pretended to become converted, and was a devout worshipper at the prison chapel. His good conduct, together with the untiring efforts of his friends, secured his release after an imprisonment of only five years. He returned to his native county apparently a changed man. While in prison he met a beautiful woman who visited the prison Sabbath school and taught the Bible. They were associated much together, and she was one of the most untiring in the effort to secure his release, and ultimately married him.

Shephard took a contract to oversee a timber job in "Gloomy Hollow," and one day parted fondly from his wife to go and assign the work to the labourers, assuring her that he would return in a few hours. But he never came back. The day passed and he came not. Night came on and the woman watched anxiously, and still he did not make his appearance. The next day passed and the next night, and the poor wife was frantic. She had made but few friends, and could appeal to no one. The next morning, however, just as she had succeeded in interesting the police-officials and had got them to start in search of him, the news came that he was found. The man who found him was, according to his story, out hunting stray hogs, and when he reached the darkest part of "Gloomy Hollow," hearing the swine moving, he turned out of the path and proceeded in that direction. After going about 30ft. he was horrified to see the dead body of a man. It proved to be no other than Shephard—stone-dead, murdered!

"HE WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE THE DEAD BODY OF A MAN."

When the officers set to work to find the assassin, they found only the spot where beaten-down bushes had afforded him a place of concealment. The underbrush was broken and the earth trampled hard, showing that the murderer had been in ambush for several days, and that he knew the route travelled daily by his victim. It was evident to me that some of John Martin's avengers had been at work, although years had passed and the "Rowan County War" was supposed to have ceased and all the old enmity to have been buried. It was but

another mystery that baffled those who would have made it clear, while fear kept silent those who could have explained it. They moved the body of Shephard into the old court-house at Morehead. While the watchers sat and discussed the terrible crime in whispers someone mentioned another crime in years gone by, and one of them said: "Do you remember the night when John Martin was murdered?" "Yes," answered another. "But why?" "I was trying to think of the date, that is all," he said. "It was the 3rd day of March in the year 1883," said his companion. "Good heavens!" returned the first speaker. "If Jack was killed three days ago, as the doctors testify, he must have been murdered on the 3rd of March!" They talked long on the subject and all agreed that it was a strange coincidence, for Shephard was known to have delivered the forged order which secured the handing over of Martin. A strange coincidence, indeed, but still none saw in this strange crime, as I did, the hand of the avenger.

No one was ever indicted for the murder of Jack Shephard. The murderer has not been apprehended to this day, and no one ever dared to advance so much as a theory concerning who the person might be, lest they should themselves share Shephard's fate.

Only one of the conspirators was now living. He was a man of wealth and influence, and Providence seemed to smile upon him and bless him beyond the lot of his neighbours. He was a model citizen, and enjoyed a happy home and success in his every undertaking. "Surely," I thought, "this man will escape the Nemesis?" Still, during the last days of February, I found myself looking forward to the 3rd day of March with nervous dread. The nearer that day approached, the more apprehensive I became. My nights were troubled and filled with nightmares, and the days with gloomy retrospective thought and still gloomier anticipation. I had stood silent and powerless, watching these many tragedies growing out of one, until, under the burden of the awful secret, I felt almost as guilty as the original seven conspirators. Could I not in some way warn Gerald Walsh, or could I not, by keeping a silent watch over him, save him from the hand of this invisible and inexorable Nemesis? I could not dispel the gloomy thoughts that filled my mind, and sometimes imagined that the succession of tragedies had almost turned my brain. When I looked at the calendar the date March 3rd seemed magnified to my distorted vision, and sometimes I seemed to see a red circle around the date. When the 2nd day of March closed and night came on I could no longer bear the suspense, but resolved to go on the morrow, whatever the cost, and warn Gerald Walsh. The night passed slowly, every moment seeming an hour, and when morning dawned I arose, looking worn and haggard. Without waiting to partake of our morning meal, I caught my horse and galloped to Morehead. When I reached the village I met two men, and, seeing that they were excited, stopped to inquire the cause. "Gerald Walsh is dead," answered one. "He committed suicide last night!" "What for?" I asked, horrified beyond expression at the news. "No one knows," he answered. "He seemed as cheerful as usual until yesterday, when his wife noticed that he appeared depressed." "Did he leave no message?" I inquired, anxiously. "Yes; he left a note pinned to his pillow, saying, 'It is better to go out and meet your fate than run from it and be overtaken,' but no one understands what he meant."

But *I* understood—and like a flood of light the explanation broke in upon me. There had been another silent spectator to this ghastly series of catastrophes — one who was more vitally interested than myself. Reviewing the dread and horror I had suffered for days past I shuddered at the thought of the ordeal of apprehension through which this wretched man must have passed. My life-long regret is, and ever will be, that my lips remained sealed until this long-drawn-out tragedy had reached its bitter culmination.

From a Photo.

By Charles C. Batchelder.

The author, tired of life in an office, ran away from home and joined a travelling circus. This account of his experiences, illustrated with photographs, throws some interesting sidelights on the daily life and routine of the miniature world which constitutes a large modern circus.

FOR one whole winter after leaving school I had slaved in an office, to the mutual dissatisfaction of myself and the proprietor, until at last the parting came.

My father was not exactly pleased at my losing a situation which he called "the chance of a lifetime," and, in the course of the heated argument which ensued, he told me that I had better "look after myself, as I felt so independent." Boiling with indignation at his harsh words, I turned for comfort to the beloved white tents of a circus which happened to be in the town. While lounging idly about a glorious idea occurred to me: Why not get a job there and travel with them?

I lost no time in putting my scheme into execution, and had no difficulty in ascertaining, from a circus man, to whom to apply. The "animal boss" was feeling amiable, and after asking me a few questions took me on trial at a salary of 25dols. a month.

I then hunted up a little candy store near by, bought paper and a stamp, and, with a sputtering pen, wrote to tell my mother that I had taken my father's advice, and that I had accepted an offer to travel for a while.

When I returned to the tent my first acquaintance, who appeared to be known as "Shorty," came up and said: "It's near noon, young fellow, and if you don't look sharp and get your ticket you'll get left."

I looked around, and saw the "boss" engaged in handing out tickets to a line of men. I jumped for my place in the line, received a voucher, and followed the rest to a large mess tent pitched near by.

Here were rows of long tables, covered with oil-cloth, set on trestles, seating 300 men, with only two relays. There were at each place a white enamelled plate and cup, and a knife, fork, and spoon. The food was well cooked and there was plenty of it. We had on that day boiled ham, bread and butter, potatoes, and coffee. All the food for the men was cooked in the kitchen tent, and it was really a wonder how the cooks could turn out such good meals, and in such large quantities, with so few conveniences. There were four large portable coal ranges, and a steam table to keep things hot. The coffee was made in two immense tin boilers, holding sixty gallons each, and the milk came in cans almost as large. The fourteen cooks wore white caps and aprons

while at work, and were experts at packing the innumerable dishes and pans in the huge wooden boxes in which everything had a place. You can imagine that they had few idle moments, as besides feeding the men they had to prepare a more elaborate lunch for the performers at noon. In spite of the constant hurry, however, they kept things remarkably neat.

THE MESS-ROOM—IT COULD SEAT 150 MEN AT A TIME.
From a Photo.

Soon after dinner the people began to arrive, and we had to keep our eyes open to prevent them from exciting the animals by prodding or feeding them. The poor beasts are cramped in small cages, and the confinement tends to make them irritable, though they obtain all the exercise they can by tramping around in a sort of figure 8, moving diagonally from one corner of the cage to the other. As I watched them glare at the audience I felt sure that they were saying to themselves: "If I could get past these bars for just one moment, how I would make you scatter!" While the crowd was in at the afternoon performance, which we called the "big show," we fed the animals.

Now, I had spent many hours in school and out studying about the various kinds of animals, but I soon learned that my time had been wasted, for from a circus point of view there are only two kinds of animals, "hay animals" and "cats." The cats include not only the lions and tigers, but all those that eat meat. These were fed only once a day, mostly on raw beef, which was thrown into the cages, one piece for each animal. Each of the nineteen keepers was responsible for three or four cages, and they had a very lively time of it, seeing that each beast received his share. It took a good many blows from their iron rods to restore peace, and the pandemonium of roars, yells, and growls was quite terrifying until one became accustomed to it. The poor cats always knew when Sunday came, for they were only fed six times a week. This method of feeding is not due to motives of economy, as the beasts are too expensive to be ill-treated, but is the result of experience, as it has been found to produce better health. The trainers say that most of these animals, when in a wild state, are lucky if they get one square meal a week. This seems feasible, as a tiger, for instance, must hunt many a deer before he pulls one down.

We had considerable trouble with our Bengal tigers, because they fretted in confinement and rubbed off the skin against the bars so that the flesh became raw. They seemed almost human in their intelligence, yawning at times as though bored to death. One of the keepers petted them as you would a cat, patting their heads, scratching them under their chins, and pulling their whiskers. We had one which was blind, and consequently difficult to manage, as it started at every noise and snapped at anybody that came near.

Our Polar bear was fed on an appetizing diet of fish, fish-oil, and bread, with a couple of carrots, and 2lb. of raw fat meat three times a week. He was a treacherous beast, and delighted in appearing amiable and rubbing his head on your hand, meanwhile trying to coax a finger into his mouth in the hope of getting a good bite.

"Fatima," our hippopotamus, was born in captivity. She was a big, clumsy beast, but very good-natured. It was astonishing to see the quantity of hay which she could put away; but her great delight was apples, which she munched with evident pleasure, though you would have thought that they would have been lost in that great mouth.

The ostrich had to be put in a fenced pen beside his waggon, as he damaged his feathers if confined too closely. I always supposed that ostriches fed on stones, tin cans, and such-like alluring objects, so I was much surprised when I was told to prepare his dinner of two loaves of bread and three cabbages, all cut in small pieces and mixed together.

Our blue monkey was a curious beast and difficult to handle, though he seemed to enjoy being patted on the head. He had a fearful

temper and was subject to fits of rage, breaking out suddenly without apparent cause. He drank only from a bottle, and if his keeper tried to make him drink out of a pan he would throw it violently back.

I soon saw that the keepers were very kind to their charges. When there was nothing else to be done they would cut grass for the "hay animals," or turf for the bottom of the parrot cage, as the birds love to pick at grass, though they do not eat it.

After the "big show" was over and the audience had dispersed we had supper in the mess tent, consisting of sausages, potato salad, and coffee, with bread and butter.

After this meal we all hurried back to our tents to water the animals, cover up the backs and sides of the cages with the painted shutters, and followed by the elephants, some of the latter being ordered to pull the waggons with ropes or to push with their heads when hills were steep or the ground was soft.

By this time the waggons began to arrive at the train. Each team left its waggon as near as possible to the proper train, and returned for another. As soon as the waggon was unhitched the seats were shut up, the pole removed and placed underneath, and a waiting pair of horses drew it, by a rope and pulley attached to one corner, up two trough-like inclined planes supported on trestles to its place on the train. As the waggons were heavy a man followed the rear wheels of each with a block to prevent slipping. Three waggons were securely fastened with blocks around the wheels on each of the sixty-nine flat cars.

"THE GIANT AND THE DWARF"—THE BIG MARE RUBS NOSES WITH THE "MIDGET PONY."
From a Photo.

pack into the baggage-waggon the buckets, cloths, tools, spare harness, etc., not forgetting our own belongings. As far as possible we made ready for the start before the night show.

As it was Saturday, and we were to leave that night, the performance was cut a trifle short, and the "boss" gave the order to "close up" soon after the "tournament and grand procession," instead of leaving the cages open, as was customary, for the people to examine as they left. Then we all rushed to put the front shutters up and draw the canvas covers over the gilt waggons. While this was in progress the "pullers" had completed their work of getting up the tent-pegs.

Meanwhile teams of four horses were hooked up to one waggon after another, and hauled them to the station. Then the camels were led off,

In the meantime the 120 ring horses were being led up the run-ways to their places, eighteen in each car, separated by ingenious swinging partitions which fold back against the sides.

Next we placed the camels in their cars, and then the elephants marched up a heavy gangway into their cars. They were so intelligent and well trained that they could be loaded in three minutes and unloaded in five.

While the teamsters were removing the waggons the flaring burners which lighted the tent were lowered, the pegs and other loose articles packed, and the walls of the empty tent dropped and rolled. Each section of the canvas was quickly rolled into a bundle, which was immediately loaded into the waggon, which stopped in turn at each huge roll. Two men

then carried the centre poles, which were carefully lowered meanwhile, to other waggons, and others gathered the smaller poles, stakes, and ropes. Our animal tent could be lowered and made ready for loading in ten minutes from the time the signal was given, and the big tent only took half an hour.

I never grew tired of watching them strike the tents, as the order and discipline were so perfect. The canvas and poles were loaded and taken to the train without delay, as they had to go out on the first train in their own waggons. Though the last thing to be taken down, they had to be put up ahead of everything else. The cages go on the next train, then the sleeping cars of the employés, while the performers go last of all.

By this time I was pretty well tired out and was glad to join about 300 others in four old Wagner and Pullman cars which had seen service on the Union Pacific. Our car was 71ft. long and held 116 men, two in each berth, with good, clean sheets and blankets, but no curtains.

The keepers slept in bunks in small rooms partitioned off the ends of the elephant cars in the other train with the cages, so as to be on hand in case of trouble, which is not uncommon among the more savage beasts, who often start fighting.

We arrived at the next town about four in the morning, after travelling all night. The train with the tents was already unloaded, and so the cages were taken from the cars at once. A pair of horses were attached by a rope to the pole of each waggon, and it was dragged down the slides, held back to prevent too rapid descent by another rope fastened to a strong stake. The work horses had been hurried out of the cars, and quickly drew the waggons to the show-ground, where a "boss" superintended the arrangement of all the vehicles. There was no delay, however, as each driver knew where everything went, since the same relative arrangement is always preserved—stake and pole drays together on one side, kitchen and mess utensils near by, cages inside the tent, and the "side-show" in front.

The tent crew began by unloading the heavy trucks and arranging poles and pegs in orderly rows on the ground where they were to go. They were followed by gangs of four men, who drove in the stakes with heavy hammers with such marvellous rapidity that they seemed to sink into the ground. The next thing was to erect the centre poles, place and unroll the canvas, lash the sections together, raise it, and finally insert the quarter poles. All this was so rapidly done that it seemed to take place all at once.

Meanwhile the teamsters, who did not finish work until one and had to rise at four, took their horses to the stable tent, fed them, breakfasted, watered, and cleaned them.

While this was in progress we had been unloading the camels and elephants, and had a hurried meal in the mess tent. By this time the cages arrived in our tent, so we had all we could do to uncover and wash them, water the animals and clean the dens, unpack, and arrange things generally.

All the tents are usually pitched the first thing, but as this was Sunday the big tent was not erected until the next day. It seems that this is never pitched until necessary, as it might blow down. Some managers cut short the performance and lower the tent in storms, but our people never did this, even though the tent blew down once in the West, and was so badly torn that there was no performance until it was mended, which took several days.

"WASHING-DAY" AT THE CIRCUS.
From a Photo.

Sunday is devoted to rest and repairs. Most of our men spent it in taking baths, donning clean underclothing, washing and mending their linen. This is also the day for letter-writing, as most of the men have families.

We slept, as always, in the cars, and early on Monday morning began to prepare for the parade at nine. The head of the show had driven in his buggy all over the town to select the route, planning to pass through all the main streets, taking in the largest on the return, so as to draw the crowd after the parade to the grounds. We put on our uniforms and "lined up" for inspection, each man standing by his cages. New men are always given the care of the camels, as they are the easiest to attend, needing only to be fed, watered, and groomed, so I had to help harness them. This is not so easy as you might think, as they are the personification of obstinacy. First, as directed, I fastened "Cronje's" mouth with a noose in the end of a halter, so that I might slip on the bridle. This was a most necessary precaution, as these brutes bite viciously. There is really no place of safety in the neighbourhood of a camel, as, unlike other animals, they are dangerous "all round." A mule, for instance, is dangerous in the rear and accessible in front. A dog, though caution is needed at the head end, is harmless behind. A camel, however, bites with a mouth set on a neck like a snake's, which hunts all over the premises after you; while, if you retreat to the rear, it scratches for you with legs that not only kick behind like a horse and forward like an ostrich, but also sideways like no other animal on earth.

SUNDAY WAS THE FAVOURITE DAY FOR LETTER-WRITING.
From a Photo.

After putting on the bridle I had to make the animal kneel for the saddle. I yelled loudly "Kursh," the order to kneel, but the brute continued to chew his cud with a look that gazed through me into space. I attracted his attention by gently kicking him on the front shins until he reluctantly folded up his front legs like a jack-knife, groaning and making weird noises which I knew were intended for profanity. Pleased with my success, I began to kick in the rear, and he started to fold up this end, meanwhile thoughtfully rising in front. I rushed to the head, and by great exertion bent it, only to see the tail end deliberately rising in the air. I kept up this see-saw movement until I was tired, to the intense amusement of my comrades. Finally they took pity on me, and two of us, by dint of kicking, pulling, and hauling at each end, with one sitting on his head, managed to hold him while two more clapped on blanket and saddle and tightened the girths, amid the most terrible noises I have ever heard.

By the time this was finished the teams came for the gilded waggons, and we all took our places in line. The keepers never drive, but I secured permission to ride, and mounted a waggon while the driver cleaned the harness and the keeper took his dress of imitation armour from the box under the seat and entered the den. The other animal men remained in the tent, all but the trainers of the lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, and hyenas, who ride with their animals. I had always supposed that the beasts were drugged, or at least fed to repletion, just before the parade. These brutes, however, had not been fed since Saturday, and were not drugged at all. Our men were just as unconcerned as the teamsters outside, and said that they never had any serious trouble, though it seemed to me a pretty serious risk to take for 25dols. a month, even if they did have a pistol, club, and whip apiece. Still, there is a great deal in getting used to things, and I

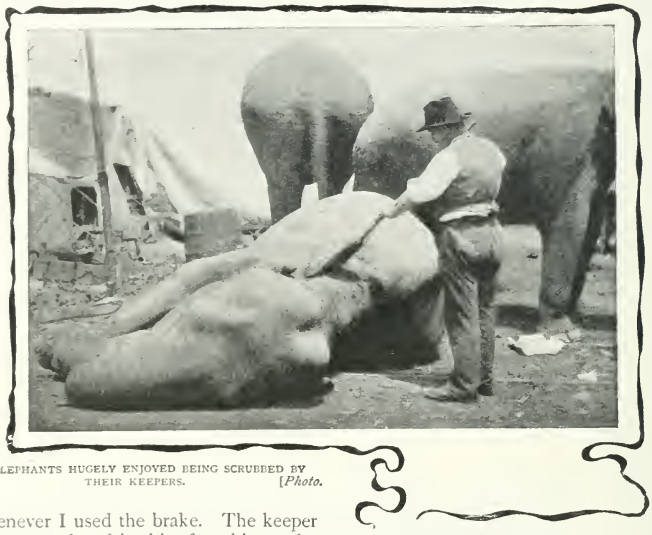
noticed that they kept their backs to the bars and watched the beasts every second.

It was extremely interesting to watch the crowds from my place on the box as they packed themselves densely on the sidewalks. All the factories shut down as we passed and the windows everywhere were filled with heads. Soon I persuaded the teamster to give me the reins, but found it was not so easy as I had expected from my experience with six horses in the White Mountains, though now I had only four.

The black panther inside had a most amusing ride. He climbed up on a shelf inside and, reaching through the ventilator in front, clawed my leg whenever I used the brake. The keeper within endeavoured to drive him from his perch; but "Satan" enjoyed the fun so much that he watched his chances and finally tore my trousers to rags. I only received a few scratches, but enough to regret that the ventilator had been carelessly left open, since it could not be closed without stopping the waggon. Each cage was put in place as soon as the procession returned, and the rest of the morning was spent in taking care of the animals and in making ready for the afternoon show. After dinner was over we watched to see that the people should not do any damage as they passed through our tent, and while they were looking at the performance I had a chance to continue my acquaintance with our elephants.

The elephants had always fascinated me, and so, naturally, I took great delight in watching them, and spent every spare minute in their part of the tent. Sunday is the best time to see them, as they know there will be no show, and are consequently at their ease. People who laugh at the idea of their knowing when it is Sunday have never seen a tent full of elephants stop their fooling and put on their company manners as the people come in, just like a lot of schoolboys when the teacher returns after an absence. They enjoy having the keepers scrub them with brooms; the men give careful attention to the parts the animals cannot reach themselves.

Better than all this, however, is a good bath, and it is really a pleasure to see them splashing about — like a lot of boys swimming. It is not often, nevertheless, that this can be allowed, as suitable places are scarce. Most rivers and ponds have soft banks, and there is danger of the elephants sticking fast in the mud, which not only terrifies them tremendously, but makes difficult work for the keepers. On one occasion "Romeo" swam down a stream and was gone all day, finally running up a big bill by trampling about in a potato patch until he destroyed it. River bathing was given up for good when the whole lot mutinied one hot day, refusing to come out, and answering the calls of even their favourite keepers with defiant trumpetings.



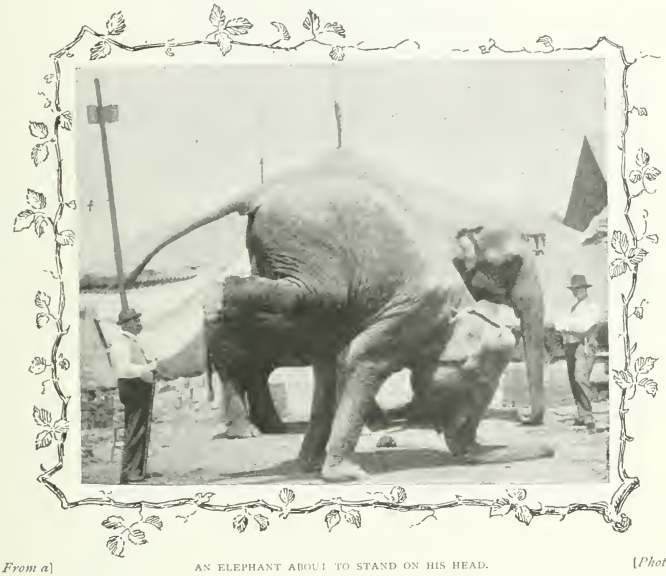
THE ELEPHANTS HUGELY ENJOYED BEING SCRUBBED BY THEIR KEEPERS. [Photo. from a]

It took six hours to get them out, and the task was only managed by making one of the camels scream, when all the elephants rushed out quickly to see what was up, as they are most inquisitive beasts.

On the whole, however, they gave very little trouble, as they were remarkably intelligent, and each one knew his place and duties as well as any man, needing practically no directions in entering or leaving the cars or on the march.

In winter-time we had to warm the water they drank, otherwise they had colic. Sometimes this is not convenient, and on one occasion it was only managed by repeatedly plunging a hot iron in a bath-tub filled from the watering-cart. We had to watch them when outdoors, for they had a mania for eating wet grass in the same way as a small boy eats green apples, and with a like result. Sickness of any kind meant a blowing-up for the keepers, as they were an expensive lot, varying in price from 1,200dols. to 8,000dols. or more, according to temper and training. They devoured mountains of hay, with which they were principally fed, and a bale melted away in no time. The "layer-out" went ahead of the show to contract for it, and we always found the food on the ground when we arrived. We gave them, now and then, uncooked bran mashes, with oats mixed in.

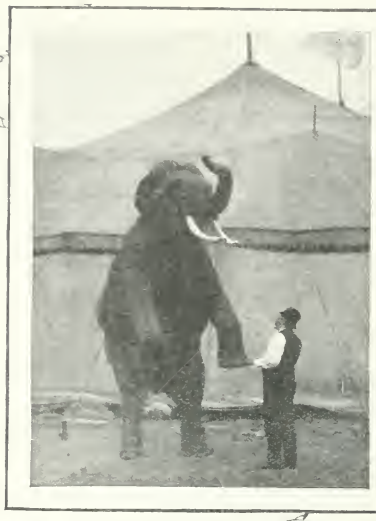
Elephants have the most violent likes and dislikes for each other, and this has to be borne in mind in arranging them. Two of our small ones, for instance, were particularly fond of each other, and were intensely indignant when a new one was placed between them. At first they constantly hustled the stranger out of the way, but in the course of three months he was admitted into their "set" and the three were inseparable. Two of the bulls enjoyed friendly wrestling matches, and spent their spare time with locked tusks, foreheads braced against each other, and trunks intertwined, trying to push each other about the tent. Others played together like children, while others did their circus tricks for their own pleasure, or so as not to forget them, standing on their heads, kneeling, or going through the ring performance. They vary in aptitude, some learning quickly, while others take five years to do a set of tricks. The small African elephants with big ears have small brain capacity, but the Indians have large brains, and are almost human. To prevent straggling when on the march they were trained to hold each other's tails in their trunks, as children cling to their mother's skirts.



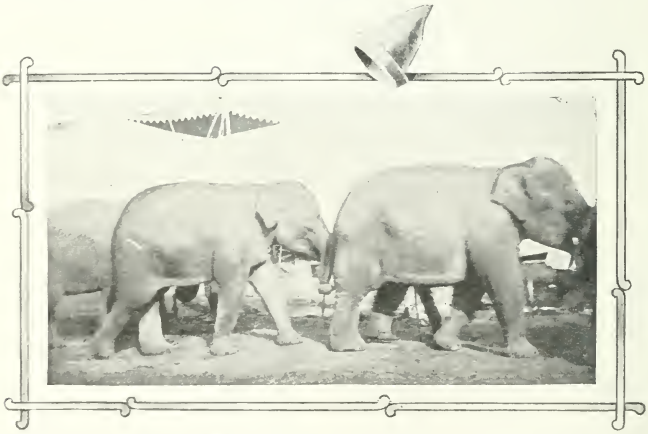
From a] AN ELEPHANT ABOUT TO STAND ON HIS HEAD. [*Photo.*

People outside the show are apt to think that all is plain sailing, but we felt differently. Once, for instance, "Billy," who drew the cannon,

was frightened by the whistle of a steamer beneath the bridge upon which he stood, and, trumpeting loudly, turned short, broke the shafts, and started on a dead run. The procession ahead was thrown into confusion and the spectators fled like deer. It was only by a miracle that serious accident was avoided, and hours elapsed before we captured and quieted him. He was not punished for this, as elephants, while standing punishment when in the wrong, resent injustice; and he was not to blame. In another case one crushed flat the finger of the trainer, accidentally placed on a bicycle tyre upon which the least had to step. The attention of the animal was not even called to the accident, though it was most painful. On the other hand, a keeper in another show once gave a wrong order. The beast knew he had blundered and refused to obey. The trainer raised his whip, but was snatched up in the trunk of the brute, thrown to the ground, and instantly killed. The same keeper had a thrilling escape once before while asleep in one corner of the winter quarters. The elephants, seizing the opportunity afforded by the drunkenness of a watchman, untied their chains and ran amok. One smashed the giraffe's cage, and was discovered contentedly devouring the hay, while the giraffe lay limp with terror in a corner. Another broke the door open and escaped, while a third actually pulled the hay from under the keeper, who woke with a yell, to find himself held helpless with a huge foot on his chest. Though badly frightened, he had sense enough to order the brute to back, thus undoubtedly saving his life.



ELEPHANT PRACTISING THE "SALUTE."
From a Photo.



TO PREVENT STRAGGLING WHEN ON THE MARCH THE ELEPHANTS WERE TAUGHT TO HOLD ONE ANOTHER'S TAILS IN THEIR TRUNKS.
From a [*Photo.*

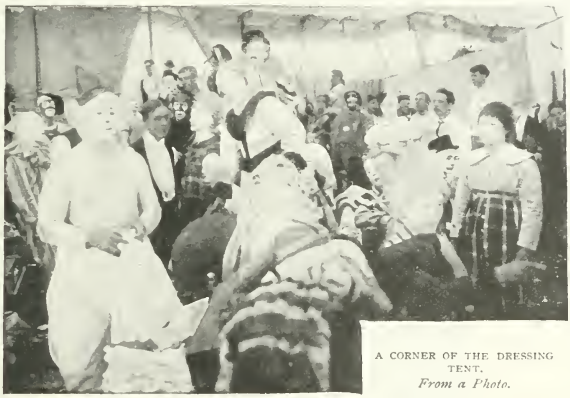
After several weeks in the animal tent the life

grew monotonous, and I persuaded our "boss" to say a good word for me to the head property man. Each "boss" hires his own men and is responsible for them, but has nothing to do with the rest. The property man, who had charge of the dressing tent and of the articles used by the performers, was good enough to give me a job, and so I was admitted to the world of mystery behind the curtains. Like many another boy, I thought that to be a bareback rider must be the summit of bliss, but, like many another, when I had an opportunity of examining it I found the life not what I expected. The life of a circus performer is really a serious business, all hard work and plenty of it, with very little amusement and no high pay. A "straight clown," for instance (one who could do nothing else), received 40dols. a month and board, and the rate varied up to the equestrians, who drew 75dols. The lowest salary paid to any performer was 20dols., while the "star" people had much larger salaries, though it was not known just what they were. A man had to be something out of the ordinary to get good pay, however, and one of the acrobats told me that he began practice at six years of age, and that no one could expect to do good work who started after nine. As this meant that one had practically to be born in the profession, it was most discouraging to the ambition of an outsider.

Our people as a whole were most pleasant, quiet, businesslike, and well-behaved, with no toleration for idlers. There was a great deal of professional pride among them, a man ranking among his fellows only according to his excellence in his work. Most of our men were very regular in their lives, for, as they all said, "When a man's life depends on his steadiness of hand and eye he cannot afford to drink." Few of our equestrians or athletes ever touched intoxicants, and the clowns and trainers of animals in the ring were, according to my "boss," the only ones that dared to.

Our professionals were young as a general run, mostly under thirty, for the life is hard on them, especially on the acrobats, even though the season is only about seven months at the longest, and they wear out young and so have to join the clowns, or at last take tickets or do other similar light work. Nevertheless, with care, men have been known to be active acrobats for thirty years. The remarkable thing about our circus was the discipline: there was absolutely no swearing or loud talking. In some shows a man was fined every time he broke the rules, but in ours he was spoken to at first, and if the offence were repeated he was "bounced."

Everyone has seen the performers disappear through the curtains near the band, but few, I imagine, have ever seen the dressing tent, which



A CORNER OF THE DRESSING TENT.
From a Photo.

lies just behind, separated from the large one by a space containing the bulkier articles used in the ring. There were twenty-eight of us in charge of all this material, and we were kept busy during the show, though we had an easy time of it otherwise, except at packing time. All our performers were very particular, and often went into the tent before the performance to test the apparatus, grumbling if even a table were rickety. This was a wise precaution, for in another circus the gear broke and "the woman with the iron jaw" came down her slanting wire too fast and landed in a heap on the ground, breaking three ribs, though the audience never knew it.

The dressing tent was divided into three parts by canvas curtains. The portion near the entrance was the waiting-room for the horses and groups, the women had the left-hand compartment, and the men were on the right. The men's room was a sight. At first all seemed confusion, but really there was a regular system. Each man had a trunk containing his costume and underwear, which was always placed in the same relative position, so that a man could have found his belongings in the dark. One row of trunks ran all around next the curtain, while a double row was placed in the centre. There was also a sink dug near the entrance, with wash basins and a barrel of water close by. Our show had forty clowns, and it was always interesting to see them make up. They usually smeared their hands with white paint, and then regularly washed their faces with it, thus getting a fine coating. Red paint was dabbed on the lips and cheeks, while the lines were drawn with burnt matches. It was astonishing how quickly they could make up without even looking in the small mirrors carried in each trunk. As might be expected, the life was hard on the clothes, and the constant mending made even the men skilled with the needle. All were quick dressers, and each arrived just in time to dress for his "turn" and left as soon as it was over, so there was no time wasted, and military promptness ruled everywhere. Most of them wore wooden clogs to protect the slippers from the sawdust, and coats or wrappers to keep off the draught when going to and from the ring.

Gradually I found that the novelty of my new life was wearing off, and after a fortnight in the property department I began to long for the comfortable home I had left, being heartily sick of hurried meals and crowded quarters. One day, after the "show" was over, I picked up an apple lying just beyond the reach of an elephant, and as I did so the story of the Prodigal Son flashed across my mind. A few minutes later I had drawn my pay, and, too much ashamed at my weakness to say good-bye to my friends of the circus, I packed up my few belongings and departed for home by the next train.

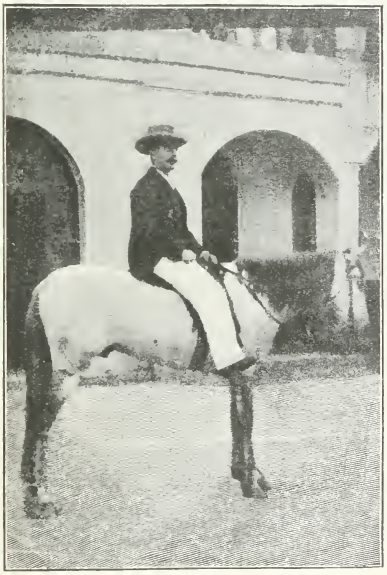
The Story of Yusuf the Spy.

By J. A. Lee.

The author was formerly in H.M. Consular Service, and he here relates a curious story of Russian methods in the East. Yusuf was an Afghan who had procured much secret information for the British Government, thereby incurring the hatred of the Russians. Everywhere he went he was dogged by Russian agents, so that his life was in perpetual danger, and he was finally lured from his house at night and killed.

THRICE have we met at distant places in Persia—the Land of the Lion and the Sun. Even in that land of remarkable Oriental types and unexpected meetings his unique personality and chequered career cause him to stand out more vividly in my recollection than any other native I have hitherto met in the East.

My first meeting with Yusuf took place at Resht, the capital of the province of Ghilan, where at the time I was representing the British Consul, then absent travelling through his jurisdiction, the provinces of Ghilan, Mazandaran, and Astrabad, lying to the S.E. of the Caspian littoral. Here it was that I met, under dramatic circumstances, the strange man with whose life Kismet had dealt so hardly.



MR. J. A. LEE, THE AUTHOR OF THE STORY.
From a Photo.

One day, soon after dawn, when the air was cool and refreshing, I strolled out along the principal thoroughfare to watch with never-failing interest the groups of natives in multi-coloured garments hurrying to the bazaar, laden with baskets suspended on poles. At all times vivacious, the natives seemed to-day to be more loquacious than usual, as they made their way in little groups to that part of the town where the Governor resides. Opposite the school — a long, narrow room giving on to the street—I paused, and for the hundredth time derived amusement by watching the urchins of various sizes squatting upon their heels on the bare mud floor, all of them bellowing forth their lessons in a drawling chant, keeping up the while a continual see-sawing of the body. I saw the master lapse into a dreamy state, and, as if by magic, the voices sank into a low hum. Awakening with a start the pedagogue vigorously laid his long wand across several heads—generally, I noticed, on those who were doing something, or at least pretending to. With startling abruptness the noise rose to the clamorous and deafening uproar of many voices.

This master and I were old friends. Many a time had we discussed theological questions together, and many a time had the kindly old man covertly smiled at my confessed inability to solve some of those abstruse problems which periodically arise to perplex the whole learned Mussulman world; as, for instance, how many black devils can stand on the point of a needle. Directly he saw me he quelled the tumult to ask if I was going to the *tamasha* (big event), which turned out to be an execution. If so, he said, he would be greatly honoured by being permitted to accompany me. On my assenting the scholars were dismissed, each one unerringly and without the slightest hesitation getting his feet into the right pair of sandals, despite the fact that they were piled up in a hopeless-looking heap just outside the door.

At the execution-place a great crowd had

already assembled. In the centre of the crowd of natives—awed by the dread presence of the Governor and his officials—stood two men. The one was a poor trembling villager, who looked piteously around him.

My attention, however, was riveted by the magnificent physique and fearless bearing of the other victim, who stood coolly awaiting his fate. Despite the great heat he wore the long Afghan *postcen*, a great-coat made from goat-skins. His swarthy features, coal-black hair, hooked nose, and wild and peculiar look contrasted strangely with the Ghilanis; while a great scar running from just below the eye to the chin imparted to his aquiline face a look of fierceness. Surely, I thought, he must either be an Afghan or a Baluchi.

Suddenly the man turned and, catching sight of me, cried loudly, so that all could hear: "Justice, sahib! I am a British subject. My name is Yusuf, the Herati. For twelve long years I rotted in Siberia, and while journeying to Teheran to lay my petition at the feet of the English Minister these dogs falsely charged me with being a 'Babee'* and would serve me the same as that poor villager there. I look to the Consul, sahib, for protection."

All eyes were now turned towards me; the executioner hesitated and mutely appealed to the Governor for instructions. The latter's face was a picture of consternation mingled with vexation. After a short, earnest consultation with his vizier the Governor beckoned to me and, when I approached him, said: "He says he is an Afghan. He shall have the opportunity granted him of proving his words. Meanwhile, if the sahib wishes to visit and interrogate him in the prison he will be permitted to do so."

Next morning, while on my way to the prison, I overtook the old schoolmaster going to the bazaar to make his daily purchase of bread and fruit. He did not like the Governor, and told me a story concerning him. "Not two days had the Governor held office," said the old man, "before a deputation of bakers waited upon him with a present, so that he might wink at their raising the price of bread." "Which bribe he refused," I ironically interpolated. "The sahib speaks rightly. He refused; nay, more, he abused them. 'Let them look to it that they sold better bread,' said the Governor; 'it was not nearly baked enough. If they did not bake it better, then, by the beard of the Prophet, he would bake the deputation in their own ovens. The poor must be protected.' To appease his wrath they went away, to return later with a larger present, and bread has since gone up in price, and all men do is but to mutter behind their beards."

"AWAITING HIS FATE."

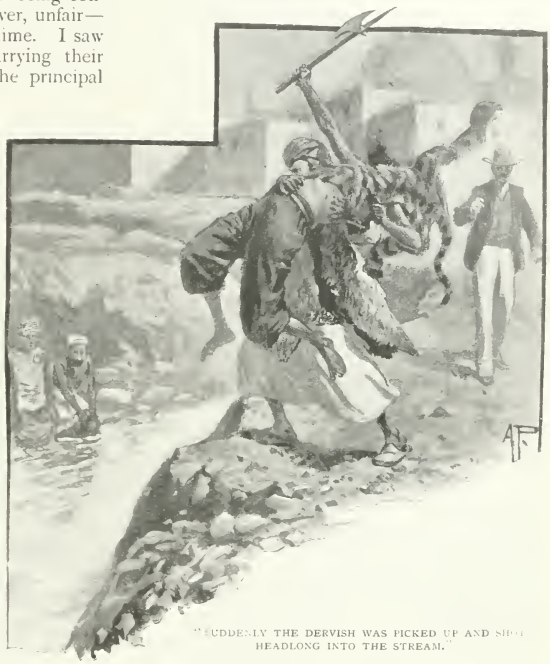
By this time we had reached the prison. We found the gaoler weeping and wringing his hands, and crying, "*Murda am*" (I am a dead man). And well he might, for during the night Yusuf had escaped!

A year passed away, chiefly spent in company with the Consul watching the movements of the Persian army in their brief but inglorious campaign against the Yomuts and the Ata Bais, two powerful Turkoman tribes. There are those who regard Persia as a buffer State against Russian aggression. Could they but see the Persian troops in action—or, more correctly speaking, avoiding an action—then would they realize once for all that to lean on Persia is but

* A much-persecuted secret religious sect, whose brief history forms a blood-stained page in Persian history. The reader will recall to mind that the assassination of the late Shah, while entering the Shrine at Shah Abdul Azim, was attributed to one of the devotees of this sect.

to lean on a rotten reed. For several months 13,000 picked men lay huddled up under the mud walls of Astrabad, afraid to move and decimated by disease, while little bands of daring Turkoman horsemen rode up and lifted cattle from under their very noses. The Governor, in deference to oft-repeated and peremptory orders from the central Government, led a cavalry expedition in great force some few miles out; but meeting with some sniping—which he characterized as being contrary to modern warfare and, moreover, unfair—he brought them back in record time. I saw constant processions of soldiers carrying their dead comrades to be washed in the principal drinking supply of the town before interment, and enterprising villagers bringing in bunches of Turkoman heads for the head-money. Moving about the place after nightfall meant almost certain death at the hands of robbers, for heads were valuable, and the application of a little walnut-juice rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish an English head from a Turkoman one. I therefore decided that it was high time to be moving. Then came the offer of an appointment in the Consular service at Meshed. With unfeigned pleasure I accepted this opportunity of going to Meshed—the far-famed city of Mohammedan pilgrimage—even though it meant traversing a region but recently devastated by an awful earthquake, marching for several stages along the fringe of the Great Salt Desert, and passing through the zone swept by the Turkoman man-stealers. Already in these pages have the main features of this pilgrim route been described by me.

Then came my second meeting with Yusuf. It was in the vicinity of the famous mosque at Meshed, whose golden dome shines like a beacon from afar to cheer the drooping pilgrims. Through its sacred portals poured a constant stream of devout worshippers from every clime in Asia. The whole city rang with the account of another miracle performed by the holy imam. In front of me and barring the path was a singularly picturesque Dervish, clad in a pair of short blue drawers, with a tiger-skin slung loosely across the shoulders. Whether he was under the influence of *bhang*, or recovering from the effects of opium, or mad, I know not, but he was a very dangerous customer. In one hand he brandished a huge battle-axe and in the other a revolver, which he emptied at random—luckily without hitting anyone. While debating in my mind as to whether it was prudent to proceed or retrace my steps, the obstruction was removed in a most unexpected manner. Suddenly the Dervish was picked up



"SUDDENLY THE DERVISH WAS PICKED UP AND SHOT HEADLONG INTO THE STREAM."

and shot headlong into the stream that flows down the centre of the principal boulevard, to the utter dismay of several dyers who were wringing out newly-dyed garments. Wondering at the boldness, nay, the foolhardiness of the deed—for though Persians, as a rule, dislike and despise Dervishes, yet for fear of offending the lower classes outwardly show them a great deal of deference—I looked for the doer, and beheld no less a person than Yusuf striding moodily and unconcernedly by.

What could have brought him to Meshed? Afghans are Sunnis, and do not like overmuch to rub shoulders with Persians, who are Shiahs. I accosted him and tentatively said, "Please

God, the English Government has removed your trouble as effectually as you removed that Dervish from the path." Recognising me he quickly replied, "No, sahib, that business will never be settled." Then, after a slight pause, he added, "If the sahib will honour my poor dwelling with his presence I will tell him my story, and perhaps he will pity me and will speak a word in the ear of the chief Consul, thus showing his servant a further mark of kindness. Three hours after sunset I will await him at the *Chub Bast*, where the sanctuary of the shrine opens on to the upper road."

Night had fallen when I set out for the rendezvous, accompanied by a servant bearing a big lantern to prevent our falling into open cesspools or such-like pitfalls for the unwary. We carried heavy sticks to beat off the fierce pariah dogs with which the city is cursed. At intervals the guards, picketed at the street corners, challenged us, but on our giving the countersign we were permitted to pass on. The password, by the way, is furnished to the English and Russian Consulates daily before dusk. Yusuf's mud-built hovel stood hard by the Bala Khiyaban Gate, so we had perforce to traverse one of the immense cemeteries, called the Tedgah, of which there are several in the heart of the city. We picked our way with extreme care, for in the East the tombstones are laid flat on the ground and the bodies are but loosely covered with the sandy soil. Stealthy shadows slunk off into the darkness at our approach; the night owls answered each other from the tops of ruins or trees, and the light of the lantern revealed the tiny white tents of the Dervishes, who are paid to watch over and pray for the dead.

THE TEDGAH CEMETERY AT MESHED THE HOLY—MR. LEE CROSSED THIS CEMETERY ON HIS NIGHT VISIT TO YUSUF'S HOUSE.
From a [*Photo.*

Presently we entered the street, and from behind a great plane-tree Yusuf joined us. In silence he took us to his house. Once within the little courtyard he gave a sigh of relief as over some danger passed, and bade me enter. Then, when I was seated on the *namad* (felt carpet), he gruffly ordered the water-pipe to be brought in and the samovar, and without further ado proceeded to unfold to me his romantic story.

He told me how in his youth he went to Bokhara, ostensibly to trade, but in reality to furnish the British Agent at Meshed with information concerning the doings and movements of the Russians; how he was betrayed to the Russians by a jealous woman, but, getting wind of the steps taken by them to arrest him, escaped with a price on his head to one of the wandering Tekke Turkoman tribes of the Great Steppe. This tribe, fearing the heavy hand of Russia — or else covetous of the head-money — gave him up to them. He was banished for life to Siberia, and endured terrible sufferings in that country. Then came the glad day when freedom came unexpectedly to him and other political prisoners of the same class by decree of a new Czar. He narrated this story in simple but eloquent language; the thought of that dread time in exile moved this strong man to tears.

There was no gainsaying the truth of his narrative. The British Minister at Teheran had sent him to Meshed in order that his case might the more easily be verified and dealt with there, and in due course a satisfactory arrangement was arrived at, and Yusuf was directed to proceed forthwith on a secret mission to Afghanistan.

The month of Ramazan, the month of the great fast, had passed, and the holy city had once more given itself up to pleasure and gaiety and the outward observance of religious rites and ceremonies, ere Yusuf set forth on his perilous mission. By a strange coincidence, he left about the same time as I did. I was in company with a noted Turkoman chief—the one-time leader of many an exciting foray in Persia. I was to join the Consul-General on the Afghan frontier, *viâ* Sarakhs. Grave difficulties had arisen concerning the demarcation of the boundary, and both Persia and Afghanistan were moving down troops to settle the question, if need be, by force of arms. We overtook Yusuf in the Muzdaran Pass, well mounted on a big Turkoman horse, and armed to the teeth. Right pleased was he to join our caravan, and we, on our part, were not averse to availing ourselves of his services as a guide.

A significant episode, however, occurred between Sarakhs and the frontier, which made us feel that the quicker we were rid of Yusuf the better it would be for us. We were passing in Indian file through a copse, when suddenly rifle shots rang out, the bullets passing unpleasantly close to our heads. The cook's mule stampeded forthwith, bringing down that worthy with a tremendous clatter of pots and pans.

It did not take us long to discover from whom the shots came. Hidden in the wood were a number of Cossacks, escorting a field battery—the whole party flagrantly travelling on Persian soil. The officers apologized most profusely for the affair, urging that the men were pheasant-shooting. But, as Yusuf grimly remarked, it is not usual even for fools of Cossacks to shoot pheasants with ball cartridge, nor for pheasants to hang about occupied camps.

At Pul-i-Khatun, the farthest outpost of Russia on the threshold of Afghanistan, Yusuf left us. In front of the little fort flowed the swift river Murghab: the background of sterile sandy waste gave way in the near distance to a formidable range of mountains, whence the fierce mountaineers look down on their hereditary foes. As Yusuf crossed the ford lower down I could not forbear pointing out to him that the garrison were in some slight measure tasting of the bitterness of his long exile in Siberia. Then his anger broke forth and he cursed them with much vehemence.

From a] THE MUZDARAN PASS, THE FRONTIER POST WHERE YUSUF LEFT THE AUTHOR. [*Photo.*

Hardly had poor Yusuf set foot in Herat when he was seized, his horse and arms taken from him, and, heavily chained, he was thrown into the common prison. Thus early in his mission had the toils of the Russians checked him. His position was indeed a pitiable one, as those who know anything of Eastern prisons may well imagine. Ofttimes must he have wished himself dead. But release—as unexpected as was his release from Siberian exile—came to him, for one day his chains were knocked off and he was told to go to the

capital. Those whom he served had not failed him in this crisis. Then with a bound, such as is only possible in the East, he sprang into Royal favour, and none but those who lifted him knew why. Wealth fell to his lot; wherever he went he was accompanied by a long train of servants, among whom were many bold and daring spirits. Participators in his prosperity, they were devoted to him body and soul. Rumour with its thousand tongues assigned many reasons for his meteoric rise. Some said he had discovered a plot of the Russians to assassinate the Ameer, others that he was simply the tool of the Government to extort money from his compatriots the Jews. Whatever his *rôle*—and the latter reason is the most likely one—it was a dangerous eminence to attain in a country like Afghanistan, and Yusuf knew it. Enemies sprang up like mushrooms, some jealous of his advancement, others smarting under their wrongs. Time after time he was shot at in the broad light of day when the streets were crowded, and at dusk when the people were at the evening meal; but it was remarked, when the would-be assassin was known, that he did not have another opportunity of redeeming his failure, for by some mysterious agency he disappeared no man knew where except Yusuf. If other people bungled their affairs, not so Yusuf. After a time it became a jest in the bazaars and caravanserais, and when any expressed disgust at the affairs of life in general they would be blandly informed that, if tired of life and desirous of a quick death, they had but to shoot at Yusuf and miss. That which could not be accomplished openly, however, was done by stealth, and in this wise. One dark night, just as Yusuf had retired to the privacy of his harem, he was called forth by an urgent message, ostensibly from high quarters. He took with him three trusty followers only. A little later the people of a distant suburb of the city were awakened by shots and the clash of arms, but with Oriental prudence did not venture forth. In the morning they found a little heap of dead, horribly slashed about—and from the heap they dragged forth the hated Yusuf.

"THE PEOPLE WERE AWAKENED BY SHOTS AND THE CLASH OF ARMS."

That unseen but powerful influence which had persistently dogged his steps from the time I first met him had at length compassed his ruin. Dimly I saw it at work in the frustrated plan at Resht, in Yusuf's wholesome dread of being out in the streets of Meshed after nightfall, in the chance expressions he let drop concerning his being tracked, in the suspicious shots from the wood near Sarakhs, and finally in the many attempts to remove him in Cabul, despite the fact that he was under the wings of the dreaded Ameer.

Of a truth the arm of the White Czar reacheth far!

THE PRISON-LAND OF SIBERIA,

AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

By John Foster Fraser.

Mr. Fraser obtained a special permit from the Governor-General to visit the Siberian prisons, and was much surprised by all he saw. In place of what he expected to find — processions of manacled men driven onwards to a living death in horrible prison-houses — he found spacious, clean, and airy establishments, superintended by kind and intelligent officials, who teach their charges useful trades and provide theatres and reading-rooms for their amusement.

I SHALL never forget the night I set out to visit the biggest prison in all Siberia — that of Alexandrovski. I was in Irkutsk at the time, the leading city of Central Siberia, 4,000 miles east of the quaint old Muscovite capital of Moscow. The dread Asiatic winter had set in. I had just covered 2,000 miles through snow, and had another 5,000 miles of journeying over snow before I would be able to reach the more congenial climate of Germany. The chill blasts that blow for eight months of the year from the north-west were sweeping over Irkutsk bitingly and with the sharp teeth of a wolf. In summer-time it is a bright and bracing place enough; in winter it is a spot with no fascinations as a place of residence. Sledges are then everywhere; but the people in them are so wrapped up in furs that it is impossible to tell whether they are men or women.

I had the ordinary Britisher's ideas about Siberian prisons. I had read about the cruelty of Russian soldiers: how, over the snowy steppes, there were constant processions of exiled men on their way to a living death, and that the only sound above the groans of the unfortunates and the slow crunch of feet on the snow was the jangling of the iron chains binding one to another.

When I asked the Governor-General of Irkutsk if I might visit the prisons I did so as a sort of forlorn hope, fully expecting that I should be refused, for the Russians are supposed to be very anxious to hide from the outer world the way in which their criminals are treated. Conceive my surprise, therefore, when not only was permission granted, but facilities given me so I might see what I desired!

Alexandrovski lies to the north of the city of Irkutsk, a distance of seventy-five versts, or about fifty miles. It was arranged that I should go there with a prison official, and, as there is practically nothing in the way of scenery in Siberia, we determined to travel by night over the snow. The sledge I used was nothing more or less than a big waggon with a huge hood. A mass of hay lay on the floor, and double sheepskins were thrown over these. I piled clothing upon me—first a light English overcoat, then a heavy English ulster on the top of that, and finally a gigantic wolf-skin ulster that would have held three men, and which had a collar that reached far above my head. I was wearing top-boots, but I put over these gigantic felt bags, which were supposed to resist the cold. These things, together with a great

From a] ALEXANDROVSKI PRISON—"A PLACE OF DREAD REPUTE THROUGHOUT RUSSIA." [*Photo.*

astrakhan hat and big skin gloves, made me walk in as ungainly a fashion as a walrus.

I had to be almost lifted into the sledge, and, lying down, was covered with a double blanket of furs, and so started in the late afternoon to make the journey.

Both my companion and myself had our revolvers lying handy on the pillow, in case we might have any encounter with desperadoes. For it is well to go armed in the neighbourhood of Irkutsk. No place in this world is so full of cut-throats. Russia, in sending her convicts to Siberia, makes no provision for their return, so that after their term of servitude is over they have to shift for themselves. The consequence is that very few of them journey back west of the Ural Mountains. They make for the few Siberian cities, and chiefly for Irkutsk, which, with a population of between 60,000 and 70,000, is a kind of capital. Half the population of Siberia—and all told there are about 10,000,000 souls—are convicts or the descendants of convicts. You cannot, of course, hope to get a high type of race from this kind of people. Many of the folks, whose fathers and mothers were convicts, are decent, respectable people enough, but the majority have a code of morals of their own, which is, to say the least of it, distinctly lax.

Irkutsk, just now coming into prominence, has much of the wildness about it that Western America had in earlier days. There are hundreds of men there who prefer murder to work, so that a dozen murders a week is about the average, and nobody dreams of going out at night without a revolver. Accordingly, as a number of outlaws hang about the outskirts of Irkutsk, watching for prey, we kept our revolvers on the cock in case we had any trouble with these gentlemen. But I should say that, although once or twice I found it necessary to take a sudden grip of my weapon when horsemen hove in sight, I had no necessity at all to use it, because they turned out to be harmless peasants on the way to their villages.

The roads for fully fifteen miles beyond the city were rough and humped and broken. There was none of that smooth, easy gliding usually associated with sleighing; the vehicle jolted until I felt that my bones were gradually being splintered to small pieces. With the continuous jog-jog a curious aching sensation gripped me at the back of the neck, and after twenty-two hours of such knocking about within a space of thirty-six hours I felt as though my head had been detached from my body and fastened on again rather awkwardly. It took me a week to recover my normal condition.

Can you conceive what a ride through the long night over a Siberian steppe is like? There was a great white, silent wilderness. The moon was at its full and shone brightly upon an eternal sea of snow. There was not even the cry of a bird or the grunt of an animal to be heard—nothing but dreadful, awe-inspiring stillness. At first the experience was novel and exhilarating; but, what with having to lie beneath such a weight of furs, uncomfortableness soon set in and I began to writhe in positive pain.

Shivering with cold, we at last ran into a miserable, woebegone Siberian village. The post-house stood stern and dreary. With difficulty we climbed out of the sleigh and started kicking at the gateway until we presently aroused about a hundred yelping dogs and at last brought out the post-master, a drowsy, rheumatic old man, swinging a lantern before him. His wife, a bulky, sad-faced creature, also put in an appearance, and on learning who we were started a samovar. So within a few minutes there was boiling water, and we were drinking glass after glass of most delicious Russian tea. In half an hour our limbs were thawed. Then, as fresh horses were ready, we helped one another into our furs, climbed back into the sledge, and sped away again on our journey.

There was more snow, but happily there was none of the broken road that had been so agonizing before. The driver skirted dreary copses, where the dark trees stretched skeleton arms across our path, and every now and then there was a heave and a lurch as we struck a gully, causing the sledge to lie on its side like a ship struck by a sudden squall.

Three or four more hours of this kind of travelling and we reached another huddled, miserable hamlet and were able to get more tea; then on again.

The night had a pristine clearness. It was possible to look for long miles over the white sheet of snow. But the cold! It did not simply strike one with an icy chill; it penetrated into the very centre of one's being and reduced one to a lump of ice. In this condition I lay for many hours at the bottom of the sledge until Alexandrovski was reached.

It was four o'clock in the morning, and already the moon was dimming. The houses all down the main street stood like sullen sentinels. A huge, bulbous-domed Greek church, with all its crevices filled with snow, reared giant-like over all else. Nothing but the tap of the horses' hoofs broke the silence as, with a joyous dash at being near the journey's end, the animals scampered along. On the left towered a black, forbidding wall. On the top marched grey-robed figures with guns and bayonets poised on shoulder.

THE AUTHOR AND THE GOVERNOR OF THE PRISON STAPE ON A VISIT OF INSPECTION.
From a Photo.

These were Cossacks keeping guard over the prison and ready to shoot down any convict that might attempt escape. The prison itself, however, was as dark and quiet as the grave.

The gleam of a light shone in a building opposite. This was the Alexandrovski Club House. Instantly we stopped opposite it the doorways were thrown open, and out ran men eager to help us from the sledge. They were convicts, and now, instead of spending dreary lives within high prison walls, they had the more congenial occupation of acting as club servants.

How delightful it was to get within a warm and well-lighted room! Steaming dishes were instantly on the table, and we sat down and ate as only hungry men, after long hours of travelling over snow, can eat. Then to bed in cosy little rooms, and so to welcome sleep and to forgetfulness that one was so many thousand miles away from all European civilization, and that just across the road was Alexandrovski Prison, a place of dread repute throughout Russia, and where 1,600 men were being punished for their misdeeds.

With the cold grey morning, when I was having a frugal Siberian breakfast of a cup of tea and a rusk, I received a visit from the Governor, the chief warder, the doctor, and others. Instead of being sour-visaged men whose nights were spent in dreaming horrible cruelties, and their days occupied in perpetrating them, I found them rather kindly. The Governor himself was a courteous-mannered old man, dressed in strict military fashion, and from my conversations with him I found him much more interested in music than in malefactors. The chief warder, however, might have stepped straight out of a novel. Tall and broad, black-whiskered and black-eyed, with strong lines across his forehead, he was the embodiment of Muscovite austerity. He seemed the very person for the post, for many are the rough characters in that gaunt corner of the Czar's dominion.

And now, before I describe what I saw, let me explain exactly the uses to which Siberia has been and is being put in dealing with criminals.

Until comparatively recent times the region beyond the Urals was an unexplored land, shrouded with all the terrors of the unknown. In European imagination it was a barren region of eternal snow and many months of horrible darkness. Capital punishment, it should be remembered, is never inflicted in Russia. So

From a] THE GOVERNOR AND THE CHIEF WARDER. *[Photo.*

offenders, thieves, murderers, and those who rebel against the autocratic rule of the Czar were sent to this awful region—and few ever came back. In the days before the railway periodic processions started out from Moscow, the weeping relatives of the prisoners following them through the streets and providing heartrending spectacles. The public—forgetting the crimes and only realizing the living death to which the men were going—ran after them, presenting them with food and money.

That was the kind of thing which stirred the imagination. It became the theme for novelists. The Saxon, with a sort of hereditary antipathy toward the Muscovite, accepted all the horrible stories of Siberian cruelties as gospel. Accordingly, there grew up weird legends about what took place in this strange frozen land.

A fair-minded investigation, however, strips the whole thing of most of its romance and yields a prosaic but nevertheless interesting picture. Just as the laying down of the Trans-Siberian Railway has given many of us an opportunity to visit the land and to discover that in the summer-time it is as fair and flourishing a country as the great wheat stretch in America, so the investigation of the prison system reveals that, although there is much to criticise and to condemn, it is by no means so horrible as most of us had imagined.

From a] THIS MAN HAD COMMITTED FOUR MURDERS. *[Photo.*

Russia is a good century behind the rest of the civilized world. Undoubtedly, until recent times, things were done for which there is no palliation. Hardened offenders were severely flogged, and the knout is still administered. For a man to receive such a punishment equals a sentence of death. Indeed, an expert flogger can, with six strokes of the knout, kill a man. The old idea that criminals were marched through the snow and that the roadways over the steppes were marked by the bodies of weary trudgers who had fallen out is, however, not accurate. The prisoners were—and are in the districts where there are no railways—marched twenty miles a day for two days. Then they are given one day's rest, after which they march for two days more, and so on. This, however, is only done in the summer months, and explains why it is that often a year and more is occupied in reaching a destination.

From a] GOING TO FETCH THE DINNER. *[Photo.*

Until recently nearly all the

From a] A CORNER OF THE EXERCISE GROUND. [*Photo.*

Russian criminals were sent to Siberia, the general punishment being so many years within the prison and then so many years' residence in Siberia before liberty is given to return to Russia. When a man is banished to Siberia his wife can claim divorce by right. She may, however, choose to follow her husband beyond the Urals, and in that case the Government provides her with means of conveyance and allows her to take her children along with her. Near all prisons are villages, and here the women reside. Nothing is provided by the Government in the way of money for their maintenance, although a contribution is made towards the support of the children —about ¾d. per head. However, work such as the making of clothes and washing is given to the women, and as their wants are few they manage to scrape along somehow. Moreover, if the husband conducts himself well and gets into the good graces of the prison officials, he is not only able to provide his family with some money, but is often allowed to live at home with them.

We in England hear chiefly about the woes of the political exiles. They, however, are but few in number compared with the mass of ordinary offenders. It must be remembered that the lower class of Russians have a great deal of the Tartar savage nature in them, and their crimes are often very brutal and too horrible to relate. For over a century now these convicts have been sent to Siberia. When their term of imprisonment is finished they have, in the majority of cases, not returned to Russia, but have remained in Siberia itself. Most have been desperadoes — wild, unfearing, brutal men. Thus one-half of the population of Siberia at the present day consists of convicts and the descendants of convicts. Again and again as I went among them I noticed a freedom of manner and thought, a repudiation of authority, a fondness for wild and daring actions, altogether alien to the ordinary Russian, who is inclined to be cringing in the presence of officialdom.

Since within the last few years the trading possibilities of Siberia have penetrated the Muscovite mind, the better-class folks of the land have complained of Russia's riff-raff being sent among them. Time and time again has the Emperor been petitioned, and only recently

THIS CHURCH WAS BUILT ENTIRELY BY THE CONVICTS.
From a Photo.

has it been decided that the chief use of Siberia shall no longer be that of a prison-house. It is still to be the place of banishment for political offenders; but the ordinary criminal classes are in future to be dealt with in their own localities, all except the very worst men, sentenced for life, who will continue to be incarcerated in the Island of Saghalien, lying on the far eastern coast, a place which is a prison indeed, and whence men, once having entered, have little hope of ever returning. There they are dead to the world; their names are taken away from them and a number given them. They are never allowed any communication with relatives, and when they die their friends are not even informed of the occurrence.

Although the punishments inflicted are severe—too severe to be humane according to our idea of things—the great point uppermost in the minds of all men who have examined Siberian prisons is that they are not so black as they have too frequently been painted. Indeed, to the man who has read most of the exaggerated stories about the country the tendency is—when he sees how different it all is to what he had expected—to run to the other extreme and be more enthusiastic about the prisons than he would be if he examined them by strict comparison with prisons at home. I have rigorously endeavoured to avoid that pitfall.

There is, however, one matter which always serves as an antidote to any enthusiasm. That is the treatment of what are called "politicals"—men who have been banished because of their views. This is not the place to talk politics, but I think I may say this: that the best students of Russia agree that, until the people as a mass become more enlightened, autocratic government with all its faults is preferable to that of the mob. One can have no sympathy whatever with men who endeavour to enforce their political views with dynamite. Yet what always struck me as unwise, even childish, was the way Russia condemns to five or ten years of banishment in the most inhospitable regions of Siberia young fellows, chiefly students—ardent as most of us have been in our time for the speedy regeneration of the world—who have taken part in some boyish revolutionary demonstration. These men, many of them, as I say, often little more than lads, are condemned to years of exile, shut off from all communication with their friends. I had many talks with "politicals" and inquired about their treatment. They, of course, were strong in their views about the way the Government crushed freedom of political thought, but apart from that they had not much to grumble at. They were not herded with the ordinary criminals, but were given places in the prisons to

[From a CONVICTS CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL ON THEIR WAY TO EASTERN SIBERIA. [Photo.

A GROUP OF CONVICTS INTENDED FOR SAGHALIEN—"THEY ARE DEAD TO THE WORLD; THEIR NAMES ARE TAKEN AWAY FROM THEM AND A NUMBER GIVEN INSTEAD, AND WHEN THEY DIE THEIR FRIENDS ARE NOT EVEN INFORMED."
From a] [*Photo.*

themselves, and when banished to a particular locality generally formed themselves into a little community. They were able to have reading matter sent to them so long as it was not socialistic. Many of them, when their term of banishment was over, did not propose to return to Russia, but to settle in some of the Siberian towns, where there are always plenty of well-paid openings for intelligent men. I might go so far as to say that whenever I came across a man in Siberia, apart from an official, who was well educated, he was, in four cases out of five, a "political."

Most of the prisoners were confined in great dormitories divided by huge iron-clamped doors. As we entered each room the men all stood up and returned our salute of "Good morning." The majority were big, rough-featured men, with the stamp of the criminal upon them. They wore heavy, felt-like overcoats, and as these coats were all of the same size, no matter what the stature of the wearer, their appearance was somewhat ludicrous.

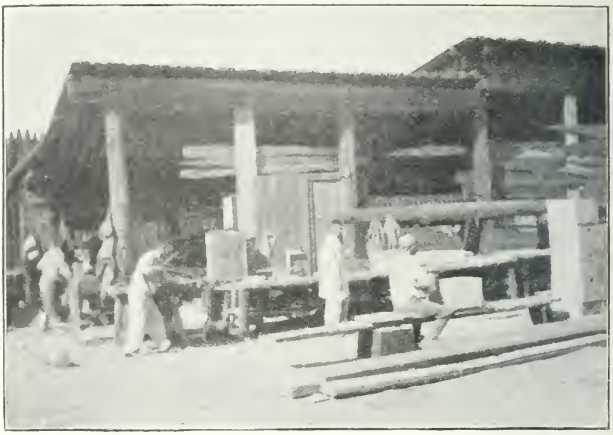
The presence of the Governor gave several men opportunity to come up and make complaints on matters wherein they considered their personal comfort was not taken into account. One man said he was continuously being teased by his brother convicts, whilst another declared that his neighbour had torn up all his clothes. Investigation revealed that he had torn them up himself because they were not exactly a Bond Street fit.

Again and again I noticed there was none of the dread of the officials which I had expected to see. I went into the workshops and there found a great crowd of men engaged in making clothes, boots, and furniture. Much of the furniture one sees in the houses in Irkutsk is

From a] ONE OF THE DORMITORIES AT ALEXANDROVSKI. [*Photo.*

made by these Alexandrovski prisoners.

In every dormitory was, of course, the sacred icon before which men could say their prayers. In one great hall I found about two hundred Mohammedan subjects of the Czar, drawn from all corners of the Empire: men from the far south on the borders of Persia and Afghanistan, and others from the borderland of Mongolia. These men were allowed to keep their own Mohammedan festival on the Friday. Then, in another hall, I found Jew prisoners. Their Ark was in a prominent position, and on Saturdays they kept their Jewish Sabbath. Thus there were practically three Sundays in the prisons, Fridays for the Mohammedans, Saturdays for the Jews, and Sundays for the Christians.



From a] ONE OF THE OPEN-AIR WORKSHOPS. *[Photo.*

As I walked before the rows of standing Jews I was very much surprised by a slim, wiry-whiskered little fellow coming up to me and saying, in my own tongue, "Do you come from England, sir?" I was naturally taken aback at being so addressed in the middle of Siberia.

"Yes," I replied; "and where do you come from?"

"I come from Glasgow," he answered.

I could not, of course, out of consideration for his feelings, ask him what he was there for, but I did ask him for how long he was in residence.

He replied, with a laugh, "Oh, I am here for ten years, and have another six years to serve."

"But what are you?" I asked — "an Englishman, a Scot, a Russian, or a Jew?"

Again he laughed. "I really don't know; my father is a Jew and is the manager of the —— Hotel in Edinburgh, but my mother was a Scotswoman. Some years ago I came to Riga on business,

From a] CONVICT BOOT-MAKERS AT WORK. *[Photo.*

From a] A TYPICAL GROUP OF CONVICTS. *[Photo.*

and now here I am in Siberia." I afterwards found out that his imprisonment was due to the fact that he had been an adept in forging other people's signatures on cheques.

Turning to the Governor, I asked whether anything was done to relieve the dread monotony of the convict's life. I recognised for myself that there was not much to complain of in the way of ill-treatment. Still, away in the middle of Siberia even prison life was likely to be more than ordinary punishment. So I was taken to the reading-room, and here I found men sitting reading or turning over the pages of picture-books. Many of the books were of the "goody-goody" sort, though there were also novels. Indeed, I saw a translation of George Eliot on the shelves, and, more wonderful still, there were even newspapers. A schoolmaster, who was a political offender, was there to teach any of the prisoners reading and writing if they cared to learn.

Half in jest I turned to the Governor and said: "Really you seem to be treating these men very well. It is a wonder you have not a theatre for their amusement."

"Oh," he replied, "so we have. Come along and I'll show it to you."

True enough he took me to a theatre, though he whispered in my ear that he hoped I would not refer to the fact to any of the other authorities I might meet in Russian territory, because he was afraid his superiors might order its discontinuance. He showed me a little room with a stage and scenery. Once a week, he said, convicts in good favour, with a turn for acting, performed little plays for the benefit of their well-behaved brother convicts who had permission to see the play.

It was impossible, of course, for an impromptu drama to be put on for my particular benefit, but the Governor sent for the church choir, which sang several delightful Slavonic part-songs.

"Of course," said the Governor to me, "I may be told I am treating these men too well. I think, however, I am on the right track. The object of a prison should be something besides inflicting punishment. It should in some way prepare a man for a useful life later on. This theatre has a wonderful effect on the men. They like it, and they know they will be able to come if they conduct themselves well. I may even say that the sullenness that you see in other prisons does not exist here. Many of the men, coming from purely criminal classes, have had a very rough life, and they appreciate keenly any little kindness one shows them. I never set any of them a task which is useless, such as wheeling a heavy barrow from place to place. When they work it is always useful work: something that has a tangible result. It

From a] A GROUP IN THE WOMEN'S PRISON, IRKUTSK. *[Photo.*

is interesting to see a man, who has been an outcast and a thief most of his life, become proud of his own handicraft in making furniture. I always try to get some sort of work for the men when they are released, so that they go straight to a civilized and useful life and cease to be plagues on society.

A perambulation of the prison took me also to the kitchens where the food was being prepared, and I had a modest lunch of ordinary prison fare: cabbage soup with a chunk of meat floating in it, and a slab of brown bread. It was not very fanciful in the way of a *menu*, but it was good fare.

Then there was a visit to the hospitals, where most of the occupants of the beds seemed to be consumptives; and then to the schools, where the children of prisoners were being not only educated, but instructed in various crafts.

It was a dreary, mournful day as I drove with the Governor in his sledge from one section of the prison to the other, but as I beheld the well-warmed rooms, all spotlessly clean, the children bright and happy, and their kindly-featured women superintendents, I could not help thinking that whatever cruelty had been perpetrated in Russian prisons in the past, for us at home to continue to think they were still the home of nameless barbarities was really to traduce a people who are striving as best they can to get into the front rank of civilized nationalities.

I recall the occasion when I visited the women's prison at Irkutsk. It was not a prison as we understand it: it was just a great house surrounded with a high-walled courtyard. This women's prison was by no means so clean or pleasant as the other prisons. The women huddled together with their numerous progeny, gossiping the whole day away or sitting out of doors if the weather happened to be fine. There was nothing suggestive of a prison about it, except the rule that the occupants were not allowed to leave the premises.

"But," I remarked to the matron, after she had shown me some of her worst charges, including five women who had murdered their husbands, "these people have only to lift the latch to make good their escape. Do none of them ever think of going away?"

"No," she replied, "none of them ever think of going away."

I laughed incredulously at this and said, "Really, you must not ask me to quite believe that."

"Yes," she answered, "it is so, with one exception, which occurred last winter. The roll call is made every night, and we were much surprised when one of the young women, who was in for robbery, did not answer. We were astonished at her going away, but we were still more surprised four or five days later when she came back. We asked for explanations. She said she wanted to see her lover, and as male visitors were not allowed in the prison she just went off for a few days, and after seeing him returned to her punishment!"

All this is, perhaps, rather prosaic and unromantic; but the trailing processions of convicts over the snow with clanging chains attached to their ankles and wrists are now things which can only find a place in novels. Siberia is no longer the great prison-house of the Czar, but a kind of Russian Canada preparing to supply much of the world with food.

From a] THE STOCKADE OF THE PRISON. [*Photo.*

By Mrs. Emma M. Parsons, of Halifax, N.S.

Being an account of the curious experience which befell the wife of an official of the Canadian Department of Marine. Mrs. Parsons accompanied her husband to Sable Island on an official visit of inspection, and while there met with an accident which necessitated her being left behind on the island. Sable Island is only accessible at certain seasons of the year, and is sometimes cut off from the outside world for six months at a time. Mrs. Parsons was subsequently taken off after seven weeks' detention.

MY husband, in discharge of his duties as head of the Marine Department of Canada in Nova Scotia, deemed it necessary in November last to visit Sable Island, the "Graveyard of the Atlantic," so called from the number of fine ships which have gone to destruction on its shifting sands. At his solicitation I accompanied him in the Government ship *Newfoundland.* My little daughter Willa, aged eleven, with all a child's love of adventure and novelty, made one of the company.

We left Halifax on the 9th of November, 1901, and next afternoon—Sunday—arrived at the north side of the island, which lies 160 miles off the Nova Scotian coast. We anchored a mile from the shore, opposite the main station. The wind, being fresh and northerly, made the landing of goods impossible and getting through the breakers on the beach dangerous even for the island surf-boat, built especially for this hazardous service. Superintendent Boutilier came off to us with his picked lifeboat crew, and soon the order was received: "Get ready to land." Mr. Parsons, myself, and Willa, Miss Tobin, daughter of the keeper of East-end light, and her little niece, together with the mail bags, our traps, and some special stores, composed our cargo. I thought getting down into the boat looked risky, but went forward, trusting to my husband and the superintendent. A very nasty surf was running, rushing up the beach with a cruel, snarling sound. On all hands were foaming breakers, which, but for the skill of the helmsman, would have engulfed the boat instantly. As it was, the boat shipped several big seas before she was finally run ashore and we had been safely placed on dry land—soaked to the skin. We were promptly taken to the house of the superintendent, where, after donning dry clothing, we felt none the worse for our adventurous landing.


MRS. EMMA M. PARSONS, THE AUTHORESS.
From a Photo. by Climo, Halifax, N.S.

Sable Island is a narrow ridge of sand lying nearly east and west. It is twenty-eight miles long and one mile wide; a century ago it was seventy miles long and two miles in width. Sand-hills

WILLA, MRS. PARSONS'S DAUGHTER.
From a Photo.

from forty to eighty feet high extend along the northern and southern edges, with a valley between. In this valley there is a salt-water lake six miles long, with openings through the south beach leading to the sea; there are also a number of shallow fresh-water ponds and numerous cranberry swamps. For the rest, there is nothing but sand, sand everywhere—save where a few bare ribs or a stump of mast show the last resting-place of some gallant ship. Sometimes, when a sand-dune is blown away by the gales, the remnants of ancient wrecks and skeletons of men are exposed. These melancholy finds occur every season.

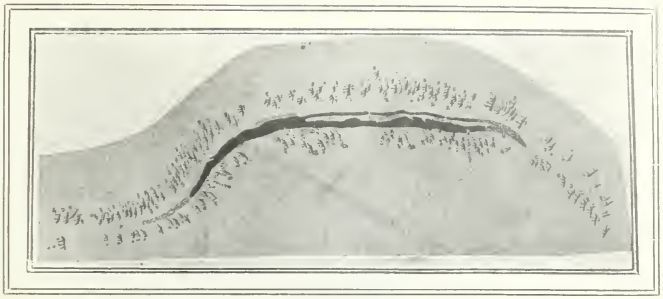
Until recently there have been no trees on the island, but the Canadian Government planted last spring many thousands of small pines and other hardy trees. When grown these will greatly benefit the island and will retard its destruction; but the sea will surely be the victor in the end. The forty-two inhabitants are all in Government employ at the East-end and West-end lighthouses and the four intervening life-saving stations. Their chief duty is to keep a ceaseless watch night and day, to patrol the beaches, rescue the shipwrecked, and, between times, to care for the cattle and horses, and keep the buildings, boats, and gear in good condition.

I must say a few words here about the Sable Island ponies. Voyagers of Sebastian Cabot's time, or earlier, left on the island horses, cattle, and hogs. Only the ponies now remain; the others were killed for food. These curious little

MR. PARSONS, HEAD OF THE MARINE DEPARTMENT OF CANADA IN NOVA SCOTIA.
From a Photo. by Notman Studio, Halifax, N.S.

ponies roam wild over the island. They are larger than the Shetland breed, have rough, shaggy coats, and long manes and tails that

From a] THE SURF-BOAT WHICH TOOK THE PARTY ASHORE. *[Photo.*



GOVERNMENT CHART OF SABLE ISLAND, SHOWING MOST OF THE KNOWN WRECKS.

often sweep the ground They will not venture very near the stations, and, as I was anxious to see them on their native heath, I was greatly pleased to meet a drove while out walking one day. We sat down in the long grass, and the leader of the band, a pretty little chestnut stallion, left off feeding and came quite close. After inspecting us for a while he evidently concluded that we were harmless, and trotted quietly back to his family. As the weather is milder here than on the mainland, the ponies live out in the open all winter. There are, however, several shelters on the island where hay is kept for them, and where they can take refuge from severe storms. Every second year a ship-load of them are lassoed and brought to Halifax, where they are sold at public auction on behalf of the Government. The photograph here reproduced shows a herd of ponies going out on a sand-bar at low tide to eat kelp, of which they are very fond.

Seals abound around the island. Their bodies are of a creamy colour, with brown spots on the back. They have large liquid brown eyes, are quite tame, and appear to be rather curious, for whenever we went for a walk on the beach they would swim along a few feet from the shore, watching us with their heads out of the water.

No other spot in America has such a sad record of shipwreck and disaster as this lonely sand-spit. Its sand-banks extend so far out; the fogs envelop it for several months in each year; and it lies directly in the track of vessels going to and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Halifax, St. John's, New England, and New York. The known wrecks are mostly marked on the map which accompanies this article; but those far out on the treacherous bars, amidst the wildest breakers, can never be known or numbered.

The third day after our arrival Miss Beatrice, the daughter of the superintendent, suggested a drive to visit the school, some five miles distant. As my husband was anxious for me to see as much of the island as possible during my visit I consented, although the roads are practically no more than a mere track for the horses' feet. Driving is not much indulged in by the islanders, save on the beach when the tide is out. In order to reach the lake beach, along which we proposed to drive, we had to travel about two miles. Our carriage was a two-wheeled buck-board, the wheels being made broad enough to drive over the uneven ground without upsetting. Miss Boutilier, my

WILD SABLE ISLAND PONIES GOING OUT ON A SAND-BAR AT LOW TIDE TO EAT KELP.
From a Photo.

little daughter, and myself occupied the vehicle. The horses went quietly enough at first, and by holding on tight we managed to reach the lake beach without any mishap. Here we found, to our dismay, that the tide was in. Miss Boutilier drove into the water, thinking it might not be very deep, and this made the horses nervous. They had not been driven for some time, and were consequently fidgety and uneasy under the constraint of the reins.

From a] THE PONIES WHICH RAN AWAY. [*Photo.*

The water presently rose to the stomachs of the ponies, and we then gave up all idea of advancing and decided to return. As soon as the horses were headed for home, however, they started to run, and we could do nothing with them. What a ride it was! We fairly flew over the sand-hills. My little girl sat down on the floor of the buck-board, while I tried to help Miss Boutilier to hold the horses, but our united strength was of no avail. Soon I was thrown violently out, and then the two girls jumped, escaping with a few scratches. Fate was not so kind to me, however. How and where I struck I do not know, but the girls, searching among the hillocks, found me lying unconscious. After chafing my hands they heard me mumble some very confused words, and I presently came to my senses. We found that no bones were broken, although I was suffering severely from the shock and ached all over. In the meantime the frightened horses had arrived home, and so conveyed the bad news to the station. Superintendent and men hastened forth to find us. Mr. Parsons was on the north beach, studying out some questions of wave power, and so did not hear the news until later. A yoke of oxen was soon driven in from the pasture, yoked to a cart in which was a mattress, and driven down to meet us. My husband rode in the cart. We were making very slow progress towards home when this unique but comfortable team arrived. I was laid gently on the mattress, conveyed home, and put in charge of Mrs. Boutilier. Of all this I have only a dim recollection, and for the rest of that day I suffered intensely. When the *Newfoundland* returned, two days later, it was deemed best not to attempt to put me on board. My husband was therefore reluctantly compelled to go home without me, with the consciousness that he would not see us again until the spring. So there I was "marooned" on Sable Island! The superintendent and his family, however, made us very comfortable.

There is no telegraphic or mail connection between the island and the mainland. The Government lighthouse ship calls there four or five times a year, but occasionally, when spells of bad weather render the island inaccessible, six or more months elapse between her visits. Would some accident cause this to be the case now?

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE, WHERE MRS. PARSONS STAYED DURING HER SEVEN WEEKS' DETENTION.
From a] [*Photo.*

Events, however, justified my detention. For a month pain was my daily companion, but gradually its intensity lessened and my health improved, and the last fortnight of my stay was very pleasant.

Early in the morning of the 24th of December the Government steamer *Aberdeen*, commanded by Captain Belanger and loaded with the winter supplies for the island, was sighted in the offing. Our seven weeks' imprisonment was at an end!

And so ended my "marooning" on the "Graveyard of the Atlantic."

On the March with Menelik's Army.

By Captain Ralph P. Cobbold.

II.

Captain Cobbold and Major the Hon. A. Hanbury-Tracy were detailed for special duty with the Abyssinian army in its operations against the Mad Mullah. Captain Cobbold saw many interesting and curious things in Menelik's country, and illustrates his narrative with a series of photographs taken during the progress of the expedition.

A NUMBER of recent writers on Abyssinia have alleged that the trade in slaves is still carried on in that country and that many slaves are exported to Arabia through dealers on the western shore of the Red Sea. This I believe to be quite untrue. Menelik has issued a very stringent order against the traffic in slaves, and anyone caught selling them is dealt with severely. Nor is it easy to see how slave-dealers could maintain a footing on the western shores of the Red Sea, either in the British, French, or Italian territory which intervenes between Abyssinia and the coast, while the passage through Abyssinia of armed bands of slave-raiders making for the Western provinces or the Soudan could not be kept secret, and, being known, would not be tolerated by Menelik. Prisoners of war captured in the Western negro provinces are used as slaves by the Abyssinians for domestic service, though some have been turned into soldiers, a profession they readily adopt, receiving the same rate of pay as the rest of the troops.

These slaves have been formed into battalions and trained as soldiers by Comte de la Guibougere, a French officer, whose portrait I reproduce herewith. This officer came to Abyssinia some five years ago, and has done very good work amongst the Abyssinian troops.

All Abyssinians, except the very poorest, employ slaves in their household to perform the arduous work which their mode of living entails. There are no mills in the country, and consequently all corn has to be laboriously pounded in a mortar. The barley, too, has to be parched and the chillies—of which Abyssinians consume astounding quantities—have to be ground. In all these services slaves are employed. They are, however, well cared for, and after a time are treated as members of the family.

The amount of work to be done in the household of an Abyssinian of position is enormous, as he is supposed to feed all his

COMTE DE LA GUIBOUGERE, THE FRENCH OFFICER WHO HAS TRAINED MENELIK'S BATTALIONS OF SOLDIER SLAVES.
From a] [*Photo.*

From a NATIVES SKINNING A LION SHOT BY CAPTAIN COBBOLD. [*Photo.*

retainers at least once a week. Abyssinian servants do not work well, and they require high payment for their services. As there is very little cash in the country, their employment in a general way is for the present quite out of the question.

Except in the case of prisoners of war, an Abyssinian can only procure a slave with the King's written permission. This permit must be shown to the Governor of the province in which the applicant lives. He will then receive an order from the Governor allowing the transaction to take place. The slaves are generally boys or girls, the former for outdoor work connected with the horses and cattle of the establishment, and the latter for indoors. They are bought from their parents at an average price of ten dollars (Abyssinian), or about £1 a head. The purchaser is not allowed to resell them, but he may, if he likes, give them away.

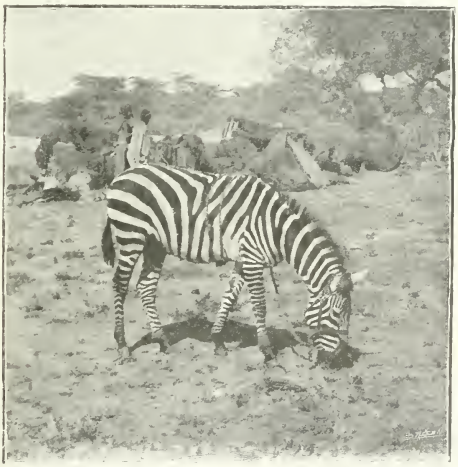
During my sojourn with the Abyssinian army I had a very good fortnight's hunting, which resulted, as the joint effort of my companion and myself, in a bag of twenty-one lions, twelve leopards, twenty or thirty kinds of antelopes and gazelles, and a rhinoceros. There were also

THE BRITISH OFFICERS' BAG—"TWENTY-ONE LIONS, TWELVE LEOPARDS, MANY DIFFERENT KINDS OF ANTELOPE, AND A RHINOCEROS." *From a*] [*Photo.*

From a] A CORNER OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS' CAMP—NOTICE THE LION CUBS IN THE FOREGROUND. *[Photo.*

a few smaller animals, and I may incidentally mention that we captured five lion cubs. Some of these cubs will be seen in the accompanying photograph, which depicts a corner of our camp with Major Tracy in the camp-chair.

The Abyssinian's busy time is before breakfast, in the cool of the day, when he transacts whatever business he has to do. He rarely does anything in the afternoon, which is generally devoted to sleep after a heavy meal—for the Abyssinians are large eaters. As a matter of fact, however, the Abyssinians do very little work of any kind. The great majority of them are priests or soldiers, not more than one in five being engaged in trade. They are very difficult people to deal with, being extremely dilatory. After the manner of the East they are more concerned to say what they think will please their hearer than to tell the truth. They have also a rooted objection to saying "yes" or "no," and will waste weeks and months of time in avoiding a direct engagement. It is always "We will see about it," or "We must talk it over," or "Come again and we will decide," and so on. If you give an Abyssinian a present or oblige him in any way he never troubles himself to repay the obligation if an opportunity should occur. He resorts to one of his favourite sayings, "*Izgahar istalagu*," which means, "May God reward you for me." He thus cheaply avoids personal responsibility.



THE ZEBRA PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD BY MENELIK.
From a Photo.

Their method of reckoning the time of day is peculiar to our notions, though on the score of common sense it has a good deal to recommend it.

THE ABYSSINIAN ARMY ON THE MARCH—"SCOUTING THERE IS NONE; EVERYBODY AMBLES ALONG AS HE PLEASES, BUT NEVER FORGETTING TO LOOT WHEN OPPORTUNITY OFFERS."
From a] [*Photo.*

Being so near the Equator their days and nights are nearly always of equal length. The sun rises about 6 a.m. and sets about 6 p.m. Accordingly they count the day as beginning at sunrise, and not at midnight as we do, while the twelve hours of the night begin with sunset. Thus our 7 a.m. would be one o'clock day in Abyssinia, our noon their six o'clock day, and our 6 p.m. their twelve o'clock day. Similarly 8 p.m. with us would be two o'clock night with them, and 4 a.m. with us ten o'clock night with them. Their calendar, too, is very remarkable. Like ourselves they count back to the Birth of Christ, but for some reason are nearly eight years behind us in their reckoning. Their year begins on our 11th September; thus, the 11th September, 1901, with us was with them the 1st of Maskaram, 1894.

During its operations against the Mad Mullah the Abyssinian army devastated nearly the whole of the country it traversed, its depredations being by no means confined to raids upon its enemies. The photograph reproduced above shows the army on the march, and gives a capital idea of the straggling nature of Abyssinian military formations and the extraordinary manner in which the cavalry and infantry are mixed up. Scouting there is none;

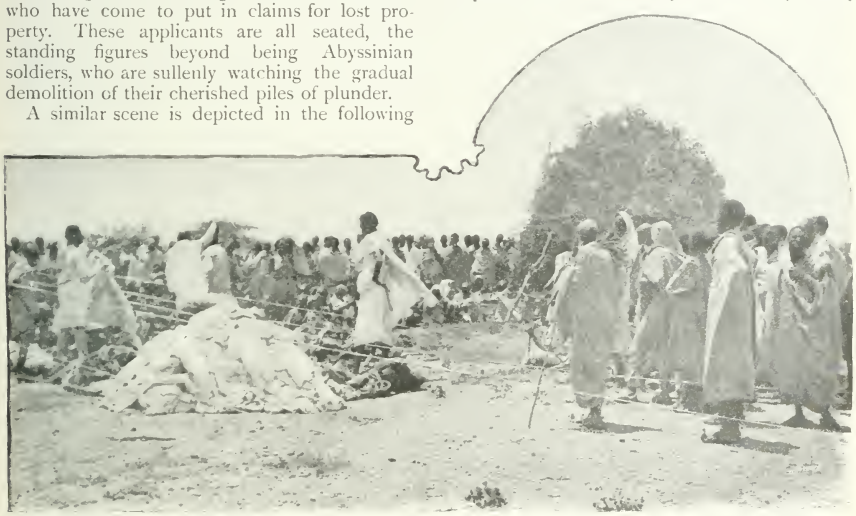
From a] RESTORING LOOTED PROPERTY TO A FRIENDLY TRIBE. [*Photo.*

everybody ambles along as he pleases, riding or walking as the fit takes him—but never forgetting to loot when opportunity offers. As I have indicated, the army ravages all the country through which it marches; no distinction whatever is drawn between the friendly and unfriendly tribes encountered. It therefore became necessary, on some occasions, to gather together all the property which had been looted from villages friendly to Menelik, in order that it might be restored as far as possible to the rightful owners, and thus in some measure militate against disaffection among the populace. The preceding photo. represents one of these "disgorgings" in progress. Grouped round the central figures are a large number of Somalis, who have come to put in claims for lost property. These applicants are all seated, the standing figures beyond being Abyssinian soldiers, who are sullenly watching the gradual demolition of their cherished piles of plunder.

A similar scene is depicted in the following snap-shot, which shows a huge pile of clothing, looted from the Ogaden tribe, being restored garment by garment to its rightful owners. The Abyssinian commander-in-chief—under whose superintendence the business is being carried out—sits in the structure of branches on the right, which has been hastily built to protect him from the intense heat. As each garment is held up it is roughly described by a crier, the people in the crowd signifying ownership by holding up their hands. As, however, there may be some twenty strenuous claimants for one damaged shirt, it is seldom that the looted property reaches its rightful owner without much vigorous and high-voiced discussion. The final decision is always pronounced by the chief present, whose mandate, however unsatisfactory to the claimants, is final.

That the Abyssinians did their looting in an effective and thorough fashion will be seen from the two photos. reproduced on the following pages. The first shows two vast herds of camels, all captured from the Mad Mullah. These camels, by the way, can travel for about three weeks without water, while the hardy little Somali ponies are capable of journeying for seven days without drinking.

The other photograph shows a flock of sheep and goats taken in various small skirmishes with the enemy's outposts. The commissariat department of the Abyssinian army being practically non-existent, these captures were very welcome.



"AS EACH GARMENT IS HELD UP IT IS ROUGHLY DESCRIBED BY A CRIER. THERE MAY BE TWENTY STRENUOUS CLAIMANTS FOR ONE DAMAGED SHIRT."
From a [*Photo.*

It is the ambition of every Abyssinian who is not a priest to possess a rifle, and this ambition the enterprise of European traders enables him to gratify on fairly easy terms. These rifles they let off in the most promiscuous fashion on the slightest pretext, and as they are innocent of blank cartridges the *feus de joie* and other demonstrative uses to which they put their firearms are not unattended with danger. I remember on one occasion that a soldier was knocked down and stunned by a discharge, whereupon a comrade rushed up to him and fired off his piece close to his head. This, I

was informed, was quite customary, and was merely done in order to ascertain whether the man was dead or alive!

When a man in Menelik's country dies his friends and neighbours are informed of the melancholy fact by word of mouth or, if living near at hand, by the firing of guns. The neighbours then repair to the house of the deceased, taking with them food for its inmates, who are supposed to be so stricken with grief that they are unable to attend to any household matters. The funeral takes place, if possible, on the day of decease. Well-to-do people are buried in a wooden coffin with the head turned in the direction of Jerusalem; the poor are merely wrapped in a sheet. After the funeral those who have attended return to the house to eat. Upon the seventh and again on the fortieth day following the burial the priests of the parish are feasted by the dead man's family to encourage them to pray for his soul. The period of mourning is forty days, during which time the men wear dingy burnouses and the women simply dirty clothes as a mark of respect; the men also generally shave their heads.

The Abyssinians are still a barbarous people in spite of their Christianity. They are extremely ignorant, and Menelik does not encourage education. To have killed a person is reckoned by them a mark of manhood without which a man remains of but small account. In former days, before rifles came into general use, the killing of dangerous animals was held in high esteem; nowadays, of course, these feats are thought less of.

A lion counts as thirty men. The hunter hands the skin over to the Ras, or Governor of his province. The skin is then cured and made into two cloaks, one of which is given to the hunter and the other retained by the Ras. These cloaks, which fasten down the front, are adorned with gold or silver filigree-work along the edges and round the neck and are very imposing. A rhinoceros counts as twenty men. The distinctive badge for this is a silver band to go round the ankle adorned with silver tassels. This is presented by Government, but not usually worn by the recipient. Another instance of their primitive notions is their custom when offering you food or drink first to taste it in your presence in order to prove that it has not been poisoned.

The foremost wish of the Abyssinian youth is to possess a rifle, for which he will diligently save any money he can earn; once armed with a rifle he considers himself as good as his fellows, and a good deal better than the unarmed Somalis and Gallas among the population, over whom he is thereby enabled to terrorize to his savage heart's content. Of late years, however, the position of the Gallas has considerably improved, as many of them have

[Photo. a] TWO VAST HERDS OF CAMELS CAPTURED FROM THE MAD MULLAH. [Photo.

become Christianized, and not a few have enlisted in the army. They make good troops —in fact, some of the best—and with the official recognition of their fighting qualities the constant raiding and plundering of their villages have become things of the past.

It is easy to become a soldier in Abyssinia. A man goes to one of the chiefs and says he wishes to join the army; he then attaches himself to that chief, whom he follows about wherever he goes, and in due course becomes his paid retainer. At this stage of his enlistment the chief will usually supply him with a rifle and a mule, but there are no terms of enlistment, no standard of physique, no drill, and no discipline. It is all very happy-go-lucky, and if the young recruit should tire of his new profession he has only to leave the chief's service—first, however, returning to him the rifle and mule—and resume his former occupation. The pay of the Abyssinian private is only five dollars (Abyssinian)—about ten shillings—a month, though a great many get no pay at all; he is, however, entitled to quarter himself upon the Gallas or other subject peoples, from whom he is wont to demand and obtain whatever he wants. When going off on active service he receives, in addition, a month's ration of grain—about 120lb.—and a donkey to carry it. He gets nothing else, and if the campaign should last beyond the month he must for the rest of the time fend for himself.

King Menelik overwhelmed the Italian forces at the Battle of Adowa with a swarm of men who must have numbered 100,000. Such an army can always be collected by him by levies, but owing to the lack of adequate commissariat it is quite impossible for any large body of Abyssinian troops to maintain itself in the field for more than a month, even with indiscriminate looting and foraging.

SHEEP AND GOATS TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY—"AS THE ABYSSINIAN COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT WAS PRACTICALLY NON-EXISTENT, THESE CAPTURES WERE VERY WELCOME." [*Photo.*

From a]

HOW WE FOUND OUR WATER-HOLE.

By Alex. Macdonald, F.R.S.G.S.

The author's party was on the march in North-West Australia, and was in great straits for water. Arrived at a native camp, the prospectors hoped to find a supply of the precious fluid; but the aborigines showed fight, with the result that Mr. Macdonald and the geologist of the expedition found themselves in an extraordinary predicament.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1898 I was with a prospecting and exploring party in Australia. We had crossed the 20th parallel, on a course that lay very slightly west of the 127th degree of longitude. At this period we had arrived at a point barely one hundred miles from a north-western township, where we hoped to put in an appearance in about a fortnight's time, and as we had been full six months in the central deserts I was quite happy to be once more within calculating distance of some sort of civilization. It so happened, however, that the water-bags were dangerously flat, and the muddy residue remaining in them did not tend to cheer us. We formed, therefore, a somewhat forlorn-looking party as we struggled northward, hoping against hope that a spring, or "soak," might appear in our course and save us from the pangs we had suffered too often already.

THE AUTHOR, MR. ALEX. MACDONALD
From a Photo.

My companions were known respectively as Mac, Stewart, and Phil; the two former gentlemen were Scotch, while Phil was an Englishman. He was an enthusiastic young man and acted as geologist to the expedition. The other two members of the party found it necessary to give all their attention to the camels, of which we had but two left. We were traversing at this time a most disheartening tract of country, with dreary wastes of sand, spinifex, and stunted eucalypti eternally forming our horizon; and our spirits had dropped to zero in consequence.

"What's the good of being a geologist if you can't find water?" snorted Mac, during a halt in our day's journeyings; and Phil wearily confessed that he could not satisfactorily answer the irritating question.

Stewart, meanwhile, had been surveying the district keenly, and he now broke into a joyful song of triumph. "Niggers!" he yelled, prancing about delightedly; and sure enough there presently appeared, some considerable distance ahead and directly in our line of march, quite a number of stalwart warriors. We had seen no natives for several days, and had certainly not expected to come upon them in this vicinity. Their presence was decidedly encouraging, for it proved conclusively that there must be water near.

"There's bound to be a 'soak,' or water-hole, close by, Phil," I said.

"If there is I'll find it," he muttered, grimly, for Mac's irritating gibes had had their effect on him.

The natives were partially screened from our view by three or four scraggy brushwood growths, and they had evidently not yet observed us. Our plans were soon made and we proceeded on our march, heading straight for the warriors' camp. In the excitement of the moment we had given little thought to the possibility of the aborigines showing fight—or perhaps it was that familiarity with their tactics had bred the inevitable contempt. Anyhow, we advanced to within a hundred yards of them before I considered it necessary to call a halt. As it proved,

we halted just in time. A harsh, indescribable yell broke from the assembled band as one of the number observed us and gave the alarm, and then a shower of spears whizzed through the air, fell short, and buried their heads in the sand at our feet. We were, lucky enough, just out of range of these dangerous missiles.

By way of "creating a diversion," as he called it, Mac discharged his double-barrelled gun, loaded with small shot, into their midst, and they retreated sullenly before us, still yelling horribly, and with their spears poised, as if waiting for us to come within range. I should mention that these spears were double barbed and were also poisoned, and, as we had no desire to be spitted like kangaroos, we moved forward warily in skirmishing order, dodging and doubling behind the few mallee shrubs in our path. Spear after spear whistled overhead as we drew nearer, and rustled like living things through the leafless branches which formed our poor shelter. Phil used his revolver indiscriminately, aiming high, but its sharp bark soon lost its terrors to the opposing horde, and I was reluctantly forced to order Mac to fire again.

"No small shot this time!" growled that worthy, grovelling desperately in the sand, in order to escape the vigilant eye of one stalwart buck who had been "sniping" at him persistently with spears.

"Stop them, Mac! Stop them!" roared Stewart, noticing with dismay that the natives, having observed the weakness of our forces, were preparing to rush us forthwith. Mac's blunderbuss belched out fire and smoke and leaden hail with a report like that of a small cannon, and I realized that he had loaded with buckshot instead of the more harmless charge I had first cautioned him to use. There had been no alternative, however, for the blacks were close upon us, and their kylies, or war boomerangs, were hurtling through the air in a demoralizing fashion.

But the last shot had turned the tables, and when the smoke cleared away I beheld our enemies rushing madly hither and thither through the scrub, uttering the most weird and dismal cries.

"We'll soon get water now, boys," shouted Phil, joyously, bounding forward to the deserted camp site, where miscellaneous native weapons were littered. The rest of us followed at a more sedate pace, yet none the less cheerfully, for, as Mac loudly reasoned, the blacks must get thirsty like other people.

It was a great disappointment to us to discover not the slightest trace of water in the neighbourhood. After the stubborn defence of the blacks we had at least expected to find that they had been guarding some small spring, or "soak"; but here was nothing—nothing but the most arid of sand patches. "I am convinced there must be water near, all the same," Phil cried, desperately.

The bulk of the natives were now peering at us malevolently from an unusually thick clump of mulga brush some distance off, and, I imagine, were actually yelling with delight at our discomfiture. The situation was, indeed, a trying one, and should water not be forthcoming our immediate future looked uncommonly gloomy.

"MAC'S BLUNDERBUSS BELCHED OUT FIRE."

"Get the camels unloaded, boys, and we'll make a temporary camp," I said; and while they were engaged in clearing operations I ventured out into the brush in the hope of finding some trace of moisture. It was a dangerous thing to do at such a time, as I realized soon afterwards, but for the moment my whole mind was concentrated in the one great desire to locate water.

"Keep your gun ready!" Mac roared after me, but I paid little heed to his advice. In a few minutes I had passed out of sight of my companions, and then, suddenly, two ebony-skinned warriors barred my path. They had no spears, fortunately for me, and were armed only with waddies, or clubs, though these lookedformidable enough. Almost mechanically I raised my revolver and prepared to fire, but my astonishment was great when, with a curious gurgle of mingled surprise and fear, they dropped their weapons and bolted before me. This was a chance I had not expected. If I could succeed in capturing these two natives we might soon persuade them to lead us to water, if any really existed in the vicinity.

"I FELL DOWNWARDS INTO AN UNKNOWN DEPTH."

With hardly a pause I gave chase, but it soon became evident that unless something untoward happened I could never hope to overtake the fugitives, who were speeding ahead in great bounds. Far in the rear I could hear Phil's voice calling to me excitedly, but the ardour of the pursuit was on me and I neglected his warnings. Then in an instant my course came to an abrupt stop. A lair of branches and spinifex grass spread right across the track. The blacks had cleared it at a leap, but I staggered into the midst of the cut brushwood, and at once felt myself sinking down into space. It all occurred quicker than I can write it: I clutched wildly at the pigmy branches as I descended through them, but they broke in my hands, and then, with a rush and a plunge, I fell downwards into an unknown depth.

A few seconds later I found myself standing, considerably shaken and startled, waist-deep in some semi-solid fluid at the bottom of a shaft, which I mentally calculated to be about twenty feet deep. I had found water for a surety, and now would have given much to get out of it, but the steep dioritic walls were quite unscalable. I was hopelessly a prisoner!

I had little time to review my strange plight—indeed, my surroundings were of so murky a nature that I could only vaguely guess the description of the trap into which I had fallen. My eyes were instinctively directed towards the gaping hole in the brushwood through which I had fallen, but what I expected to see I do not quite know. Some moments passed and then a black, grinning face peered down at me. I was half prepared for a stone to be thrown or a spear to be poked tantalizingly in my direction, but no such proceedings were taken. Instead, the demoniacally grinning face continued to look down on me for several minutes, when it was joined by another equally hideous. I

returned the gaze, sphinx-like, not yet comprehending my true position. At length, however, with many guttural exclamations, my strange gaolers began to cover up the tell-tale gap in the layer of furze. Then my senses returned to me with a rush. These savages meant to cover up the hole so that my companions would not find me! My revolver was still dry, and I fired two shots upwards in rapid succession. Operations above ceased on the instant, and I felt comforted, for I knew that Phil would soon seek me out if any clue as to my whereabouts were left. My rejoicings, however, were premature and speedily checked. As I gazed at the sky through the gap which gave me light I noticed the aperture slowly but surely growing narrower and narrower. The blacks were pushing the superfluous brush over the opening by the aid of long sticks!

I shouted with the full force of my lungs and discharged the remaining shots in my revolver upward, but only a hoarse cackle of satisfaction from the natives answered my attempts at communication with the outside world, and soon—as the last glimpse of sky was shut out—I was enveloped in absolute darkness.

Here was a pretty situation: shut up in a twenty-feet water-hole in the centre of the Australian desert and surrounded by hostile savages!

By this time, however, I had become almost stoical as to my fate, and proceeded calmly to reload my revolver, wondering the while what my comrades would do when I failed to appear. It was a cruel irony of Fate to plunge me headlong into what I most desired to find—water. Had I been caught in a mere sand-hole I should not have felt so much aggrieved, but water! of all things. Then I remembered that I had not yet tasted of my find. But my thirst had gone from me, and I abhorred the slimy touch of the fluid which encircled my legs.

Suddenly I felt some huge creature brush against my knee and then climb up against me with many a wriggle and splutter. What new horror was this? I am not of a timid temperament, yet I shuddered at the sinuous contact of this unknown thing, and endeavoured frantically to shake it off, but it only clung the tighter.

Some time now elapsed; it may have been half an hour and it may have been five minutes, but I fancy the latter estimation is nearer the correct one, for the moments dragged like ages. Then a subdued muttering was heard above, and I expected every instant to see more hideous faces leering at me through the bushy covering. I guessed that the whole tribe had been summoned to witness my plight, and I do not think I guessed wrongly. I kept my eyes fixed upwards, where one or two gleams of light filtered through the last lightly-placed scrub; my eyes had already grown accustomed to the gloom of my environment. While I watched I carefully cocked my revolver and adjusted it to fire on the hair trigger, so that my aim might not be disturbed at a critical juncture.

Soon a gaunt black hand drew aside the branches. My haste was my own undoing. Had I waited long enough the oily-skinned savages might have let in the light more fully, but as it was I fired, and a howl of pain told me I had not fired in vain. But the brushwood fell back into position and my prison was left as dark as ever.

I now made an effort to climb up the walls of the dank and horrible pit in which I was immured, but the attempt was useless, for the flinty formations exposed were dripping with moisture and slippery, and offered no place for foothold. I would have given much just then for a dry match. I had a few in the pockets of my nether garments, but they were now well submerged beneath the level of the water. The floundering animal that had clambered against my legs had greatly aroused my curiosity; I could not imagine what sort of creature it could be, and my courage was not sufficient to prompt my making a practical investigation as to its form or temper with my hand, which, as it afterwards turned out, was just as well for the hand.

Another lull ensued, and I began to be alarmed at the silence of my dusky gaolers. Were they premeditating some sudden and novel doom for myself, or had they left me to die in this horrible water-trap? And where were my companions? To relieve the monotony I fired two more shots upwards at random, and was rejoiced to hear another yell of pain from outside. At the same time, however, a fusillade of stones came crashing down, missing me by a few inches only. Again I fired, and again, and now I heard an answering shot in the distance, while near at hand Phil's voice halloaed lustily.

There now appeared to be considerable agitation among the blacks above; their feet pattered in the sand confusedly, and then a shrill yell intimated to me clearly enough that they had taken flight. I was about to congratulate myself heartily on escaping so easily from a distinctly awkward predicament when I heard the sand crunch under hurrying footsteps, and Phil, now close above, commenced to shout my name. He was evidently bent on following the retreating natives, for he halted not a moment, but kept up his mad rush forward. Before I could raise an alarm he had jumped impetuously into

the trap that had bagged me, and a moment later he tumbled down heavily head over heels by my side. The spray he threw up almost blinded me, and the fetid odours that assailed my nostrils caused me to gasp wildly.

My comrade in misfortune recognised me as he struggled to his feet—for the light was now streaming down through the gap he had made. "Good heavens!" he spluttered. "What are you doing here?"

"Same as you," I replied, laconically; "fishing."

Now Phil was a man who was cool and collected at all times, and he quickly grasped the situation. "I wouldn't have believed the niggers had the bump of stratagem so strongly developed," he muttered, gloomily. "Fancy bagging the pair of us!"

"For my part, I think they simply meant to hide the spring," I answered. We had found this to be a usual custom with them. Phil made no further comment, but hearing a disturbance near him in the water he quietly put down his hand to investigate. I restrained him just in time, for the light had shown me an unusually large iguana struggling in the water; it had apparently fallen in from above as we had done, and its snapping jaws looked decidedly dangerous. Phil groaned; "I wonder who'll come first," he said, "Mac or those confounded savages. It's only a question of time."

We were not long left in doubt. The report of Mac's beloved gun broke the stillness, and the series of shrill yells which answered it showed that the natives were still in our vicinity. Then I heard the scrub break before the advance of some person, and the thud, thud of heavy feet.

"Mind the camels, Stewart," I heard Mac's well-known voice call out; "I'm going to look for the geologist." Then came muttered curses against blacks in general, and these savages in particular, as he lumbered manfully along in our direction. In a few minutes he had reached the vicinity of the water-shaft, now cleared of its brushwood covering. I was about to signal again with my revolver, but such action was unnecessary. Apparently the redoubtable Mac had taken in the state of affairs at a glance, for he came to a halt and chuckled longand loudly. "Ho! ho! ho!" he chortled, in huge delight; "who would have thought the black beggars had so much strategy?"

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

"Lower a rope, Mac," I shouted, crossly; "there's lots of *water* here."

He gave a whoop of joy and triumph.

"Water!" he roared. "I'll make no more allusions." Then he cautiously thrust his grizzled head over the edge of the pit and surveyed us in keen amusement. "The geologist was always a reckless individual and deficient in gumption," he announced, gravely, from his position of safety; "but as for you"—and he gazed at me reproachfully—"I am fairly astonished to see you in such a miserable predicament. I sha'n't let you hear the last of this in a hurry." And he didn't

By Henry John Brokmeyer.

A Red Indian love story, describing how the young brave, Running Antelope, won his bride. The author has had a good deal of experience among the Indians, and has an intimate knowledge of their manners and customs.

HEAVY of heart was Running Antelope, the Meescocee brave. Many pipes he smoked in solitude, brooding over his love for the Willow Twig, the daughter of the Euchie. Had the Willow Twig been a Meescocee, Running Antelope had but to ask her of her mother. But the girl was not of his people, and if he married her he must become a Euchie, for her father would not consent that the Willow Twig should leave her tribe.

The pride of a Meescocee was strong within him. Running Antelope despised the Euchie, save alone the Willow Twig, who held his heart captive. To live with the Euchie was a sore thing to do, even to gain the loveliest of Indian maidens.

For six days Running Antelope sat and smoked, and his brain was big with plans which ended in the smoke which he puffed from his pipe. Then, on the seventh day, just as His-sa-kee-ta Emeesa* started the sun on its daily journey, came Gray Owl, the Coweeta, a wise old Meescocee—Gray Owl, who was one of the Hinneehaha, one of the twelve chosen counsellors to the chief of the tribe. To him, who had the medicine which was good and the medicine which was bad, the Antelope might confide his secret, for the Gray Owl talked little.

"The spirit of a woman has come over me," said Running Antelope. "I am no longer Running Antelope the mighty hunter, Running Antelope the swift ball-player."

"Clutch the spirit with a strong hand, make it your own," counselled Gray Owl, promptly.

"'Tis the spirit of the Willow Twig, a daughter of the Euchie," exclaimed Running Antelope.

"Euchie? No good," said Gray Owl, decisively.

"I would have her."

"You may not take her. We have beaten the Euchie in fair fight. The Euchie have seen the paths of peace and we have given them the word of the Meescocee to let them live in quiet. 'Tis against the word of the Meescocee; 'tis against the law."

"Her father is a cheat and a rogue. He is old Rain-Maker, the Euchie medicine man."

"Huh! Cheat and liar he is, and cunning. But the Meescocee also is cunning, and I have not heard that the Meescocee has fallen below the Euchie in skill. Know you that the Master of Breath has sent the sun to eat up the grass in the country of the Euchie?"

"I know not, nor do I care, if the sun eats up the tribe, so only one remains——"

"And that one the Willow Twig? Ugh! You are stupid enough to be a Euchie, my son. Listen. For two moons no rain has fallen. The green things are as dust to the touch and the Euchie corn-crop is starving in the ground. When the sun has twice crossed the sky the Euchie medicine man will make rain to save

* *Anglicè*, God.

the corn. If His-sa-kee-ta Emeesa sends the west wind full of rain the medicine man gets the shares of two families from the crop."

"What have I to do with the rain and the crop?"

"The medicine man is old Rain-Maker, the father of the Willow Twig. Ere the sun sinks behind the hills do you go to the Euchie village. Hide in the brush near the tepee of Rain-Maker. Watch Rain-Maker—watch him to-night—watch him to-morrow—watch him to-morrow night. Then do you come to me and tell me what you have seen."

"And will this help me with the Willow Twig?" asked Running Antelope.

"Huh! Who can tell? Talk is nothing; watch Rain-Maker," replied Gray Owl, mysteriously.

Knocking the ashes from his pipe, Running Antelope made the simple preparations necessary for his journey to the Euchie village. For six days his black pony, Evil One, had run loose on the prairie, and when his master called him he came at a gallop, full of fire and eager to be off. They skimmed over the grass where the cattle had eaten it short, and the miles stretched out behind them until the yellow sun was lost behind the hills. Then Running Antelope and Evil One rested, but not for long. Again the pony struck the prairie with rapid hoof, sending the fine dust behind in clouds, and when the silvery moon smiled at the winking stars she made clear to Running Antelope the tops of the tepees of the Euchie. The Evil One was picketed to a sapling in the wood by a river while his master went cautiously forward from tree to tree, sometimes half-erect, sometimes on hands and knees, until at last he came out of the wood into the tall grass at the rear of the home of Rain-Maker, which stood on the edge of the village.

Down, flat on his stomach, went the Antelope. With his ear close to the ground he listened for sounds. He heard the Evil One stamping in the wood a mile behind him, but nothing came to his straining ears from the direction of the village. Then he crawled forward, feeling his way carefully, for who knows the cunning of the Euchie? The next two days would be eventful ones for the medicine man; he might have set a guard to protect his home from the curious. The ways of medicine men are always mysterious.

Beyond the tall grass the Antelope dared not go, so there he crouched down where he could get a good view of the tepee of Rain-Maker, which stood out plainly in the bright moonlight. For hours the Antelope waited, patient and motionless, an image in stone. The moon had gone down, and soon the birds would be twittering in the wood behind him.

Ah, what was that? Instantly the Antelope was all attention. It was nothing; he was mistaken. At most it could have been but a night-bird. But, no! there it was again. It was too dark even for an Indian to see more than twenty yards ahead, but he could hear. He distinguished the sound of moccasined feet shuffling over the dry grass; he even made out the direction of the sound. Waiting until the sound was dead ahead of him, he slipped noiselessly to one side. So well had he calculated, that the night-walker passed within ten feet of him.

It was old Rain-Maker himself, and in his right hand he carried a tomahawk, or Indian hatchet. Running Antelope followed silently some fifteen yards in the rear of the medicine man. Rain-Maker made for a little hill due west of the wood in which the Evil One was picketed. On the hill the medicine man stopped. With the tomahawk he dug a hole in the ground, and into this he placed the weapon, with the edge uppermost and pointing north and south. Then, with great care, Rain-Maker packed earth around the tomahawk, leaving only about a quarter of an inch of the sharp edge above-ground. Having done this, the medicine man returned to his tepee as silently as he had come.

Running Antelope marked the location of the hill and then went to the wood, where he mounted his pony and was soon several miles away. He knew nothing of Euchie rain-making, but he had seen something—something very unusual, which was no doubt connected with Euchie medicine. Rain-Maker had not buried the tomahawk at night for nothing, and since he, the Antelope, alone shared the secret—well, Gray Owl was a wise man, and to wise men secrets are valuable.

Having refreshed himself with dried meat, Running Antelope returned at a moderate gait to the Euchie village. He knew he could not spy unseen on Rain-Maker during the daytime, so he went boldly into the village and talked to the Euchie braves. As an excuse for his visit he boasted of the running qualities of his ponies, and offered to match them in a race against the best the Euchie had. His offer was promptly accepted, and a race was arranged for the following week.

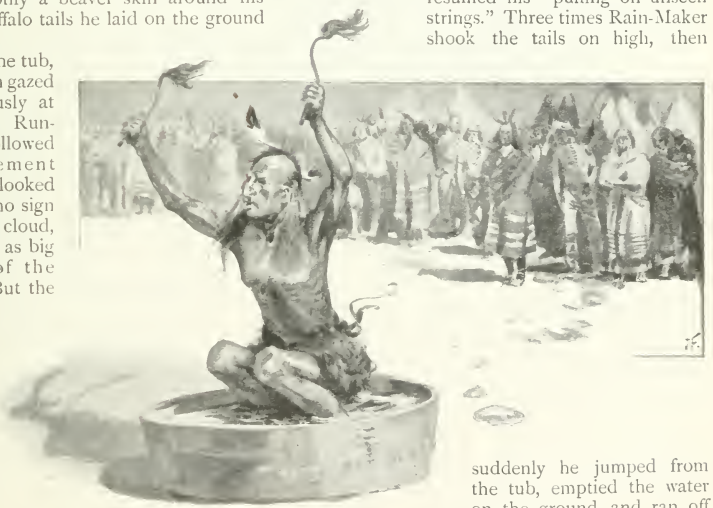
Among other things Running Antelope learned that the rain-making was to take place that very afternoon, instead of on the following day. There would, therefore, be no time in which to notify Gray Owl of the change of day, nor to tell him of what he had seen in the night. Although he was annoyed at being

unable to communicate with his counsellor, Running Antelope was a man of resource, and he resolved to remain and see the ceremony.

Shortly after the sun had passed the highest point in the sky all the Euchie braves and squaws in the village followed Rain-Maker to the bank of a river which ran through the wood in which Running Antelope's pony had rested during the night. Here one of the medicine man's assistants brought forward a large wooden tub, which he filled with water from the stream. The tub was carried to a cleared piece of ground, from which even the grass had been pulled up by the roots. The people of the village formed in a half-circle some fifty yards to the east of this cleared space.

The Rain-Maker came up to the tub, which had been set exactly in the centre of the clearing. He wore a buffalo skin wrapped around his body, and his feet were bare. In either hand he carried a dried buffalo tail. The medicine man faced to the west, the "Land-where-the-sun-goes-down." With a quick motion he stripped off the buffalo robe and stood before the people with only a beaver skin around his middle. The buffalo tails he laid on the ground beside the tub.

Stepping into the tub, the medicine man gazed long and anxiously at the western sky. Running Antelope followed his every movement closely. He, too, looked at the sky; but no sign did he see of a cloud, not even a cloud as big as the hand of the Willow Twig. But the medicine man's face betrayed no sign of disappointment. He was grave and dignified, as became a high priest of the people, and what Rain-Maker thought could not be read on his copper-coloured countenance.



"HE SHOOK THEM IN THE AIR ABOVE HIS HEAD."

Squatting down until his chin rested on his knees, Rain-Maker sprinkled water on his head, on his chest, and on his legs. He worked slowly at first, then more rapidly. Soon his body was running tiny rivulets of water.

Extending his arms before him at full length, the hands open, palms upward, the medicine man began a muttered supplication to His-sa-kee-ta Emeesa. It was a prayer in so low a tone that the Indians who understood the language could not distinguish the words.

"The Rain-Maker is a fox," said Running Antelope, under his breath. "He would not that the Euchie should know *all* the medicine which brings the rain."

Then the medicine man, still squatting in the tub of water, closed his hands, which all the while had been extended, and drew them slowly toward his breast. He began another prayer in an undertone, and stretched out his hands, opening them and drawing them towards his breast as before.

"Ah! The Rain-Maker is pulling on unseen strings from out of the west," muttered the Antelope, impressed in spite of himself.

Seven times the old medicine man repeated this performance. Then he reached over the sides of the tub and picked up the dried buffalo tails. He shook them in the air above his head with a quick, jerky motion, laid them down, and resumed his "pulling on unseen strings." Three times Rain-Maker shook the tails on high, then suddenly he jumped from the tub, emptied the water on the ground, and ran off to the forest.

Having seen all these things, Running Antelope was sore puzzled to know wherein they might help him in his love-making. He resolved to return to the Meescocee village and seek the advice of the Gray Owl. Ere he had travelled two miles in the direction of home, however, he heard the hoot of an owl in the wood to his right. Such a sound, in the broad light of day,

startled the Indian. For a space his brow was creased in thought, then he smiled, and, pressing his left knee into the side of his pony, he made in the direction of the sound. Presently Gray Owl stepped from behind a tree and gave him greeting. Dismounting, the puzzled Indian told the wise man all about the rain-making ceremony.

"'Tis an old story," said Gray Owl, when he had finished. "But found you the hole through which the Rain-Maker crawls should no rain come?"

Then the face of the Antelope showed the stupidity which comes of youth.

"Huh!" grunted the old man. "Saw you nothing during the long night?"

"I did, I did," replied the young man, and told Gray Owl of the hatchet buried in the wood.

"Ah! Now we have him!" exclaimed the Owl. "No rain will come to the Euchie medicine this moon." And he turned on his heel toward the Meescocee village.

"But the Willow Twig is still with her father," protested Running Antelope.

"So, so? Come with me. We will go to our homes, and three days hence we will return to the Euchie for the Willow Twig. On the word of a Meescocee, she will be yours if no rain falls."

With this cryptic utterance the young man had to be content. On the evening of the second day the Antelope smoked a pipe with the Owl and learned many things about Euchie medicine.

"The pulling on the unseen strings you saw, and you know wherefore it was done," said the Owl. "The reason for the shaking of the buffalo tails—the tails of the kings of the plains—you do not know. Many years ago, when the Euchie was a big people, and ere the Meescocee had beaten them in fair fight, their young men went hunting across the big water, which the red men from the bad land—the 'Land-where-the-cold-comes-from'—call the Mississippi. In this land they found the buffalo. When the king of the plains saw the Indians he threw his tail in the air and galloped away from the arrows. If there had been no rain and the plain was covered with dust, the Euchie could track the buffalo for days, until the king of the plains grew weary and laid down to rest. If a rain came up in the night, however, the water washed away the tracks of the buffalo, and the Euchie could not find the trail when the morning came. And so the foolish Euchie said, 'Lo! the king of the plains throws his tail in the air when he sees the hunter, as a sign of prayer to His-sa-kee-ta Emeesa to send rain to wash away the trail.' The Euchie medicine man said the buffalo medicine was good medicine for rain, and so he put the tails of the king of the plains into the Euchie medicine."

Having learned these things and many other things, which made clear to him Rain-Maker's plan of campaign, Running Antelope knocked the ashes from his pipe and called his pony from the prairie. He set out with a light heart for the village of the Euchie.

Running Antelope arrived to find the Euchie braves gathered around the tepee of the chief. His greetings were coldly returned. From what little he heard the Antelope learned that Rain-Maker was under a cloud. He would soon be called upon to explain why his medicine had not brought rain. Fearing to wait longer, Running Antelope hurried to the home of Rain-Maker.

The old medicine man was seated on the grass, gazing anxiously at the western sky.

"Greeting, oh wise man of the Euchie!"

"Huh!" replied Rain-Maker, ungraciously. "When a Meescocee talks to a Euchie he wants something. What is your wish?"

"Your daughter, the Willow Twig," boldly answered the Antelope.

"She is a Euchie, and may not pass out of the tribe," said Rain-Maker, sternly. "Become a Euchie and—well, I will give you an answer when the leaves fall from the trees."

"I will *never* leave the Meescocee," retorted Running Antelope, proudly.

"Then you shall never have the Willow Twig."

"I *shall* have the Willow Twig," cried the young Indian. "This day she goes with me to the village of my fathers."

The old man stood up, his face literally black with wrath and his eyes blazing fury.

"Be not so quick, wise man of the Euchie," hastily interposed the Antelope. "Within an hour you must tell the chief why the rain came not to your call. Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is true," roared the old man. "What know you of Euchie medicine? Shall I tell *you* why the rain did not come, you of the Meescocee, who know everything and yet know nothing? Bah!"

"I know your medicine is as the play of children," replied Running Antelope, composedly.

"The play of children!" screamed Rain-Maker. "The play of children! Know you why the medicine brought not rain? Know, then, that when I pulled my arms towards me I held within my hands the strings by which I might draw the clouds out of the west—clouds full of rain."

"The clouds came not," put in the Antelope.

"The clouds would surely have come had not a base enemy of the tribe cut the strings," said Rain-Maker. "How else could they have resisted me? I have the power of all-seeing, and I have seen where an enemy buried a tomahawk, the sharp side up, on a hill to the west of where I made the medicine. When I pulled on the strings they passed over the sharp tomahawk and they were cut. The clouds slipped back into the west and the rain came not. I must make new medicine."

"Huh! A pretty tale for children," laughed Running Antelope. "But what would the chief and the people think if I took them to the place where the tomahawk lies buried? What would they think if I told them I had seen Rain-Maker, the great medicine man, bury the hatchet at night so he might have a hole through which to crawl when the rain came not?"

"You—you—you saw me?" spluttered Rain-Maker, with a start.

"Even so," replied the young man, triumphantly. "I was hid in the tall grass."

"You liar! you——"

"A Meescocee never lies. The Euchie know it. Come! You brought no rain. The hearts of the people are filled with anger against you. They know the word of a Meescocee."

The artful Antelope paused for a moment in order that his words might have their full effect on the baffled medicine man.

"Come!" he resumed. "Where is the Willow Twig?"

"Inside," replied the crestfallen Rain-Maker, who now realized that this young brave, to whose suit he had been so opposed, held his life in the hollow of his hand. Full well he knew the danger of exposure.

And so Running Antelope took the Willow Twig to the Meescocee to be his wife. He said no word to the Euchie of the buried hatchet.

"RUNNING ANTELOPE TOOK THE WILLOW TWIG TO THE MEESCOCEE TO BE HIS WIFE."

The crestfallen Rain-Maker explained to his tribe how an enemy to the tribe had cut the strings with which he was pulling the clouds, and the foolish Euchie believed him. He made more medicine when the new moon came. Again he buried a tomahawk, but as the rain came the next day he dug up the hatchet and said not a word about it.

And Running Antelope and the Willow Twig lived happily in the tepees of the Meescocee.

Across the Great Sahara.

By Edward Dodson.

I.

Being an account of the adventures of a scientific expedition which set out, under the auspices of the Natural History Museum, to explore the Great Sahara Desert. Mr. Dodson's expedition was the first for forty years that had been allowed by the Sublime Porte to penetrate into the mysterious "forbidden Hinterland" of Tripoli.

FOR many years the authorities of the British Museum, through the medium of the Foreign Office, have unsuccessfully tried to get permission from the Sultan of Turkey to allow expeditions to travel in the interior of Tripolitana and Bengazi, or, as it is sometimes called, "the forbidden Hinterland." Owing, however, to the Sublime Porte's well-known genius for procrastination, together with the reluctance of the Turkish Government to allow anything Christian to effect an entrance into the stronghold of Mohammedanism, it was not till early in 1901 that the Sultan issued an Imperial Iradé permitting a scientific expedition, organized by the Natural History Museum and paid for by Mr. J. I. S. Whitaker, the well-known ornithologist, to land at Tripoli and penetrate into the great desert from that port.

The journey from London to Malta by the usual ocean route is too well known to need description. Ten hours after leaving Malta we steamed into the limpid bay of Tripoli. On one side the harbour is bounded by a fringe of waving date palms, and on the other by the gleaming white walls of the castle and mosques of the town. Seaward, a natural breakwater formed by a chain of reefs keeps the bay so calm that as we anchored we could plainly discern the fish and weeds in the blue depths. Even before we set foot in Turkish territory our troubles commenced, for no sooner was the anchor down than we were boarded by a piratical horde of Arabs and, apparently, the

THE BAY OF TRIPOLI, THE STARTING-POINT OF THE EXPEDITION.
From a Photo.

whole longshore population of the town, who commenced to scramble and fight for our baggage. As some fortunate individual obtained possession of a bag or other piece of impedimenta, he bolted to the bulwark and threw it over the side, seemingly without any concern as to where it went. Fortunately, however, there always appeared to be a boat beneath ready to catch our precious belongings. Finally we selected one boatman, who appeared to be the biggest and strongest of the crowd, and told him to stow our goods into two boats. In due course this was accomplished, amid a pandemonium of shrieks, fights, and abuse. We disembarked at the crowded Custom-house quay, amid the scene of chaos depicted in the photograph below. Here there was no rule of the road, nor, indeed, any road at all; but in spite of it being Friday (the Moslem equivalent of Sunday) we managed by a little judicious bribery to get our more immediate personal baggage removed from the Custom-house, as shown in the next snap-shot. This was done by Arab porters, who enlivened their proceedings by charging the pole with which they carried the baggage into the back of any luckless bystander, shouting, meanwhile, "Baalek!" or "Mind your back!"

"WE MANAGED BY A LITTLE JUDICIOUS BRIBERY TO GET OUR PERSONAL BAGGAGE REMOVED." [*Photo.*
From a]

THE SCENE OF CHAOS AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE QUAY.
From a Photo.

F.R.H.

Accompanied by Mr. Thomas Jago, H.B.M. Consul-General—who did all that was possible to help the expedition—I visited the Governor, a massive, black-bearded Kurd in European dress, and, presenting my fir-

man, asked for an escort of gendarmes. I may here mention that it was from a window of this official's room that the last of the native pashas, prior to the Turkish occupation, used, when in a sportive vein, to hurl the Christian prisoners and slaves captured by his piratical fleet on to the jagged rocks beneath.

The Governor received us courteously; delicious Turkish coffee and cigarettes were handed around, and our host promised to do everything possible to further our aim. Alas! however, he was a Turk, and his first step towards carrying out his promise was to annex all our ammunition. It was not until the Consul had telegraphed to the British Ambassador at Constantinople that he gave it back to us.

On the 1st of April the expedition started. It consisted of Mr. Frank Drake—my assistant—and myself, a sergeant and private of gendarmes, seven Arabs, eight camels, and three horses. The accompanying photograph shows a group of the natives belonging to our party, about whom I should like to say a word or two. The central figure is the only member of our escort who survived the hardships of the desert. His comrade, the Turkish sergeant, lies in the oasis of Bonjemps, surrounded by the everlasting sand. The man on his left, wearing a straw hat and an unamiable expression, is Bischer, the headman, an Arab of considerable local importance in Tripoli, who twice tried to bring about a mutiny among our followers. The stalwart Arab to the right of the central soldier is one of the camel men. He had expended a huge fortune (for an Arab) in the purchase of three wives, who, sad to relate, speedily got rid of the rest of his money for him. This man, who was intensely ignorant and consequently fanatical, never ceased to bewail the hard fate which compelled him to march with a Christian. The benevolent-looking old gentleman with a grey beard, standing next but one to the long-suffering Arab, had already distinguished himself by sending six deserving Arabs to their rest, and it was only at the muzzle of the rifle that he was prevented from adding a few of our escort to his total bag. Next to him stands a Soudanese slave whom I had presented to me by an Arab sheik; while last, but not least, comes Ramadana, our cook, interpreter, and personal servant. He was a thoroughly well-meaning old man, but laboured under the serious disadvantage of being partially blind. This was rather a bad

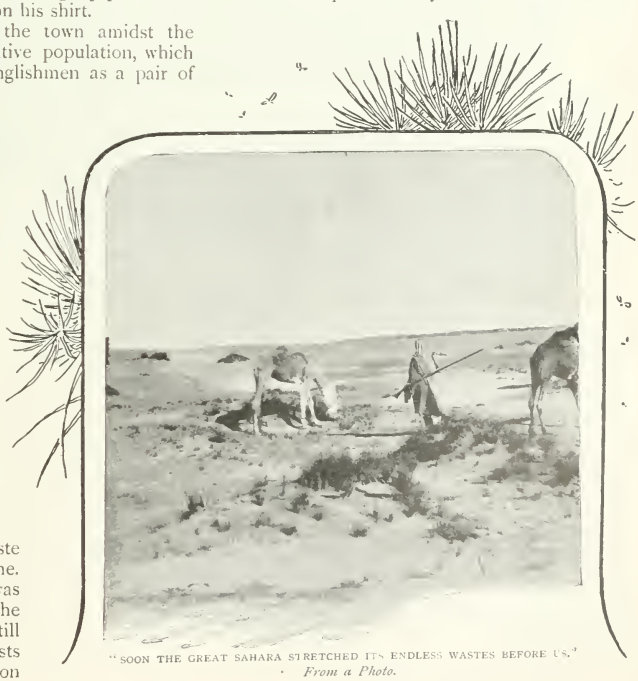
THE ESCORT AND SERVANTS OF THE EXPEDITION—"THE CENTRAL FIGURE IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE ESCORT WHO SURVIVED THE HARDSHIPS OF THE DESERT." [*Photo.*
From a]

From a] THE ESPARTO MARKET AT TRIPOLI. [*Photo.*

defect in a jungle cook, as, in consequence of his affliction, the strangest creatures, from scorpions downwards, were to be found in our food. His interpretations were generally more difficult to understand than the original Arabic, and one of his peculiarities, after washing up plates and dishes, was to dry them on his shirt.

We marched out of the town amidst the amused stares of the native population, which evidently regarded us Englishmen as a pair of lunatics going to a richly deserved fate. On the way out we crossed the market, in which was exposed esparto grass, largely used in paper-making. This is one of the principal exports of the town. The bales of this commodity are shown in the above photograph.

Winding our way through the date and olive gardens of the city we came to a region of shifting sand, and soon, as seen in the next picture, the Great Sahara stretched its endless wastes before us and gave us a foretaste of the hardships to come. A light north wind was blowing, and curled over the tops of the sand-dunes till they appeared like the crests of a wind-driven sea. Soon we were covered with a fine rain of sand and were not sorry to call an early halt for camp on the first spot of hard ground we came to. As is always the case when starting on an expedition, our poor beasts were very irregularly loaded, and we were soon busily engaged in re-adjusting the impedimenta. The Bedouins in their black tents round our camping ground were very hospitable and regaled us with sour milk and *bazine*—a vile compound of rancid butter, barley meal, and water, mixed in a filthy bowl by still filthier hands. When this delicacy is eaten all squat sociably round the dish; each



"SOON THE GREAT SAHARA STRETCHED ITS ENDLESS WASTES BEFORE US."
From a Photo.

man dives his right hand into the mess and, after extracting a morsel, rolls it into a pill. This, after dipping it into sour milk, he bolts. So as not to offend our hosts both Drake and I managed to get a portion down, little thinking that for a period of nearly three months it would form our staple food.

Until we were well over the Tarhuna Hills we passed through fertile soil that appeared to yield a crop of barley wherever the Arabs had sufficient energy to scratch the soil ever so little. What a strange life these Bedouins lead, absolutely patriarchal in its laws and simplicity! Their only home is where their black tent happens to be at the moment. Often this is pitched two days' march from any water and perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from their grain fields. The limits of their wanderings are determined solely by pasture and by tribal feuds. It is a picturesque sight to see a Bedouin family on the march. At the head of the procession come the young men driving their herded camels—their most precious possession—on which their very existence depends. These are followed by the pack animals, laden with tents and water-jars, and by girls and women, all closely veiled, driving sheep and carrying their babies in their arms. In the rear are the heads of the families riding gaily caparisoned horses and having long silver-mounted guns slung across their backs and projecting far above their heads. These men, usually of a villainous type of countenance, are generally accompanied by a pack of yelping white Chows, which are almost exclusively reared as a delicacy for the table, their value being slightly more than that of a sheep.

One of our camps was in a deep ravine running through the Tarhuna Hills, where a little spring welling from under a precipice irrigated a small fig orchard. Pasture was abundant, but the valley bore a terrible reputation as being the haunt of a noted robber, and our men were very loth to remain in it. At four o'clock one morning one of the robbers paid us a visit with the apparent object of horse-stealing. Our negro soldier, however, very smartly effected his capture. Instead of shooting, and so immediately giving the alarm to the rest of the band, the soldier quietly dropped on his hands and knees and stealthily made his way to the shadow of a palm stump, where he watched the thief worming his way through the rank herbage. A knife glistened in the moonlight between the villain's teeth. Quite unseen by the intruder our soldier cleverly dropped on his back, and with the butt of his pistol rendered him incapable of further mischief. He then hurled the surprised thief into the middle of a prickly pear bush, from the centre of which the hapless robber, when he had recovered his senses, loudly proclaimed his honesty of purpose.

From a] THE FIRST CAMP IN THE DESERT. [*Photo.*

Leaving the Wady by a sharp ascent, we reached the summit of the pass. It is on this range, and here only, that the esparto grass is exclusively found. The contrast between the sombre ravine from which we had just emerged and the bright, flower-decked plateau on which we now stood put the whole party in better spirits after the morning's adventure.

Away on the top of a bold, rocky ridge, stretching across the horizon and plainly silhouetted against the sky, could be seen a Roman ruin, the first evidence of a previous civilization we had met with on our journey. This fragment is shown in the next photograph. The Romans had evidently held this country by a series of blockhouses, as on every commanding height were to be seen the remains of fort and castle, bastioned wall and stronghold, all, of course, long ago fallen to decay. All this seems curious in a desert land now incapable of supporting a fraction of the large population of which there is evidence, and it is possible that the change has been occasioned by the deforestation of the hills, which has reduced the rainfall, and so made the region a land of perpetual drought and desert.

We now bade a long adieu to the fertile country and entered in earnest on our desert travel. After much arduous marching, rendered still more unpleasant by the presence of scorpions and centipedes of unusual size, we reached the oasis of Beni Oulid, which, with its olive and palm trees, looked to our eyes like a veritable paradise. Here we witnessed the tragic *dénouement* of an Arab vendetta, played out under the very shadow of the frowning Turkish fort. The Government has no terrors for the people here; indeed, so little do the Arabs fear the authorities that out of sheer bravado they ride up, shoot at the walls of the castle, and gallop away to the desert. But to return to the tragedy. The villages on this oasis, often only three hundred yards apart, have numerous death feuds. In a quarrel over a barley field the man whose tragic end we witnessed had killed two men belonging to an adjacent hamlet, and had then decamped to Tripoli, where he remained for a whole year. But the attractions of his home were too strong for him, and he returned—to his doom. While walking near his house with three of his *confrères*, eight men of the other village ambushed the party and, in sight of our camp, shot two of them dead, thus fulfilling the Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye." When we left the oasis the Arab mourning was in full progress, and the wailing and shrieking of the women, to the accompaniment of a continuous beating of muffled drums, made us prefer the desert to the palm groves of this abode of sudden death and doleful sound.

In view of the character of the natives ahead of us, the Kaimakan, or Turkish Governor, gave us an additional soldier as escort—a native of the territory through which we were now to pass. The first rumour of impending attack reached us at the wells of Sofejin, a hundred and twenty miles in the desert, and on hearing this rumour our brave guardian deserted. As we never saw him again we were inclined to the belief that he had gone over to the natives.

While marching down the Wady Nefid (we were the first white men to enter the valley, by the way),

AN ANCIENT ROMAN BLOCKHOUSE DISCOVERED BY THE EXPEDITION.
From a Photo.

THE WELLS OF SOFEJIN, WHERE THE SOLDIER DESERTED.
From a Photo.

the isolated Bedouins we met fled at our approach—a very ominous sign. A little later on, while camped at the well of Ashideer, an Arab, who proved to be a Tripoli man and a friend of one of our escort, rode hurriedly in on horseback and warned us that he had overheard the Wafilla, a redoubtable tribe of brigands, planning to loot our camp that very evening if the night were cloudy. Our informant added that the robbers had arranged for a deputation to visit us in the afternoon for the purpose of spying out the land. Sure enough, three urbane and unctuous Arabs duly turned up and were observed to make particularly good use of their eyes. We received them courteously, and diplomatically treated them to a little exhibition of trick-shooting and a demonstration of the powers of a Mannlicher rifle, which caused them to open their eyes very wide indeed and to repeatedly cry, "Allah! Allah!" as they noticed the range and accuracy of our weapons. At night, however, we took the precaution to erect a zareba round the camp and to put out all fires and lights. Whether it was owing to there being a gloriously bright moon or to the effect produced by our friend the Mannlicher rifle I do not know, but the night passed without alarm.

SHIFTING SAND-WAVES IN THE DESERT.
From a Photo.

Next day we started on a four days' journey over a no-man's land, the prospect of which caused extraordinary nervousness among our followers. With this frightened condition our Arabs also had an access of religious zeal, with (as is usual in an Arab) evidences of fanaticism towards their Christian employer by which they no doubt hoped to obtain the favour of Allah.

As the country got wilder gazelle tracks became more numerous, and for this reason, as well as to avoid ambushes, I made good and constant use of my binoculars. When near the centre of this lawless region I espied a number of Arabs walking about in the dead brush at the bottom of a dried torrent-bed. My suspicions were instantly aroused, as there was no pasture for miles, and no one had any business in the neighbourhood. I therefore paid them particular attention. When we got sufficiently close for them to see us with their naked eyes they all got into line on one side of the track, and under cover, so that their object was perfectly obvious. We marched on unconcernedly to within three hundred yards, where we were quite safe from an Arab gun, but from which point the strangers were well within range of our fire. Making a small *détour* we occupied the top of a rocky hill, from which we commanded their position and left them no avenue of approach through cover. They evidently did not want a battle on anything like these terms, for, finding themselves discovered, they fetched their horses from the shelter of a high bank and presently thirty brave warriors were galloping for all they were worth across the desert, never drawing rein till they were like a small cloud of dust on the horizon. Later on the same day we saw a whole tribe, perhaps a hundred souls in all, on the march. Our meeting in this locality of evil repute was graphically illustrative of the customs of the country we were in, for even while marching towards one another each side was obviously preparing for eventualities. The Arabs were seen to be taking the leather covers from their flint-locks, while we dismounted in readiness for attack.

Thus we proceeded till within shouting range, when a lively conversation ensued, such as: "Who are you?" "Where are you from?" and "What do you want?" The strangers proved to be a party of Migarba, who, having been worsted in a tribal fight in Fezzan, were migrating to fields afresh and pastures new. Fortunately we had among our servants a relative of one of their sheiks, so our *rapprochement* was entire and cordial. They regaled us on dates and fresh milk, while we handed round cigarettes, and thus passed on our way to our next halting-place — Zum-Zum — where

there was an old ruined reservoir, where we hoped to find water. This ancient building is a marvellous piece of masonry, vaulted and cemented. In a few places the roof had fallen in, but the interior was in perfect repair, and still remains the sole water supply between Wady Nefid and Bonjemps, a five days' waterless stretch.

After pitching camp we bagged a gazelle, which proved a welcome addition to our meagre fare. In the accompanying photograph Drake will be seen bringing the little beast into camp on the croup of his horse.

From a] MR. DRAKE BRINGS IN A GAZELLE. *[Photo.*

After a great deal of hard riding Drake and I were also fortunate enough to capture a renegade camel, which was no mean addition to our already jaded transport.

AFTER A "GIBLEH," OR DESERT SAND-STORM—OBSERVE THE HEAPS OF DRIVEN SAND BEHIND THE TENTS.
From a Photo.

It was in this region that we had our first real experience of the dreaded "gibleh" wind—the terror of the Sahara—feared alike by men and animals, and the cause of more lost caravans and bleaching skeletons than the whole of the other perils attendant on desert travel. Fortunately our first real taste of this desert horror was when we were camped below the sheltering bluffs of the Jibil-Erdeul range, which stretches like a barrier across to the south-west, and which preserved us from the full force of the sandy blast. As it was, the hot and blinding sand banked up like snow-drifts around the tents within which we were lying gasping for breath, with our heads swathed in woollen mufflers in a vain endeavour to keep the blinding dust from our parched and cracking lips. The last snap-shot shows our camp the day after a sand-storm. The high sand-dunes piled up behind the tent and the swaying palms will give the reader some faint idea of the misery attendant upon a "gibleh" in full force.

(To be continued.)

How I Broke the Bank

And What Happened Afterwards

By Captain Tom C. Newton.

The author strayed into a low-class gambling saloon in a Turkish port and succeeded in "breaking the bank." The proprietors, however, were determined that he should not take his winnings away, and a desperate fight ensued. Eventually everybody concerned was arrested, and after "bluffing" a Pasha the author got safely on board his ship with the money he had won.

DURING the early seventies I found myself, for the first time, master of a steamer belonging to a Liverpool shipping company.

I had just returned from a voyage when I received a note from the firm offering me the command of the ss. ——, and informing me that I should have to wait two months until the return of the vessel from the Levant. In the meantime, if I wished, I could take a holiday.

On the strength of the good news I went down to the country to see my *fiancée*, and we decided to get married as soon as the necessary arrangements could be completed. The wedding took place about a fortnight before the arrival of my future command. I obtained permission from the firm for my wife to accompany me on my first voyage as captain.

After calling at one or two places on the voyage out we found ourselves at X——, a Turkish port. Here occurred one of the most eventful days of my life.

I had made some purchases one evening on shore and had received in change a collection of Turkish money and francs, which would not be of much use to me in England. I strolled into one of the theatres, but found it rather dull. At the suggestion of my companion, Nicoli, a Greek, who was in the employ of the ship's agents, I went to the gaming saloons with the intention of getting rid of the foreign money I had in my pocket. It was the first time I had entered a gambling saloon, and it turned out to be the last.

Not understanding the game in progress—which appeared to be a kind of roulette—I handed all the silver I had to Nicoli, telling him to stake it for me.

"What colour shall I put it on, captain?" he asked.

I chose red. Counting out half of what I had given him, the Greek put it on red.

The croupier called out "Red," and what I had staked was pushed across the table to me, and an equal sum of silver besides.

"Put it on the same again, Nicoli," I said; and, counting out half the pile, he put it on red again. The harsh voice of the croupier again called out "Red." This time a number of gold coins were pushed over with the silver.

"Put the whole lot on the same colour," I said to Nicoli, who was evidently an old hand at the game.

"Change the colour, captain," he advised.

"No," I said, "put it on the same."

Once again came the call of the croupier, "Red." This time gold only was handed over, and the amount looked considerable.

"Put the gold in your pocket, captain," whispered Nicoli. This I did, at the same time telling him to place all the silver on a red number. The same result once more occurred, but the call of the croupier was now feeble and hesitating. He looked at me rather suspiciously, while some of the other players eyed me enviously.

I pocketed the gold and Nicoli did the same with the silver, and, buttoning up my coat, was turning to leave, when the croupier said, persuasively, "Now, *capitanos*, won't you try your luck again?" He evidently wanted to win the money back. Not caring much whether I won or lost, I again staked on my lucky number. Yet again it came up.

"Once more, *capitanos*," said the croupier.

"All right, my friend, spin away," I replied. And, strange to relate, for the fifth time in succession was fortune on my side.

Such a run of luck was very rare, and the other players stared hard at the fortunate Englishman.

By this time the inside pockets of my reefer were full of gold, while Nicoli must have been freighted pretty heavily with silver. I had had quite enough of gambling, however, and turned to leave, bidding the croupier good-night. There was an evil, sinister look in his eye, and I noticed that he whispered something to one of the attendants. As we were going along the corridor on our way out one of the waiters asked what he should order for us to drink.

"Oh, bring some champagne," I said.

This was duly brought and placed on a marble-topped table. The croupier was still behind his gaming counter, figuring away energetically at his accounts.

"Come and have a drink," I called out to him. He came round and in a very resigned tone announced, "Bank broke, *capitanos*."

"Never mind, better luck next time," I said; "have a glass of champagne."

I noticed that there seemed to be a good many waiters lounging about, and one or two were loitering near the door at the top of the stairs leading to the street.

"We had better go, captain," whispered Nicoli.

I was nothing loath, for I began to realize for the first time that the people here might be unwilling that I should take my winnings away with me.

I had a revolver in my hip-pocket, but did not wish to use it unless I were pushed to extremes. I also carried a good Irish blackthorn walking-stick, which was quite capable of cracking a few heads if it became necessary.

As I got up from the table the croupier pressed me to have some more champagne with him. "No more, thanks," I said, for I saw his motive.

"HE WAS CARRYING A TRAY FULL OF GLASSES, WHICH WENT SPINNING OVER THE FLOOR."

We were making for the stairs when a tap on the shoulder caused me to turn round sharply. As I did so a waiter collided with me. He was carrying a tray full of glasses, which went spinning over the floor, smashing into atoms. He made a terrible splutter over the spill, so I pulled out some money and handed it to him. Although it covered the smash ten times over he declared that it was not enough, and the whole crowd of waiters joined in the dispute.

I refused to pay more, however, and pushed my way through them to the stairs, followed by Nicoli.

I was half-way down, at the turn of the stairs, when another waiter came into collision with me, and the contents of the tray he was carrying went rattling down the steps. There was a rush of waiters from up above, who began jostling and pushing me.

"What's the damage?" I asked, and I handled my stick in a way which kept them at a respectful distance.

I went upstairs again to settle the bill, as I wished to get out of the place without any further bother. Matters began to look a little unpleasant, for I felt certain that the two collisions had been purposely arranged. I settled for the broken glasses by paying double what was asked.

More champagne was offered me: but I refused it and once more turned to get away.

Some of the waiters were now making a pretence of sweeping out the corridor and had placed a pile of small tables in the doorway, completely blocking it up. There was no door—only curtains—or perhaps they might have closed it. I asked them to remove the tables. "One minute, *capitanos*," was the reply. I waited one, two, three, and more minutes, but no attempt whatever was made to remove the tables. I then told them if they did not remove them I would.

CAPTAIN TOM C. NEWTON, THE AUTHOR OF THE STORY.
From a Photo. by R. Caracachian, Constantinople.

"All right, *capitanos*. One minute," came the irritating reply.

"Confound your minute," I said; and, putting my foot into the pile, I sent the whole lot flying down the stairs. Immediately there was a hubbub, the waiters gesticulating and shouting excitedly. One tall, lanky fellow rushed at me with his fingers outstretched as though he meant to choke me. I drew back a pace or two from the head of the stairs and, putting my left foot a little forward, let out with my right straight from the shoulder, landing him between the eyes, with all the weight of my fourteen stone behind it. He went head over heels down the steps, mixing himself up with the pile of tables at the turn of the stairs where they had jammed.

The waiters now numbered about a dozen, and it was evident that I was not to get away without a row. They endeavoured to hustle me towards the middle of the corridor, away from the stairs, but I set my back against the wall and began to use my blackthorn Nicoli had disappeared. Whether he had fled or been seized by the waiters I did not know.

My opponents evidently meant business. Some of them grasped chairs, while others took water-bottles and anything in the shape of a weapon they could find. They stood about the corridor, behind entrenchments in the shape of tables, and glared at me most ferociously, but none ventured within reach of my blackthorn. They evidently had some respect for it. One miscreant, however, picked up a heavy earthenware match-box and hurled it at me. As I dodged it my head came in contact with a bracket on the wall, which momentarily dazed me, and before I could recover myself three or four of them were upon me. In the struggle I got a nasty blow on the head with a water-bottle, which stunned me for a moment or two. Meanwhile the ruffians wrenched my stick out of my hands. The loss of my blackthorn seemed to revive me, and I let out with my fists, flooring one or two, whereupon the others discreetly retired behind their entrenchments.

I saw now that there was no alternative but to take my revolver out of my hip-pocket. This I did, and pointing it at them threatened to shoot every man in the room if I were further molested. The appearance of my six-shooter was unexpected and seemed to cow them, and some of them bolted forthwith. I took advantage of the momentary breathing-space to wrench off a leg from one of the upturned tables to replace my captured stick.

I then advanced towards the crowd with my revolver in my right hand and the table-leg in my left, driving them to the end of the corridor away from the stairs. They dodged behind tables and chairs, but continued to retreat

before me, and to accelerate their movements I passed the revolver into my left hand and picked up a small three-legged iron table and hurled it amongst them with all my force. Some of them went down like ninepins and the rest fled incontinently.

I then turned to leave, picking my way among the scattered tables and chairs. The place was a complete wreck. Broken chairs, overturned tables, smashed lamps, trays, and ruined glassware were mixed up anyhow. Although only the work of a few minutes, the havoc was complete.

I made my way down the stairs, keeping a sharp look-out. The lanky fellow I had knocked downstairs earlier in the fight was missing, having evidently sorted himself out from among the tables.

As I was nearing the bottom of the stairs, and thinking I was well out of the wood, the gas lights were suddenly extinguished. The door at the bottom was only a few steps in front of me, and I was groping my way down in the darkness when my foot, instead of resting on a step, suddenly went into space. I fell forwards, and my head came in contact with the glass panels of the door with a terrible crash. I still grasped my revolver and table-leg, however.

I struggled to get up, but the foot which had gone through the stair was held in a tight grip, evidently by someone below. I pulled and struggled fiercely, and eventually got it free, leaving my boot in the hands of my invisible captors.

Some of the lights upstairs were now lit, and by their light I saw I was opposite the door facing the street. The waiters now commenced to run down the stairs towards me.

I turned and faced them, telling them that I would empty every chamber of my revolver among them if they came near me. This kept them at a respectful distance, and I made for the door. I threw it open, thankful that I was out of this horrible place at last with my money still safe.

"SOME OF THEM WENT DOWN LIKE NINEPINS."

No sooner had I stepped into the street, however, than a fresh difficulty faced me. Standing just in front of the door, completely blocking my exit, were ten Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets!

The cowardly waiters, as I afterwards found out, had sent for the soldiers, saying that I was a murderer who had "run amok." As soon as I stepped out the officer in command drew back a pace or two and whipped out his revolver. And well he might. I must have presented a horrible appearance, and no doubt looked very like a murderer. My face and hands were cut and covered with blood, while in one hand I held a table-leg and in the other a revolver. With a shoeless foot, no hat, and my collar ripped open, I was certainly a dangerous-looking cut-throat.

The officer gave a command to his men, and before I could ask Nicoli—who had now appeared from somewhere—to explain matters they had pinned me in the corner with their bayonets. Nicoli, however, came forward and

informed the officer that I was not a dangerous character, whereupon he told his men to step back, and said to me, "Give me your revolver." I gave it to him, and also offered him the table leg, which he declined. He then told me that I must accompany him to the police-station and explain matters to the chief in charge.

"But how about my shoe?" I said. "I cannot walk without it." I explained to him, through Nicoli, where I had lost it.

"Come with me and show me the place," he said, shortly.

We found the stairs to all appearances intact. Although it was quite dark when I fell, I was sure there was some trap about the staircase, and on going under the stairs we found a kind of cupboard. The officer threw open the door. Inside were two skulking fellows, one of whom had my shoe in his hand. We examined the stairs from underneath, and found that the treads of several steps had been cut out bodily, being held in their place by small bolts. These we removed, and at once the cut-out steps fell back, leaving a gap in the stairs. It was through this gap that my foot had gone.

My shoe was convincing evidence that a foul trick had been played upon me, and at my request the officer gave orders that the two fellows found in the stair-trap were to be brought along to the police-station.

We formed quite an imposing procession as we passed along the streets on our way to the station. There were two soldiers in front, three on each side, and two bringing up the rear, while in the middle were the officer in command, Nicoli and myself, and the two fellows from the saloon. For what reason I don't know, but I still grasped the table-leg in my right hand.

Arriving at the police-station, the officer disappeared, leaving me in charge of the soldiers. He shortly returned with a basin of water and a towel, and told me to wash the blood from off my face and hands, when the Pasha would see me.

Even after my ablutions I must have cut a sorry figure. My dishevelled appearance was not exactly calculated to convey an air of harmlessness and respectability, and would not be in my favour. Anyhow, it was palpable evidence of a scrimmage.

On entering the sanctum of justice I saw the Pasha, a portly gentleman, cosily doubled up on a sofa, sucking at a *nargileh*, and twiddling a string of beads through his fingers. The officer placed me in the middle of the room, facing the Pasha, and motioned to me to do something or other. Not knowing the ins and outs of Turkish etiquette, I did not understand the drift of the officer's intentions, and seeing a comfortable-looking arm-chair near the writing-table I took possession of it.

This proceeding somewhat disturbed the portly gentleman's composure. He looked at me in great surprise and twiddled the beads faster through his fingers. He questioned Nicoli, but all I could understand from his replies was "Inglis capitanos." I noticed that the twiddling of the beads became slower. Evidently the Pasha was somewhat mollified with the information, as coffee was ordered.

The Pasha questioned the officer, and some of the saloon attendants were brought into the room—among them being the lanky fellow I had hurled among the tables on the stairs. My blow must have been a good one, as very little of his eyes was visible, and he had a few wounds on his face from his close acquaintance with the furniture. The others also bore traces of my handiwork. I felt a certain feeling of satisfaction as I gazed at their battered and bandaged faces and heads. They looked considerably damaged, for it was evident that the worst cases had been picked out as evidence of my murderous intentions.

The attendants were questioned by the Pasha, and were very voluble in their replies; but I, of course, could not understand a word.

The upshot of the inquiry was that I was told I must pay ten pounds and leave my revolver.

I told Nicoli to explain that I would not pay a cent, neither would I leave my revolver. I had been attacked by the attendants of the saloon and had acted solely in self-defence, and it was for them to pay for their unprovoked assault upon me. The Pasha, however, said that he had given his decision and could not alter it.

I told him, though Nicoli, that he would have to alter his decision. My ship had steam up and was to have left the port at midnight. It was now two hours after that time. Detaining me meant detaining the steamer, and I should claim demurrage.

This seemed to put an entirely new complexion on the affair, and the portly Pasha squeezed himself farther into the corner of the sofa, puckering his brows and twiddling the beads faster and faster through his fingers.

After a few moments spent in deep thought, accompanied by prolonged pulls at the *nargileh*, he said he would remit five pounds of the fine.

"No," I said, Nicoli translating for me, "I will not pay a cent; and another thing, I shall not leave this place until I am paid ten pounds as demurrage!"

At this the Pasha's beads dropped to the floor with a rattle, and he sucked harder than ever at his *nargileh*. The beads were picked up and handed to him by the officer; it appeared as if the Pasha could not think without his precious beads. After he had run them through his fingers several times he said he would remit the whole of the fine, but would keep the revolver.

"No," I said, for my temper was now roused. "I refuse to leave my revolver—and I want ten pounds."

Fresh coffees were brought in, and the perplexed Pasha asked Nicoli to persuade me to leave.

The waiters were again brought into the room, and the new turn the affair had taken was explained to them. They were not voluble this time, but looked rather crestfallen. I could see the drift things were now taking. The police would squeeze the theatre attendants for their trouble. Presently a paper was written out by the officer, which they reluctantly signed.

The Pasha then handed me my revolver, saying I was at liberty to go, and adding that he hoped we should always be friends.

"But how about the ten pounds I want?" I could not help asking.

"Never mind that," he said, hastily; "you have won a considerable sum of money."

"I am quite satisfied," I said: "I do not really want the ten pounds—but wring some thing out of those scoundrels."

"THE ATTENDANTS WERE QUESTIONED BY THE PASHA."

I now rose to leave. I handed my Colt to the Pasha and begged—through my interpreter—that he would accept it as a souvenir, while I kept the table-leg for the same purpose. He was profuse in his thanks, and sent with me, as an escort to the quay, the officer and the ten men who had arrested me. I felt I had come out of the scrape pretty well.

As I had experienced nothing but fair play and kindness from the officer I handed him five pounds and five more to be divided amongst his men; we parted in a very friendly fashion.

I had now another ordeal to face. What would my wife think of me—and we not yet out of the wane of the honeymoon?

The thoughts of her consternation at seeing me in such a battered plight filled my mind

as I was being pulled off to the ship. There was little time for thought as the boat grated alongside of the gangway. As I went down the companion I hoped she would be in bed and asleep, so that I could have a wash and make myself look a little more presentable. But no such luck—she was sitting up for me! As I stealthily entered the saloon she gave me one look, and then screamed as she saw my blood-stained face and the table-leg in my hand.

"Don't be alarmed, Bess," I said. "There's nothing serious, except a few scratches."

"What have you been doing—fighting?"

"Yes, a little, but not more than I was obliged."

She came near me to examine my wounds. "Are you hurt at all?" she asked.

"Nothing but what you can see. But wait a moment, Bess; let me empty my pockets."

I unbuttoned my reefer, and as I emptied the first handful of gold on to the saloon table she gave a little "Oh!" As handful after handful came out she lapsed into wondering silence; but when the last pocket was emptied she cried: "Oh, whatever have you done? Have you robbed someone?"

I briefly narrated the events of the evening, and after she had dressed my wounds we proceeded to count up the spoil. I found I had won more than I thought; there were no fewer than four hundred and thirty-seven gold pieces in the pile—a miscellaneous collection of coins on which the heads of all the Sovereigns of Europe figured. In English money my winnings amounted to about £380 sterling!

The table-leg now occupies a place of honour over the mantel-piece in the sitting-room of our little house at New Brighton, and in answer to inquirers, who ask why such an extraordinary piece of furniture should occupy so prominent a place, I always tell them it is closely connected with my balance at the bank, of which the money I so unexpectedly won at X—— formed the nucleus.

"HAVE YOU ROBBED SOMEONE?"

How a party of seamen, returning at night from a day's outing, landed by mistake on a sand-bank and were overtaken by the rapidly rising tide.

IN the autumn of 1900 my vessel, the *Adah*, was loading plaster at Cheverie, a small seaport on the Basin of Minas, which is an arm of the Bay of Fundy. Across the basin lay the land of Evangeline, famed in song and story, while to the westward, rising sheer up from the water for five hundred feet or more, was the commanding eminence of Blomidon. Blomidon lay straight across from Cheverie, a sail of some twelve miles. It was noted, we heard, for two things: the beautiful amethysts that are to be found there and the abundance of wild gooseberries that grow on its sides.

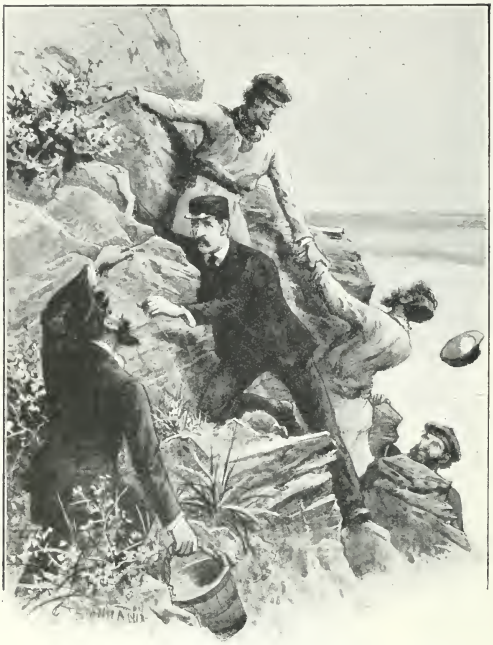
We had in our crew two rather remarkable men to be found in the forecastle of a merchant vessel. One was a graduate of McGill University, a medical student who, when his professional diploma was almost within his grasp, had been compelled to give up his studies for a time on account of failing eyesight. His oculist had prescribed a sea voyage and complete cessation of study for a year. He had been brought up in a seaport town and knew a good deal about a ship; and as the owner of the *Adah* was an old friend of his father's he had been taken on as an ordinary seaman. The other was the son of a well-known shipowner, who, actuated by a love of adventure, had made up his mind to adopt the sea as a profession.

MR. S. G. MOSHER.
From a Photo. by the Platinum Photo. Co., Windsor, N.S.

With this end in view he had shipped before the mast, and intended to serve the regulation seven years and then pass for master mariner. These two young men were more concerned in the various places of interest that we touched at from time to time than is usually the case with common seamen, and it was through their influence that the captain, on "Labour Day" — which in Canada occurs about the end of September—gave the whole crew permission to spend the day as they pleased.

We decided to cross over to Blomidon and, if possible, secure some amethysts as gifts for our friends. Should we fail to secure any amethysts we were at least sure of enough gooseberries, we thought, to make a nice pie. Cape Blomidon has the reputation of being the home of sudden storms, so we thought it better not to take one of the ship's boats, especially as it was almost too far to row. We therefore hired a small fishing smack, and shortly before five o'clock in the morning, just as the dawn was breaking, we set out on our expedition. This early start was necessitated by the fact that we had to take the tide into

consideration. The rise and fall of the Bay of Fundy tides are very great, and when the tide is out at Cheverie it is difficult to believe that it is a seaport. Vessels lie high and dry on the sand, while as far as the eye can reach stretch the brown mud-flats. But when the tide turns—what a change! First a tiny ripple may be seen stealing across the flats. Turn your back but a moment, and when you look again you will hardly be able to believe your eyes. Great waves are rolling in, and in a very few moments what has been a dreary stretch of mud is a sea.



"WE WERE SOON EXPLORING THE RUGGED FACE OF THE CAPE."

We had a favouring breeze and soon reached the cape. The beach was strewn with boulders; there was not an inch of smooth sand anywhere. We ran the boat on the softest spot we could find, and were soon exploring the rugged face of the cape, the men laughing and chattering as sailors on a holiday will. We found only a few poor specimens of amethysts, being, as we afterwards discovered, on the wrong side of the mountain for these semi-precious stones. As regards the gooseberries, however, we were more fortunate. We gathered two large pails of them, and, had we had time, might have filled the boat with the fruit, which grew in profusion. But the returning tide presently warned us that if we did not wish to spend the night on the cape we must embark. We were on board none too soon, and quickly our boat's bow was pointing towards Cheverie. This time we were not to be so fortunate as we had been on our morning sail. The wind dropped, and soon failed altogether. Unfortunately, we had neglected to bring any oars, so there was nothing to be done but drift and wait for a favouring breeze. It soon became evident that we should not reach the ship on that tide, so we resigned ourselves as best we could to the prospect of passing the night in an open boat. We knew that we should get in trouble for the delay, and some of the men indulged in facetious anticipations of the "old man's" greeting when he saw us next morning.

About two o'clock in the morning, however, a breeze sprang up. We turned the boat's bow in what we believed to be the direction of Cheverie, and in an incredibly short time we could see the dim outline of a shore which we took to be the Cheverie coast-line.

"I thought we were farther away from the land," said the mate, looking puzzled. "I'm hanged if I know where we really are; we've been drifting so all night. However, this is certainly land we are coming to, and I am pretty sure it must be on the opposite side of the basin from Blomidon. We may have to walk quite a way in order to get to the ship, but Cheverie can't be more than a few miles from here."

Presently we ran the boat aground on a sharply sloping beach of smooth white sand. We thought this strange, as the beach on the Cheverie side of the river, so far as we had observed, was muddy, while on the other side, at Blomidon, it was very rocky.

We decided to leave the boat beached where she had run aground for the present, and proposed, when we found out our location, to send someone to sail her around to Cheverie Harbour. In case the tide should come in before one of us could return, we drove a stake into the sand and made the boat fast securely. Then we set out to walk across the beach, expecting soon to come to a high road or, at least, to cultivated fields. To our surprise we

tramped for almost half a mile, still over the same smooth beach, which sloped always slightly upward. Presently, however, we noted that the beach no longer sloped up, but we seemed now to be descending quite a steep hill. Still the same smooth white sand was everywhere. It was now about three o'clock in the morning—the moon had set and the night was at its darkest. We seemed as far from any human habitation as ever, yet still the beach sloped swiftly downward. After following this declivity for some fifteen minutes we came, to our intense surprise, to water. We seemed to be on the edge of some river. The mate, with a muttered exclamation, stooped down and tasted the fluid.

"Salt!" he gasped. "Boys, run for your lives! If we can't find that boat within half an hour we're all dead men!"

He turned and started running in the direction we had come. We followed him at top speed, not knowing what else to do. He would not stop to explain, but would only drop some scattered remarks as he ran. From what he said we gathered that our peril was imminent.

"I tell you, boys, we're on the Big Bar," he blurted out. "Ever noticed it from the ship? Someone told me yesterday that it was twelve miles long and almost a mile wide, and it is covered at half tide. It will be half tide shortly after four this morning. If we can find the boat before then we are all right. If not, it's all up with us."

"Well," said the medical student, more calmly, "we've got almost three-quarters of an hour yet. We ought to be able to cover a mile—for we certainly have not walked more than that—in three-quarters of an hour."

"Look here, youngster," said the mate, turning his perturbed face towards him as he trotted along, "what's bothering me is: *Where is the boat?* How do we know that we have been walking straight? It's as dark as pitch, and we may very well miss the boat and wander aimlessly about on this sand-bank till the tide takes us off."

The student had not thought of this awkward contingency, and began to look blank. "We can all swim, I guess," he hazarded at last.

"We can't all swim six miles," retorted the mate, redoubling his pace; "at any rate, I can't. And now I'm not going to waste any more breath on talking, for, mark my words, if we can't find the boat in a very few minutes we are dead men!"

We ran with all our speed, keeping in what we considered a straight line. Had it been light we might have retraced our way by the marks of our footsteps in the sand, but it was too dark for us to see anything, so we had to hurry on, trusting to Providence. It was interesting at this critical time to notice the varied bearing of the men. Some ran doggedly on, their anxiety only expressed on their faces, while others indulged in lamentations and prophecies of disaster.

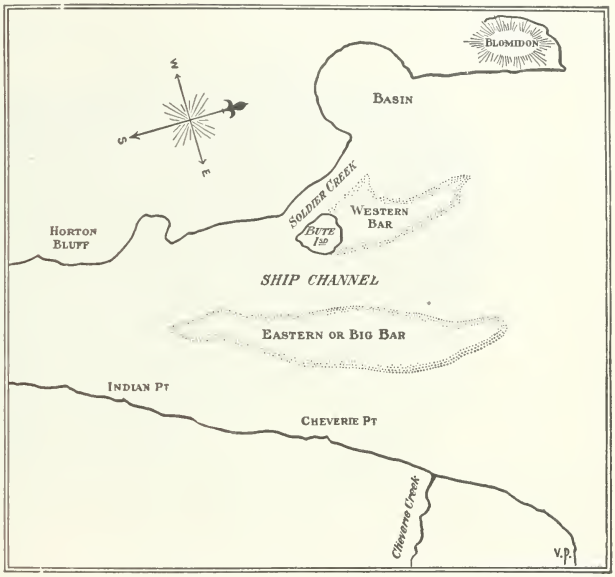


CHART OF THE BASIN OF MINAS, SHOWING THE "BIG BAR."

Soon, to our joy, we found that we had gained the summit of the ridge and were descending. The mate paused for a minute to light a match and glance at his watch. "Ten minutes to four," he said, grimly; "it will be half tide in a very few minutes now."

"Are you sure that the bar is always covered when the tide is in?" I asked.

"All covered!" he repeated. "A man-o'-war can sail over it when the tide is in!"

In a moment or two we reached the water's edge, but, to our horror, could find no sign of the boat. Was it possible that the water was already rising and that the boat was submerged? The thought was too horrible to entertain. We determined not to give up without a struggle, and divided our forces in order to search for the boat at the water's edge. We thought we could not be very far from the point from which we had started, and arranged that one half of our little band should go along the shore in one direction, while the other half went in the other. As soon as the boat was found the finders were to raise a shout. It was with a feeling of hopelessness that, after watching the other party disappear in the darkness, we turned to search our section of beach. My party had proceeded along the shore for about one hundred yards, still without seeing any signs of the boat, when, to our horror, we found that the tide was certainly rising. To make sure of this I stood still at the edge of the water. A wave broke at my feet, the next curled round my ankles, while in a few moments another wetted me almost to the knees.

"It's no use, boys," I said, "the tide has turned! We're done for this time."

And then I began to laugh. It seemed so curious, after passing through all kinds of hair-breadth escapes in different parts of the earth, to be trapped thus on a sand-bar, not thirty miles from the place where I was born.

Just then, when we were almost prepared to cast ourselves down upon the sand and give way to utter despair, we heard a shout.

"This way, boys! We've got the boat. Hurry up!"

Needless to say we did hurry—hurried as we had never done before. Running, stumbling, panting, we at last reached the boat, and safety. It appeared that one of the men, with better eyesight than the others, had descried a dim object not far from the shore, which he took to be the boat, floated by the rising tide. Hastily throwing off his clothes he swam out, and found that his conjecture was correct. He cut the rope that moored her, hoisted the sail, and stood by to pick us up as we swam out to her.

"JUST THEN WE HEARD A SHOUT."

Soon we were all on board debating on our next movement. We unanimously decided to wait for daylight before effecting another landing, We therefore allowed the boat to drift till dawn. and then found that we were quite a number of miles down the bay. We hoisted our sail, but had hard work making headway against the swift rush of the tide. However, at half tide that afternoon we managed to reach Cheverie Harbour. One of our men had to remain in the boat to bring her in when the tide should serve, while the rest of us toiled for about half a mile through the deep mud which serves as a beach. We were received with hearty curses by the captain, but his resentment was somewhat appeased when the mate told him of our narrow escape on the "Big Bar."

A Hunting Trip in the Wilderness.

From a Photo. by] [*W. W. Putnam.*

I.

Being an account of a sporting expedition planned on somewhat ambitious lines. The author's party penetrated into the uttermost wilds of Mexico, into a country far removed from civilization, and seldom visited even by the Indians. What they saw and what they did in this sportsman's paradise are described and illustrated in the accompanying article.

NO sportsman could wish for a better hunting-ground than the great lagoons of Mexico, which border on the Colorado River. Many miles from civilization, even in its most primitive form, and seldom visited even by the neighbouring Indians, these lagoons lie solitary year in and year out, covered with all kinds of water-fowl, from the largest pelican to the smallest sandpiper, and surrounded by dense vegetation in which all kinds of game are to be found. During the Christmas holidays of 1899 I, together with eleven other young men, made a trip to this *terra incognita* under the leadership of Mr. William W. Price.

We arrived in Yuma, our real starting-point, on the night of the 16th of December, and were met by Mr. Price. A new hotel had just been opened, which was lucky for us, for it was the only decent place in the town. Nearly every other building in this delectable place was either a drinking saloon or a general store. Early next morning we unpacked our trunks in a large room on the ground floor of the hotel, which looked out on Yuma's main street. We soon attracted a large and miscellaneous crowd of Mexicans, Indians, and half-breeds, who fought for places at the window in order to see the many guns and camp supplies of the "rich señors." By noon we had packed everything we were to take on the trip, leaving our trunks and other valuables with the hotel proprietor. Each man had divided his belongings into three small bags—one for clothes, one for cartridges, and the other for various articles and the trinkets we had brought for the Indians. These we wrapped up in our sleeping-bags or blankets during the day and used as pillows at night. We found this mode of carrying our belongings very convenient as well as safe. The only thing lost during the whole of the trip was a hunting-knife.

Besides our party of thirteen we took with us Charlie Kanaka, a half-breed, the best guide on the river, and two Cocopah Indians, Antonio—a chief in his own country—and Mike. A Mexican Custom-house officer went with us as far as the boundary-line.

We left Yuma at noon. We had hired three flat-bottomed boats, each about 20ft. long, among which we divided ourselves and the baggage. At this point the river runs very

From a Photo. by] THE START FROM YUMA. [*W. W. Putnam.*

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.
From a Photo. by J. M. Chandler.

swiftly. Pushing out into the stream we dashed off at great speed, watched by the greater part of Yuma's population. Each boat was supplied with two sets of oars, at which we took half-hour shifts.

The Colorado River runs through an irregular valley, varying from fifty to one hundred miles in width. Far to the north, east, and west high barren mountains enclose the valley, between which is the lower part of the Colorado desert, with not a tree to relieve the landscape for miles. Through this valley the river has cut a broad and crooked path, which, during the spring and summer, when the Rocky Mountain snows are melting, spreads out in places for nearly twenty miles, depositing, after the manner of the Nile, vast quantities of mud. The mud-flats formed in this manner begin a few miles below Yuma, and are many thousand acres in extent. They are covered with tule, mesquite, thick cane brakes, willows, cottonwood, and hemp, which, when the river rises in the spring, are covered again with earth to the depth of from 2ft. to 3ft.

About two o'clock we reached the boundary-line between California and Mexico. We left the Custom-house officer here, and stopped a few minutes to see the boundary monument (No. 206), which was several hundred yards from the river. This was a block of granite about 7ft. high, on which was inscribed: "Boundary between United States and Mexico, agreeable to the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo of February 2nd, 1848." On one side was the United States coat-of-arms, and on the other that of Mexico.

We landed on the Arizona shore about four o'clock and made camp, as it looked very much like rain.

Next morning camp was broken early and we continued on our way. Towards noon large flocks of shags and pelicans began to appear, with now and then a few ducks and other water-fowl. The pelicans flew over us in such numbers that the noise of their wings made a droning sound, and when they came between us and the sun the earth was darkened as if a thunder-cloud were overhead. Two of the boys shot at them and were lucky in getting one apiece. Near this point we passed the boundary between Arizona and Sonora State, Mexico, and now had Mexican territory on both sides of us. It was a strange and wonderful region. There is not a sign of human life anywhere, but animal life abounds. Water-fowl of many species can be seen continually, and the placid stream is now and then agitated by the splashing of some large fish.

Just before we camped for the night we had our first accident. Charlie Kanaka was sculling vigorously in the stern of our boat, helping us to keep ahead of the other boats, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, his oar broke and he turned a complete somersault into the river, amid yells from the other boats. All Kanakas are good swimmers, however, and he was soon alongside and in the boat again. Swimming in the Colorado, by the way, is not practised much either by the Indians or whites, for the water is extremely swift and cold and is

A CORNER OF THE CAMP.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

very muddy. That night we camped at the edge of the jungle and had a fine supper cooked in Indian style.

During the early hours of the next morning several of us strolled up and down the river in the hope of getting a shot at a deer or pig, as we had seen many fresh tracks near camp, but none of us saw anything, although several times we heard the underbush crackling not far off.

From this time onwards we saw many fresh tracks along the river banks of deer, racoons, coyotes, and pigs. These latter, curiously enough, are the descendants of a small band which escaped from a Mexican ranch over twenty-five years ago. Living in this wild state they have greatly increased in numbers and have acquired some of the characteristics of their wild brothers in other parts of the world, growing tusks to be proud of. They live in the tules along the riverside and make fine, although rather dangerous, hunting.

ANTONIO, THE INDIAN CHIEF, ATTENDS TO THE COOKING.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

It was after nine before we broke camp. A strong wind was blowing up-stream against us, which prevented us from making much headway for several hours; then the river took a sharp bend, almost making a semi-circle, which brought the wind behind us. The river soon after began to narrow rapidly, and the current grew so very swift that it kept washing away the bank on one side of the river and forming a sand-bar on the other side, thus changing the bed of the river from day to day. A good example of this was shown where we camped in the evening. During the night nearly 10ft. of the right bank was eaten away, while on the other side of the river a sand-bar was beginning to form. Nearly every night we paired off, gathered wood, and made a small fire between our beds; just before we went to sleep we put three large logs end to end, which burnt nearly the whole night. A great part of the cooking was done by our Indians; Antonio especially was a fine cook, and would serve us up all sorts of food cooked after the manner of his tribe. We boys also took great delight in cooking toothsome morsels—or what were meant to be toothsome morsels—over our little fires.

Next evening two of our party each caught a large Colorado salmon after the manner of the Indians, which is somewhat as follows: A stake is firmly planted in the mud several feet out in the stream, and to this is attached a line some 40ft. to 50ft. in length, on the end of which is a large cod-hook baited with meat. When this is let out the current is so strong that it keeps the bait swinging backwards and forwards a few inches under the surface. In a few hours the line is examined and a fish is nearly always found on the end. Great quantities of carp, mullet, and Colorado salmon abound in the river, some weighing over 25lb. apiece.

Proceeding down the river we came to where the stream again cuts into the desert at a place called High Bluffs. A few miles beyond this we came to the Indian settlement over which Antonio was chief, and as we landed we were surrounded by his large family and other members of the tribe who had come to welcome their lord. Antonio and his people are civilized compared with the other tribes, nearly all of them wearing store-made clothes—and looking very unpicturesque in consequence. Many of them can speak English and Spanish fairly well, and they did not seem to mind our taking pictures of them, which is exceptional for an Indian.

We now proceeded very quietly. Those in the first boat were ready with their rifles in case any game should be seen on shore, and about four o'clock ducks began to appear in large numbers. As we passed on the flocks increased in such numbers that we gave up the thought of shore game and peppered away at them; we soon had some fine mallards.

We kept rowing until long after dark, as we wanted to reach the junction of the Hardy Colorado (called New River on some maps) and the Colorado that night. At this point we

A SNAP-SHOT IN ANTONIO'S VILLAGE—HOW THE INDIANS STORE CORN.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

proposed to establish a permanent camp for several days.

The night was very dark and cloudy, with here and there a break through which a few stars shone, and it all seemed very weird as we rowed silently on down that great mysterious river. We could hear the coyotes yelping in the distance and the crackling of the dry tules as some animal passed through them, but these were the only sounds that broke the utter stillness of that vast wilderness. Many times we were washed ashore or on to a sand-bar by the swift current, and once it was necessary to get out and push the boat off, nearly freezing our feet in the icy water. The last boat was very unfortunate, getting separated from us in the darkness and going aground several times. We were afraid we had lost them altogether, but after much signalling with rifles they came up with us.

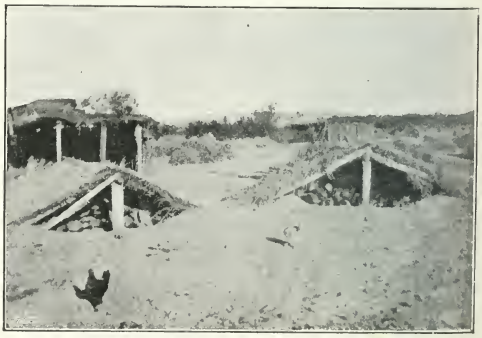
Just before we landed for the night we ran on a sand-bar on which a large flock of pelicans were huddled together for the night. These began to fly, making an extraordinary droning noise, which sounded very eerie in the darkness. Five minutes later we made a hasty camp. We did not know exactly where we were on account of the intense darkness; but after a good supper we lost all our cares in sleep. It had taken three and a half days to reach the Hardy, which we had expected to reach in two. So far we had not seen much game, with the exception of ducks and geese; but the Indians and the guide assured us that we should soon see all we could eat and plenty more.

Next morning before sunrise a companion and myself started off towards a large lagoon near by, of which the Indians had told us. After nearly an hour's walking through a thick tule swamp we came upon an opening whence we could see a small body of water on which were a number of birds, but on account of its being still dark we could not make out exactly what they were. Nevertheless, my friend fired, and with a mighty roar flocks of birds began to rise in all directions, scurrying off in the darkness, but leaving two of their comrades dead upon the water. We were afraid to enter the dangerous-looking pool in the gloom, and so, marking the spot, continued along the bank. About an hour afterwards the sun rose, and we were able to examine the lake properly.

Surrounded on all sides with high tules and thick cane brakes lay a large lagoon, several square miles in extent. Scattered over this were bunches of thick tules, forming small islands and little inlets, in which thousands of geese, duck, snipe, curlew, pelicans, cranes, herons, and many other species of water-fowl were feeding. It was a most extraordinary spectacle.

We now returned to where my friend had shot in the darkness, and, wading out some thirty yards, I brought back two fine curlews. I was rather afraid at first to trust myself to the suspicious-looking water, which, although less than 2ft. deep, had a very muddy bottom, in which I sank at every step.

Skirting the little bogs which surrounded the lagoon we were obliged to walk in the water, as we found it impossible to make our way through the dense masses of tules. We found the snipe,



THESE CURIOUS ERECTIONS ARE MELON STOREHOUSES.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

FORCING A WAY THROUGH THE THICK TULE SWAMP.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

plover, and curlew so tame that they would not fly until we were within a few feet of them. Even then they only flew a short distance, so that we had to throw mud at them in order to get a wing shot at a distance great enough to prevent our blowing them to pieces. The ducks, however, were very wild, and we had great difficulty in getting a few; as for the geese, they kept out in the open, and we were unable to get within several hundred yards of them.

We returned to camp about seven o'clock with some twenty snipe and curlew, two ducks, and a pelican. We made it our invariable rule never to shoot more than we could eat—a rule which many hunters fail to follow.

After a fine breakfast we moved camp about a mile up-stream to the place we had meant to stop at the night before, but which we had passed in the darkness.

The river here was about five hundred yards wide, with banks 10ft. high on both sides. In the middle, between the Hardy Colorado and the Colorado, was a large sand-bar nearly a mile in length. The south bank of the Hardy Colorado at this point is almost bare, with only a few mesquite trees scattered over it; the north bank is thickly overgrown with tule, hemp —which grows wild in this region—and cane, in which deer and pigs are to be found. When our new camp had been set in order a few of the fellows went after deer, but most of us returned to the great lagoon. The birds had finished feeding by this time and were flying off. They appeared to use the lagoon merely as a feeding and sleeping place.

I continued the exploration of the lake alone, walking nearly around it, and by visiting some of the nearer islands soon discovered that I could wade safely in any part of it. The deepest place I found was less than 3ft. deep, and the lake generally was about knee-deep.

At sundown I returned to camp, meeting several others of our party on the way, and after supper we narrated our day's adventures. One man had slipped in the lagoon and exploded his gun in the mud. He escaped, however, with nothing more serious than a mud bath, but his gun had both barrels blown off several inches from the muzzle. Another man returned with a fine doe —much to the delight of everybody. It weighed nearly 180lb.

Some anxiety was caused by the prolonged absence of Mr. Van, one of our party. He had been last seen near the lagoon after ducks. Guns were fired at half-minute intervals, and Mr. Price war-whooped as he alone knew how to. At last a faint yell was heard far in the distance and a shot answered our hails. Shortly afterwards the wanderer arrived, nearly dead with fatigue. He had lost his way in the tules, where the mud was so soft that he could not stand still for fear of sinking, and his strength had begun to give out in that awful maze of vegetation. To add to his predicament it was pitch-dark, and a wild cat or mountain lion came prowling round and whined softly to keep up his spirits. At last, however, he reached hard, open ground and found the camp by the light of our fires.

THE MORNING'S BAG—"TWENTY SNIPE AND CURLEW, TWO DUCKS, AND A PELICAN."
From a Photo. by [*W. W. Putnam.*

THE INDIANS GO FISHING WITH DYNAMITE.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

As the days were now at their shortest we nearly always got to bed before eight, and this night several of us went as early as half-past six. Next morning most of the fellows went across the river deer-hunting, but only two men had the good fortune to see any game. They started a herd of seven, but for some reason — nervousness, perhaps — they were unable to shoot any, although they fired several shots before the deer got out of range. Meanwhile, Charlie Kanaka and the Indians went mullet-fishing. As these fish are very hard to catch with hook and line, the Indians make use of an unlawful method to procure their winter supply, viz.: fishing with giant powder. A stick of this powerful explosive is thrown some 30ft. from the boat, with a fuse long enough to last until the powder reaches the bottom. When it goes off fish begin to rise to the surface in all directions. They are hardly ever dead, and if not picked up within a few seconds will recover from the shock and swim off again.

I myself spent the day in the lagoon, duck-shooting. I made a "blind" of tules on one of the islands and by noon had enough ducks, of various species, for our supper. On the way home I caught a large snipe, which was slightly wounded in the wing.

During the afternoon the deer-hunters had set the tules on fire, in the hope that it would drive the game out where they could get at it more easily, but the wind changed and drove the hunters out instead of the game, while huge clouds of dense smoke rose high into the air. After sundown the glare of these fires against the sky made a beautiful sight, which lasted long into the night.

THE HUNTERS SET FIRE TO THE REEDS TO DRIVE OUT THE GAME, BUT THE WIND CHANGED AND DROVE THE SPORTSMEN OUT INSTEAD!
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

(To be continued.)

The Message on the Match-Box.

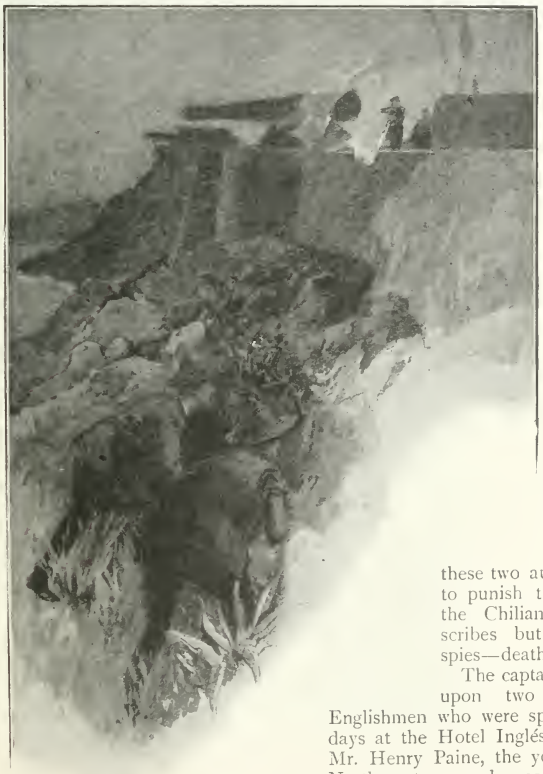
By Reginald E. Davis, of Valparaiso.

An incident of the recent trouble between Chili and Argentina. The forts at Valparaiso had been visited by the enemy's spies, and the public clamoured for their arrest. Two innocent Englishmen were suspected and lodged in prison, and would undoubtedly have been condemned to death and executed had not one of them been able to communicate by means of a match-box with some English friends in the city.

AT the beginning of this year the relations between Chili and the Argentine Republic were strained to such an extent that war loomed imminent between the two countries.

Chili prepared night and day for the forthcoming struggle, and strained every resource to be ready in time to meet her formidable adversary. From early morn till late at night one heard the loud reports of the big guns being fired for practice from the forts surrounding Valparaiso. The National Guard had been called out, and was being trained to fire the ugly weapons.

The Argentine authorities were fully aware that Chili had purchased vast quantities of ammunition and artillery during the last few months, and many were the spies belonging to that country who lurked around the forts in search of information.



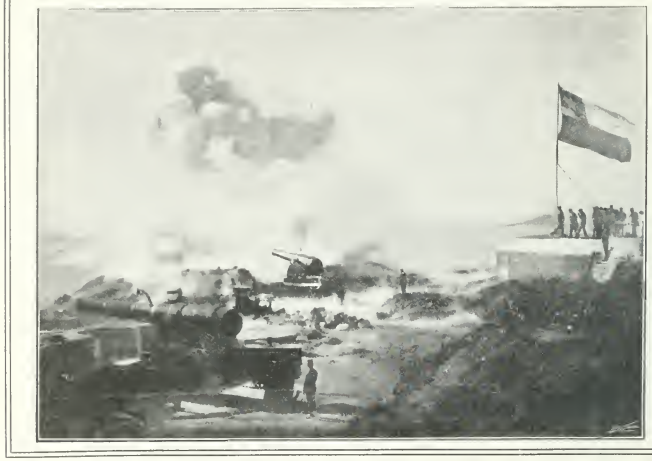
"THEY WERE FIRED UPON."

Two of these spies in particular gave great trouble to the Chilian authorities. They were seen night after night at different forts, but always succeeded in evading their pursuers.

During the night of the 1st of January these daring spies managed to penetrate within the precincts of Fort Valdivia, at Playa Ancha, a very important position. They were fired upon, but again made their escape.

Now, Captain Illanez, the officer in charge of Fort Valdivia —who was also a member of the Secret Service — determined at all costs to catch these two audacious men and to punish them according to the Chilian law, which prescribes but one penalty for spies—death!

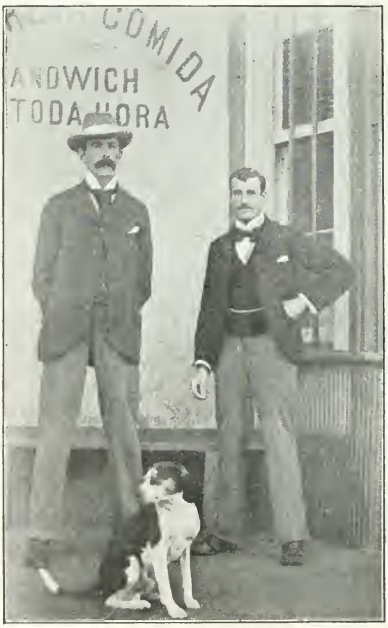
The captain's suspicions fell upon two harmless young Englishmen who were spending their holidays at the Hotel Inglés, at Playa Ancha. Mr. Henry Paine, the younger, hails from Northampton, and was in his twenty-second year. Of medium height, with light



GUN PRACTICE AT FORT VALDIVIA—THIS IS THE FORT THE TWO ENGLISHMEN WERE ACCUSED OF VISITING BY STEALTH.
From a Photo.

brown hair and moustache, he appeared in no way like a spy, but rather like a peaceful and harmless citizen. Mr. Paine had been in the employ of Messrs. Gibbs and Seddon, of Valparaiso, as pattern-cutter, and in January last was taking a well-earned rest after the expiry of his contract with that firm.

The other victim of the captain's suspicions, Mr. Marshal Patterson, was a Birkenhead man Until quite recently he was manager of the Nitrate Pampa of Peregrina, belonging to the Anglo-Chilian Nitrate and Railway Company. To recuperate his health he went as far south as Punta Arenas—which is in close proximity to the territory in dispute between the two Republics—and his arrival from that quarter aroused the suspicions of Captain Illanez, who felt certain that he was at last on the track of the daring spies who had stolen the zealously guarded secrets of the fort.



MR. MARSHAL PATTERSON AND MR. HENRY PAINE, OUTSIDE THE HOTEL AT WHICH THEY WERE ARRESTED
From a Photo.

From this point onwards I think I cannot do better than let Mr. Paine narrate the story, and will therefore transcribe my notes as he dictated them to me a few hours after the release of himself and Mr. Patterson from prison.

"On the morning of the 2nd of January," said Mr. Paine, "whilst Mr. Patterson and myself were having breakfast in the saloon of the Hotel Inglés,

Captain Illanez entered and stared hard at us for several moments. He then went over to Mr. Nelson (the proprietor of the hotel) and spoke for a few minutes in a low voice to him. He told him that during the night a spy had penetrated into Fort Valdivia and had gathered important information as to the new artillery there installed.

"The captain then turned to us and politely requested us to go with him at once to the fort and report ourselves to the authorities there. Without any suspicion of what was before us we readily acquiesced in his demand, which — in the condition of affairs which then prevailed — was reasonable; and we accompanied him to the fort, which is situated about half a mile from the hotel.

"Captain Illanez was very courteous to us, and after an interrogation which lasted several minutes he shook hands with both of us and allowed us to depart.

"That same afternoon, while Patterson and I were reading the papers in the bar of the hotel, three detectives in civilian clothes came in. They seated themselves and ordered refreshment in the ordinary way. Suddenly, without any warning, two of them came over to us, laid their hands on our shoulders, and informed us that we were under arrest as spies of the Argentine Government! At the same time they drew their revolvers as an intimation that if we tried to escape we should be fired upon. At the door of the hotel three mounted policemen waited for us, and we were marched through the long streets to the Valparaiso prison like burglars or murderers.

"I wished to speak to Patterson, but directly he saw my intention one of the mounted policemen thrust his horse between us, and we could not exchange a single word. We walked in this manner for an hour, enduring the rude stare of the people and the vile insults they showered upon us.

"THEY DREW THEIR REVOLVERS."

"We arrived at the prison at about three o'clock, and were placed separately into small, dirty cells, wherein there was hardly room to turn round, and empty save for a single board which served as a bed.

"At about five o'clock I was taken before an official named Camaz, who spoke to me as though I were a convicted murderer. He talked a good deal about things I did not quite understand, and ended up by informing me that I had been identified as one of two men who had penetrated into the fort on the previous night. After a long cross-examination he got very angry with me for not being able to understand his questions as he wished me to, for I have but an imperfect knowledge of the language, and the man talked fast. At last he tried to make me avow that I *had* been in the fort, when, as a matter of fact,

I had gone to bed at eleven on that particular night and had not left my room till the next morning.

"I was then thoroughly searched and everything in my pockets taken from me. I begged to be allowed to communicate with my friends in order to prove my identity, but even this concession was sternly refused, and under a guard of three soldiers I was taken back to my dirty cell.

"I cannot describe the mental torture I suffered during the long hours of that night. I was well aware that if I could not prove my complete innocence within a short time I should be shot without any questions being asked, as the law in respect to spies is concise and to the point. No mercy can be expected from it, and owing to the popular excitement the law would be carried out without hesitation. We were British subjects, it was true, but if we were not allowed to communicate with the British Consul that fact would not help us much. What was to be done?

"The food they gave me was not fit for pigs; the very smell of it was horrible. I asked for a piece of dry bread, but this request was refused.

"Not till 3.30 p.m. on the following day was I taken out of that horrible cell, when I was submitted to the 'Bertillon' system for the classification of criminals, while my photograph was secretly taken. The men handled me as though I were some wild beast, and jeered at me for letting myself be so easily caught! My guilt seemed to be a foregone conclusion. Again I was refused permission to correspond with my friends, and finally I was marched back to solitary confinement.

"Mr. Patterson, meanwhile, underwent much the same treatment. He was searched and everything in his possession taken away. Luckily, however, the warders omitted two small and apparently insignificant articles, and these proved to be the means of our salvation.

"The articles that Patterson found in his possession after he had been searched were an Indian arrow-head—which was imbedded in the lining of his waistcoat-pocket—and the side of an ordinary wooden match-box. He noticed that on the board in his cell there was some blue paint, and this gave him an idea. It was of the utmost importance that we should communicate with our English friends in the city, and yet this privilege had been refused us. He now saw his way to getting help from outside. Dipping the arrow-head in the paint he scratched on the side of the match-box the following laconic message: 'Help! Patterson in prison.'

"When the boy came in with his food Patterson managed to thrust the curious missive into his hand unperceived by the warder, instructing him to take it to a well-known English firm in the city. 'Deliver it,' he whispered, 'and I will reward you.'

"The head of the firm in question, on receipt of this brief message — undoubtedly the most curious document his firm had ever received—at once went round to see the Judge of Crime. He didn't quite understand what was wrong, but he vouched for the respectability of both Patterson and myself.

[From a] THE PRISON IN WHICH MR. PAINE AND MR. PATTERSON WERE CONFINED. [Photo.

"As a result of this, late in the afternoon Mr. Patterson and myself were ushered into the presence of the Judge of Crime, Don Santiago Santa Cruz, who bade me tell my story, which I did in as few words as possible. I told him that on the night the fort was broken into I went to bed at eleven o'clock, and that I could bring witnesses to prove my statement.

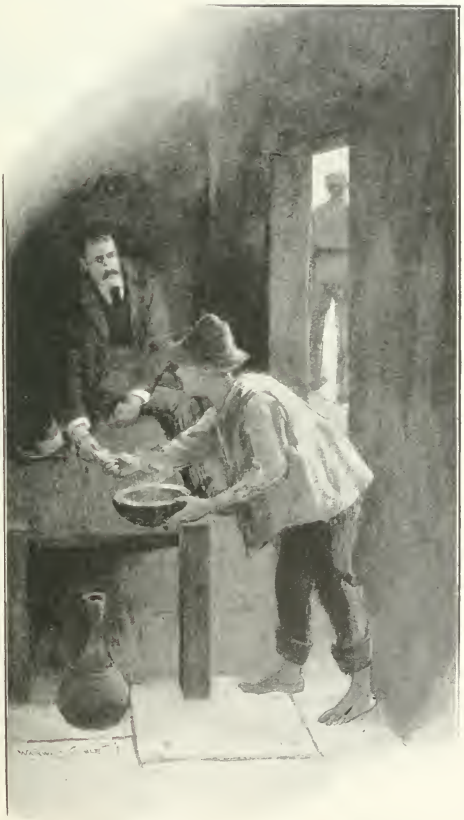
"Mr. Patterson also swore that he was in bed by 11 p.m. that night and did not leave his room until seven o'clock the next morning.

"It was then that I heard a Chilian officer telling the soldier who had been on guard at the fort on the night in question to swear that he recognised me as being one of the intruders. Fortunately for us, however, the man refused to utter such a falsehood. Had he done as he was bidden we should probably not have been here to tell you the facts of the case.

"As a result of our interrogation by the Judge of Crime we were released from custody. It is certainly due to Mr. Patterson's ingenuity in having sent that terse message, scratched on the match-box, that we owe our liberty — and probably our lives — as it would otherwise have been quite impossible for us to communicate with the outside world."

Mr. Paine has written a strong letter to H.B.M. Consul-General at Valparaiso, protesting against the high-handed treatment to which he and his friend were subjected, and asking him to endeavour to obtain redress from the Chilian authorities.

There can be no doubt that Messrs. Paine and Patterson had a very narrow escape from death. The public were aware that the forts had been broken into by Argentine spies, and they demanded that somebody should be arrested and sentenced to death in order that they might be quite satisfied that the secrets of the State were safe. The two Englishmen were the likeliest persons on the spot and they were accordingly seized. The authorities probably refused to allow them to communicate with the outside world in order to prevent them appealing to their Consul for protection. But, thanks to that Indian arrow-head and the piece of match-box, they were able to escape the fate that threatened them.



"'DELIVER IT,' HE WHISPERED, 'AND I WILL REWARD YOU.'"

By T. Costello.

The author and a companion were brother-officers on an English steamer, and arranged a day's shooting up the Euphrates. The trip started badly by one of the sportsmen blowing a hole in the boat, and before nightfall the luckless sailors found themselves in collision with the military, charged with killing an old woman and a donkey.

WE were both junior officers of a steamer, Rosser and I, and our vessel was lying off the town of Bussorah, a place in Turkish Arabia about eighty miles up the Euphrates River. Having nothing to do one day we decided to go off for a day's shooting, although neither of us had ever handled a gun in our lives before. We thought, however, that we might stand a good chance of getting something, as game is very plentiful and easy to get at in these parts.

Our first proceeding was to secure the services of Ali—a huge and plausible Arab—to whom we stated our desire for a day's sport. Ali said that he would make all arrangements for an early start on the following morning, and that he would provide the guns, but that we must give him a signed order to enable him to procure the powder and shot, as these commodities are not saleable to natives. This we did, and the next morning at daylight, having had a very good lunch-basket prepared, we set off up the river in Ali's boat, which was one of the ordinary "dug-outs" used on the river. Ali was steersman, while two lusty Arabs pulled in the forward end, Rosser and I being seated in the middle of the boat, Rosser nearest to Ali.

We got about four miles up the river to what Ali termed "good place," and presently he asked, "What master like?" "What is there to get?" I asked. "Master like pelican?" replied Ali. "Yes, very good," said I; "where are they?"

In justice to ourselves I must here explain that the weapons with which this sporting caterer had provided us were old muzzle-loading Arab muskets, the hammers of which were so loose that one could move them from side to side with the finger and thumb quite easily. This little failing was no doubt one of the causes of the accident which shortly befell us.

A whispered caution from Ali, and there, within a hundred yards of us, on the river bank, were two fine pelicans, busily engaged in fishing with their long bills for their morning meal. We crept quietly up to within thirty to forty yards of them and then I said, confidently, "Now, leave these to me, Rosser." Taking aim as well as I could with my enormously long weapon, I fired, whereupon, much to my chagrin and Ali's delight, the birds leisurely flew off. Rosser was cross. He turned to me and said, sarcastically, "If that's all you can do you'd better leave off shooting. At all events, I take the next shot."

Turning to Ali, who was, as I have before stated, just next to him, he said, "What else is there?" Ali replied, "Master like wild duck? Plenty got here; master wait." Sure enough there shortly appeared a big flight of wild duck

crossing the river just above us, we being by this time in the middle and about two hundred yards from either bank.

"Now it's my shot," cried Rosser; and, crouching down, he pointed his gun at the oncoming birds. When nearly overhead he pulled the trigger. The results were nil, for his delightful weapon refused to go off. Of course, Rosser was very much disgusted. Placing the weapon across his knees, with the barrel pointing at the bottom of the boat, he began upbraiding Ali for supplying us with such wretched weapons. "Look at the miserable caps you have brought," he said. "If this one had gone off as it should have done I should in all probability have brought down some duck." Saying which, in his temper, he pulled the trigger. There was a loud report, and the next moment water began to pour into the boat, the charge having blown a big hole clean through the bottom! Meanwhile, Ali was holding his foot in his hand and yelling with all his might, thinking that his toes had been blown off. It was really a mercy they were not; they were only scorched, however. The other two boatmen were paralyzed with fear and did not attempt to move. So there we were, sinking, in the middle of a deep river, with the extra discomfort of possibly losing our well-filled lunch-basket. The only thing that saved us and the lunch was my coat, which I quickly threw off and stuffed into the hole. A little later, Ali having discovered that he was more frightened than hurt, a very sorry crew indeed might have been seen dragging a "dug-out" up the river bank.

Notwithstanding our wet condition a good lunch soon put a more rosy complexion on things, and the day being still young and our boatmen having patched up the hole in the boat with reeds and mud, we asked Ali if there were any more sport to be got.

"THE FLYING FORM OF AHMED WAS SEEN MAKING FOR THE BOAT."

He looked somewhat doubtful, more especially after his narrow escape. He no doubt thought that next time he might not get off so easily. After a short consultation with the other boatmen, however, he apparently decided that it might be risked. Turning to me, as being the best shot—or, at any rate, the least harmful—he asked, "Master like snipe?" "Why, of course, Ali," said I, eagerly; "that's the very thing we want!"

So leaving the boat we tramped for some distance, and soon arrived at the place where Ali said snipe were to be found. It certainly was a good piece of ground, and, Ali having sent in his two men to beat up amongst the young paddy, we waited patiently for the birds to rise. Presently they rose, and we blazed away merrily at them. There were such numbers that it seemed almost impossible to miss them, and all would have gone well if Ahmed, one of the men, had not got in my line of fire. Just as I let drive a turbaned head seemed to rise out of the ground; there were a wild yell and many exclamations in Arabic, which perhaps it was just as well I didn't understand; and the flying form of Ahmed was seen making for the boat as hard as he could go.

Ali, who was with me (I noticed he kept well in rear every time I fired), laconically exclaimed, "Snipe no good, master," though it sounded to me as though he meant *I* was no good.

The other boatman, realizing that he would be safer in the boat than beating for such weird marksmen as ourselves, promptly followed in the wake of the injured Ahmed, so we therefore decided to leave the snipe ground and make our way down to the river once more. We did not grumble at one another—there are times when

mere words fail to express one's feelings adequately.

Arrived at the river bank we found that Ahmed, fortunately for us, was not really hurt. He was deep in consultation with the other man, the result of which was they decided that, if there were to be any more shooting that day, it must be such as required no beating on their part they being married men with families dependent upon them.

We soothed their feelings somewhat by a promise of liberal backsheesh and again consulted the oracle Ali.

He said there was a very good piece of ground down the river, nearly abreast of where our vessel was lying, where we could get, if we could shoot—as he rather sarcastically put it—partridge, wild dove, and several other varieties of birds; so off we started on our return trip.

Arrived off the place, we disembarked, and found that Ali had not deceived us. There were plenty of birds, which we fired away at, but never a one did we hit. Whether it was the wretched guns, or the low-class ammunition, or the erratic trigger action, I do not know; I can only chronicle the melancholy fact.

We had been thus employed for an hour or more—Ali and his boatmen giving us plenty of room, having had by this time a fair sample of our powers as marksmen—when a corporal riding bareback on a white horse with a rope bridle, accompanied by two privates armed with muskets, came up in a tremendous hurry, and without a word to us commenced beating poor Ali most unmercifully with the barrels of their guns!

With some difficulty I managed to get between them and their victim, and as I could not speak Arabic I asked Ali to inquire what they meant by such outrageous conduct. His interpretation was to the effect that, in the first place, we were trespassing on Government property; secondly—and this was far more serious—we had shot an old woman and a donkey! He wound up by saying that the corporal was prepared to square the matter if we would give him two hundred rupees.

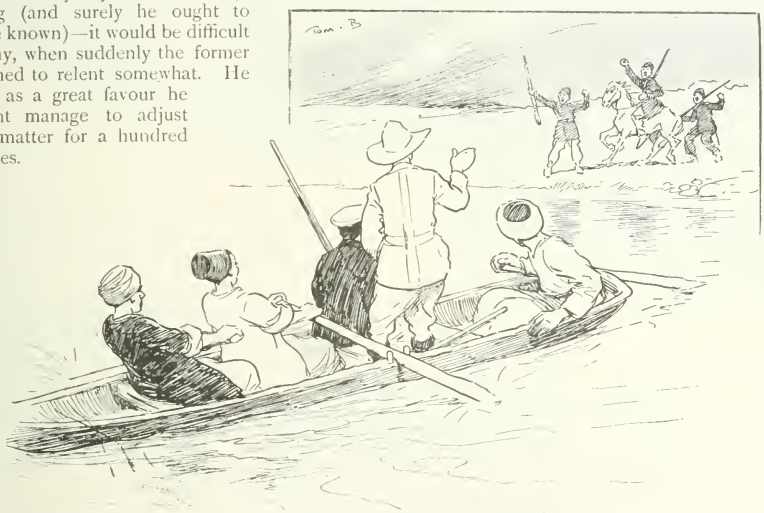
This was certainly staggering news. As, however, the nearest Arab hamlet was a good mile away, and beyond ourselves we hadn't seen a soul all day until the arrival of the soldiers, I concluded that we could take his story with a very large grain of salt, so I replied, through Ali, as follows:—

"THEY COMMENCED BEATING POOR ALI MOST UNMERCIFULLY."

"We have been shooting all day and have expended a considerable amount of ammunition without results. We are, therefore, rather pleased to hear that our efforts have not been entirely in vain. If the corporal would be kind enough to conduct us to the spot we would be very pleased to see our 'bag.'"

Seeing that his announcement had not had the desired effect of frightening us, the corporal said that the body of the old woman had been taken away by her sorrowing relatives. As to the donkey—well, he wasn't quite sure what had become of that; but of the fact that we had killed them he was quite certain. He was prepared to use his good offices to smooth the matter over—always providing the money was paid over to him.

How long the altercation would have lasted—for the corporal insisted that his statement was correct, while Ali was equally positive that we could not by any chance hit anything (and surely he ought to have known)—it would be difficult to say, when suddenly the former seemed to relent somewhat. He said as a great favour he might manage to adjust the matter for a hundred rupees.



"THE LAST WE SAW OF OUR MILITARY FRIENDS."

He simulated great surprise when we replied we did not intend giving one anna, much less a hundred rupees, and would be very pleased, should he see fit to report the circumstances, to answer the charges before the proper authorities. We pointed out the fact that we were officers of the British steamer lying in the river, ours being the only vessel in port just at that time.

Having by this expended nearly all our ammunition and the day being on the wane, we decided—much to the joy of Ali and his men—to return to the ship. We, therefore, wended our way down to the river, the fiery corporal and his two men keeping close at our heels all the way, but gradually decreasing their demands the nearer we approached to the boat, the last offer made as we entered it being that a bottle of brandy would square the matter up entirely. It was really distressing to see the way in which the value of the poor old woman and donkey kept decreasing.

The last we saw of our military friends they were standing on the river bank, gesticulating wildly and abusing us in their very best or worst Arabic, which, as we didn't understand it, caused us very little uneasiness.

Needless to say, we never heard any more about the old woman or the donkey, whom the corporal had doubtless conjured up in his brain for the purpose of levying blackmail. But it was some time before our messmates let us hear the last of that eventful, if unsuccessful, shooting trip on the Euphrates.

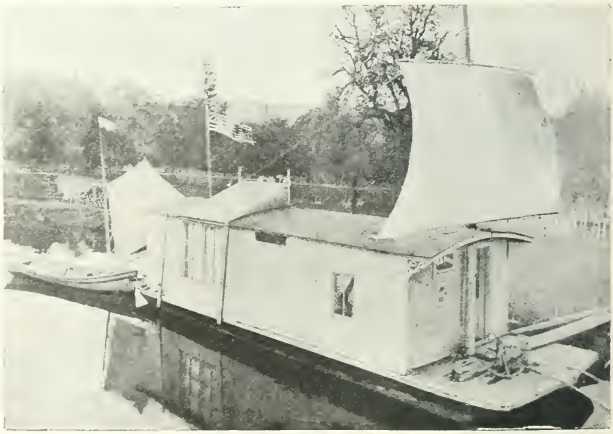
Odds and Ends.

A Floating Photograph Gallery—"Pelorus Jack"—"Crazy Man's Castle"—A Land-Rush Tragedy—Kashmir Beehives—A Chinese "Wind-Cart," etc., etc.

THE WEEKLY MARKET AT AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE—"PEOPLE OFTEN COME TEN MILES TO DO SIXPENNYWORTH OF BUSINESS." [*Photo.*
From a]

AT every village of importance throughout Lower Egypt a big market is held weekly or fortnightly, and forms a striking scene of Oriental life and colour. The inhabitants flock to the markets from miles around, some of them to do business in cattle or produce, but the great majority simply for "the fun of the thing." Statistics have shown that every sheep or cow owned by a native makes several journeys to and from the markets in the course of its lifetime, and many natives will cheerfully tramp week after week ten miles or more to the market for the sake of doing about sixpennyworth of business.

An ingenious piece of enterprise on the part of a photographer is next illustrated—nothing more or less than a floating photograph gallery. This is the conception of Mr. W. B. Rush, photographer, of Clatskanie, Oregon. Taking an ordinary flat-bottomed lighter, he built upon it a wooden house which serves for portrait studio, dark room, and living quarters. At the forward end of the craft is a stout mast. During the salmon-fishing season a great many men are assembled on the Columbia River, and when the photographer has exhausted the patronage of one little community he hoists a big, square sail on the mast and sails off to another place. With a stiff breeze dead astern the "ark" can move at a very fair pace; but, of course, her unwieldy shape, shallow depth, and single



A FLOATING PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER—"WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAS EXHAUSTED THE PATRONAGE OF ONE LITTLE COMMUNITY HE SAILS OFF TO ANOTHER PLACE."
From a Photo.

sail do not permit her to beat against a head wind.

The imposing edifice seen in the snap-shot next reproduced is known locally as "Crazy Man's Castle." The main portion of it is three stories in

"CRAZY MAN'S CASTLE" ON THE MISSISSIPPI—IT IS BUILT ENTIRELY OF LOGS FOUND DRIFTING IN THE RIVER. [*Photo.*
From a]

height, and it has a tower some 50ft. high. Strange to relate, the whole building is constructed entirely of lumber and logs found drifting in the Mississippi River! The owner and builder is an eccentric genius living at Minnieiska, Minn., U.S.A.

Bee-keepers will be interested in the little snap-shot here shown, which comes all the way from the State of Kashmir. The curious-looking affairs propped up on piles of stones are natives' bee-hives, as made in the Jammu district of Kashmir. They are decidedly simple in construction, being composed of a section of tree hollowed out and plastered all over with mud. The entrance is formed by drilling a hole in the centre of a branch. These hives are placed in convenient places, and the Kashmir bees—who are evidently not so exacting as their English brethren—take readily to their rough-and-ready homes. When the hives are full the owners collect the honey by breaking away the mud covering at the ends of the hive and taking out the combs. In Kashmir itself earthen vessels are built into the walls of the houses, and these the bees utilize as hives.

"PELORUS JACK," A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER IN COOK STRAITS, N.Z.—A SPECIAL ACT HAS BEEN PASSED FOR HIS PROTECTION. [*Photo.*
From a]

THESE MYSTERIOUS-LOOKING OBJECTS ARE KASHMIR BEEHIVES, AND CONSIST OF SECTIONS OF HOLLOWED-OUT TREES PLASTERED OVER WITH MUD. [*Photo.*
From a]

"Pelorus Jack," the curious-looking creature shown in the photograph given above, is a very well-known character among sailors who have occasion to pass through Cook Straits, New Zealand. A good deal of controversy has been waged

From a] A CURIOUS ROCK WALL WHICH EXTENDS RIGHT ACROSS A CANYON IN UTAH. *[Photo.*

over the question of exactly what species "Pelorus Jack" belongs to, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that he is a kind of white shark. He is a sociable fellow, however, and comes out to visit every ship that passes, swimming alongside for a long time, and generally taking an interest in the vessel. He seems to be quite alone, and so popular is he that the New Zealand Government has passed a special ordinance for his protection.

The curious snap-shot published above shows a remarkable wall of rock which extends from one side to the other of a small canyon on the Colorado River, in Utah. This wall is about 10ft. long at its base, 20ft. at the top, and about 30ft. high. When the heavy rains descend the water rushes down the canyon and is dammed up behind this rock wall until it reaches the level of the hole through which the boys are looking, when it rushes through with great force. The wall ranges in thickness from 5in. at the edges of the hole to 2ft. or 3ft. at its junction with the sides of the canyon.

During the mad rush for homes when the Oklahoma country was first opened up to settlement thousands of people disappeared and were lost for ever to their friends. The photo. next presented will account for one at least of those who were numbered among the missing. The rough board seen in our photograph stands amid some trees. The inscription reads: "Hear lays a man that was slain hear, April 22nd, 1889." The man who lies buried under this humble headstone out on the lonely prairie was a victim to the wrath of some Indians who forcibly resented the wholesale intrusion of the land-grabbing whites. The friends of the unfortunate man covered the grave with heavy logs to prevent wolves from digging up the body,

THE GRAVE OF AN OKLAHOMA "BOOMER"—HE WAS KILLED BY SOME INDIANS WHO RESENTED HIS INTRUSION. *From a]* *[Photo.*

and some warm-hearted but illiterate pioneer supplied the terse yet eloquent epitaph.

A favourite mode of irrigating the fields in the Chinese province of Kiangsu is the "wind-cart," represented in our photograph. So numerous are these "wind-carts" in the district of Hsin Hwa, a low-lying and well-watered tract of country to the east of the Grand Canal, that as many as forty are in sight at a time. Rice is the principal object of cultivation in this part, and, as this cereal needs plenty of water, the "wind-cart" has been devised in order to make up for the frequent lack of rain. The apparatus consists of eight tall mat sails, fixed perpendicularly on a wooden frame. These sails go round with the wind and, of course, carry the frame round with them, and this in its turn causes the water from the river to be pumped up through a trough to refresh the thirsty ground. The "wind-cart" in the photograph appears to have only four sails, but this is because the four at the back are hidden by those in front.

A CHINESE "WIND-CART"—THESE QUAINT CONTRIVANCES ARE USED FOR IRRIGATING PURPOSES.
From a] [*Photo.*

A monastery built entirely of cork is a distinct curiosity. This strange establishment is situated at Cintra, in Portugal, but is now in a ruined condition. Enough of it is left, however, for one to see that even in its hey-day it was not a very comfortable place, the cells being only about 2ft. wide and very little higher—in fact, just large enough to contain one person in a recumbent position. The correspondent who sent us the photograph was unable to find out when or why this strange place was built, as it was in charge of an extremely old Portuguese woman, who knew no language but her own.

A restaurant in a tree is the subject of the photograph shown below. As a matter of

From a] A MONASTERY BUILT ENTIRELY OF CORK. [*Photo.*

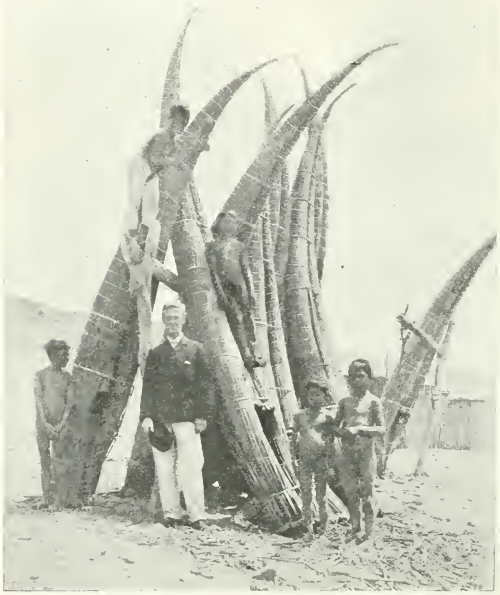
From a] A RESTAURANT IN A TREE. [*Photo.*

fact, the platform shown is the annexe of a café, but its entire weight is borne by the tree. In summer, when the leaves are out and a pleasant breeze is blowing, this little tree-nook is very popular, as it commands a glorious view of the beautiful Lake of Geneva.

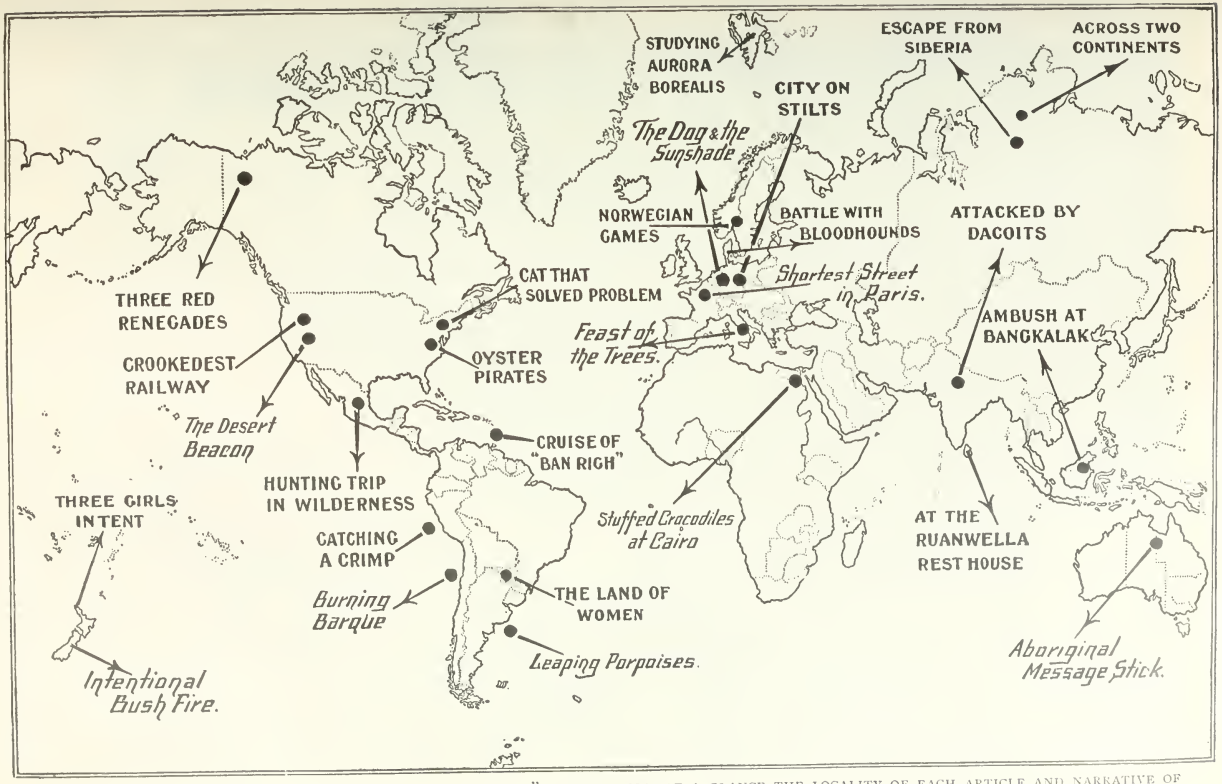
An interesting Chinese custom is illustrated by our next photo. The buildings depicted in the picture are made entirely of coloured paper and are built especially to be burnt as an offering to departed friends. The boxes which may be seen beside the buildings are also made of the same material and are addressed to the persons for whom they are intended. They contain complete suits of clothing and everything else that is needed for comfort—all of paper. The idea is that, after these things have been burnt, the spirits of the departed will have nice houses to dwell in, clothes to wear, and food to eat—for food and wine are also offered; but these are the genuine article and are not burnt.

THE BUILDINGS HERE SHOWN ARE MADE ENTIRELY OF PAPER AND ARE BUILT ESPECIALLY TO BE BURNT AS OFFERINGS TO DEPARTED FRIENDS. [*Photo.*
From a]

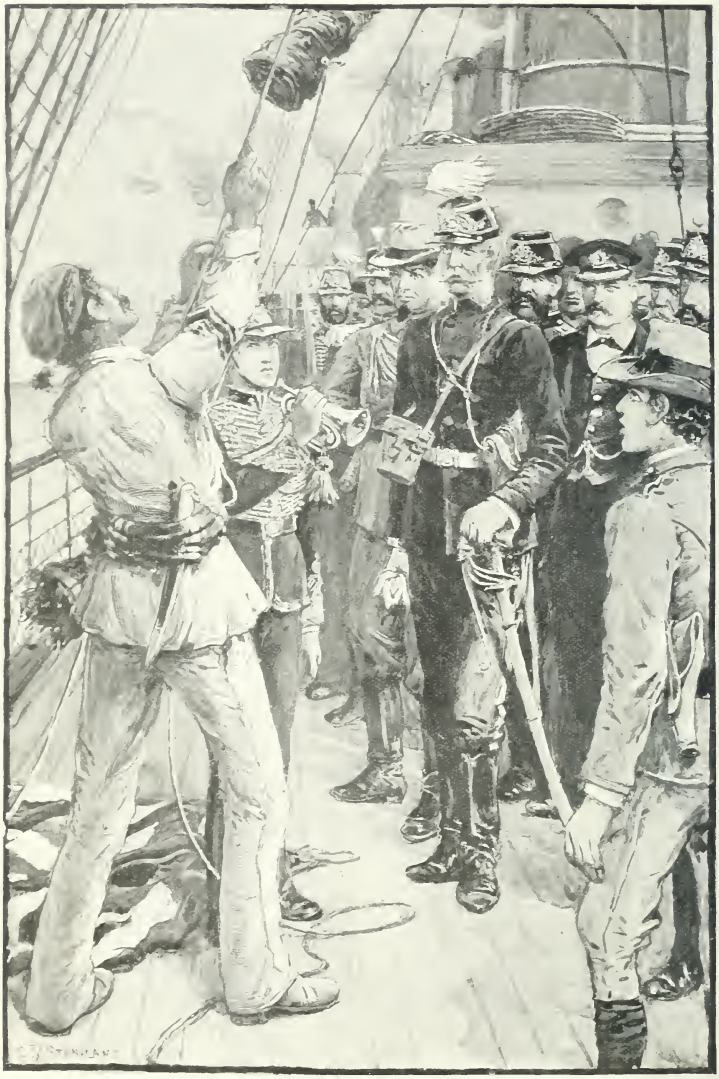
Our last photo. was taken at Pacasmayo, on the coast of Peru, and shows some remarkable fishing-boats constructed entirely of bundles of reeds tied roughly together. These are used by the natives who live on the coast. The fisherman kneels or sits astride the broad end and uses a thin paddle. These boats, which can be launched through very rough surf, were probably used by the Indians many years before the Spanish conquest. In the accompanying photograph we see them being dried, a most necessary process after they have been made use of for fishing purposes.



THE "BOATS" OF THE FISHERMEN OF PACASMAYO, PERU, CONSIST OF BUNDLES OF REEDS TIED ROUGHLY TOGETHER. [*Photo.*
From a]



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"A SAILOR AT THE HALLIARDS LET DOWN THE BRITISH ENSIGN AND RAN UP THE VENEZUELAN FLAG."

(SEE PAGE 423.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX. AUGUST, 1902 No. 53

We have pleasure in presenting our readers with the first authentic account of the adventures of the famous privateer, pirate, and blockade-runner "Ban Righ," which sailed from England under romantic circumstances in November last. The story is told by the captain of the vessel, who has recently arrived in this country, and will come as a revelation to stay-at-home people who imagine that piracy on the high seas and other marine misdemeanours are things of the past.

THEY have been calling me "Captain Kettle," but I would like to say here that if the part I played in the *Ban Righ* business makes a story anything like the adventures of Mr. Hyne's little fire-eater it is not because I had any idea of wild adventures when I shipped for the cruise. I had no idea of becoming a pirate, or even a blockade-runner, no matter how big a price they offered me.

I wish to make it plain that I was completely deceived about the sort of job I was undertaking, or I would never have had anything to do with it.

I do not mean to say that after I got into it—though it was pretty bad to feel that my life was not safe from one minute to another—I did not get a bit of enjoyment out of it all, or that now I am safe home in Southampton again the remembrance of those lively times off the coast of Venezuela is not one to smile over. But, after all, when a man has a wife and children, as I have, piracy on the high seas is rather out of his line—it's too risky.

General Matos and his people made me believe that there was a war on between the United States of Colombia and Venezuela, and that I was taking a cargo of "munitions of war" down to the Colombians, when in reality I was running guns and ammunition for the Venezuelan rebels and handing them over a fully-equipped war-vessel besides. Even when we took a whole Venezuelan army on board at Martinique they told me that the men were Colombians, and it was not until we were well out of the harbour of Fort de France that they told me, with a pistol at my head, to change our course from Colon to Cape Coro. Then I began to understand things.

It has not been told yet how I came to be engaged as captain of the *Ban Righ*, nor how she was purchased in the first place. It is not generally known, either, that General Matos, who is the leader of the Venezuelan rebels, after he got out of the prison that President Castro had clapped him into, organized the present rebellion, and went to Paris to arrange for arms and the means of getting them into the hands of his men. That is what the General did, however, and when he had 175 tons of Mausers and 180 tons of ammunition—listed as hardware, musical instruments, and kettle-drums—on the dock

at Antwerp, he set his agent in England looking around for a steamer that would be big enough and fast enough to answer their purposes. At that time I was engaged as captain of a steam yacht at Southampton, and General Matos's agent went down there to see her, and in this way we came across each other. My yacht was fast enough, but not large enough to suit him; but I expect that I must have suited him better, for when finally he bought the *Ban Righ* he engaged me to take command of her.

It is an old story now how we lay alongside the Victoria Docks and took on board gun-mountings and magazines, and how the Customs authorities grew suspicious and held us for thirteen days and finally let us go. Then we went to Antwerp and took aboard not only our large cargo of ammunition, but two Hotchkiss guns as bow and stern chasers and two quick-firers for the waist, not to mention adding a French captain of artillery, two sergeants, and a doctor to our crew. All that, however, is a part of what has already been told in the newspapers. It has been related, too, how our crew struck as soon as they found out from the stevedores on the docks what the cargo really was, and how we quieted them by giving them an extra month's wages. I find I have forgotten to say, however, that General Matos's agent was on the *Ban Righ*, and that his name appeared on the ship's register as owner.

About our voyage down to St. Martin—one of the islands of the Leeward group—all I need say is that there was plenty of target-practice on board, for the French artillery officer and his men spent most of their time in getting the Mausers out of their wooden cases, pitching the boxes overboard, and then shooting at them.

It was when we put into St. Martin that the thing began to get really serious, for it was here that we mounted our guns. The bow and stern chasers were fixed in their positions and the quick-firers in the waist got ready for business, all under the direction of the French artillery officer. We did not make too much of a show of them. We hid the gun at the bow under tarpaulin, and round the after one we built a rough wooden covering, on top of which we put a box of flowers, so that to anyone looking through a glass from a ship a little distance away it merely appeared as if the man who occupied the *Ban Righ's* poop deck was a bit of a gardener. You will understand that all these curious doings made me prick up my ears a little, but they told me that it was more than likely we might run across a Venezuelan gunboat or two, and that, though we were to fight if they attacked us, everybody would be better pleased if we could get past them by using strategy.

The word "gunboats" gave me no small surprise, for I had supposed that most of the fighting was being done on land. A man who has followed the sea for thirty years, however, as I have, does not mind a bit of trouble now and then, and I said to myself that if there were to be a fight I would see it through.

We lay at St. Martin for five days. Why we were there so long I didn't understand then, though I do now. It was because General Matos had sailed from Paris for Martinique on a Transatlantic liner to join the *Ban Righ* at Fort de France, and we were waiting for him. But, as I say, I did not know that.

Once we reached Martinique, which we did in a day or two after leaving St. Martin, I got a series of surprises that absolutely made me gasp. In the first place, the owner told me that he was thinking of selling the *Ban Righ* in a few days, though he didn't explain to whom. He then notified me, in an easy, off-hand way, that our English crew would be sent back to Southampton and a foreign crew signed on, and sure enough both of those things happened. Our English sailors got their full pay and were shipped home aboard of the first Royal Mail steamer that left, and the new crew came aboard. I was intensely surprised, of course, but, after all, there was nothing in my agreement to take the *Ban Righ* to Colon to say what colour my crew was to be, and the men that came on board shaped up well enough.

That is what happened the first day we were at Martinique, but on the next I received a surprise that beat the first two. That was when, soon after noon that day, there was a sort of rumpus and excitement on the wharves, and then up our gang-plank there came marching the strangest lot of fighting men I ever saw in my life. They were three hundred strong, and if there were any two of them dressed just alike I didn't see them. Some were in red jackets and some in blue; some in khaki trousers and boots; some in puttees, and still others in ordinary citizens' clothes. Some wore slouch hats, others little caps with tassels, and more were bare-headed. If you ask me what they looked like I should say they looked exactly what they were—rebels, every man-Jack of them, though I did not know that then. Every one of them was armed to the teeth, with a rifle in his hand and an armoury of both knives and revolvers in his belt. As soon as I got my breath again I asked who they were, and was told that these were the Colombian troops who had come to take charge of the ship.

The look of their leader struck me from the

"THERE CAME MARCHING THE STRANGEST LOT OF FIGHTING MEN I EVER SAW."

first, though I had no idea that he was not an ordinary Colombian officer instead of General M. A. Matos, commander-in-chief of the Venezuelan rebels. He was a tall and wiry man, with long white whiskers and pointed moustaches, a wrinkled face, thin, sharp nose, and little steel-grey eyes that seemed to pierce right through you. Every movement that he made had energy in it, and he was a very curious person to deal with. Nice as you please so long as you smoothed him right, he became a veritable fiend all in a minute if you offended him. He was better dressed than the majority of his men, wearing a blue serge suit and a braided cap with a little cockade.

He had his son, Antonio, with him, and the son was almost as queer as his father. He was a little fellow, brown as a berry, and bubbling over with spirits. He was just twenty-four, so they told me, and was, oddly enough, a Cambridge man. I never saw a man so ubiquitous as Antonio Matos. He was up on the bridge, in the engine-room, and down amongst the soldiers all in a minute, jabbering any language you pleased, and laughing as loudly as though he wasn't off on a trip that would probably finish his career for him.

After the arrival of the "troops" something happened almost every minute. Before I knew it there was a set of workmen at the sides of the *Ban Righ* riveting thick steel-plates around the region of the engine-room, around the bridge, and in the waist to protect the quick-firers. Before noon the next day we all felt that we should be fairly safe even in case a shot struck us. By this time it would have been plain to anybody that we were in for trouble, although I didn't quite know what it was. We had been in port hardly a day before a Venezuelan Government gunboat quietly stole in too, and that night she played her searchlight on us almost continually. We understood, also, from the talk along the quay, that there was still another gunboat outside the harbour waiting for us to come out.

I may say at once what sort of craft these "gunboats" are. The Venezuelans have six of them. One is the *Bolivia*, a craft that the Americans took from the Spaniards in the Cuban War; another is the old *Atlanta*, formerly Mr. Frank Gould's private steam yacht; and the rest are mere tug-boats with big guns mounted on them. They wouldn't make much of a show against modern fighting craft, but a shot from one of them, placed just right, would have done for the *Ban Righ*.

I do not pretend that the prospect of going out and tackling the two waiting vessels was the sort of thing I was keen on doing, but I did think that we had a fair chance with them, for the *Ban Righ* was fast; she could do her fourteen knots if driven hard, and I felt pretty certain I had the legs of them. Of course, if it came to a hand-to-hand fight with them we

had to take our chances; but a look at the beautiful mob of cut-throats we had on board made me think that the Venezuelans who boarded us would have their work cut out for them.

The sun was high and the air hot, and a good many of our men had stripped to their waists, and I could see that their bodies were masses of scars—little souvenirs of the fights they had been in. Both their General and the French artillery officer now began sending them to quarters and drilling them, while the steel-plates were put on round the guns. The way the men worked showed what sort of stuff they were made of. They all were fighting for the love of it, I found out later, for not one of them was getting a penny of pay!

That day, about the middle of the afternoon, the Venezuelan gunboat—it was the old *Atlanta*, now called the *Crespadore*—got up her anchor and left. We surmised that she had guessed our intention of creeping out that night, and intended to lie the three leagues off the port that the law prescribes, ready to "pepper" us once we showed our nose. Let me say here, to show you the ticklishness of my task as skipper, that it was twenty-seven years since I had last been in those waters. However, I had good charts, and that is all a master with eyes in his head needs.

CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER WILLIS, LATELY IN COMMAND OF THE "BAN RIGH."
From a Photo. by A. Freeman, Southampton.

Just at ten o'clock we started out of the harbour. It was a pitch-black night, with no sign of the moon and not a single star to be seen, but for all that we had dowsed every light on the ship, so that there was not a pin-point of brightness to tell an enemy where we were. The sea was smooth, with only a light breeze blowing, and as we were in the "trades" and only some five or six hundred miles from the line the heat was terrific. The farther we headed into the gloom the hotter it got. Not one of the men was more than half-dressed, and I myself on the bridge wore very little.

We intended to get past the gunboats without a fight if possible; but we were all ready for trouble if it came our way. The Venezuelan officers had organized their men well, and every-one was at his post, armed with a brand-new rifle and revolver, and ready to fight anything that came along. The guns had their coverings removed from them now and their crews around them, ready for business. There was almost a dead silence on board; for, though the decks were black with men, they were not allowed to talk, and no one was permitted even to light his pipe. It made my nerves tingle to look along the rail and watch those half-nude fellows peering out into the blackness for the first glimpse of the enemy The night got hotter and hotter every minute.

We were driving through the water at a tearing rate—they were making sure of that down below! In both the engine-room and the stoke-hole a Venezuelan officer, relieved once an hour, stood with a cocked revolver in his hand, supervising the engineers and the stokers, every one of whom was stripped to the skin and dripping with perspiration. The officers said that they would shoot down like a dog the first man who failed to keep water enough in his gauge-glass or who paused for an instant in flinging coals on the roaring fires.

General Matos had chosen a deck-cabin for himself, and in it he sat and gave his orders, which his son carried for him. And there I was on the bridge with a revolver strapped to my waist, looking out anxiously into the darkness for the search-lights of the Venezuelan gunboats. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of a slanting ray of brightness cutting the gloom away off to the side of us, and as often

as I did so the *Ban Righ's* head was pointed away from that quarter and we were tearing off again out of harm's way. Not for a minute that night did I leave the bridge, and during every minute of it all on board the *Ban Righ* were ready to fight for their lives.

But at last the long night came to an end without bloodshed. We had dodged them and got clear off without firing a gun or drawing a shot from the enemy, and when morning broke there was no gunboat in sight, but away off to the southward lay the coast of Venezuela!

It was that morning, when I had come on deck after putting in a few hours of the hardest sleeping I ever did, that they sprang on me the biggest surprise of the whole cruise. It came off when Matos's agent, or "the owner," as I had called him hitherto, sighted me and, sauntering up, announced casually that he'd sold the ship during the night.

Anyone who knows anything about maritime law knows that selling a ship on the high seas is against all regulations, and as soon as I got my breath I told the agent so in pretty vigorous English. The irregularity of the transaction did not seem to make much impression on him, however, and I had to content myself with asking to whom he had sold the vessel.

Then it was that he told me that the new owner of the *Ban Righ* was General Matos. He told me, moreover, that the General was no Colombian, but commander-in-chief of the Venezuelan rebels, and that all the men who were with him were rebels too. He added that at noon that day the British ensign would come down and the Venezuelan flag be hoisted in its stead. The ship would then be re-named, and from that time would be a rebel warship.

I will leave it to be imagined how much this quiet little speech startled me, for it was equivalent to telling me that I was a rebel too, and that idea was not a particularly pleasant one. It did not frighten me or make me want to back out in a hurry, however, for during the night I had had a sort of sneaking suspicion that something queer was on foot, and I had decided then to take things as they came and to get out of the business as best I could.

The former owner told me that thereafter I was to take my orders from General Matos, and in about ten minutes the General sent his son up to tell me to alter my course and point for Cape Coro and the Venezuelan coast, and for Cape Coro the ship was headed accordingly.

At noon that day, just as Matos's agent had said, the *Ban Righ* lost her name and nationality and, so far as my ideas were concerned, her good repute. Evidently word of what was going to be done had gone about the ship, and before the Venezuelan bugler had finished sounding the "assembly" the men were pouring aft. Half the officers—General Matos in the midst of them—and some of the men gathered on the quarter-deck, while the rest stood in the waist. Then the bugle sounded again. One of the officers stepped forward and said, in Spanish:—

"Henceforth this vessel, now called the *Ban Righ*, is a Venezuelan revolutionary ship, and her name shall be the *Libertador!*"

As he finished speaking a sailor at the halliards let down the British ensign and ran up the Venezuelan flag, and as the little roll broke out into an oblong of red, yellow, and red the bugler played the Venezuelan anthem, the stern-chaser roared out a salute, and the three hundred men in their nondescript uniforms broke out into cheers. After that Matos and the others made speeches.

I did not have to wait more than two hours before I got a taste of General Matos's quality. It was about the middle of the same afternoon, and we were getting close to the Venezuelan headlands, when I caught sight of a sail. It was a sloop, a Venezuelan coaster. No sooner did General Matos and his men see her than they decided she would make a beautiful prize. I heard of their ideas on the subject when young Matos came up on the bridge a few minutes after and told me that his father wished me to capture the sloop, as he needed her for use in landing arms and ammunition.

Of course, to do such a thing was just piracy and nothing more, and I told the young man in very few words that it was not in my line, and that I would have nothing to do with it. So he went down the ladder where he had come from, and I supposed that was the end of it, but I was a long way from being right. He had hardly disappeared when I had two more callers. They were two of the Venezuelan officers, big, ugly-looking fellows both. They had revolvers in their hands and others, as well as knives, in their belts.

The first one of them came straight up, and without waiting for any remarks from me repeated what the young man had said about General Matos's wishes. When he finished I told him in plain and civil language that I had signed on to run guns to Colombia and not to go on a pirating cruise, and that I had no idea of capturing a harmless sloop to please General Matos or anybody else.

His reply was to raise his revolver slowly until it was looking me squarely in the face. Then he asked me if I would take that sloop or die where I stood. I told him that I would take her.

"HIS REPLY WAS TO RAISE HIS REVOLVER UNTIL IT WAS LOOKING ME SQUAREL Y IN THE FACE."

We took her, but a bungling job we made of it, though that was the engineer's fault, not mine. There was a nasty sea running and the sloop, with every sail set, was galloping along fast. I pointed for her and sent the ship ahead at a smart pace, meaning to run alongside the stranger. We could see eight or nine men on the sloop's deck, and as soon as we drew near enough the Venezuelans began yelling to them in Spanish that they were going to be made use of pretty quick, and we could see by the expression on the men's faces that they did not much like the look of things. By this time the whole body of Venezuelans on the *Ban Righ* had swarmed to the side ready to board the instant we grazed her rail. We should have done it nicely, too, if it had not been for the engineer. Just as we were close on her I stopped my ship to bring her about, but when I rang the bell to go ahead again the engineer did not obey it in time, and so into her we crashed, and as we had stern way on it was our poop that lunged into her.

We knocked the stuffing out of the poor little coaster. She heeled over like a thing giving its last gasp, and then with a crash her mast snapped short off and toppled over the side, carrying with it every stitch of her canvas. Five of the black men on board were swept yelling straight off the deck and drowned.

With both mast and sails gone the sloop was of little or no use to us, but Matos wanted to tow her to land, so we made her fast with a wire cable and started ahead. But it was no good. The minute we struck our gait the heavily-laden sloop buried her head in the waves, and if we had not slackened up she would assuredly have foundered. Slowing down to accommodate her was out of the question, for we were eager to make the shore before nightfall; so after all our trouble and all the damage we had done to her we had to let her go, and that was the last we saw or heard of her. So ended my first taste of piracy.

We arrived off the coast late in the afternoon. It looks a good deal like the coast of Scotland, being fronted with high, precipitous cliffs, with mountainous surf beating against their bases. Swampy marshes specked with trees stretched away in the distance. There was not a cloud in the sky, the sun glared down like a furnace, and it was blisteringly hot day and night. As we drew nearer we ran up a white flag with a red square, and it was not long before, among the rocks on shore, we could see another waving in response. We were all ready, and in a few minutes more we had four ship's boats and a steam launch in the water, and had begun loading them with arms

and ammunition. The hatches were off and we had two steam derricks working, bringing up the boxes from the hold. The Mausers were in cases of ten; they were ripped open with a chisel, and the rifles made up into bundles of five and so lowered into the boats, which pulled away to the shore as soon as they were full.

At that point there was no good place for boats to land, as the rocks were too high, so I skirted along the coast, keeping a man in the chains to take soundings, until we reached a spot where the land shelved down to the water. They tell me that there were fifteen hundred insurgents camped there at Cape Coro waiting for us, but I saw only such of them as came down to meet the boats and that came on board. They were of the same kind as the men we had on board, some in uniforms, some in khaki, and some in ordinary dress, and all armed with old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, which they stacked on the fore-hatches and exchanged for new Mausers and a supply of cartridges. There was no doubt about the way they felt over getting the guns, for they patted and hugged them, and some of them actually danced with delight. No one questioned those fellows being patriots. They were fighting without any wages, and asking only decent arms to enable them to fight their way from the coast to Caracas.

The boats were going and coming until nightfall, when we got under way again. In a day's sailing we reached Gulfo Trieste, and there the same performance was gone through, and without accident, and we were presently off for the Island of Curaçoa. We reached it at night, and as soon as the coast loomed up we showed three red lights placed one above the other. After waiting for an hour or so we caught the flicker of first one bonfire and then another, which told us that the rebels on shore were ready. Running along the coast and among the surrounding islands and landing guns was our occupation for the next fortnight. Those were days that kept the nerves of every man on board on edge, especially mine, for, whereas the rest of our ship's company knew that they had only the enemy to fear, I knew well enough that if, by any bungle of mine, we fell into their hands, I should be shot dead by our own people long before they were captured. So you will understand why it was that my hours off the bridge during that fortnight were few and far between, and why there were ten men with their eyes on the horizon and the coast day and night.

On board little time was lost. Nearly all day long the steam derricks were rattling as the cases of guns were run up on deck, and a good number of the ship's crew were busy from sun-up to sun-down sewing green-baize cloth, of which we had a great supply on board, into cartridge-cases. These were made to hold about five hundred rounds of ammunition, and were served out to the rebels on shore who had no bandoliers. The rest of the men were drilling incessantly under the French artillery officer, for, as we stopped at place after place along the coast, some of our company would join the rebels on shore, while their places were taken by recruits who were to be trained on board.

So we went on by day and by night landing guns which were delivered into the hands of little regiments of two or three hundred, who would instantly start toward where they knew there were Government troops. Usually that would be the last we would hear of them, but at one point they told us that a band of some two hundred, that we had supplied with guns, had met the enemy, and that just exactly four men had been left unhurt after the fight. We knew that there were Government coastguards about and kept a sharp eye out for them, but, except in one case that I am going to tell you about later on, we saw nothing of them.

We saw enough of the Venezuelan gunboats to satisfy us, however. It had not taken long for President Castro to find out that the *Ban Righ* was sneaking along the coast, and he sent his war-vessels after us, full tilt. Occasionally we would see their search-lights at night, and we had two or three open brushes with them in the day-time. We were afraid of them only when they were in numbers, for we were better armed and swifter than they were, and whenever we met one of them alone we chased her until another appeared in sight, and then took to our heels. When they were alone they were afraid of us, and would turn tail without stopping to fight. They fired on us more than once, but their gunners were bad, and luckily we were never hit. We played the fox with them, and generally fooled them completely. When they chased us by day we would make all speed in a direction that we had no idea of following, and as soon as we were hull down and out of sight would change our course and steam in the opposite direction. At night we went miles out of our way to play our search-light on isolated parts of the coast, so that it would be telegraphed that we were there; but by the time the gunboats had arrived we would be landing ammunition at some entirely different part of the coast.

We stopped at Curaçoa to pick up General Riara, who, they told me, was the best fighter among the Venezuelan rebels. We took him up one wild night off a particularly nasty coast,

"WE HAD TWO OR THREE OPEN BRUSHES WITH THEM IN THE DAY-TIME."

with such a sea running that the boat we sent capsized twice before it reached shore. However, they got the General and brought him aboard safely.

It was at Paraguana that we ran into the Government coastguard for the first and last time. The men were ashore landing arms when they saw the Government men patrolling the coast in a skiff. There were five of them, and when the men from the *Ban Righ* gave chase in the ship's boat they surrendered without losing any time and were brought on board. They were put in irons overnight and brought on deck in the morning. There General Matos told them that they could take their choice—join the rebels or be shot—and they decided to become rebels.

By this time we had a new difficulty to face—which was to get enough food to live on. Of course, there was nowhere that we could put into to buy food, and our original stores had run so low that we were living on short rations of potatoes, beans, and bread. We varied this depressing diet occasionally with goats' meat, for while we were landing the guns the men would shoot as many of the wild ones along the coast as they could and bring them on board. But the food question was getting desperate. Word had come to Matos that there was a sloop loaded with provisions waiting for us off Little Curaçoa, but when we got there, though we found the sloop, there was not so much as a loaf aboard of her.

We were heading for Oruba Island when the thing happened that brought the voyage of the *Libertador* to an end so far as I was concerned, and which placed me in one of the most ticklish situations that I have ever managed to wriggle out of. It was trouble with our boilers, and the fault for it lay with the wretched engineers again. The *Libertador* was fitted with condensers capable of condensing seven tons of fresh water a day, letting four tons evaporate into the boilers and giving us three tons for use on board. We found out, however, that the lazy engineers had been pumping *salt water* into the boilers, with the result that the salt had settled and its weight had sunk the bottoms down close to the fires. What that means is that we had been practically living and sleeping on a volcano, for the boilers might have given way at any minute, and the ship and all of us would have been blown into eternity! I can tell you that there was a rare panic on board when we found it out. Of course, there was nothing to do but to draw the fires as soon as might be, and this was done. But then we were in a parlous condition. Before the *Libertador* could do any more serious work her boilers would have to be repaired, and meanwhile, if one of President Castro's gunboats should happen to show up on the horizon, we were practically helpless.

But that was not the worst of it. We were a steamship and had nothing but a fore and main staysail in the way of canvas. We were only a mile or two off the coast, and there was a stiff breeze blowing. The result, I saw, was going to be that we should be blown on shore—or to certain death—unless we could do something to increase our sail area. I

never was more put to it in my life than I was in the few minutes I spent marching up and down the bridge before my eyes fell on the awnings that protected the forecastle and the poop. They were made of ordinary merchant-ship's canvas, and they were our salvation. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" I had the crew cutting them down and then up aloft stretching them. I split the awning poles and used them as yards, and I bent one awning to the foremast in lieu of a foresail and one to the main in place of a mainsail. They were some 70ft. long and 30ft. wide, and they just did the trick! The wind was coming broadside on, and before the sails were spread every wave that struck us was sending us nearer the breakers; but afterwards, in making forty miles, she forged off land about five, or just enough to save us. From the time the boilers broke down to the time we had them scraped clear of the salt was thirty-six hours, and in that space of time the ship drifted forty-three miles, past Little and Big Curaçoa.

Then we filled our boilers with salt water again and set sail for the Peninsula of Guajira, on the Colombian coast, for we had determined to put into Port Colombia for repairs. It was an anxious time for us, for Castro's gun-boats would have had an easy task in overhauling us. I could not, try as I would, get the ship to make more than from six to seven knots an hour. Luckily, however, none of the enemy's vessels sighted us, and two days afterwards we sailed into Port Colombia. So ended the maiden voyage of the *Libertador* — pirate, filibuster, and blockade-runner.

I supposed that my adventures were ended, too, for I had made up my mind that when the *Ban Righ* went to sea again she would not carry me as a passenger; but I had reckoned without my host.

We had hardly landed before Matos hurried off down into the country to see some of his sympathizers there, and I went on shore to look round.

I strolled into the Union Hotel to get some civilized food after the wretched fare of the ship, but I had hardly sat down at the table before a big poster across the room caught my eye, and I went over to read it. It was nothing more or less than a nice little announcement that President Castro, of Venezuela, would pay 10,000dols. for Captain Christopher Willis, skipper of the rebel ship *Ban Righ!* That was a nice little document to come across! I turned up my collar and pulled my hat over my eyes in something of a hurry, and gasped to myself whenever the waiter that served me took an unusually long look at me. I was no happier when I got safely out, for the town was simply papered with that obnoxious poster, or, at least, it seemed so to me. Taken altogether it did not seem that I was especially safe in Port Colombia, but I did not want to stay on the *Libertador* either. However, I walked down to the pier off which she lay and just then noticed the pier-master sitting in the shade in front of his little house. He looked a good-natured sort of man, and I spoke to him. When he opened his mouth I found he was a Yankee. A few minutes after I knew that his name was Symes, that he was fifty years old, and that he was an ex-sea captain and came from Philadelphia. That decided me, and I told him who I was.

There was no necessity to tell him twice, for with one whoop he jumped out of his chair, and then proceeded to assure me that if I had any regard for my safety the best thing I could do would be to find some place in which to hide as soon as I possibly could. He said they were over the border from Venezuela by the hundred looking for me, and that my life was not safe for one single minute. His remarks made me feel anxious to be in hiding, as he suggested, but I could only reply by asking him where on earth I could hide.

Luckily for me, Captain Symes was the sort of man that never thinks of deserting a comrade when he is flying the distress signal. He considered for about two minutes, and then said that as I was a Britisher and he an American he "guessed he'd better take me in himself," and see that I got out of the country safely.

So we planned it all out together. I was to go aboard the *Libertador* and to send my traps ashore to him a little at a time, and after that to come myself, when he would put me up at his little house near the pier-head until the Royal Mail steamer came in, so that I could get away aboard of her.

That was how I left the *Ban Righ.* I had no trouble in getting my traps ashore, for the sailors thought I was sending washing to be laundried, and one morning about six I was rowed ashore and met Captain Symes. His little house was up at the other end of the pier, which was a mile and a half long, and he sent me up there on the railway in an empty bullock-truck, for there was too much danger of my being recognised if I walked. I found his house all right, and the little Argentine boy that the old chap had as his cook and general factotum let me in. Once inside, I lay low for the next three days.

To enable you to realize the danger I was in I may mention that the captain told me

frankly that, since they knew the *Libertador* had arrived, the place was swarming with people eager to pocket President Castro's 10,000dols. by my death or capture. It would be extremely lucky if we escaped being pounced on while I was in his house. The old man was thoroughly in earnest, and at night we lay in bed with cocked revolvers beside us. I had the window shutter arranged so that I could fire through it if necessary, and he had a little hole cut through the front wall of his room in case they should swoop down on us. I had shed my uniform by this time, and wore a Venezuelan costume supplied to me by Captain Symes. I spent the three anxious days in reading, for I dared not venture outside.

The third night Captain Symes told me when he came home that the Royal Mail steamer was in, and that I could go down to her in the morning. So next morning, about five o'clock, I started with him. He was in charge of about forty Colombians, who worked on the docks, and I went down with the gang when they started for work. When we got there, however, there was no liner to be seen. She had not come in after all!

If ever I was in a predicament I was in one then. It had been dark when we started, but it was daylight now, and somebody might recognise me any minute. The hue and cry was fiercer after me now than ever, and I knew the old captain thought my chances were pretty slim. "I guess you'd better say your prayers," he said, quietly. "You've got to die at either end of the pier!"

We had hardly finished talking when into the harbour came a big Norwegian cattle-ship, and she proved my haven of refuge. Symes went to her captain and told him the fix that a shipmate was in, and he gave me permission to hide in his hold until the mail steamer came in. He was loading bullocks for Cuba, and I had to do duty as a bullock-tender for the nonce and camp down there along with the Colombians and with the bullocks. I shall never forget those two days! The bullocks came down the pier-railroad in trucks—fifty-two in a truck—and when the truck doors were opened the beasts would plunge out and thunder down the slanting passage-way into the hold in one heaving, panting herd. Then they would give a bellow and a toss of their heads and gallop from one end of the hold to the other in a fashion that made us men down there flatten ourselves tight up against the planking to avoid getting trampled on. All day long they came swarming in, charging and fighting and tearing about. It was hot weather, as I have said, and the stench down in that hold was something awful. Night was the only time there was any peace at all, for then the bullocks crouched down side by side and the niggers and I slept on top of them.

And so the two days passed somehow, and next morning the Norwegian captain told me that the Royal Mail steamer was in, and I went aboard of her. They refused to let me on at first without a passport, but my old friend Captain Symes, the American, got me one written in Spanish, and I shook hands with him and the Norwegian and went aboard. I kept quiet in my cabin until we were well out of the harbour, and when we touched at Colon kept close on board for fear that if I went ashore I might be arrested. Nothing happened, however, and we went on to Jamaica and Barbados, and finally, in February, reached Southampton. And so ended my cruise.

"ALL DAY LONG THEY CAME SWARMING IN."

A brightly-written account of how three girls camped out by themselves on a beautiful bay in New Zealand. They went fishing and exploring, paid ceremonial visits to the Maoris, and generally had an ideal holiday. The article is illustrated with photographs taken by themselves.

IN the extreme north of New Zealand lies the natural harbour of Whangaroa, famous for its beautiful and romantic scenery. Near the head of this remarkable inlet there is a bay called Okahumoko.

In that bay, for two happy weeks, there was a tent; and in the tent were three girls, two from town having their first experience of such life, the other a native of Whangaroa. There are few places in the wide world where it would be quite safe for girls to camp out alone, but here there are neither wild beasts nor lawless men to be afraid of.

Camping out is a favourite holiday amusement in Whangaroa. The people from the inland settlements bring their families down to the sea, and usually in Christmas week you will see Okahumoko Bay dotted with tents.

It was in January, the middle of the New Zealand summer, that we set out. The Christmas camping was over and the bay was deserted. The boys took us down the harbour in an oil launch, towing behind it a tubby little boat filled with heaps of bulky sacks containing our camp equipage.

There were three of us, as I have already said. There were Kitty, rather silly; Molly, very sensible; and Peggy—never mind what she was; it is she that is telling about it.

When we reached the place the tide was full in, and, accordingly, the things were landed right on the spot where the tent was to be. Here were all the requisites for a perfect camping-ground: an open situation to allow the wind to drive away flies and mosquitoes, smooth ground for the tent, a supply of dry firewood at high-water mark all along the beach, and plenty of fresh water. At one end of the flat a pretty little waterfall fell over the steep rocks into a good-sized pool, bordered with broad-leaved plants and tall rushes with dark polished stems. It was here we did our washing—when there was any to do.

Anyone who does not know about these things would be amazed to see how quickly girls can set up a camp—when there are menfolk to help them. The boys threw out the packages from the boat on to the grassy shore, and then began to put up supports and ridge-poles for the tent. Meanwhile, one girl unpacked the bundles, while the other two explored the bracken for the rough furniture, bedsteads and tables, which had been left from a previous camp and hidden there out of the way of the Maoris. When these were brought to light the girls collected a heap of fuel from the beach and stored it under an overhanging rock, in case of very unlikely rain. These curious overhanging or "mushroom" rocks, by the way,

THE CURIOUS "MUSHROOM" ROCKS IN WHANGAROA BAY—THE GIRLS FOUND THEM VERY USEFUL FOR STOWING THINGS UNDER.
From a Photo.

are a feature of Whangaroa scenery, and nearly everyone who sees them has a new and more or less plausible theory to account for them. But, whatever may have been their origin, there can be no doubt that they are exceedingly useful, as well as ornamental. To a picnic party overtaken by rain they are better than a hundred umbrellas, and the natives sometimes make their homes under the larger ones. In our bay we found the small ones come in very useful as cupboards; we stowed firewood under one, pots and pans under another; and one by the pool, with water always dripping over the top, made an excellent cool chamber for our butter and meat.

In an hour or two after we landed the sacks which had held the bedding formed mattresses for the bunks, an old threadbare carpet covered the rough, weedy floor inside the tent, the crockery was stowed in boxes which acted as seats round the rough timber table outside, and the girls' camp was an accomplished fact! The boys had long since gone back to home and work, the sun was sinking in the west, and the tide had gone out before all was ship-shape. Then did Kitty and Molly and Peggy lay aside their civilized clothing and put on strange, nondescript attire and let down their hair. Then we took off shoes and stockings, and as a fitting way of inaugurating our emancipation from the thrall of civilization we went "scratching pipis"—in other words, digging clams out of the sand at low-water mark. We dug them up with our fingers, which soon got very sore, but they were delicious pipis. It wasn't long before we were sitting round a huge dishful of them, smoking hot, each of us with a slab of bread and butter and a good Colonial cup of tea.

THE GIRL-CAMPERS PUT ON STRANGE, NONDESCRIPT ATTIRE AND WENT DIGGING CLAMS ON THE BEACH.
From a [*Photo.*

Then, ungratefully, we began to say to one another, "Isn't it nice to have no men about?" and

Kitty, eating pipis with her fingers, quoted: "No men, no manners," with a glance at her disreputable attire. When tea was over and the golden fire of sunset faded into pale primrose, we made a roaring fire on the beach, and sat round it till late telling "creepy" stories under the glorious star-lit sky. At least, Peggy and Molly did. We had no idea that Kitty was a nervous girl till after a particularly fine ghost yarn she clutched Molly's arm and wailed: "Oh! don't tell any more! I shall die of fright if you tell another like that!" So we talked of sweethearts instead until bed-time.

The fire presently died down and we went to bed, the soft lap-lap of the tide coming up the beach soon lulling us to sleep. It seemed only a few minutes after (it was really near morning) when we were all awakened by the most awful screaming, spitting, and yowling imaginable. It seemed to be right inside the tent, but was really just the other side of the thin canvas wall. We were horribly startled, and all sat up in bed trembling. Whatever could it be? "Cats!" said Peggy, at last. And so it was. After listening to the concert for awhile, Molly valiantly said she would go out and throw some stones at them. She threw some, I know, for they hit the tent and one splashed in the water, but I don't think she hit the cats. I quite expected Kitty to get hysterical, but she didn't. She told us next day that she was simply paralyzed with terror—too frightened to make a noise. We saw one of the disturbers of our peace next day—a miserable, undersized stray from civilization—and in daylight it seemed absurd to have been scared by such a little creature.

We rose early, and after fastening up the door-flaps we lay in our bunks watching the mists roll off the bare, bald precipices across the bay.

The fear of having to get breakfast in the heat of the sun, however, soon turned the cook out of bed, and when the fried bacon and potatoes were disposed of we took the boat and rowed out in the bay to where (about half a mile from the camp) two lonely rocks stood out of the water. Round them abound fish of various kinds: gay-coloured gurnets, stolid-faced pakiti, and opalescent-scaled schnapper, so lovely in colour that we felt a pang at catching them for mere food. We caught quite a lot; whenever Kitty got one she always squealed without ceasing till one of us took it off the hook for her. Soon it got too hot to be pleasant, so we went back to camp and, after cleaning the fish and hanging them up in a tree away from cats, we had a bathe on the beach. It is a perfect bathing-ground, with firm, hard sand, and the water was quite warm.

But delightful though it may have been, it was not exactly a wise proceeding to run about and sit on the beach under a blazing sun, clad only in Dorothy pinafores. Molly came to that conclusion later on; at night she found she could not sleep for the pain from her sunburned neck, arms, and feet.

It had been decided at a solemn meeting of the council to do no cooking at midday, so we only put on the "billy" for lunch. We never let our fire go out at all; we just put on a chunk of ti-tree whenever we had finished with it. This wood holds fire in its glowing heart all night, and seems to have been devised for the especial benefit of campers.

At noon it was terribly hot. We put our pillows on the floor of the tent—the sides were tucked up all round—and lay down and gasped. Then it was that we saw our enemy the cat. Everything was so quiet that it came near, seeking what it might devour, and Kitty saw it and screamed. It was nosing round amongst our crockery. "I'll soon cure it of that," said Molly; so she went out and sprinkled pepper over all the things. I think that discouraged the little brute; it went away hastily. This episode woke us all up, and Peggy, gazing thoughtfully at the roof of the tent, remarked that tents were the most ancient form of human habitation known; Abraham entertained angels in a tent. Practical Molly pointed out that tents were exempt from the tyranny of plumber and paperhanger, and Kitty frivolously added that, at any rate, a tent could never have a skeleton in the cupboard. We all agreed that what our tent lacked in luxury it made up in liberty, but we had no time just then to make any further edifying reflections on tents, for Molly discovered that it was a little cooler, and started getting out her paint-box. Peggy did likewise, and we sat in the door of the tent and began to sketch, one looking up the bay, one down, while the frivolous Kitty put on a large, ragged Panama hat and went out to find some wild flowers.

When it was bed-time we wondered if the cats would serenade us again. They did not; but instead some penguins at the end of the beach kept up a most weird and mournful croaking and groaning for some hours. Luckily we knew the sound, or we should have been scared out of our senses.

A thrush woke us next morning, bright and early. "Let's go to Taupo to-day, girls," said one, and go we did. Taupo is a miles-long beach just outside the harbour, but you can get to it by taking the boat to the head of the bay

and climbing over the hill. Oh, what a climb it was! Sometimes quail rose with a startling whirr as we plodded through the endless short, thick ti-tree clumps. Before we got to the top we were ready to die from fatigue, but when we did get there the strong salt air coming up from the Pacific blew our weariness away. And what a prospect! Inland, a succession of shaggy hills divided by a hundred insignificant creeks; seaward, the ocean sparkling under the blue, blue sky, and away on the horizon the long, low, purple bulk of Stevenson's Island. A few yards farther we came out on the bald forehead of a cliff and looked down on Taupo beach, where the ocean surf tumbled in thunder on the hard yellow sands. In some inaccessible clefts of the steep cliffs hereabouts are the last resting-places of famous Maori chiefs, but no white man knows where.

On the beach we waded, bathed, and picked up shells for two or three long, delightful hours, and Molly risked her life climbing out with her camera on to the rocks among growling, hissing seas just to get a photo. of a wave (which turned out a failure), and when we felt hungry we climbed up the cliff and plodded, rolled, and tumbled down the ti-tree slopes of the other side till we got back to our boat, and then home to camp.

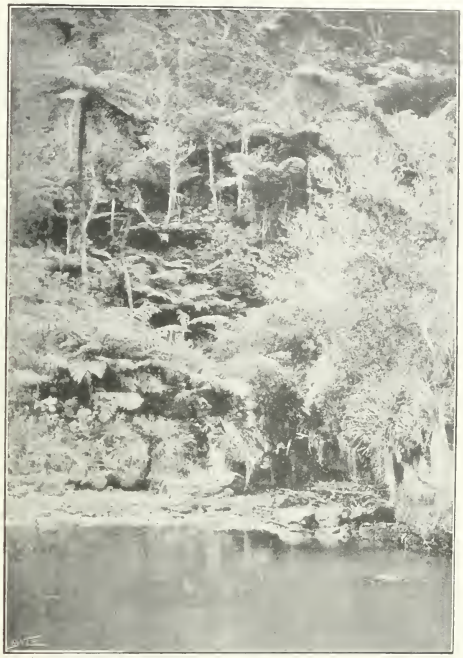
It was three o'clock before we got dinner that day, and we *were* tired! If any penguins or cats performed that night we did not hear them. We spent the next day catching shrimps for bait, fishing, and sketching. Fishing was the chief occupation of our idle times. Sometimes we caught many, sometimes few, but we had plenty of fun. Those grim old precipices got quite used to echoing the song and laughter of us light-hearted girl-campers.

The Maoris living just across the bay never molested us; they were a simple, kind-hearted people. Once, when we were fishing unsuccessfully near them, they took pity on us and gave us enough fish for tea. Soon after they came over in their boat to visit us; they came and squatted on the ground outside the tent and we did the same, to be sociable. Then one produced some fish and others fruit. These were gifts to show their good-will. So we made tea for them, and fed them on sardine sandwiches. They laughed a great deal and jabbered away to one another in their own language. They put a tremendous lot of sugar in their tea, drank it blazing hot, then turned the

[*From a*] THE MAORI SETTLEMENT ACROSS THE BAY, TO WHICH THE GIRLS PAID A CEREMONIAL VISIT. [*Photo.*

cups upside down in the saucers, and said "Kapai." Next they asked for half a crown for rent (we were camped on Maori land), after getting which they departed with wide smiles and an invitation to us to return the call. So next day we paddled across the bay to see them. They had a wee room built in under one of the "mushroom" rocks; they all slept in that and lived outdoors in the day. All around were long strings of fish, many pigs, and countless dogs.

One day we got into our boat early and started for a place called Wairakau. When we had rowed up the winding length of Okahumoko we turned into a creek which ran through a ravine from a wider valley walled in by cliffs. In places these were wooded to the water's edge, in others bare and absolutely vertical. Thousands of wild bees live up among these rocks—not the little busy bee we used to learn about, but great black ferocious fellows, who make the place decidedly dangerous. Over one part of the cliff comes the highest waterfall in the north of New Zealand.



"IN PLACES THE CLIFFS WERE WOODED TO THE WATER'S EDGE."
From a Photo.

We landed near the falls and walked up another branch of the creek, crossing it often, at first passing Maori plantations, then coming into bush—high bush, trees going up like masts of ships with a tangled rigging of creepers hanging from them. It was very quiet there. Sometimes a bird called, sometimes a breath of wind sighed through the trees, but the general silence was oppressive; when we laughed and talked it sounded like impertinence.

We took our lunch with us on this excursion, and it was late when, very weary and very happy, we got back to camp. We sat on an old log on the beach after tea and yarned in low tones, watching the light grow dimmer and fainter until only a glimmer remained on the black water from the brilliant stars floating in the clear, dark sky above.

One of our great days was Sunday, a day of absolute rest in a glorious time of idleness. We had a few books, but camping does not seem to stimulate the studious side of one's mind. However, we had a little service of our own. In the afternoon we went for a walk, and when we sat down by the creek there was a thrush sitting on a little tree the other side, warbling melodiously. Dear little preacher! His discourse was very personal and confidential. Do you want to know what he told us? Not to believe that the time was coming when all life would be stupid and commonplace and governed by dull conventionalities. Always to keep close to Mother Nature (where the uproar and confusion of ordinary life die away), and then life would be simple and worth living and we might always be young and happy. He told us, as we translated it, that if we wished to be always young and happy we must camp out every summer. And we mean to.

A BATTLE WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

By Mme. Cathinca Amyot.

Describing how two young bank-clerks, engaged late at night on important work, were attacked by savage bloodhounds, the guardians of the bank, and had to fight for their lives until help arrived.

My father, Mr. Christian Engelhart, was for fifty years in the National Bank of Denmark. He entered the bank when quite a young man, and passed step by step through all the offices till at last he held the highest and most responsible position in the bank.

The present bank buildings at Copenhagen were erected some thirty years ago on a site some distance from where the old bank was situated. This stood next to the Royal Exchange, with which it was connected by an archway, with a gallery above, through which one could pass from the bank straight into the large hall of the Royal Exchange.

During the winter of 1833–34 the financial world of Denmark was convulsed by what was termed a "money crisis," and everything financial was in a most critical condition. Solid old firms were badly shaken and many of them had to stop payment, while younger houses perished altogether. Panic reigned supreme.

MR. CHRISTIAN ENGELHART, OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF DENMARK, TO WHOM THE ADVENTURE HAPPENED.
From a Photo. by E. Lange.

During this crisis the employés of the National Bank were terribly hard-pressed and their energies were heavily taxed, for, although the office hours were nominally from nine till five, most of the clerks and the heads of the different departments worked till late at night, and, on certain days, even until the small hours of the morning.

The public entrance was bolted and locked at ten o'clock, and anyone working later than this hour had to pass through the gallery over the archway into the Royal Exchange, where a night watchman was always on duty and could let the belated workers out at one of the smaller side doors of the Exchange.

Besides this old watchman, sleepy and fat, the bank had two guardians of a more formidable description—two ferocious bloodhounds, who were let loose by the watchman at midnight, unless he received previous notice not to release until some clerk working late had been let out. These animals were kept during the day in a kind of cage under the stone stairs.

My father, together with another clerk named Hammer, had been entrusted with some special work of the utmost importance—in fact, I may say of vital importance to the financial world—and it was essential that the documents concerned should be sent off by the night mail (you must remember there were no railways or telegraphs then) in order to reach a large firm of bankers in Hamburg with as little delay as possible. The two young men had, therefore, worked till long past midnight.

A fellow-clerk who left them about eleven o'clock had promised to give notice to the watchman about keeping the dogs shut up till he had let my father and Hammer out by the Exchange side door.

My father was not a talkative man, and it was

TO THE RIGHT IS THE OLD BANK, TO THE LEFT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE —IT WAS IN THE GALLERY BETWEEN THAT THE TWO CLERKS FIRST MET THE BLOODHOUNDS.
From a Photo. by Hansen Schou & Zoeller.

not easy to bring him to tell the thrilling adventure of that night, but sometimes he yielded to my entreaties and regaled my childish ears with the tale, every word of which I knew by heart as well as the story of "Blue Beard" or "Little Red Riding Hood," and which, like these delights of childhood, never lost an iota of its excitement by repetition. I will now proceed to relate the story as nearly as possible in his own words.

Hammer and I worked until nearly two o'clock, and when at last we had finished we felt thoroughly exhausted. We locked our desks, lit a lantern, and then put out the lamps and left the office. Hammer carried the lantern, I the leather wallet containing the precious documents. The office door shut behind us with a loud bang which sounded like the rolling of thunder through the stone vaults and staircases of the old building.

"That ought to stir up the dogs," I said to Hammer; and so it did. Even while we mounted to the half-landing before the gallery a deep-mouthed baying, mixed with growling and barking, filled the vaults with a deafening noise. Hammer was a nervous, timid man, and I saw by the feeble light of his lantern that his face wore a troubled expression.

"What is the matter?" I cried; "you look as scared as if you had seen a ghost! Cheer up, man!"

"The dogs," he whispered. "Supposing——"

"Why, they are safe enough in their cage below stairs," I said.

But he only stared before him into the darkness with a ghastly look, and fairly trembled with fright.

We were now before the door to the gallery, which, according to regulations, should be kept closed until the watchman loosened the dogs. But it was open—and to my amazement I saw in the gallery the two bloodhounds standing at bay, their heads thrust forward, and both growling in a most alarming manner.

It was but a glimpse I caught of them, for Hammer had fled straightway down the stairs, carrying the lantern, and I followed him swiftly, urged on by the instinct of self-preservation, for the dogs were now close at our heels.

"I SAW THE TWO BLOODHOUNDS STANDING AT BAY."

There was a kind of ante-room outside our office for messengers and other people to wait in, and this was always left open at night. Into this outer office we rushed, slamming the door to behind us. I found myself standing beside Hammer, who, panting and breathing heavily, had almost fallen against the closed door, on which the dogs were now making a furious attack, scratching, jumping, and barking madly. We went into the inner office again, and sat down to hold a council of war. Hammer was for remaining in the safety of the office all night until the dogs should be shut up again on the following morning at seven o'clock. Although I was at first inclined to adopt the suggestion, a glance at the wallet brought me quickly to my senses, for I knew that it was my imperative duty to see that those important despatches, on which so much depended, went by the night mail, which left per packet-boat at 5 a.m.

So I began to argue with Hammer, trying to persuade him to attempt a sally, and after a time he yielded.

We decided to arm ourselves with the heavy steel fire-irons, he taking the tongs and I the poker, and try to fight our way as far as the entrance to the Royal Exchange. From there we could, by our cries, summon the watchman, who was the only person who understood how to manage the dogs. It was quite extraordinary that he had not already been roused by the clamour of the dogs, but we supposed that, watchman-like, he had retired to the species of sentry-box where he spent the night, and had there fallen asleep.

As noiselessly as possible we stole out into the ante-room. We listened breathlessly at the door, but not a sound did we hear, for the dogs had by this time ceased their attacks on the door. We began to hope that they might have given us up and retired downstairs, so, after a few moments, we cautiously opened the door. For a moment I thought I distinguished the distant patter of the dogs' feet on the stone stairs, then all was silent as the grave.

Hammer held the lantern high over his head and threw the light on the steps and the landing above; the dogs were not there.

Step by step we crept up the stairs and peeped cautiously into the gallery, which appeared quite deserted. The door was held open by means of a hook, and as Hammer held the lantern low down so as to find this hook, in order to shut the door behind us, I only obtained a very imperfect glance at the long, dark gallery.

In his nervous haste my companion let the heavy door slip, and it shut behind us with a thud which echoed and re-echoed all over the building. Then, from the darkness at the upper end of the gallery, there came a sudden rush of feet, a confused noise of deep growls and furious barking.

The hounds were upon us! With the door closed behind us we were caught in a trap, for unless we faced them our lives were not worth a farthing. It would be impossible for us to open the door and escape back to our office, for the brutes would pull us down ere we could reach the room. We decided that the only thing to be done was to keep the dogs at bay and gradually drive them before us, until we could reach the doors of the large hall and attract the attention of the watchman.

It is almost impossible to describe the dreadful moments which followed. Everything happened much quicker than it takes me to tell you of it.

Keeping at an equal distance from each other and from the walls, we formed a kind of barrier across the gallery, brandishing our fire-irons energetically before us, and yet endeavouring not to deal the infuriated dogs any blows, lest they should fly straight at us. In this way we drove them inch by inch along the gallery. I thought, as I fought there, dodging the great jaws of the hounds, that every moment would be my last—that I should slip and fall or be struck down by a sudden leap of the huge brutes. I thought of my home, my young wife, my little baby; of the catastrophe and ruin the non-posting of the documents I carried would bring to hundreds of people; of poor Hammer, the only supporter of his old mother and invalid sister—all these reflections whirled through my brain, mixed with the deafening bellowing of the dogs and the clatter of the fire-irons as they struck the stone flags or the walls. It was a veritable pandemonium of noise, darkness, and terror.

Sometimes the assailants beat down our guard and were almost upon us, and it appeared hopeless to keep them off. Then in their eagerness they would bound up so high that they over-reached themselves and tumbled backwards, growling and snarling savagely at each other. By this time, pressing slowly forward, fighting every inch of the way, we had reached the end of the gallery. It was quite evident that unless the watchman came to our rescue we should be lost if we ventured out into the large hall, where the hounds would have room to get round and attack us from behind.

Their ferocity grew greater every moment, and poor Hammer panted heavily as he waved his clumsy weapon. We were both pretty well exhausted—and yet not a sign of the watchman!

"I am done for!" cried Hammer, at last, "I shall have to give up. Oh, heavens! what a terrible end!"

As he spoke there was a crash and we were in complete darkness. He had let the lantern fall!

"Are you there?" I cried, in alarm, thinking that he had been pulled down.

"Yes, yes," came the reply.

"Strike out, then, for dear life," I called to him, and in the darkness we wielded our arms with the strength and determination of despair, like Berserkers of old. Sometimes I felt my poker strike a soft object and a sharp yell told me that I had hit one of the dogs. Fiercer grew the battle, the furious growling and snarling and the whirl of motion producing an indescribable excitement in me. Every now and then a chorus of growls from the dogs made me think that they had both attacked poor Hammer.

"Are they on you?" I cried.

"No," came back through the noise, "they are fighting each other."

This gave us a temporary respite, but in a moment they were back again, and at such close quarters that I felt their hot breath on my face. It was all up, I decided, and, with a half-formed prayer and a last farewell to my dear ones on my lips, I waved my poker despairingly around me. Suddenly, through the demoniac baying of the hounds, through the throbbing and tingling in my brain, I heard a distant whistle. Nearer and nearer it came, sounding shriller and shriller, like that of a policeman in distress. Then, away at the end of the large hall, a light gleamed, advancing and growing rapidly.

"Down, you brutes! Castor, here! Pollux, down! I will be even with you, you brutes!"

It was the watchman with his lantern! Next moment blows from a formidable whip were raining upon the two hounds, who crouched down quite cowed, whilst the watchman linked them together with the chain he carried and secured them to one of the pillars of the hall.

"I WAVED MY POKER DESPAIRINGLY AROUND ME."

The thing was soon explained. The clerk who had promised to give notice to the watchman about keeping the dogs shut up had never delivered his message. The functionary had, as he put it, "such an awful cold in his head"—which we translated into over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, of which he smelt strongly—"that he had dropped off asleep for a moment. But," he added, with a fatuous smile at his own smartness, "wasn't it a good job that I was so quick in coming, or else those savage brutes would have made mincemeat of you?"

Across the Great Sahara.

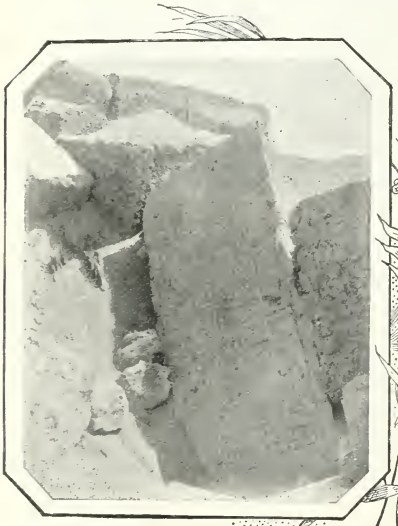
By Edward Dodson.

II.

Being an account of the adventures of a scientific expedition which set out, under the auspices of the Natural History Museum, to explore the Great Sahara Desert. Mr. Dodson's expedition was the first for forty years that had been allowed by the Sublime Porte to penetrate into the mysterious "forbidden Hinterland" of Tripoli.

At Bonjemps, where we expected to get supplies, we found that the few people who lived there were themselves on the verge of starvation, subsisting on an appetizing diet of dried snails and the sap of the palm-tree. Not an ounce of barley was to be obtained in the place.

AN ANCIENT ROMAN FORT DISCOVERED NEAR BONJEMPS—THE WALLS WERE 12FT. THICK.
From a Photo.



A HUGE STONE WITH LATIN INSCRIPTIONS FOUND AMONG THE RUINS.
From a Photo.

It was here that one of our escort succumbed to the hardships of the desert, and at daybreak we laid him in his lonely desert grave, marking the spot with a few stones.

Around this oasis we came across some most remarkable Roman ruins—the finest we saw on our journey. The above photograph shows the gateway of one of these ancient buildings, which covered an area of 3,600 square yards, the walls being no less than 12ft. thick and all the masonry of the most solid description. The individual sitting in the sand on the right of the picture is the son of the local Sheik. The next picture is a snap-shot of a Latin inscription found among these ruins.

Our next destination was Sokna, five days' journey distant, an important place with a Turkish garrison. I will not weary the reader with the details of the forced marches by which for five days and nights we had to cover this waterless and pastureless desert. Suffice it to say, when we reached the latter town our men and camels were thoroughly done up, and we

were compelled to halt for nearly a fortnight to recuperate. The inhabitants had never before seen a European, and the children of the town having been told that Christians habitually ate infant Moslems fled shrieking at our approach; but the Arab blood was sufficiently strong to induce them to come back at the sight of backsheesh and to allow us to photograph them just outside the city walls. Soon after our arrival we visited the Cadi of Sokna, who treated us very well, and from the top of whose house we obtained the excellent bird's-eye view of the place shown in one of the photographs.

THE CHILDREN OF SOKNA HAD BEEN TOLD THAT THE WHITE MEN WOULD KILL AND EAT THEM, BUT BACKSHEESH INDUCED THEM TO COME AND BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

THE TOWN OF SOKNA, AS SEEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE CADI'S HOUSE. [*Photo.*
From a]

After a much-needed rest we again started off, and on leaving the oasis of Sokna entered upon the passage of the Black Mountains. This desolate and uninhabited range consists of bold and rugged blocks of black stone, the negotiation of which played terrible havoc with our camels. The photo. on next page will give some idea of the "road" which we had to traverse; it looked as if

THE EXPEDITION APPROACHING THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.
From a Photo.

F.R. Horsman

THE "ROAD" ACROSS THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.
From a Photo.

have survived this additional peril. For the first day in this range we marched for twelve hours, and were congratulating ourselves on having made such excellent progress, when we were horrified to find that during the march a camel had succeeded in bursting half its precious load of water-skins by colliding with another camel, and that now we were in consequence committed to a life or death race for water, which we did not reach until after two more interminable marches of eighteen hours' duration each.

By this time we had got clear of the province of Tripoli and were in Fezzan, Nature had determined that no mortal should cross this range to the Serir Bin Afin beyond.

With jaded camels and mutinous men we had now to face a vast extent of waterless desert with not even a scrap of brush for firewood, and we fervently hoped that no "gibleh" would spring up, for we felt that in our wretched condition neither men nor animals could

A BARBER AT WORK IN THE DESERT.
From a Photo.

THE MARKET-PLACE AT MURZUK—ALL THE TRADING IS DONE BY THE WOMEN.
From a Photo.

the mysterious land of oasis and desert, whose entire population exists solely by means of the date palm. At the towns outside which we camped the desert barber used to come out and operate on our men, who, after being "trimmed up," would enter the town and capti-

vate, with the wiles of the Tripoli man, the susceptible hearts of the desert maidens.

Close to the oasis of Sebha we came upon the most southern remains of the Roman occupation that we encountered during the course of our travels, this being the ruins of an extensive and once important fort on the crest of a hill. From Sebha, over alternating desert and oasis, we came to Murzuk, the chief town of Fezzan and the southern goal of the expedition — nearly 600 miles across the desert from Tripoli. We had no sooner entered the town than the officials impounded our camels, disarmed and imprisoned our escort, and placed us under arrest in a private house. Eventually the production of the Sultan's letter and seal procured our release.

THE CURIOUS IRRIGATION SYSTEM AT MURZUK.
From a Photo.

OLD ROMAN FORT NEAR SEBHA. [*Photo.*
From a]

The photo. reproduced at the bottom of the preceding page is a view in the market-place of Murzuk, and it will be seen that all the trading is done by the women. The people here are of all shades of colour, from the dusky negro to the olive-skinned Arab. Murzuk, like the other towns of Fezzan, has a few gardens, won from the desert by the ingenious and curious system of irrigation shown in the above photograph.

We remained in this place for five days, meeting with a certain amount of hostility all the while. Even on the occasion of our departure some of our men were stoned, and it was with no feeling of sorrow that, having carried out this part of our expedition, we again turned our faces to the coast. The return journey by a different route was of great interest geographically, but of that I must speak elsewhere.

THE OFFICIALS AT MURZUK—THEY IMPOUNDED THE CAMELS, IMPRISONED THE ESCORT, AND PLACED THE PARTY UNDER ARREST.
From a] [*Photo.*

Mr. Kennedy here describes his experiences among the oyster pirates of Chesapeake Bay—a body of men engaged in a curious industry, which not infrequently brought them into collision with the authorities.

I WAS standing on the dock at Light Street when a man approached me. He was a hard-faced, square-built man of middle size.

"Do you want to go down the bay?" he said.

His tone was rather curious, and I felt that there was something unusual behind it.

"Well," I said, doubtfully, "it depends. There's very little of a soft snap in the bay just now. January's a cold, blowing month. I don't know. What's on?" I asked, suddenly.

"Thirty-five dollars a month," he said, laconically.

And then the whole truth of the matter flashed upon me. Thirty-five dollars a month was double the wages that were paid to oyster dredgers shipping out of Baltimore.

"Pirating?" I asked.

"Well, I guess you can call it what you like," he said. "No bones broken, anyway. What do you say?"

"Well, I can't say I fancy the idea," I replied. "Going to gaol or being shot doesn't strike me at all. No, thanks."

He paused a little and looked me up and down. He knew by my general appearance that I was only a day or so up from an oyster-dredging trip. The dredging-mud still showed in spots and splashes from my boots to my sou'-wester. Another thing he knew, too—that I had spent all my money.

"I guess you'll do," he said, at last. "Call it forty dollars a month and come and have a drink."

I wavered, and then I went along with him to the William Tell. I had grown tired of watching the ships in the dock and wondering when some benevolent friend would happen along. The offer of a drink from the recruiter of oyster pirates was not to be despised. And it struck me that even if I didn't go on the trip it would at least be a polite and friendly act to accept the drink.

The William Tell was a saloon that was much favoured by the oyster dredgers during the short time their money lasted. The proprietor boasted that he sold the best five-cent whisky in Baltimore. His boast may or may not have had a foundation in fact, but, at any rate, no one could deny that his whisky was of a most aggressive and powerful nature. A little of it went a long way.

After a drink or two and a visit to the "free lunch" counter I began to view oyster piracy with a less jaundiced eye. After all, I reflected,

a man could not be put into gaol till he was caught by the police-cutter people, nor was he likely to be shot until he was fired at. And so I agreed to go.

It turned out that the recruiter was the foremost hand, or mate, of an oyster schooner—a pirate schooner! And he was here in Baltimore with the object of picking up likely men. He told me he wanted men who wouldn't weaken if there was "a bit of fun" going. His way of putting it was euphemistic, but his meaning was clear. And he went on to tell me that if the schooner had the right kind of wind she could show her heels in double-quick order to the fastest police-cutter in the bay.

His selection of myself as one of the crew was a compliment for which I was grateful enough when I came to think matters over a little. The wages were more than double what I should have got on a respectable, law-abiding boat, and the work would not be so hard. There was only the risk. But I had taken so many risks during a knock-about, up-and-down life that I thought it wouldn't hurt me just to take one more.

After we had thoroughly refreshed ourselves at the William Tell the recruiter steered me to a small back street, some distance from the docks. Here he left me in a lodging-house, after giving me to understand that he would return for me at nightfall. We were to sail that night.

The wind was blowing the rain into our faces as we walked quickly along to the basin. He had called for me as promised, and we had to get down sharply so as to catch the tide.

It was a black night, and as I went along misgivings gradually crept into my mind about the whole business. How was I to know what this man was up to? I didn't mind taking a risk, but there was a difference between a known risk and taking a jump into the dark. And yet I could not see his object in telling me anything else but the truth. It was simply a case of pirating for oysters, and things had to be done on the quiet. Men could not be shipped in the ordinary way. But, after all, how was I to be certain of anything about it? He might be up to some villainy.

"I guess we'll have a nip before we get aboard," he said, suddenly.

His voice broke in on me with a shock, and for the moment I was near to leaving him altogether.

"Look here," I exclaimed, "I don't think——"

"I know," he said, quickly. "I guess you don't like the idea of the trip. Well, no one's keeping you. If you don't want to go—don't!"

His way of putting it settled my doubts once and for all. I would make the trip now in any case. We went into the next saloon we came to and got a drink. Soon after that we were standing down by the basin.

"How shall I do for a kit?" I asked. He had just given a long whistle—a signal!

"I suppose you got rid of your last kit?" he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, we've got a slop-chest aboard," he said. "You can get oil-skins and sea-boots out of that. That's all you'll want."

We were now at the bottom of the flight of broad stone steps that ran down into the water. Through the darkness I could just make out the masts and cross-trees of the vessels lying near. Then I heard the dipping of oars in the water. A boat was coming. As she came nearer I could see one man pulling whilst another was standing up in the bow holding a lantern.

The boat was beside us in a moment and turned broadside on along the step where we were standing. We got in without saying a word.

The man who had held the lantern now took a spell at the oars, and in a few minutes we were alongside the schooner. She was lying at anchor just off the entrance to the basin. As near as I could make out in the darkness she was a boat of about thirty-five tons burthen and carried two topsails. A tug that was blowing off steam was made fast alongside. The schooner was to be towed clear of the shipping in the docks.

Meanwhile, I was taken down into the cabin to see the captain. He was an alert, strong-looking young man with a fresh-coloured face. His face was not hard of expression, but there was a bold, quick, direct look in his eyes. He was altogether a different-looking man from the mate, who was standing alongside me. He looked as if he had ideas.

"This is the man, Captain Somers," said the mate, by way of introduction. "I guess he'll do."

The captain looked at me sharply and asked me my name.

I told him.

"Irish," he said, with a laugh. "I like Irishmen, I guess. They'll fight. Have a drink." And he got down a bottle and a glass from the rack and poured me out a drink of whisky.

"I'm not a man of words, I guess," he said, again. "But you'll have to stop with me at least a month. The grub's good on this boat,

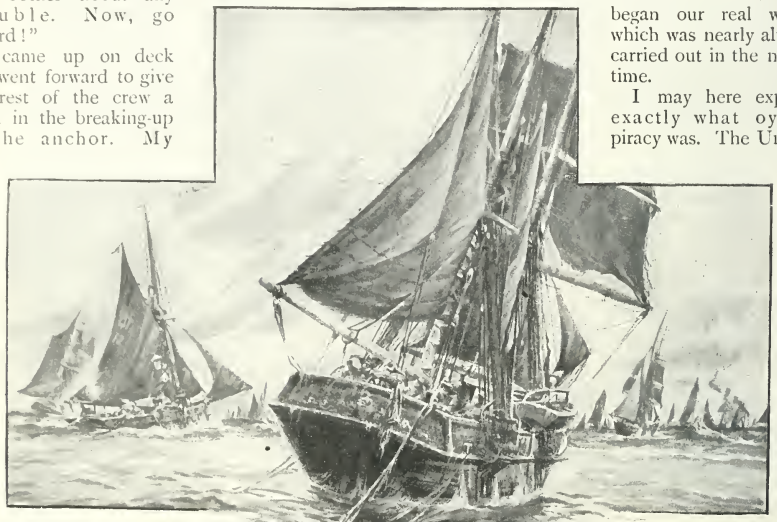
and I'll pay you whatever the mate has said. What was it, O'Brien?"

"Forty."

"Forty goes," said the captain. "And if you want anything in reason from the slop-chest you can have it without charge. All I want you to do is to obey orders and not bother about any trouble. Now, go forrard!"

I came up on deck and went forward to give the rest of the crew a hand in the breaking-up of the anchor. My arrival had made up the number of men wanted and the schooner was ready for sea.

We had the anchor stowed inboard now, and the tug was cautiously towing the schooner through the maze of shipping. O'Brien brought me the oil-skins and sea-boots, and I went down into the fore-peak to stow them away into the bunk assigned to me.



"ON THE DREDGING GROUNDS."

Two days after we were down on the dredging grounds. There was a whole fleet of sloops and schooners dredging in from six to eight fathoms of slightly choppy water. A good dredging breeze was blowing—a breeze that was at once lively and not too strong—and which gave the sails of the vessels just enough power to drag the dredges easily over the oyster beds.

We, however, only made a pretence of dredging. We hove a dredge overboard now and then and Captain Somers made the usual short tacks to and fro over the part of the ground he had selected. The object was to throw the police-cutters—two of which were on watch on the grounds—off the scent before we began our real work, which was nearly always carried out in the night-time.

I may here explain exactly what oyster piracy was. The United States Government would declare certain districts of the general dredging grounds prohibited for a term of years, the idea being to prevent the beds from being worked to death. The penalty for dredging on these closed grounds was severe; but, nevertheless, fast boats—"pirates"—were fitted out specially for the work. If a police-cutter came upon a pirate boat in the act of working, and the captain would not heave to at the signal, the boat would be fired upon and, if possible, disabled. The police would also try to shoot down anyone who showed on deck. It will, therefore, be seen that I was taking a chance or two for my forty dollars a month—but life itself is but a chance.

Towards nightfall we went off and anchored

in a small neighbouring bay, as did the rest of the fleet of dredgers. But a couple of hours afterwards we were up and doing. We made sail on the schooner, picked up our anchor, and got away. Of course, we showed no lights; that would have been tempting Providence.

The captain took over the wheel. He knew the bay thoroughly, and he knew exactly where he wanted to go on the prohibited grounds.

It was a half-clear sort of a night, and we got the dredges into readiness as the schooner was cutting along before the wind.

There were eleven of us aboard, all told — the captain, the mate, the cook, and eight of a crew, four men to a winch. The crew were all picked men — jovial, tough fellows, mainly Irish.

After running for about two hours the captain gave us the word to heave the dredges overboard.

The dredges dragged along over the bed, and then the captain put the schooner up into the wind and gave us the signal to wind them up. We bent ourselves on to the winches with a will, and soon had the dredges in over the gunwales. We emptied the dredge-bags, and there on the deck we had two fine heaps of clear oysters. There was hardly an empty shell amongst them. We had got as many oysters in one haul as we would have got in six on the legitimate dredging ground. The captain made his way forward to see how we had fared. He was well satisfied. He had struck the exact place he wanted.

"WE EMPTIED THE DREDGE-BAGS."

We worked in couples, and each couple got light from a lantern which was lashed in under the side of the gunwale, so as to be out of sight in the event of a police-cutter coming along. We worked, too, with as little noise as possible.

Hardly two hours had passed before we had a load of oysters on the deck. We then stopped dredging for a while and stowed the oysters down into the hold. We took another two-hour spell of dredging after that and stopped for the night. We stowed the oysters away, coiled down the dredge-ropes, and washed down the decks whilst the schooner was making its way back to the small bay. The break of day saw us lying snugly at anchor and sleeping the sleep of the just in our bunks. I was now a full-fledged oyster pirate!

In the middle of the day we turned out and made a pretence of dredging along with the rest of the fleet.

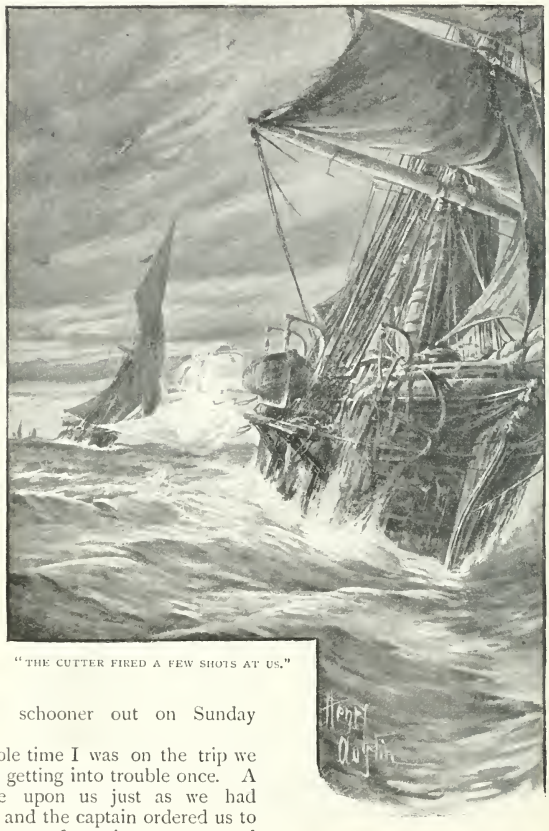
We worked like this for four days and nights. By the end of that time the schooner's hold was packed with oysters, and we made for a "buy-boat." "Buy-boats" were big schooners of a hundred or a hundred and fifty tons burthen. They bought oysters from the dredge-boats at a lower rate than was current in the open market, and then carried them up to Baltimore. The arrangement was really a good thing for the dredge-boats, for

the voyage to and from Baltimore would have meant a loss of four or five days to them.

After the oysters were sold we took a day's rest.

I must confess that I liked the work much better than the ordinary dredging. I found the risk and the excitement of it exhilarating. And the work was not nearly so hard as it would have been on a "legitimate" boat. The food was also better than any food I had had on a dredge-boat before. Now and then we had eggs and bacon for breakfast—a thing unheard of down the bay. Captain Somers used to get the eggs from a "buy-boat."

The crew were also a good crowd of fellows. Captain Somers was a great believer in the keeping of the Sabbath, and never took the schooner out on Sunday nights.



"THE CUTTER FIRED A FEW SHOTS AT US."

During the whole time I was on the trip we only came near to getting into trouble once. A police-cutter came upon us just as we had finished dredging, and the captain ordered us to heave to. I shall never forget how strange and clear his voice sounded through the speaking-trumpet. It was almost as though he were on deck with us.

But Captain Somers just turned the schooner's head round, let out the main-sheet, and away we went. The cutter fired a few shots at us, but shots that don't hit don't count. Somers himself was the only man aboard who took any real chance of being hit, for he had to stand up while at the wheel. The rest of us all lay flat on the deck. I was lying near the jib-sheet, tending it.

O'Brien's boast about the speed of the schooner, made when he recruited me, was more than justified. We simply raced away from the cutter. However, to make sure of not being tracked we ran right across the bay and found another anchorage.

After six weeks had passed we came back to Baltimore, where Captain Somers paid us off. He gave us all ten dollars apiece more than was due to us. I had the oil-skins and the sea-boots, and a clear seventy dollars in my pocket. I had done well. I was very far to windward of being in gaol, and I mentally decided that there were worse jobs going than being an oyster pirate!

Captain Somers asked me to ship with him again, but I thought it as well to decline. Life has taught me that if you are going to get any advantage out of taking risks you must know when to stop. So I shook hands with him and O'Brien and the rest of them, and sallied forth to spend my seventy dollars.

From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

II.

Being an account of a sporting expedition planned on somewhat ambitious lines. The author's party penetrated into the uttermost wilds of Mexico, into a country far removed from civilization, and seldom visited even by the Indians. What they saw and what they did in this sportsman's paradise are described and illustrated in the accompanying article.

ON account of the length of time it had taken us to come down the river, and the time it would take going back *viâ* the Hardy Colorado, we were obliged to begin our return trip some days sooner than we had anticipated, so as to get back on the day agreed upon, and so, very reluctantly, we packed up and left "Permanent Camp." The following day was a lucky one for game. Farnam and Morris each shot a large boar, but both were so old that their meat was not fit to eat, and only their tusks were worth taking. Farnam also wounded another, which escaped.

THE PARTY READY TO LEAVE "PERMANENT CAMP."
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

"ANOTHER MAN RETURNED WITH A FAT LITTLE SPIKED BUCK." *From a Photo. by* [*W. W. Putnam.*

Another man returned long after dark

THIS CAT WAS FOUND AT A DESERTED INDIAN RANCH FAR OUT IN THE DESERT. [*W. W. Putnam.*
From a Photo. by]

with a fat little spiked buck. He had come upon a band of five, two of which he had killed. The second, a fine doe, he had been obliged to leave until next morning safely hung up on a mesquite tree, out of reach of prowling coyotes.

Mr. Price and Hazard made a trip some four miles up the Hardy to a deserted Indian ranch. Here they made a most curious "find." Inside an old adobe house they came across a fine tom-cat in splendid condition. How on earth it came to be in such an out-of-the-way and desolate part of the world, I cannot say. Pussy appeared very pleased to see them, and followed them back to camp, where he soon made himself at home. He was scared away, however, next morning by some of us at target practice, and was never seen again.

For the next three days we struggled up the Hardy against a very strong current. In many places the flow was so strong that we were unable to make any headway with the oars, and were obliged to tow the boats from the bank. We had brought with us a hundred and fifty feet of rope, and tying this to the three boats, which we locked together, and leaving Charlie to steer and keep them away from the banks, the rest of us towed them along the shore — a monotonous and toilsome undertaking.

As we went up the river we encountered many more signs of game; duck and snipe were plentiful, and geese and black ibises flew over us, but far out of range. Pelicans were everywhere, and a day never passed but hundreds of these great birds were seen. Besides birds, many fish were caught, both with hook and giant powder; but it was venison that we liked best.

On Christmas Day we stopped at one o'clock to prepare our Christmas dinner. Fresh ducks and fish were brought in, and, added to these, the provisions we had brought made a fine spread, to which we did ample justice. The rest of the day was spent in merry-making.

Next day Mr. Price and Putnam left us, going across country to see if they could get some waggons at the next ranch, for at our present rate of progress we should be pretty late in getting back to Yuma.

We were now heading towards the Cocopah Mountains, where the river became so crooked and the current so swift that we made little headway. As we struggled onward we passed a small inlet, in which the water seemed to be boiling in a curious manner. On approaching nearer we found it to be caused by a large school of young carp feeding on mud; they were so crowded together that we had mistaken the flashing of their scales for boiling water. Several times during the morning we passed small dried-up lagoons near the river, in which thousands and thousands of young fish had been caught and now lay putrefying. We hurried past these for obvious reasons. Soon after we were hailed by Mr. Price and Putnam, who were waiting for us with the two waggons they had gone after.

Our boats, it was decided, were to be taken

From a Photo. by] PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER. [*W. W. Putnam.*

back to Yuma by Charlie and the Indians, whom we were very sorry to leave. As the waggons would hold only our provisions and sleeping outfits we ourselves were obliged to walk, and so with a hearty cheer to our faithful guide and the Indians we set our faces towards Yuma, ninety miles away across the desert, and had walked over fifteen miles before dark, through gravel and loose sand, entering the desert soon after leaving the river. Whenever we came to a little fertile spot we found Indian huts and villages. Passing a slough soon after leaving the boats, flock after flock of ducks rose; but we could not spare the time to stop, much as we wished. Bodman, however, dropped behind and got fourteen ducks with two shots, they were flying so thickly.

From a Photo. by] A GROUP OF MUD-VOLCANOES. *[W. W. Putnam.*

Soon after we struck the open desert. For miles in front of us not a tree or shrub was to be seen, and the ground under foot was hot and soft. Next day at noon, in a little gully, we came upon the Salina River, which, as its name indicates, is salt. At this season it was only a few feet wide and an inch or two deep. We rested on the bank under some mesquite trees until the waggons came up with us. Several of the party coming after us, who had left their canteens in the waggons, ran down to the river and began drinking, but one taste was enough for them—the water was utterly undrinkable. Passing over to the opposite bank of the gully we came to some mud-volcanoes, and a large desert lake surrounded by boiling sulphur and other mineral springs.

Mr. Price and a couple of energetic youths started off on a little expedition to the big mud-craters, ten miles off; but the rest of us were not in any humour to go a foot out of our way. It is all very well to read and talk about tramping through deserts, walking in hot, loose sand and clay, but until you actually have to do it for twenty or thirty miles a day you cannot properly realize what it means.

The curious little mud-volcanoes we saw were thoroughly business-like affairs and extremely active, but they were small compared with the ones Mr. Price and his party met with. These were several acres in extent, some of the craters being large boiling mud-lakes, in which big bubbles of mud as big as a small house would rise and burst, letting off much steam and forming an awe-inspiring spectacle.

THE CRATER OF A MUD-VOLCANO.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

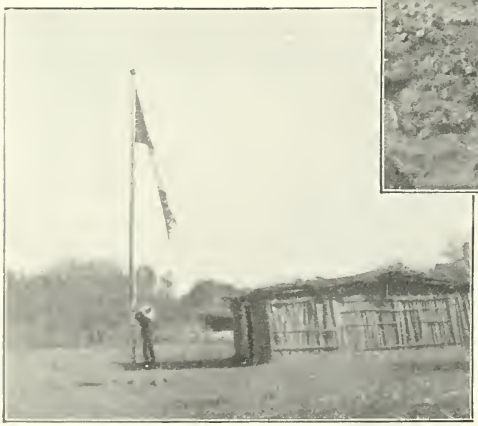
One of our drivers, Jim Dukes, was quite a character in his way. Jim Dukes was an outlaw, a real, *bonâ-fide*, romantic outlaw—only there wasn't much romance about him. He was badly "wanted" in Arizona for cattle and horse stealing—capital crimes in that law-abiding State. He had had several ribs broken, and carried two bullets in his body which had been given him by some pursuing sheriff. I never heard him speak one word, not even a monosyllable, without several swear-words in English, Spanish, or Indian hitched on to it.

We stopped next noon at a small deserted ranch, where the ground was covered with curious little wild gourds, called "mock oranges." It was very interesting to see Jimmie, our guide, take a short run, stick his foot under one, and kick it a tremendous distance.

The heat and dust became so unbearable after

JIM DUKES, THE DRIVER—"HE WAS A REAL, BONA-FIDE OUTLAW, BADLY WANTED IN ARIZONA FOR CATTLE AND HORSE-STEALING."
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

we left this oasis that those of us who were riding in the back seats of the waggon were obliged to get out and walk. On account of this soft dust we were unable to make more than twelve or fifteen miles before dark. We were, however, obliged to go on for several miles after nightfall in order to reach water. We camped on the west bank of the Padrones River. During the night a large band of coyotes kept us awake with their yelpings, but on account of the darkness we were unable to get a shot at them.



THE RESIDENCE OF THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE FOR SOUTHERN MEXICO.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

Saturday, December 30th, is a date that none of us will ever forget. Our way lay through fine dust, which enveloped everything within several feet of the waggons. This compelled many of us to walk, and, added to the fearful heat, caused us all intense suffering of a kind which none of us ever wish to experience again. To add to our troubles, we were obliged to go for twenty-eight miles before we reached water, at a ranch about eighteen miles from Yuma. This we reached just before dark.

Next morning, soon after seven o'clock, we crossed the boundary, after stopping for a few minutes at the Custom-house. Ten miles farther on we came to a pumping-station, where a dozen old date-palms were growing. They had been planted many years before as an experiment, to see if dates could be grown in this soil and climate. They were bearing very well, and were so far a success.

A few miles outside Yuma we crossed an eminence known as Pilot Knob, from the top of which we could see the town and civilization, which we had left two weeks before, on one side, and on the other the broad expanse of desert through which we had just passed.

INDIAN JIMMIE AND THE "MOCK ORANGES" HE PLAYED BALL WITH.
From a Photo. by W. W. Putnam.

I believe each of us was experiencing one of the happiest moments of his life when we crossed the railroad bridge and walked into Yuma out of that frightful desert of dust and heat.

Next morning we departed, passing through part of the desert we had so recently left, but all thankful to be headed towards home. We had been in one of the finest hunting-grounds in the world, but on account of lack of time had met with a good deal more hardship than we had anticipated.

The Ambush at Bangkalak.

By R. M. Little, of the British North Borneo Company.

A typical incident from the diary of an out-station officer. Mr. Little was awakened at dead of night by a native woman to whom he had shown kindness, and who came to warn him that a plot had been laid to kill both himself and the Governor of British North Borneo. The story describes how the plot was defeated and the rebellious natives punished.

THE police-gong had sounded the hour of midnight and still I, the district officer, remained awake, listening to the angry roar of the surf on the beach outside, and involuntarily counting the measured footfalls of the Sikh sentry as the loose boards of the veranda vibrated under his heavy step and shook the narrow mattress I lay on. This latter had been placed on the floor for lack of a bedstead, for the little station of Utab-Utab, British North Borneo, had just been rebuilt after its destruction by the Murut raiders, and contained no furniture for Europeans.

My weary eyes turned from the cobwebbed roof to the flickering light in the Chinese sconce, and back to the roof again, as each violent gust of wind blew up a ragged square of thin thatch, exposing a momentary glimpse of darkened sky before the leaves fell back on the laths.

"Confound the fellow!" I exclaimed, in a fretful voice, "why doesn't he take off his boots at this time of night?"

At that moment the steady tramp again passed along the veranda, but stopped just in time to allow me to hear a low rustling against the mat wall of my room, which occupied the end of the Customs-house. I listened attentively. "That rat has powerful teeth," was my mental comment, as the noise grew louder and became sharper. Presently, however, as I gazed languidly in the direction of the sound, the glittering point of a knife pierced the wall and was suddenly withdrawn, to be replaced by dark fingers, which quickly tore a small hole in the matting. Then a voice whispered: "Tuan! Tuan!"

I had quietly taken my revolver from under my pillow, ready for emergencies, but I now laid it aside. I sat up, saying roughly: "Be off, thou night owl, or the sentry shall arrest thee."

MR. R. M. LITTLE, OF THE BRITISH NORTH BORNEO COMPANY.
From a Photo. by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

"Be silent, Tuan," replied the voice. "I come as a friend and have news to impart."

"Tell me thy news in the morning, for mine eyes are heavy with want of sleep," I said.

"That may be, O Tuan; but none may see me lest they carry the news to Sadap and I die."

I now gazed attentively towards this unseen whisperer who seemed to have such important news to communicate, but saw naught save a gaping hole near the floor. A face, seen indistinctly in the uncertain light, partially filled the opening, but was gone the next moment..

Anything to vary the monotony of a sleepless night pleased me. "I will join thee presently," I said, and opening the mosquito curtain I rose to my feet and slipped on a coat. As I passed out of the room the sentry shouldered his rifle and was motioned to be silent. I picked up a lantern placed at the head of the steps, and, though barefoot, descended to the ground and walked round the corner of the building.

The light of the lantern fell on a bare surface of sand covered with innumerable footprints, but I guessed that the dark shadows of the house-posts, stretching broadly under the raised flooring, concealed my mysterious midnight visitor.

To my low challenge no answer was returned, but, as I gazed, a figure moved out from behind a post and approached close to where I stood holding high the lantern. A sombre covering, which concealed the face, was moved aside, exposing to my astonished gaze the features of a young and pretty native woman.

The unknown was the first to break the silence. "Tuan," she said, "dost thou remember me?"

"No," I replied, gazing at her in perplexity.

"But I know the Tuan," she continued, rapidly. "Let him think of the day when I and my husband Ismail, the slaves of Barudin, were called before the native council by our cruel master, who brought lying witnesses to prove his kindness had been great to us and that we had badly requited it. Alas! there was none to help us that day. But the Tuan came into the court-house and believed what my husband said, and freed the poor slaves."

As she spoke, the memory of a past day came to me when I had befriended a Bisayah couple who were to be punished as absconding bondsmen.

I looked with increased interest at the slender girl as she stood in the circle of light. Her oval face of clear, brown complexion showed signs of emotion, and in her dark eyes glittered the traces of tears.

"I LOOKED WITH INCREASED INTEREST AT THE SLENDER GIRL."

"Yes," I said, slowly, "I know thee now. Thy name is Amina, and thou and thy husband live at Gadong. But the night is passing. What is it you have to say to me?"

Amina turned and looked cautiously around her before answering. Then hearing no sound of life, save the low croon of the sentry on the veranda above us, she whispered: "The wicked men of Timad Sadap have heard that the steam-

boat which brings the Governor and thee up the Sadap River has been delayed on account of the shallow bar, and they await the passing of the Tuans in order to wreck the boat and take the heads of all on board. My former master, Barudin, and his followers are with the gang."

"Many thanks, little sister," was my reply; "where do the evil ones lurk?"

"It is uncertain, Tuan, but my husband bids you beware when passing Bangkalak, the meeting of the waters."

"Go in peace, Amina, back to thy husband, and take him my thanks," I said. "If I get the Governor through the danger safely I shall ask him to send thee and thy family to a quiet home in the north; and thy husband shall be the owner of many buffaloes."

"I go," she murmured, gently; "I have far to travel by secret waterways before I reach the jungle hut where Ismail awaits me," and she turned away with a graceful inclination of her body.

I watched the slight figure fade into the darkness in the direction of the beach, and shortly the low sound of paddling fell on my ear. Then I went slowly into the house and lay down again, thinking deeply over the news the girl had brought until sleep overtook me.

MR. CHAS. VANDELEUR CREAGH, C.M.G., LATE GOVERNOR OF BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.
From a Photo. by C. C. Fleming, Southsea.

It was late when I awoke, weary and unrefreshed, but before long the Governor, Mr. Chas. Vandeleur Creagh, C.M.G., and I found ourselves on the beach, which stretches southwards to Brunei territory, only broken here and there in its white regularity by the narrow and deep mouths of half-a-dozen rivers unnamed on any chart. We had been round the native village, had watched the Yellow Lion flag of the Chartered Company being hoisted at the truck of the staff, and had visited the Government launch lying at the end of the landing-stage, receiving from the *serang* in charge the report that the river bar was still impassable.

For four weary days we had waited at Utab-Utab to ascend the river and rejoin the company's force which was fighting in Timad Sadap, an independent State surrounded on all sides, save towards the sea, by my district of Sadap, and our souls loathed the forced monotony of sitting still in this dullest of dull stations.

"Upon my word, Little," said the Governor, as I sat down beside him on a log, "you appear very pensive this morning! I cannot get a word out of you. What is the matter?"

My thoughts were running on the warning I had received in the early hours of the morning. Trivial as the matter seemed—a mere ambuscade by natives, who used their muskets and Sniders most unskilfully—it had a deeper interest about it than these affairs usually have; for had I not the safety of the Governor to consider? I recognised my responsibility, and knew what trouble would ensue if anything happened to him. The thought was not inspiriting.

I related to the Governor the details of my midnight adventure, and explained that I believed the warning given by Amina would turn out correct, as the natives of Timad Sadap and their disaffected friends in our territory could easily obtain information of our movements from the boats which constantly passed up and down the river daily.

The Governor made no reply at first, but looked at me with a humorous gleam in his eyes. "And I presume you are in doubt as to how you are to dispose of me? My dear fellow, you must invent some way to protect the

launch and arm her as powerfully as you can. Go to Gadong I shall, and the sooner we start the less prepared the beggars will be."

"Very good, sir," I replied; "I shall do my best," and we turned back to our quarters.

I left the Governor drying some plants he had collected during our morning stroll, for he was a keen botanist, and went on board the launch. Rahman, the trusty *serang*, was superintending the storage of mangrove billets for fuel. Before sitting down I examined the wooden bulwark of the little craft. It was only a foot in height and hollow between the one-inch planking, and quite unsuitable to stop a bullet at close quarters. I had a nice problem to solve, for there were no hard wood-slabs to be got in the village to make a screen, and sand-bags on the deck would not protect the engines at the water-line from the ball of a swivel-gun. I sat in deep thought, until I cast my eye on the beach. "I have it!" I exclaimed, delightedly, and rushed ashore—doubtless to the amazement of the dignified commander—and went straight to the Chinese shop which faced the beach.

"*Towkay*" (master), "how much do you ask for those bundles of rattans drying out there?" I asked.

"The market price at Labuan, less cost of lighter hire," was the answer.

"Done!" I exclaimed, promptly. "Send round to all the shopkeepers and Malay traders, and tell them it is my order that all the rattans and Manila rope in the place are to be collected on the pier within an hour. If anything is withheld there will be fines to pay."

I saw the order carried into effect and then reported the matter to the Governor. He smiled grimly when I told him we would armour-plate the launch from water-line to 4ft. above the deck with flexible rattans, tied tightly into bundles. He suggested that the necessary work should only be commenced the next morning, when we were otherwise quite ready to start. This would obviate the possibility of spies reporting the precautions we were taking against surprise. Strict orders were also issued that no boats should leave Utab-Utab until further notice. Then we sat down to consider the question of armament.

Our two Sikh orderlies with their rifles and three Dyak police, including a sergeant, made up the available force, as we had to leave a garrison of four men behind at Utab-Utab. The station itself was secure enough, for the majority of the inhabitants were Mohammedan, and friendly.

As regarded artillery, we had a limited choice—between a battered brass *lela*, ornamented with weird dragons in bas-relief, and an old iron two-pounder, with a muzzle pitted with age. The latter weapon was finally selected, and when a more suitable carriage had been constructed and the gun mounted it was quietly smuggled on board the launch with a supply of canister-shot.

When all was ready next morning and our "armour" in place, we started off with light hearts, leaving the natives and Chinese gazing with astonishment at the queer appearance of the launch, for nothing was visible of the passengers except a row of dark faces grinning farewell over the massive bulwark of rattans as the little vessel swung away from the pier.

The river mouth which we were to enter was in sight; but it took the steam launch some time to cross the bay, as deep water could only be obtained by following the tortuous channel cut through the mud by the swiftly-flowing current of the Sadap. There was just enough water on the bar to allow of our crossing, and in a few minutes the boat was in the deeper reaches of the river, which for miles flowed between marshy banks covered with dense forests of mangrove.

We were sitting on the low roof of the cabin, and my orderly was squatted on the deck, wiping off the last trace of oil from a Colt repeater. I took the weapon from him and filled the magazine, laying the rifle beside me. Then, lighting a cigarette, I looked at His Excellency.

"I agree with the late Fred Burnaby," said the Governor, thoughtfully weighing a cartridge in his hand. "For native scrimmages give me the old double-barrel and buck-shot. As this river is never more than eighty yards broad, I rather think my target will show a good pattern."

Hour after hour passed, and the fierce sunlight blazed relentlessly down on the low awning. The tide was falling, and slimy mangrove roots, visible through the exposed mud banks and looking like torpid snakes, emitted a stench of decaying vegetation. As the launch steamed slowly past harder ground huge crocodiles, basking at the water's edge, slipped greasily into the river. The saurians were safe from our rifles, however, for we were never certain that at the next bend we might not be greeted by a volley from an unseen, but prepared, foe. Wandering among the trees or crouched on the thinly-covered branches were many varieties of monkeys. The heat in the narrow river, with the flanking swamp cypress, was intolerable, even for the natives, and the gaunt Sikh orderlies, accustomed to the burning plains of the Punjab, sat listlessly on the deck with knees to chin, half asleep, but always with a ready hand on the opened breech of their Snider rifles.

"HUGE CROCODILES, BASKING AT THE WATER'S EDGE, SLIPPED GREASILY INTO THE RIVER."

It was a relief when *serang* Rahman suddenly left the wheel and came forward, with an apologetic smile wrinkling his face, and whispered the news that we were approaching Bangkalak. "Thank Heaven! Now the game is really going to begin," was my silent thought, as we sprang to our feet.

The deck of the launch at the bows had been left unprotected so as to allow of the steersman having a clear view ahead, and as we rounded the next bend we saw we were approaching the junction of the Sadap delta, where Amina had warned us to be careful. On arriving at the division of the waters the launch was turned sharply into the main stream, and the dense forest on the right suddenly ceased, giving place to a grass plain, which extended behind the ruins of a native house. The *serang* had again grasped the spokes of the wheel and was gazing steadily ahead, cautiously following the deep-water channel, which ran parallel with and close to the right bank. Suddenly the Dyak sergeant stepped quickly forward to the gun and slipped a friction tube into its vent, exclaiming loudly, "There are clothes drying in the sun! Take heed, Excellency," he added, "there are men hiding in the grass." As we sprang to our feet, seizing our rifles, the Governor said, suddenly, "Look at the *serang*, he is standing quite exposed!" True enough, the raised plank on which the native stood to give him a better purchase on the wheel allowed of only half his body being concealed behind our defences.

"It is naught, Excellency," exclaimed Rahman, carelessly. "I require to see to right and left."

When the launch was abreast of the grassy patch, and was only some 20ft. distant from the bank, a loud report was heard and a cloud of smoke issued from the ruined building. A *lela* ball struck and rebounded from the

rattans suspended over the launch's side. This first token of battle was greeted by the police with a fierce war-cry, and, without waiting for orders, the sergeant stooped and pulled his lanyard. A sheet of flame, a deafening explosion, and the "Pride of Sadap"—as the ship's crew had already nicknamed the antique relic—belched its load of canister in a withering sweep through house and grass, silencing for a moment the musketry fire from the enemy which had followed the discharge of the swivel-gun.

"A capital shot," said the Governor, as he scanned the bank, oblivious of the bullets which began to fly anew about our ears.

"And a good pattern, sir," I observed, looking at two prostrate forms which showed through the crushed grass stalks.

But, alas! our poor old gun was out of action. The sergeant had only secured one of the trunnion clamps, and the force of the recoil had broken the other and hurled the gun on the deck, narrowly missing the legs of the bystanders.

"We have lost the chance of giving the beggars another surprise, and perhaps saved ourselves from an accident at the same time," said the Governor, cheerfully; "but let us have a few shots now on our own account," and, resting his arm on the barricade, he fired into a bush from which a puff of smoke had just risen.

A few seconds passed and the launch had left behind the open strip of country and was abreast of the secondary growth and tangled vegetation, which screened the banks so effectually as to be quite impenetrable to the eye. My heart sank as I looked up the river, and I laid a warning hand on the Governor's arm and pointed dumbly to where a giant snag loomed just ahead of the bows, jerking continuously with the force of the current, and menacing the boat with its jagged branches. I glanced back at the *serang*, who, with immovable face, held grimly to the spokes of the wheel. Not a muscle quivered in his face. He quietly put the wheel round, aided by a crouching sailor, and brought the bows within 10ft. of the bank. I looked over the side with a groan of despair, for I thought that in another moment we should run ashore and be at the mercy of our ruthless foes on the bank. But there was a cunning hand at the wheel. The order was given to proceed at half-speed, and slowly and easily the boat glided round on a course parallel with the bank, and following all its curves. So close were we that I could trace every vein on the surface of the leaves, and the overhanging branches of the trees scraped the top of the awning.

A narrow rift in the green wall presently gaped at us, and footprints on the muddy ground indicated that we were looking at a hidden path At that moment a prick-eared native dog strolled into view from out of the jungle and yelped defiantly as he caught our scent, causing every man on board to take a harder grip of his rifle, for we all knew that the hunting dog is never seen except in close proximity to his master. Then right in our faces blazed a volley, accompanied by savage yells of defiance.

Bush and tree-trunk were hidden from view by a thick pall of smoke from invisible muskets, but at last we were at close quarters with our lurking foes and all sense of danger was forgotten for the moment. The police were in their element, for there was no tiresome "captain sahib" present to check the waste of ammunition. Fast and furiously the rifles on board spoke, as often as the men could reload, while bullets whizzed all around, many thudding harmlessly on the rattans.

Just as the first volley blew the leaves into our faces, I glanced at the *serang* to see how he fared. Simultaneously splinters flew from the rim of the wheel, and a bullet embedded itself in the hard wood not 2in. from the helmsman's left hand. He never even shifted his grip! Truly old Rahman showed that day what good blood is still left in the Singapore Malay under the fostering spirit of British rulers, who try to make men of their dusky subjects and not cringing slaves.

The snag was past, and I gave a sigh of relief as I saw a clear waterway ahead. The narrow channel, apparently created for our destruction, now led us out into mid-stream and the launch was able to proceed at full speed. Though our foes still sent futile shots after us no further damage was sustained, and a final volley in reply to the snipers frightened them off once for all.

The enemy had made good practice in their shooting at close quarters. Just one short inch above my head, through the rolled-up canvas screen, there was a neat bullet-hole. The damaged wheel, several holes through the funnel and a canvas bath suspended over the side of the launch, added to the ceaseless pattering of slugs and nails against the rattans, showed good aiming; and yet none on board was the worse for the *rencontre*. For this we had to thank the fewness of our numbers and the wide intervals at which we stood when manning the defences.

Presently the aspect of the country through which we were passing changed itself from a useless and uncultivated tract of country to a prosperous agricultural district, and across the

open stretches of grass land lying ready for the plough, and through the variegated shadows in the dark green sago groves, the shrill whistle of the launch carried the news that His Excellency the Governor had escaped the snare laid for him.

The villagers of Timad Sadap needed no further explanation of how the ambush had fared when they saw the dead and wounded brought in by the remnant of the party which had started out to teach a lesson in strategy to the white rulers of Sadap. To this day many of the inhabitants bear the marks of buck-shot and bullet as a reminiscence of their foiled attempt to kill the Governor Sahib. But those bitter days are past, and there are none now more friendly to the rule of the Chartered Company than our quondam enemies.

On our arrival at Gadong we found the village had been made the head-quarters of the party we were rejoining. The congratulations of our friends on our narrow escape were most hearty, as they had listened with anxiety to the distant and continuous fusillade, which gave notice of our approach.

I have only to add that Amina—whose timely warning, given at the risk of her life, undoubtedly saved our lives — was suitably rewarded, and, with her husband, was given a safe home in a distant part of the State.

"FAST AND FURIOUSLY THE RIFLES ON BOARD SPOKE."

Studying the Aurora Borealis.

By George Brochner, of Copenhagen.

An article on a very little understood subject. The Danish Government recently dispatched an expedition to investigate the beautiful phenomenon known as the Aurora Borealis, or "Northern Lights." Count Harold Moltke, who accompanied the expedition, succeeded in making a unique series of pictures of the aurora, which are here published for the first time.

COUNT HAROLD MOLTKE, THE WELL-KNOWN DANISH PAINTER, WHOSE AURORA BOREALIS PICTURES HAVE CREATED A SENSATION IN SCIENTIFIC CIRCLES. [*From a photo. by Mr. F. Reise.*

SOME time ago the Danish Government decided to equip and send out an expedition for the purpose of investigating the beautiful phenomenon known as the Aurora Borealis, or "Northern Lights." This expedition had as its leader Mr. Adam Poulsen, the director of the Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen, and was well equipped with scientific instruments, etc.

One of the members of the party was Count Harold Moltke, the well-known Danish painter, a portrait of whom is here given, and it is to him that the scientific world is indebted for the beautiful pictures of the Aurora Borealis, which may justly claim to be the first adequate pictorial representations of this strange and magnificent phenomenon. We have much pleasure in reproducing some of Count Moltke's pictures, which have attracted much attention in scientific circles. So pleased was the Danish Government with the pictures that it is having a special report prepared on the work of the expedition, in which these pictures will appear in colour.

The party made their head-quarters at Akureiri, Iceland, where all preparations were completed for making an exhaustive series of atmospheric observations. It was proposed to spend here the winter of 1899–1900, and the home of the expedition was most appropriately christened "Aurora."

It was soon found that, if the best possible observations were to be taken, it would be necessary to establish a station on higher ground. In November, 1899, therefore, a small mountain station was erected on the exposed top of the Sulier Mountain, about 4,000ft. above the level of the sea, and some four or five miles to the

THE OBSERVATION STATION ON THE TOP OF MOUNT SULIER IN SUMMER.

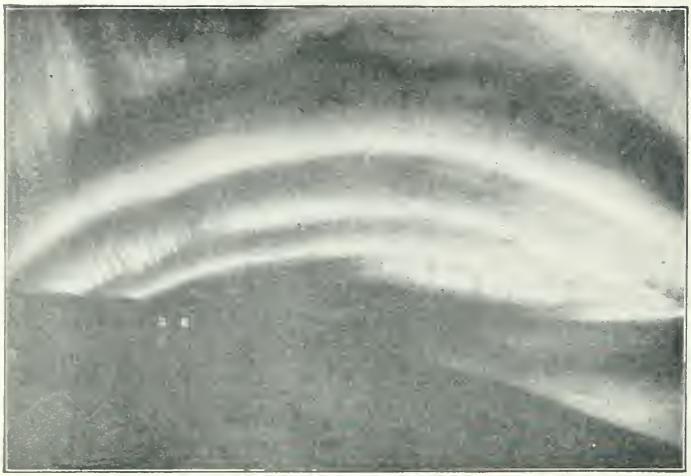
THE OBSERVATION STATION IN WINTER—THE TWO INHABITANTS SUFFERED GREAT PRIVATIONS FROM THE INTENSE COLD AND FREQUENT STORMS.

west of the expedition's head-quarters. The top of Mount Sulier only just afforded room for a small tent, 4ft. by 8ft., where Moltke and La Cour, another member of the expedition, spent a month under the most trying conditions imaginable. Cooped up in this tiny tent the two scientists worked indefatigably, La Cour making atmospheric electric observations and Moltke painting—when there was any chance of painting. Storms of terrific violence swept over the mountain-top, compelling the two men to spend the greater part of the time in their sleeping-bags, as any attempt to venture outside was attended with the greatest risk. The tent itself was buried deep under the snow, or else it would certainly have been blown away by the howling gusts. Nothing daunted, however, the two men stuck bravely to their post, and later in the winter, when the weather had somewhat moderated, a wooden hut was erected on the top of Mount Sulier and Moltke spent the month of February there, together with another member of the expedition. The conditions were then much more favourable for scientific work, and not only did the two men make many interesting observations, but Moltke found it possible to complete several Aurora Borealis pictures, his elevated position on the mountain-top forming a splendid view-point.

Two of the illustrations reproduced show the top of the mountain in summer and winter respectively. It required no small amount of pluck and endurance to take up residence at this great height during the worst months of the year, but these explorers were determined to accomplish the work they had set out to do; and that they did it is abundantly proved by the unique series of aurora pictures here shown and the exhaustive scientific data shortly to be published by the Danish Government.

Anyone who has witnessed a display of "Northern Lights" will be able to appreciate the extreme difficulty of Count Moltke's task,

A VIVID AURORA SEEN BY MOONLIGHT—IN THE FOREGROUND IS A SPECTROGRAPH AT WORK.



"A BEAUTIFUL TRIPLE RAINBOW, OCCUPYING THE WHOLE FIRMAMENT FROM HORIZON TO HORIZON."

which was complicated by the intense cold and terrible storms which prevailed at the eyrie on Mount Sulier.

Several attempts have been made at various times to depict the Aurora Borealis, but with very small success. The airy elusiveness, so to speak, of the phenomenon has always proved a stumbling-block, and to use the camera is, of course, quite out of the question.

Sceptics declared that it was impossible for the brush to perpetuate in anything like an adequate fashion the bewildering beauty of the aurora, but it has been left for Count Moltke, after protracted and assiduous study, to produce what is admitted on all sides to be the most beautiful, and at the same time correct, set of pictures ever seen. All the best-known types of aurora are shown, and the effects secured are marvellously true to Nature.

The first aurora picture we reproduce shows an unusually vivid manifestation seen by moonlight towards the W.N.W. This appears for all the world like waving lines of light, with a lower strata of luminous porcupine quills. In the foreground of the picture will be seen a spectrograph, a delicate instrument used for photographing the spectrum of the aurora.

The second example is like a beautiful triple rainbow, occupying the whole firmament from horizon to horizon, and bordered by tremulous areas of brilliant light. Then, again, the strange lights may also appear as clusters of fluttering ribbons, as depicted in the next illustration, or like a great drapery covering the sky, as shown in another picture. It may only be visible through clouds, as on the next page, or the observer may see the surpassingly beautiful "carpet" formation illustrated in the last picture. In whatever shape or form it appears, however, it is always wondrously beautiful, with its subtle

"CLUSTERS OF FLUTTERING RIBBONS."

"LIKE A GREAT DRAPERY COVERING THE SKY."

A STRIKING AURORA SEEN THROUGH CLOUDS.

blendings of red, green, yellow, and white against the background of dark blue sky.

After his return to the head-quarters of the expedition Count Moltke continued the work which he had begun on the top of Mount Sulier, and some of the most characteristic pictures date from his observations at that time. In April, however, the increasing lightness of the nights made further work impossible, and so, after a sojourn of some eight months, the expedition left Iceland, greatly impressed with the weird and striking beauty of the phenomena they had witnessed, and with the kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants of that country.

"THE SURPASSINGLY BEAUTIFUL 'CARPET' FORMATION."

A Cat that Solved the Water Problem.

By John Chetwood.

Dog heroes are not unknown to fame, but the acknowledged hero of the town of Goshen, in the State of New York, is a small white cat known by the name of "Tom." When the pressing problem of a local water supply was baffling the authorities, a wonderful exploit of the cat's solved the difficulty—an exploit which only an animal commonly credited with an unusual number of lives could have performed without being killed.

THE little town of Goshen lies in what is known as the Walkill Valley, Orange County, Southern New York. The eastern boundary of the county is the broad and majestic Hudson, but Goshen lies at the centre of the county, separated from the famous stream by many a mile and mountain. The town is pretty and its surroundings are very attractive, the one drawback being a defective water supply. This drawback was naturally made the most of by rival towns, which sought to allure the hesitating investor and the summer tourist.

The vexed question with the good people of Goshen was how to get a reliable water supply, and whether to buy an artesian well some two miles from the town, or to fare two miles further and purchase a large spring belonging to Mr. Wilmot Makuen, where the water gushed forth in a mighty volume with such force that it was known as the "Boiling Spring."

On the issue of well *versus* spring the town divided into two bitterly hostile camps. The advocates of the well urged that two miles of piping could be avoided and time and money saved by its purchase, but their opponents caustically replied that the spring furnished water in abundance and had never been known to run dry, while no man could foretell what the well might do. Feeling ran high, and excited debates took place all over the town. Then "Tom" came to the front and settled the controversy once and for ever. While theorists disputed, the cat made a practical test. He took a simple and obvious course—but a distinctly dangerous one. He went down the well and came up in the spring, thus proving their source of supply to be one and the same!

THE PUMP-HOUSE AT THE HOWELL CREAMERY—IT WAS DOWN THE ARTESIAN WELL IN THIS BUILDING THAT POOR "TOM" JUMPED.
From a Photo.

It all came about in this way. The artesian well was situated at the home of "Tom," which is known far and wide as the Howell Creamery, where much of the famous Orange County cream is condensed and shipped all over the United States. Even before his leap into fame the cat was a family pet, and noted for his intelligent interest both in household and business affairs. The business being cream, the cat's interest was natural, and "Tom" spent much of his time in the factory.

The great adventure of his life, however, occurred—or rather began—in the pump-house, which was built over the cherished artesian well. A short time ago the pump of this well got out of order, and Superintendent Frank Thompson and Mr. Terhune, the bookkeeper, lifted off the upper part of the pipe—a 10in. one—preparatory to having the inside scraped. Having removed the upper works they paused for a moment in their investigation and looked curiously down the opening, which extended to the water below—a distance of no less than 268ft.

Suddenly the two men were startled by a white furry object that shot through the open door. It was "Tom" in mad pursuit of a flying leaf. The leaf blew directly over the open pipe and was drawn downward. Then, before they could check him, poor "Tom" had dived headlong after the leaf!

"That's the end of poor old 'Tom,'" said the bookkeeper.

"Yes, that's his last chase, for a certainty," replied the superintendent.

"Tom's" remarkable exit was timed, for the superintendent was about to look up some of his men, and so consulted his watch just after the cat vanished. He found the hour to be 10.57 a.m.

About ten minutes after eleven of the same day Mr. Makuen, owner of the "Boiling Spring," was passing near the water-hole when he heard a distinct, though feeble, "meow-meow." Pushing his way through the brush to the broad pool formed by the spring, he saw, to his amazement, a small white cat with a pink ribbon round its neck struggling in the water. The poor animal was trying to swim ashore, but had been caught in a small whirlpool at the centre of the spring, and was too much overcome by fright and exhaustion to make any headway.

The kind-hearted owner waded in to the rescue, and after some hesitation turned his steps homewards, wrapping the bedraggled and shivering pass up in his great-coat. As he did so thoughts of alimentary began to occur to him, and he looked at his watch. It was fortunate that he did so, for he unconsciously timed the rescue. It was exactly twelve minutes after eleven when he dragged "Tom" out of the spring, and just fifteen minutes had elapsed since the cat leaped down the well-shaft, two miles away! The diagram here reproduced—made from a sketch drawn for a New York journal—will enable the reader to follow the course of "Tom's" journey, and to see at a glance the light thrown by it on the burning question of Goshen's water supply.

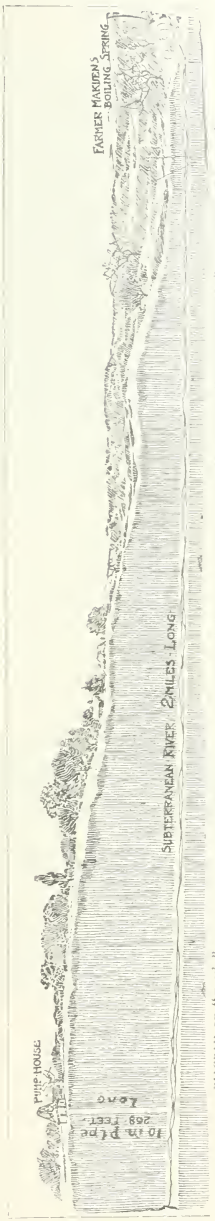


DIAGRAM OF "TOM'S" REMARKABLE JOURNEY—HE TRAVELLED UNDERGROUND FROM THE PUMP-HOUSE TO THE "BOILING SPRING" IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

As for the feline hero, he was borne carefully home from the spring and placed in the care of Mrs. Makuen, who had him thoroughly dried, warmed, and fed. But later in the day "Tom" grew homesick, or it may be he shrank from accepting hospitality where he had, perhaps, diminished the value of property! At all events, he slipped through an open door and rapidly disappeared in the direction of the creamery, where he turned up shortly after before the startled eyes of Mr. Terhune, the bookkeeper, who had been lamenting his untimely fate.

When the astonished bookkeeper had rallied from the shock and it was found that "Tom" was no spectre, but still in the flesh, he was warmly welcomed home. His gait was rather unsteady and he no longer answered to his name—for the poor animal was stone-deaf.

The facts relating to "Tom's" rescue were soon public property, and it immediately became patent to even the most prejudiced of the water-supply disputants that the little white cat had done more for the

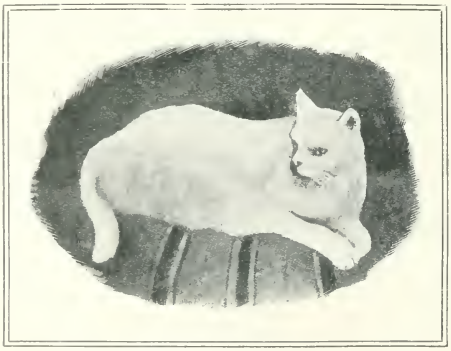
town than anybody else in its history. He had settled finally the question of a permanent and reliable water supply—hitherto the one fatal bar to the prosperity of the community.

His journey from the creamery to Mr. Makuen's farm—two miles away—in a quarter of an hour demonstrated that he had travelled along a swift underground river of great force so that all idea of buying the far-away "Boiling Spring" was immediately abandoned.

"Tom," by all accounts, is fast recovering his usual health, and may in time, perhaps, regain his hearing. But he studiously avoids the pump-house, it is said, and cannot be induced to face a hole of any sort, not even a rat hole!

MR. MAKUEN, WHO RESCUED "TOM" FROM THE "BOILING SPRING."
From a Photo. by Wheeler, Goshen, N.Y.

And so the Goshen cat has made both himself and Goshen famous. An American newspaper of great prominence and enterprise had him photographed when interviewing the parties concerned, and would no doubt have interviewed "Tom" also but for his infirmity of hearing. The American Press, too, with characteristic energy, has been discussing whether something should not be done for the cat, and whether an animal of his intelligence and force of character could not be taught to use an ear trumpet or, at least, a small auriphone! A drinking fountain has also been suggested—fed, of course, from the well he investigated, and surmounted by a life-size statue of "Tom," with the inscription "In Grateful Memory."



"TOM," THE CAT HERO OF GOSHEN, N.Y.—IT WAS EVEN PROPOSED TO ERECT A STATUE TO HIM!
From a Photo

THE NORWEGIAN OLYMPIC GAMES.

By Mrs. L. F. K. von Thiele.

Mrs. von Thiele has recently returned from a prolonged tour through Norway, in the course of which she visited the great annual "Hoprend," or ski competition, at which champions from all over the country compete. Some of the feats accomplished at this gathering are little short of marvellous, leaps of 70ft. and 80ft. being looked upon as quite ordinary affairs.

ALTHOUGH England is considered the home of sport, and Englishmen are always ready to go to the farthest parts of the earth to indulge their propensity for anything that promises danger and excitement, yet there is one sport of which very few in this country have any knowledge. This sport is the Norwegian ski-lobning, or snow-shoeing, which culminates in a wonderful three days' display of running and jumping on a hill outside Christiania during the first week in February of every year. Most people have an idea that the Norwegian ski is like the Canadian snow-shoe, but this is quite erroneous, the two being completely different, both in appearance and use. Canadian snow-shoes are made of a slim framework of ash or other light wood, laced across with thongs of deer hide, and look exactly like tennis racquets. They are used for getting about over loose, fresh-fallen snow on the flat ground, and in walking it is necessary to lift one foot over the other. Norwegian skis (pronounced "she") are long, narrow pieces of wood about 4½in. wide, 8ft. long, and curved upwards at the toe, fastened on to the toe and heel by straps or pieces of pliant bamboo, and so arranged as to leave the foot free. In some parts of Norway and in Finland one ski is made much longer than the other; this is to prevent the runner catching one ski in the other when turning quickly in the mazes of a wood. Instead of lifting the skis up in walking, one slides, and the longer the slide the quicker one gets over the ground. One or two sticks are used to help the ski-lobner over the ground; they are generally of bamboo and about 6ft. long, shod with a pointed iron spike, to which are attached rings of bamboo to prevent the sticks penetrating too far into the snow. These sticks are the greatest possible help to the runner. At first skis were used entirely by the peasants for getting from place to place, for the depth of the snow would otherwise prevent anybody moving away from their own homesteads during the long winter months; added to which, Norway being such a mountainous country, it became the easiest mode of locomotion—the impetus gained by descending the hills with such lightning rapidity could be utilized for the ascent of the next hill, or to carry one far forward on the level ground. The Telemarken men were especially noted for their dexterity and proficiency in ski-running, to which they added jumping as an ornamental adjunct, and it is to their example that Norway owes the great "Hoprend."

The first and third days of the great annual "Hoprend"—or, as the Norwegians proudly call it, the "Olympic Games of the North"—are devoted to the long-distance runs, which are a compound of steeplechases without horses and obstacle races, and the second day to the great "hop," or jump. The first-named took place this year on Sunday, February 2nd, at Frognersaeter. For days, nay weeks before, the newspapers vied with each other in prophesy-

ing the winners, and the health of the different competitors, their condition, their style of running, etc., were discussed with the most embarrassing freedom. Twice a day bulletins were issued as to the condition of the snow, and charts of the barometer were the favourite reading of the public. The competition this year excited the more interest in that the men were well known and considered the finest set that had ever been brought together since the institution of the sports, ten years ago.

No prettier or more charming spot could be chosen for the long run than Frogner-saeter, situated high up among the fir trees. The *rendezvous* for the ski-lobners is one of the most delightfully situated restaurants it is possible to conceive. Built of brown timber in the ancient Viking style, with overhanging eaves, quaint dragons' heads, and all sorts of queer mythological animal figures stretching out gargoyle necks into the air, it made a wonderful background for the hundreds of sportsmen stacking up their skis and sticks on the heaped-up snow.

From a] THE RENDEZVOUS FOR THE COMPETITORS. [*Photo.*

Just at the back of the Sports Hall a young doctor was busy blacking strips of paper over a lamp ready to try the pulses of the competitors, so that, in case of two competitors tieing, their condition on returning should determine the victor! Doctors were everywhere to be seen—town doctors and country doctors, doctors of all sorts and conditions and of every age, for a great deal of controversy had been carried on in the columns of the Christiania papers as to the effect of ski-lobning on the action of the heart. A noted Swedish professor maintained that after tests in Sweden it was proved that the heart became enlarged after such terrible exertions, which were likely to prove fatal if persisted in. Other experts maintained that nothing of the sort happened, and in order to put an end to the controversy it was agreed that doctors should be allowed to test the candidates' hearts both before and after the run, and the doctors had responded to this invitation in great force. I did not hear what decision they came to, but I know that one man started with a pulse at 84 and came back with a pulse at 96. All this examining took up time, so that the run, instead of commencing at 9.30, began at 10.30. There were 132 entries, although only 111 ran the whole course, some not having arrived in time and others having fallen out. No one is allowed to take part in the "hop" who has not already competed in the long run. Even after this they are weeded out again, and it is only the very best men that eventually compete in the jump. All the competitors are between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, as they are then considered to be at their fullest vigour and at their best for this trying sport.

At the back of the Sports Hall a small wooden barrier had been erected, forming a square space, with an opening at either end for the judges and starters. Behind this barrier the spectators took their places, forming two lines leading down into the wood. At first I thought I must have come to the wrong place, for there was no wide place reserved for the competitors. All I could see was a narrow lane leading through the wood, down which it would be impossible for more than a couple of men to run side by side. How, then, could they start more than a hundred competitors? However, I learnt afterwards they were started one by one. Several stout gentlemen came hurrying up on skis and, donning heavy fur coats and *fin-sko* (high boots made of reindeer skins stuffed with hay), they sat down at the two tables on either side of the enclosure, and after comparing watches commenced arranging all the preliminaries of the race.

A number of athletic young men, with well-knit forms, were congregated at the open end of the barrier. They wore no distinctive dress: simply a thick woollen jersey, short coat, and ordinary trousers tucked into ski-boots—a

particular kind of boot made of soft, thick reindeer leather, shaped to the foot, and with a pliant sole. At the back is a small strap for securing the boot to the ski. As a name was called a man stepped forward, took off his coat, received a large placard with a printed number, which he affixed to his chest, and then took up his position inside the barrier. While he was waiting for the signal to go he kept his coat hanging loosely round his shoulders and his cap on his head, and planted his sticks firmly in the snow ready to push off at a second's notice. The judges called out "Get ready!" a friendly policeman snatched away the coat and hat, and then almost with the same breath came the word "Go!" and before the word was completely finished he was out of sight. A friend waved his cap, the few Britishers present raised a cheer, and then the next competitor stood forth. Each man seemed to have his own manner of starting. Some stamp the snow hard to get a good grip of the surface, and with one ski in front of the other slide gracefully down the slope. Others start with a series of short hops like a rabbit lopping over high grass, and then, getting into the swing after a few yards, go off at a magnificent speed with scarcely any perceptible movement of the body. Another man will stand with his back bowed almost level to the ground, with his eyes fixed before him, and as the signal is given will bound straight up into the air and then, swaying from side to side, with a few powerful thrusts of his two sticks will race off at lightning speed.

"GET READY!"—A COMPETITOR ABOUT TO START FOR THE "LONG RUN." [*Photo.*
From a]

The long run is over twelve English miles of the most difficult country that can be found, up hill and down dale, over fences and across ditches, and where the going is good artificial obstacles have been erected to make it more formidable. The path—if a track a foot or so across can be called a path—becomes narrower and narrower, leading through forests where the trees are so close together as to leave scarcely an inch of space on either side of the flying ski; sharp corners have to be negotiated, where a too sudden turn would snap the ski into splinters; mounds that are nothing but slippery ice have to be jumped; steep ravines with all sorts of pitfalls in the shape of hidden boulders have to be rushed; narrow ledges where scarcely a goat can find foothold must be crept over; danger—nay, sometimes death itself—has to be encountered at every step. It is a marvellous performance of pluck and daring. Up and down, guided by the pieces of red stuff on trees or overhanging rocks, or by the warning voices of non-competing members of the clubs stationed at different parts of the road: on, on the skilobner goes, perspiration pouring in streams from his face, with eyes blinded by the dazzling whiteness of the snow, nerves strained almost to breaking point, his breath coming in great gasps, his breast working convulsively until one can almost see his heart throbbing. Sometimes he falls, as the points of his ski catch on a jagged rock, but he is up on his feet in an instant, for a second lost now can never be retrieved. The blood from many a cut and bruise streams down his ghastly white face, but still on he goes until there comes the last mad rush down the mountain and up through the woods, and the wooden barricade is again in sight.

The competitors are expected back just before midday, and the finish is even more exciting than the start, for the first-comer is not necessarily the winner, as the time of his starting has to be reckoned with. First a faint cheer can be heard in the far-off distance, and scouts on skis come hurrying up from the outposts to announce the proximity of the competitors. Everybody lines up and watches the men coming up the slope, putting on a spurt for the last few yards. Some are in a very exhausted condition and can scarcely drag their feet along, but the majority, though

THE PLATFORM OF SNOW FROM WHICH THE JUMP IS MADE.
From a [*Photo.*

very pale, seem to look none the worse for the run.

No accidents occurred during the run I witnessed except that a number of men broke their skis. This is not always the case, however, as sometimes limbs are broken or men are frozen to death through sinking exhausted into the snow. The usual time for this race is 1hr. 40min., but Paul Braatham, the winner on this occasion, broke the record by running it in 1hr. 18min. He was closely followed by two other men, Sijurd Trömes, 1hr. 20min., and Halvard Hansen, 1hr. 20min. 30sec.

The Norwegian snow Derby took place the day afterwards. As with the long run, we were favoured with the most wonderful weather, the sun pouring down as at midsummer, turning the whole Holmenkollen Hill into the semblance of a glistening white christening-cake, with the fir trees silhouetted dusky black against the cloudless blue sky. Although in many respects Holmenkollen is not equal to many other hills for giving length of jumps, yet its nearness to Christiania and its picturesque surroundings make up for minor defects. For days before the whole hill had been a hive of industry, a small army of men having been employed in carting snow to the hill and to the frozen lake at its foot, levelling it in some places and raising it in others with scientific precision, so that no irregularities or loose snow should embarrass the jumpers. The hill is some four miles from Christiania, and is covered with trees except for one broad cleared space on which the competition takes place. The slope itself is 600ft. in length, and rises to a height of nearly 160ft. above the frozen lake, while the platform of snow, or "hop," from which the jump is made is situated about one-third of the way down the hill. It juts out from the brow of the hill, a dazzling white bank, about 4ft. high, kept in place by planks of wood, and covered with the Norwegian flag. Rising on either side of the hill are wooden boxes covered with red cloth, and rows of benches arranged behind each other form a horse-shoe round the lake. These are the cheap seats; the "quality," who have the honour of sitting in the boxes, pay five kroners (about 5s. 10d.), which cannot be called an exorbitant price. The Royal box, in the absence of Royalty, is occupied by the gentlemen of the Press.

From a A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE. [*Photo.*

From early morning the whole countryside was astir. The road that girdled the Holmenkollen Hill had been widened to allow of two sleighs passing without inconvenience, and up it streamed one solid phalanx of pedestrians. The Norwegian is nothing if not patriotic, and the very fact of Norway being the home of ski-ing, and that in this one sport it stands pre-eminent above all other countries, makes him throw himself heart and soul into this one great event of the year. Every lady present had a new dress on, for to-day, unlike the long run, is not only a sporting event, but is also the smart event of the year. It is the gaiety of Henley, the brilliancy of Ranelagh, and the *éclat* of a Royal function all rolled into one. As for the youngsters, they swarmed. Perched upon trees, hanging on to barriers, clinging to platforms—it was all the same to them; but their great attraction was an old woman with shrewd, good-natured face, whose frozen oranges, hard bricks of gingerbread, and highly-flavoured peppermint drops soon charmed the money out of their pockets. About fifty policemen and a few soldiers were present, but they were more for ornament than use, for the 30,000 persons present were most orderly and well-behaved; there was no pushing, no undue crowding: everybody knew his place and kept to it.

A GREAT ATTRACTION FOR THE YOUNGSTERS — THE OLD LADY WHO SELLS ORANGES AND GINGERBREAD.
From a Photo.

From a] SOME OF THE CROWD. [*Photo.*

At the first sight the hill was disappointing; it did not appear nearly so steep as it really was, and it was only when one descended to the lake and looked upwards that one realized its true proportions. The starting-point with the competitors was out of sight and only the "hop" could be seen, but farther up one got a good view of the whole proceedings.

A little before one o'clock the band, which was stationed on the lake, played a stirring national march, and the spectators hurried to their places. The judges entered the box beside the platform, a line was laid down the hill, with tags at intervals to mark the mètres (3¼ English feet), and there were all the bustle and expectancy betokening the commencement of the sports. Members of the chief ski clubs, adorned with blue and white rosettes, stood in two lines down the hill, books in hand, prepared to take down the distance covered by each jump; soldiers armed with shovels, picks, and rakes were stationed at the bottom of the hill. The members of the committee, noted ski-lobners themselves, had already tried the jump and declared it perfect, and everything promised well for the day's sport.

The music suddenly ceased, there were a few moments of perfect silence, and then a flag

From a Photo. by] A COMPETITOR CROUCHING FOR THE JUMP. *[Parman, Christiania.*

flashed out of the judge's box, a bugle-call rang out sharply somewhere high up the hill, and then something flashed past and was gone before one had collected one's senses enough to realize that it was a man who had accomplished the "hop." I can describe it as nothing more or less than the sensation of seeing a streak of black lightning descending from the heavens to earth. One feels utterly bewildered; one's sight is not keen enough to follow such a flight, and it is only by paying the closest attention that one is able afterwards to see everything from start to finish.

Again the bugle sounds, and there is a slight hissing sound like the wind whistling through an empty casement; it is the skis scraping over the frozen snow. There is a breathless expectancy, and then down the hill another something is seen rapidly approaching—something dark that might be a bird skimming over the surface of the snow, a mere black speck with no semblance of human shape about it. Nearer and nearer it comes. Every second the pace increases until it becomes a mad, impetuous whirlwind of motion. The platform is reached; the figure doubles itself up into a ball; it bounds up into the air; then, with arms whirling round and round, it steadies itself in mid-air for an infinitesimal part of a second and shoots downwards into space. It is a moment of the most intense excitement, for before he can touch ground he must fall at least 60ft. Will he stand when he touches the slope of the hill? That is the real test. Yes! Without a movement of his body, as unerringly as an arrow from a bow, he drops on the hill, and, swaying to and fro to regain his balance after the shock of landing, races forward down the remaining part of the

"A MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT."
From a Photo. by Thorkelsen.

hill. Sliding over the flat, open space at the foot, with a few skilful movements of his body he brings his skis sharply round and finally pulls himself up halfway round the horseshoe of seats.

Even more weird is the view of the jump from the top of the hill where the start is made. The pace is terrific as the competitor rushes down the first part of the hill. He has no sticks to regulate his speed, for these are only used in the long run, and reaching the platform he leaps down into space. One sees nothing of the thousands of spectators below or the ground on which he will alight—nothing but a yawning chasm into which the black, rigid figure hurls itself.

Not all the competitors are so lucky or so efficient as to keep their feet on alighting, although the average of clean jumps is 70 per cent. Very often after making a magnificent leap they lose their balance on touching the ground and go tumbling over and over in the snow, giving a wonderful *tableau vivant* of the Manx arms in motion. Where they generally come to grief is at the "hop," for it is absolutely necessary that the feet should be in a certain position before the leap is attempted. Many, however, are unable to accomplish this, and in mid-air cross their skis and take a header into the snow, into which they completely disappear, scattering clouds of what looks like fine flour in all directions. A good deal of amusement was caused by one man turning a series of somersaults in the air, finally landing on the points of his skis, where he hung

"NOT ALL THE COMPETITORS ARE SO LUCKY AS TO KEEP THEIR FEET." [*Photo.*
From a]

A VIEW OF THE JUMP FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL.
From Photos. by Parman, Christiania.

"WELL JUMPED, SIR!"

suspended. When at last he managed to extricate himself he finished the race by tobogganing down the remainder of the hill on his waistcoat. As these falls tear up the level ground, the soldiers and officials instantly commence to hammer down the loose snow with shovels and mallets, while others on skis stamp it into condition again.

THE PROPER WAY TO BALANCE.
From a Photo. by Parman, Christiania.

It is wonderful how few accidents there are. To see a man rush madly forward, fall 60ft. or 70ft., and land right on his head makes one think that at the very least he has broken his neck. But, no: before one has time to think even the man is up and away, and the only evil consequence felt is a bad headache the next day. The only real accident that has ever occurred happened about eight years ago, when a young man caught the points of his ski in the snow and, falling on his chest, was so badly injured that he died shortly afterwards. Broken limbs are not counted as bad accidents, and even these are rare, but so lightly are they regarded that one of the competitors who had broken his arm at some other competition jumped just the same at Holmenkollen only a few days after the accident.

This year the competitors were unusually well matched, the jumps averaging from 91ft. to 94ft. These jumps, although wonderful, became after a time rather monotonous, but presently a mighty shout was heard and a man was seen to bound into the air from the platform to a prodigious height. In flying upwards he forced his body forward so that the impetus gained carried him far beyond the distance attained by any of his predecessors. This was Reider Gjolme, and he broke the record on the Holmenkollen Hill, jumping 29½ mètres (about 96ft.) and alighting fair and square at the foot of the hill. Certainly lack of enthusiasm could not then be laid to the score of the Norwegians. They cheered themselves hoarse, handkerchiefs were waved, and those who had already jumped crowded round the victor and congratulated him without the slightest suspicion of envy. Although this was the longest jump ever made at Holmenkollen,

THE JUMPS AVERAGED FROM 91FT. TO 94FT.—HERE IS A SNAPSHOT OF A PARTICULARLY GOOD LEAP.

From a] THE "DOUBLE JUMPS"—LADY AND GENTLEMAN LEAPING HAND IN HAND. [*Photo.*

it is not the longest on record, for in 1894 Torjus Hemnestvedt, a young Telemarken peasant, cleared 120ft. at Red Wing, U.S.A., but fell on landing. The grandest leap in Norway was at Solbergbakken, a hill twelve miles from Christiania, in 1900, when Olaf Tandberg, aged twenty-one years, cleared 117ft. and remained standing.

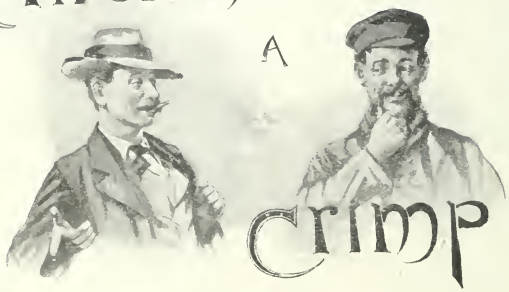
The ladies, too, are expert skilobners, although they are not as yet allowed to compete with the men at Holmenkollen. In other parts of the country, however, there are ladies' and mixed races, in which the fair sex more than hold their own. One young girl of fifteen jumped 100ft. this winter at some village sports in the Telemarken.

After the single jumps come the "double jumps," when two men jump together. It is a marvellous performance for two dark figures at the same moment to go whizzing through the air, making two black blotches against the brilliant background of blue sky and dazzling snow. In very few cases did the two remain standing on alighting. Sometimes one fell and the other rushed forward, but in many cases they both bit the ground.

One very pleasing feature of the Norwegian Derby is the total absence of betting. It is sport pure and simple. Nobody is a penny the better off for the favourite coming in first or last. Professionalism is unknown, and this land of ice and snow affords a living example of the possibility of enjoying a spectacle of pluck, skill, and endurance without the unhealthy stimulus of gambling.

TWO SCHOOLBOYS DOING THE "DOUBLE JUMP."
From a Photo. by Parman, Christiania.

CATCHING A CRIMP



By Captain Alfred J. Maunder.

Captain Maunder is the marine expert of the "Merchant Service Review," and he here narrates an amusing story which was told to him in Callao by one of the chief actors in it. The names of the persons concerned and the ship are, of course, fictitious.

FROM time immemorial Callao, the port of Lima, the capital of the Peruvian Republic, has been notorious as the happy hunting-ground of the sailors' crimp, and in the days when the great guano fields of the Chincha and Guanape Islands were in full operation, and the harbour was constantly well filled with ships, mostly British and American, these scoundrels were permitted to practise their nefarious calling with almost absolute impunity, and to set the efforts of Consuls, shipmasters, and all interested in shipping absolutely at defiance. It was understood that any of these gentry who were caught red-handed were liable to imprisonment and to putting in a certain amount of service in the Peruvian navy as a punishment; but no one had ever heard of the Government catching any of them, or ever showing itself desirous of so doing. Whether things are as bad now as they were formerly the writer does not know, but probably they are, as the wheels of South American Governments move slowly in the direction of law, order, and civilization. Be that as it may, however, at the time of the occurrence here related, about thirty years ago, the crimp and the boarding-master were in the full heyday of their prosperity, were seemingly amenable to no law, and were the cause of no end of trouble to every shipmaster who for his sins was compelled to visit Callao.

The method pursued by these scoundrels was to haunt the ship day and night, entering into conversation whenever they had an opportunity with any sailors who were willing to listen to their cajolments and to a description of the delights that awaited them on shore, and to which, of course, the crimps were only too willing to introduce them. These expeditions were carried on in beautifully built and exceedingly fast-pulling skiffs, in which was always kept a spare oar for the use of the eloping sailor, in case of pursuit. Two boarding-house "runners" formed the crew, and the boats were so slenderly and finely built that the two men, one passenger, and, if possible, his bag were usually sufficient to make a full cargo. It was the easiest matter in the world for these boats to come under the bow of a ship at night-time by arrangement, and for Jack to lower his bag and himself into her, and then, hey! for the

shore with all possible speed. There being no police or other officials who found it part of their duty to check these proceedings, the only thing possible was for the officers of the vessels concerned to use ceaseless vigilance; but, watch as they might, nothing seemed to prevent their men from escaping practically when they chose, the result being that it was quite usual for a master to find that, in a few days, his crew had assumed skeleton proportions, and, in some extreme cases, was non-existent altogether, except for himself and his mates!

Captain D——, of the *Blankshire*, was feeling exceedingly annoyed at this parlous state of affairs. He was a young shipmaster, and was naturally anxious that this, his first voyage in command, might be free from any delay, friction, or expense that he could possibly avoid. He had been particularly careful in his selection of a crew, and had got together a really good lot of men; he had treated and fed them well, and had been careful to give them no reasonable cause of complaint. The result was that he had been in Callao three weeks, had had to employ shore labour to discharge his cargo, and had seen his well-treated and grateful crew gradually filter away, until only two remained! Now, when he was ready to sail, he would have to be dependent for a crew on one of the same rascally boarding-house keepers who had done all the mischief. For the men obtained he would have to pay a fancy price under the suggestive title of "blood-money." "It's too bad," said Captain D——, turning to the chief mate; "here we are ready for sea almost, and with only two men in the forecastle for a crew, and no way of getting more without going ashore and paying through the nose for a crowd of scallywags—perhaps to the very same villain who has got my men. Yet what's to be done? There's no law to be got; the Consul can't do anything, it seems, and we can't have any delay if we're going to save our charter at Talcahuano."

Byrne, the mate, a tall, powerful, hard-faced man, listened to his commander's complaint with a half smile on his face.

"Personally," he said, "I'd rather do anything almost than play into the hands of such rascals as these crimps, who ought to be hung, and would be if there was any Government in the country worth the name. Let me see. There's you, sir, three mates, boatswain, carpenter, steward, cook, two sailors, and two boys—that's twelve. What do you say to taking her to Talcahuano ourselves? It could be done, captain."

"It could, no doubt," said the captain, "but a ship of 1,600 tons with a head wind all the way and twelve hands all told would not be able to carry sail and tack ship smartly enough to get in there in time to save our charter, would she? And, besides, how am I to be certain of getting a crew when we get there?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the mate, knitting his brows. "Look here, captain! I shall have to desert myself."

"What!" shouted his perplexed commander.

"Desert myself," repeated the mate, "or at least pretend to," and in a few rapid words he explained his plan to Captain D——, who listened with sparkling eyes.

Shortly after this conversation Mr. Byrne sauntered forward and accosted one of his two remaining sailors, a man not unlike himself in build and general appearance. "Well, I suppose you're not thinking of running away now, Johnson," he said, "after sticking by the ship so long?"

"No fear, sir. Once bit, twice shy. I've had a taste or two of running away before now, sir, and I've concluded that I'm not taking any more just yet."

"Well, I want you to help me, and I'll tell you how."

As he explained matters Bill Johnson's face expanded into one huge smile, and he readily promised his assistance.

Mr. Byrne had had his supper (as that meal which landsmen call tea is named on board ship), had written up his log, and was now lying back on his settee thinking over matters with the help of a big pipe when his ruminations were interrupted by a knock at the door, and his request to the visitor to "Come in" was the signal for the appearance of Johnson, A.B., who entered, with a face which showed traces of much satisfaction not unmixed with the mystery which is supposed to attach to the appearance of a conspirator.

"Well?" said the mate.

"It's all right, sir. I've arranged everything. They come along under the bow just after supper."

"The same men?" asked the mate, eagerly.

"The identical gents who took away all the rest of the crowd, sir. 'How much longer are you going to stick to that old barque?' says one. 'Well,' says I, 'I'm getting a bit sick of it. Too much work to do and too few to do it; that's what's the matter,' I says, 'and I've half a mind to clear out now, only I'm not going without my mate, and I can't get him to make up his mind.' 'Come along right now,' says he, 'and he'll soon follow once he sees you're off,' he says. 'Not me,' says I. 'We go together or not at all,' I says; 'but if you come along to-morrow night after moon-down, I think as how

I can find you a couple of saloon passengers. But don't you come forward, because one of the officers is always on the fo'c'stle head after dark,' I says. 'You just hang about, and when you hear somebody cough twice just you pull alongside amidships on the port side,' I says, 'and I'll be there.' And if all's well," concluded Johnson, "so we will be. Have I done right, sir?"

"Capitally," said Mr. Byrne. "As long as you're sure there's no mistake and that they don't suspect anything. The moon goes down about three o'clock, doesn't it?"

"Just about, sir. And as soon as she goes the gents are coming to take me and my mate ashore."

Just as the moon went down in the early hours of that morning, anyone who had had an inkling of what was going on and who knew where to look would have seen, crouched under the port bulwarks of the good ship *Blankshire*, the whole muster of the remaining ship's company, with the exception of the skipper, who, by the mate's advice, had been dissuaded from taking an active part in the performance. They would have seen, too, the chief officer, Mr. Byrne, but would not have recognised him as such, since he was garbed in a dungaree jumper and cap. Hanging under the counter, too, was a long, narrow boat manned by two men, who took care to keep her well in the shadow. The *Blankshire's* men had been well drilled in the duties that lay before them and waited in breathless silence, which was broken at last by a couple of low coughs given by Johnson. Not a moment was lost after the signal was given, but swiftly and noiselessly the crimps' boat was run alongside amidships, and a low whisper came to the listeners on deck.

"Now, then! Quick's the word. Both of you?"

"Right-O!" whispered Byrne, who had long ago decided that he was going to act as deserter on this occasion. "Look out!" and without more ado he slid quickly down a rope he had thrown over the side for the purpose. As soon as he had landed the rope was pulled up, and two bags, filled with shakings and odds and ends for the occasion, were lowered after him.

"Shove these bags for'ard, or else there'll be no room for my mate," he whispered. The aftermost man stooped to lift the nearest bag, when like a flash the mate, with a single turn of his hand, had the rope twisted round his body and hooked on to its own part (it had been specially fitted with a hook for the purpose), and singing out "Pull up, boys, like one man," threw himself with a bound on to the bow man,

"A LOW WHISPER CAME TO THE LISTENERS ON DECK."

who in an instant found his throat compressed in a grip like a vice. It all happened in less time than it has taken to describe. Less than five minutes had elapsed from the time the boat had slid alongside till the two crimping gentlemen had been slung up on deck; five minutes more sufficed to handcuff them and shove them below into the lower lazaret; and long before the sound of eight bells had rung out from the surrounding ships their beautiful craft was lying in the *Blankshire's* 'tween decks, and the mate was in the cabin going into the details, with Captain D—— for an attentive and delighted listener.

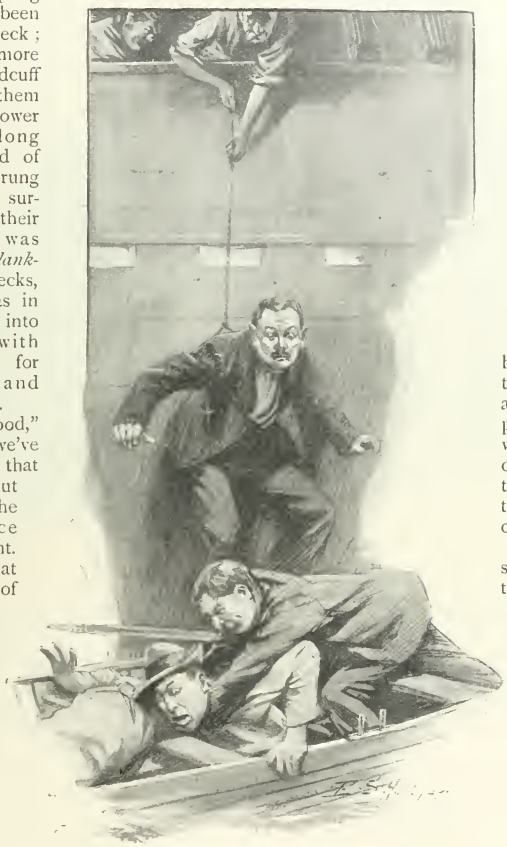
"So far, so good," he said at last; "we've got the crimps that took our men, but we haven't got the men to replace those who went. It seems to me that the hardest part of the thing has got to come yet."

"All in good time, sir," said the mate.

"Those two men are keeping very quiet down below there," said the skipper.

"Sensible men," replied Mr. Byrne, drily. "They weren't disposed to be so until I suggested the application of a belaying-pin across their jaws, with a spun-yarn lashing to keep it in place. I expect we shall get some language later on, though!"

"I can't make up my mind that all this is going to result in our getting a crew," said the captain, doubtfully. "I hope we're not counting our chickens too soon."



"PULL UP, BOYS, LIKE ONE MAN."

"I will admit," said Byrne, "that the Consul is 'the little rift within the lute.' If you will allow me to advise you, sir, I should say as little as possible to the Consul, but just clear the ship and try to get the stamp on the official log-book and the articles. If he makes any difficulty, just tell him that bringing the men to the Consulate to sign on would likely result in their being waylaid and collared on their way to the ship by the boarding-house masters, so that you would like to have them signed on on board. If he doesn't care to come off himself, no doubt he'll get someone else to represent him. That's all, sir. Leave the other part of it to me, and I will guarantee to so work on the feelings of the two gentlemen below there that we shall get our crew."

The captain did not seem at all hopeful as to the success likely to attend his own part of the performance.

"What if the Consul is pig-headed," he asked, "and doesn't see the beauty of the arrangement?"

"Well, he'll have to do the other thing," said the mate, "and we shall have to see if the Consul at Talcahuano is more amenable. Once we get the men aboard, go we must, sir. Even at the very worst, allowances will very likely be made when we get home for the strangeness of the circumstances."

"Well, anyhow," said Captain D——, desperately, "the Board of Trade cannot do any worse than get us discharged, and that's what I shall certainly get from the owners if I lose this charter through delay."

Not many minutes had elapsed after the captain's departure for shore when Mr. Byrne sang out: "Hi! there, Mr. Dixon!"

"Sir," replied the second mate.

"Will you have the goodness to inform our guests of this morning that I should like to interview them, and just escort them up here? When you've done it you and the third mate, with the two 'petties,' had better stand within hail. I'm very anxious to impress our friends below. By the way, release their hands."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Mr. Dixon, whose face exhibited the most pleasurable emotions.

Assuming what he considered to be his most judicial aspect, Mr. Byrne seated himself at the head of the cabin table and awaited the offenders, who were quickly ushered in by the second mate and boatswain. As ugly-looking a pair of customers, they were, as one might wish to see in a day's travel, and their appearance had not been improved by the rough handling they had had overnight.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the mate, politely.

"Here, you——" burst out the smaller of the pair, a middle-sized, powerful-looking man, with bright red hair and a face so seamed with the marks of old scars and cuts that it was plainly to be seen that he had been engaged in many a desperate fight. "Here, what on earth is the meaning of this? What do you mean by assaulting two men who were in their own craft at their own business? I'm a British citizen, I am, and, by thunder, somebody's got to suffer for this job."

"Look here, my British citizen," replied the mate, coolly, "don't you make any mistake about your position or that of your mate. You are the defendants in this case, not the plaintiffs, and, as I'm the judge, I'm going to do the questioning myself. Now, listen to me."

"We're not going to listen," roared the crimp. "What we want is to get out of this vessel, and you are running a big risk, mister, if you put anything in the way of our doing it. Here," to his companion, "why don't you say something?"

"I'M A BRITISH CITIZEN, I AM."

"Why don't I say something?" returned the other, with a ferocious glance out of his bloodshot eyes. "I'm no hand at talking; *doing* is my line, and I tell *you*," leaning down and forward till his face nearly touched that of the mate, "if you and I ever meets ashore, whether it's to-morrow or in ten years, I'll have your life for this. That's all I've got to say."

"Now, look here," said Byrne, sternly, "we've had enough of these compliments! You two fellows are responsible for the fact that this vessel is short-handed; you have, in fact, stolen ten of our sailors. Well, I want them back!"

"Ho! You want them back? How are you going to get them?" sneered the smaller man.

"*You* are going to get them," replied Byrne.

"Why, you must be mad," laughed the man. "Do you think as how we keeps an hotel and has sailors sitting round eating their heads off just for fun? Those men are all over the place now exercising their lawful and honourable occupation."

"Very well, then," said Byrne. "I'll take ten more in their places, or I'll be content with eight, if they're any good. No runaway Chinamen from the islands, you know, or cut-throat Manilamen, but sailors—eight of them."

"Ho! yes. I know. But how are you going to get your eight clinker-built A.B.'s? You haven't explained that little matter yet, mister. I'm anxiously waiting to hear a bit more of your smartness."

"You shall. I presume the highly respectable business in which you seem such extremely valuable employés has a boss?"

"Wrong the first time," laughed the crimp, whose amusement seemed to have got the better of his wrath. "I guess there's no boss over me in that ranch."

"Better still," said Byrne. "You can write, I suppose?"

"I guess I can."

"Just so," replied Byrne, sweetly. "Well, you will write a letter at my dictation, ordering your subordinate ashore, whoever he is, to send or bring on board this vessel, before three o'clock this afternoon, eight seamen, for you will understand that this ship sails to-night. We can number twelve all told, and we could manage with that if we wished, but we don't intend to."

"And suppose I was to get the men, what are you going to pay for them?"

"Not a cent," said Byrne, emphatically.

"And you expect to get them?"

"My dear man, why do you make me go over the same ground again? I *do* expect to get them, and I'm *going* to get them!"

"And what if you don't?"

"Well, in that case, I'll explain to you exactly how you stand. You see, since you left the shore last night, you're lost; that's what you are. Nobody's seen you; nobody knows anything about you. Your boat is now in our main 'tween decks. There'll be no inquiry for you, my friends."

"And what good will it do you to keep us?"

"Well, it will do me so much good that we shall have fourteen hands instead of twelve. Take notice of what I say. You've 'shanghaied' our men, and"—bringing his fist down with a tremendous bang on the table before him—"if you don't do as I tell you, I'll 'shanghai' you. Of course, I could take you over to the gunboat there, the *Huascar*, and give you up to Captain Lynch, her commander. You know what he is and what that means: it means at least three years in the Peruvian navy, and, the commander being an Irishman and not a native of this country, you know well enough that you are likely to have an exceedingly lively time of it. That method does not fill my forecastle though, so, as I said, it's either eight A.B.'s or two boarding-house runners. Those men will have to be on board here by three o'clock, or by six you will be starting on a sea voyage. It's now half-past ten," said Mr. Byrne, glancing at the clock that hung above his head, "you've no time to waste. What's it going to be?"

After a whispered consultation, in which most of the talking was done by the smaller man, the latter asked, "How are we to know as we'll be allowed to go when the men come, if they *do* come?"

"I give you my word that you shall be allowed to go and to take your boat with you."

"And supposing we haven't got no men, or can't get any?"

"Look here! I'm getting sick of all this supposing. Take five minutes to make up your minds; if you haven't come to a decision in that time, you'll just go down where you came from, and there you'll stay until this ship is outside San Lorenzo. After that I shall have to request you to do a little work."

"Which of us is going ashore about it?"

"Neither of you. When you've written that letter, that's all you've got to do with it. I'll see the letter fetches all right."

"Here," broke in the big man at this juncture, with a string of curses—"here, we've had about enough of this talking. This beggar has got us, so you may as well write the letter and have done with it. It's his turn to-day, our turn later on, perhaps. Write and tell Portugee Joe to send off his blessed sailors."

When Captain D—— came on board that afternoon he was met at the gangway by his chief officer, and there was a look of satisfaction on that gentleman's face, and a sort of triumphant flourish in the way he touched his cap, that made the commander say, with a hopeful accent, "Well?"

"The crew are all aboard, sir. The sails are hanging in the bunt gaskets, and the thirty-fathom shackle is abaft the windlass. We are only waiting further orders from you and the arrival of the Consul or his deputy."

"Good," said the skipper. "You deserve a medal, Byrne." And he meant it.

"Thank you, sir," said the mate. "What about the Consul?"

"It's all right," said the skipper. "I told him as much of the particulars as I thought wise, and pointed out to him the difficulty of getting the men on board after signing. Under the circumstances he allows me to sign them on on board, and has given me my clearance. He was very nice about it. See what faith I had in you, Byrne! I was sure you'd bring your part off all right."

The sun was low in the sky when the good ship *Blankshire* hove to just outside San Lorenzo to put into the water a long, light, narrow skiff, which had only recently formed part of the ship's equipment. Mr. Byrne was in attendance at the gangway to usher into her his unwilling guests of the night before.

"Farewell, my boarding-house friends," he said. "It must be satisfactory for us all to know we've been men of our word. You promised me men and I've got them. I on my part promised you your boat and free permission to depart. Go in peace. I trust you will not forget the *Blankshire* and her first mate, James Byrne. Be careful how you go down the ladder, won't you?"

Down they went, without a word, and it was only when they got into their boat that they broke into a sulphurous smother of curses over their discomfiture. In the meantime the *Blankshire's* sails filled, and with a cheer from her crew and a sarcastic dip of the ensign she sped on her way out into the broad Pacific.

FAREWELL, MY BOARDING-HOUSE FRIENDS.

The Crookedest Railway in the World.

By H. Mortimer Lamb.

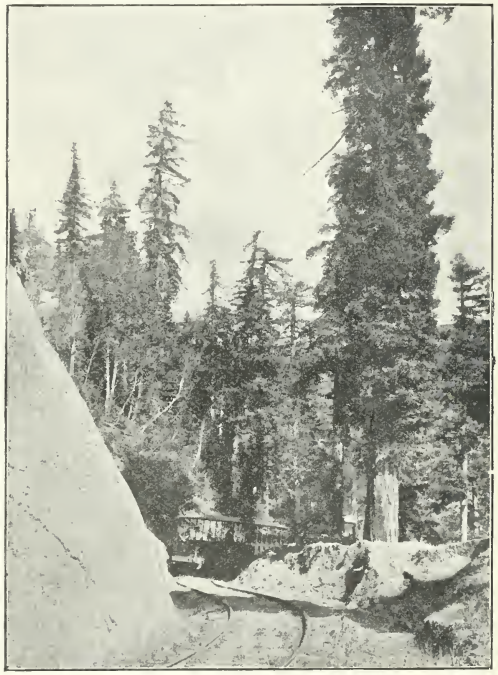
A description of the curious little line which runs up Mount Tamalpais, California. In a total length of eight miles there are no fewer than 277 curves, and the biggest section without a curve is only 413ft. long! The line is much patronized by the people of San Francisco, as it takes them far above the noxious fog-banks which hang over the city during the summer months.

SEVERAL mountain railways are now in operation in the United States, all of them more or less remarkable for the engineering skill introduced in their construction; but the manner in which the Mount Tamalpais Railroad was planned and built is quite unique. Mount Tamalpais is a lofty eminence, situated a few miles to the north of San Francisco Harbour, at the entrance to the Golden Gate. Now that the railway is built its ascent affords the jaded workers of the great city an opportunity of enjoying a delightful holiday at a minimum expense and of getting away for a time from the cheerless fogs which render the climate of San Francisco so trying during the summer months.

To reach Mount Tamalpais one embarks on a steam-ferry, which connects with a narrow-gauge railway at Sansalito, a charming little suburban village across the bay. This narrow-gauge line extends for six miles to the base of the mountain, and here passengers are transferred to the mountain railway itself. The train—which consists of three or more coaches, open during the summer season—is drawn by a steam-traction locomotive of a special type, the cylinders turning a shaft that is geared to the driving-wheels or their axles, while the shaft itself is furnished with "universal" joints to enable the engine to negotiate the many sharp curves of a road which is correctly described as the "crookedest in the world." That this striking designation is sufficiently accurate will be seen from the fact that the longest piece of straight track in the 8 1-5th miles of line is only 413ft. The Mount Tamalpais Railroad is, in fact, a most remarkable

THE "DOUBLE BOW-KNOT," WHERE THE LINE RUNS BACK UPON ITSELF FIVE TIMES.
From a Photo.

engineering achievement, and differs from all other mountain roads, so far as the writer is aware, in that the cog system is not employed, the ascent being so skilfully arranged that none of the gradients average more than five feet in a hundred. But the expense of construction was necessarily very considerable, as the road had to be cut and blasted out of the solid rock for the entire distance, the width being just sufficient to admit of the laying of the 56lb. rails far enough apart to comply with the requirements of a standard broad-gauge line. Some idea of the curious sinuosities of this extraordinary road—which from above bears a close resemblance to a great coiled snake—may perhaps be gathered from the statement that in this short distance of eight miles or so there are no fewer than 277 curves! At one spot, half-way up, on the broad southern shoulder of the hill, the track apparently becomes tied—as the preceding illustration shows—into a regular double knot, running back upon itself no fewer than five times within a distance of 300ft. As might be expected under the circumstances, travel on the upgrade over so circuitous a course is not notably rapid, and, as a matter of fact, the journey probably takes a full hour; but the variety and beauty of the scenery *en route* preclude any weariness or monotony, the only drawback being that before arriving at the summit terminus one is apt to run out of adjectives wherewith to express one's admiration and appreciation of the magnificent panorama unfolded below. Words are all too inadequate when it comes to describing such a view as is to be obtained from the summit of Mount Tamalpais on a fine day in August. For that matter the photographs accompanying this brief article, good though they are, convey but a faint, or at the best an imperfect, impression of the scenery. What photographs can reproduce a Californian sunrise surveyed from a lofty height—the distant mountains tinted a glorious pink, the dew glistening in the mighty redwoods, the gleam of the blue sea beneath, the fleecy softness of the white cloud-beds resting over the far-away valleys?



From a] ONE OF THE 277 CURVES ON THE RAILWAY. [*Photo.*

Let us imagine ourselves seated in the train awaiting the commencement of the journey. As the whistle toots and the bell on the locomotive sounds the warning signal the train slowly leaves the "depôt," as it is called, and, passing through Mill Valley, enters the beautiful canyon of Blythedale, a romantic and charming spot, in spite of the ravages of the enterprising builder, who has seized this spot for his own. The quaint little wooden houses, however, are almost, if not quite, in keeping with their surroundings. Soon these are left behind and, crossing the head of the canyon, the road swings back again. On each side is a gloomy forest of magnificent redwoods, with occasional madronas, oaks, and a thick underbrush of laurels. Then there is a break, and a well-cultivated fruit farm, perched dizzily on the hill-side, contrasts strangely with the dense virgin growth around it. Next come more canyons and gulches with dripping, fern-covered sides, and the train crawls and curves about, always working slowly and steadily upwards.

Suddenly from perhaps a couple of hundred passengers there comes a simultaneous, concentrated "Ah!" for now the prospect is unob-

THE VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT—"ON A PERFECTLY CLEAR DAY ONE CAN SURVEY LAND AND OCEAN TO ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS AT A DISTANCE OF OVER ONE HUNDRED MILES." [*Photo.*
From a]

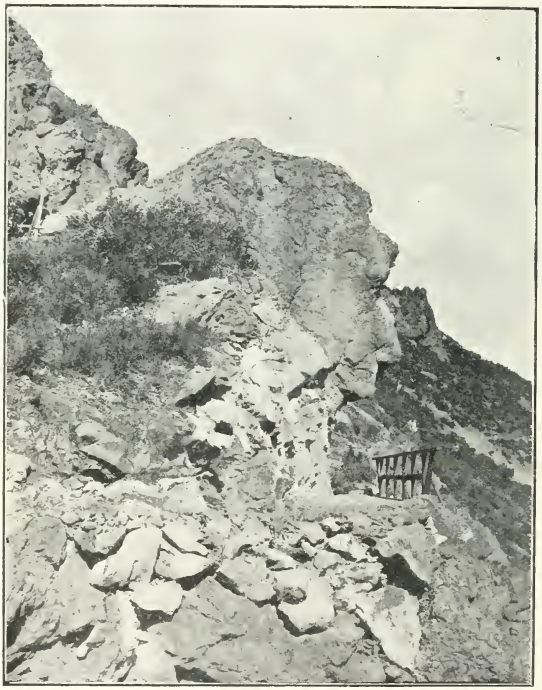
structed and the first glimpse is obtained of the magnificent panorama we are to behold. We are now overlooking the Bay of San Francisco, with the great snow-clad peaks of Mount Diablo of the Coast Range to the east and Mount Hamilton to the south on the distant horizon. Above the "double bow-knot" to which I have already alluded the road crosses the last and finest canyon of all, known as "Redwood," from the great trees, often from 15ft. to 20ft. in diameter, which grow in the vicinity. We are nearing the end of the journey now, and the first view of the country to the north is obtained. The grey, volcanic cone of Mount St. Helena, fifty-six miles away, and the basaltic cliffs that flank it are easily discernible. At length the train pulls up with a satisfied grunt—for a grade of even five in one hundred is no joke—at a platform alongside the "Tavern of Tamalpais," recently built for the convenience of the travelling public, and the journey is at an end, for from here to the summit of the mountain is but a few steps.

On a perfectly clear day one can, it is said, survey, from the summit of the hill, land and ocean to all points of the compass at a distance of over a hundred miles away. On the day of my visit, however, the fog-clouds hung low, and San Francisco and its environs were, unfortunately, not visible. An eminent American

THE "TAVERN OF TAMALPAIS," THE CURIOUS HOTEL AND STATION COMBINED, WHICH FORMS THE TERMINUS OF THE LINE. [*Photo.*
From a]

scientist, Professor George Davidson, after several months spent in making observations, estimated that this fog-cloud lies at an average height of 1,400ft. or 1,500ft. above the sea; and while for days at a time in the summer months it may envelop the town and Bay of San Francisco in its sombre folds, the atmosphere above Mount Tamalpais is clear and sweet and the sky an uninterrupted blue. That is the reason why the people of San Francisco appreciate so warmly the enterprise of the mountain railway company, whose undertaking, completed in 1896, has been liberally patronized ever since, the San Franciscans coming out in their hundreds to breathe the pure mountain air and to gaze down with mingled feelings upon the lowering fog-banks which afflict their city.

In conclusion, a word must be said concerning a very notable and important local character. I refer to the "Old Lady of the Mountain," without a mention of whom this account of the crookedest railway in the world would be very incomplete, seeing that she may be said to be the "guardian angel" of the enterprise. She was only discovered recently, quite by accident, in her secluded retreat. Someone came to the conclusion that a trail or path round the peak of the mountain would form an agreeable promenade, and while cutting this roadway the workmen were one day confronted with the grim, sphinx-like features of an old lady outlined in the rock. Some genius promptly christened her the "Old Lady of the Mountain," and since then crowds have come to gaze upon the wonder.



"THE OLD LADY OF THE MOUNTAIN," A REMARKABLE ROCK RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON MOUNT TAMALPAIS.
From a [*Photo.*

An Escape from Siberia

By Rurik Boris Kowalesky.

The author journeyed to Siberia with the express intention of rescuing an old college friend who had been exiled for life on account of his political views. After long delays a practicable plan of escape was at last hit upon, and after a most exciting journey Mr. Kowalesky was able to get his friend safely out of the Czar's terrible white prison-land.

FOR a long time I cherished the hope that some day I might be able to help my old student friend, Alexis Semionowski, to make his escape from Siberia, whither he had been banished for life on account of his political views. This thought had grown and strengthened as I grew to mature manhood until at length it quite absorbed me. So, in December, 1892, I started from Russia in order to attempt the cherished scheme of my heart. I hit upon a very safe disguise in the rôle of a travelling fur-trader, and reached Tobolsk in safety at the end of April, 1893. There, as it was spring-time, I was detained for some weeks by roads knee-deep in water, while the river-ice was too rotten for sledging. Being anxious, however, to get to Surgut, where my friend Alexis resided, I cast about for some means of reaching that place by boat, and at last was rewarded by finding a man named Peter Bitiroff, captain and owner of the vessel *Czar Paul*, who carried passengers to Surgut at reasonable prices.

On interviewing this worthy man—a typical Siberian-Russian, with his lower features buried in a mass of grizzled, uncombed hair—he told me that he was willing to carry my sledge and horses at the same rate of fare as ordinary passengers. His vessel, he said, would start as soon as possible after the melting of the ice. This last piece of news was very agreeable to me, and I immediately accepted his terms. By Bitiroff's advice I laid in a stock of groceries, etc., for several months, as there are neither markets nor shops at Surgut. During the trip, which usually lasted about twenty days, Bitiroff himself undertook to feed his passengers. For this he asked from each an exorbitant sum beforehand, expecting, as a matter of course, to have his demands beaten down to half. I paid the sum without haggling, however, and the little sailor was half unwilling to

take it! Muttering to himself, he informed me that, as I appeared inexperienced, he would give me some first-class information as to the prices of marten, squirrel, mink, chinchilla, and silver fox; would teach me how to trade with the Ostiaks; and even tutor me in dodges to outwit the astute Russian fur-traders of Surgut. From that hour he took me under his protection.

Several days passed, and on May 21st all was ready for the start, so I presented myself at the police-office in order to have my passport examined. This was duly stamped, and after a promise to send the officer a silver fox-skin for his wife I was allowed to depart. By noon of the same day we had all assembled on the *Czar Paul*, the signal gun was fired three times, and we glided away from Tobolsk.

By cautious inquiries I elicited that Alexis Semionowski was well known and respected in Surgut, where he performed many good offices to the poor by giving them free medical advice. He appeared to be quite resigned to his fate, and with his wife and little daughter lived very comfortably in a large house near the Church of St. Ivan. This last piece of news complicated matters, as I was quite ignorant of his marriage, and I anticipated that in consequence of it we should have greater trouble in escaping the vigilant eye of the police. However, I had made a resolve not to endanger the success of my plan by undue haste or bad judgment, and accordingly determined to let no one perceive I took any interest in the exiles. I also decided to be guarded in my intercourse with Bitiroff, as I had no desire to make that good-natured but uncouth individual my confidant.

MR. RURIK BORIS KOWALESKY.
From a Photo. by R. Fheodorovetz, Odessa.

Soon the country became perfectly flat and barren, the monotony being broken only at rare intervals by a Tartar hamlet, with its mosque and slender minaret. On the eighth day we reached a village called Samarov, and there entered the Obi, a splendid stretch of water. Many islets, overgrown with willows, dotted this river and its banks were fringed with silver pine. As we proceeded on our journey the most careful navigation became necessary, as huge masses of rock protruded their jagged heads just above the water. Bitiroff, however, showed himself equal to the occasion and safely brought his vessel through. On the 9th of June we arrived at Surgut, the town I had so long wished to reach. One or two large houses painted yellow stood on high ground against a sombre background of pine forest; the rest of the town lay on a lower level, and consisted of shabby, dingy houses, the largest but two stories high. The place altogether bore a most melancholy aspect.

Bitiroff kindly asked me to take up my abode with him while looking out for a lodging. This invitation I accepted, and together we elbowed our way through the throng and started off on our trudge through the streets of Surgut. There was no choice but to walk, for neither cart nor carriage existed in the whole town. And what walking it was! The ground, frozen all the year round to a depth of 100ft., had been thawed on the surface by the gleams of the hot spring sun; so the streets were so many canals of liquid mud. Logs and planks had been thrown upon this to form a kind of pathway, but a most unsafe one for all but the most practised feet. When we ascended higher ground things improved somewhat, and on reaching Bitiroff's house I told my kind host that I would stroll about for an hour or so and then join him at the evening meal. I knew well in which direction to turn my steps, and soon came in sight of the house occupied by the Semionowski family. My heart leaped at sight of the place, and I would have sought an entrance there at once but for fear of encountering the Cossack spy who is attached by the vigilant Russian Government to each

exile household as a guard and secret service agent in one. If I attracted this man's attentions and awakened his suspicions the consequences might be fatal.

As I stood watching the house a man came up and, seeing that I was a stranger, greeted me courteously. I turned and saw Alexis himself, but how changed from the gay young student I had known at Moscow! Grief was stamped on his fine young face, and I noted sorrowfully that the blighting cold of that cheerless region had weakened him. We greeted one another with affection, and I could hardly find words to express my pleasure at seeing him.

A month later all was excitement and bustle at Surgut. The Obi fleet was to start on its annual voyage to the Frozen Ocean. No one was so busy on this occasion as our friend Captain Bitiroff, whose natural shrewdness and courage and thorough knowledge of the waters gave him the lead of his fellow-fishermen, and procured him the post of leader in these hazardous expeditions. He bade me a cordial good-bye. "I hope you will prosper in your fur-trade," he said, "or *in whatever project has brought you to Surgut.*" He accompanied these words with a hearty wink, and I knew that he had guessed my secret, but, like the good-hearted old sea-dog he was, respected my scheme.

I had many meetings with my beloved friend, and on these I need not dwell, for my readers will be readily able to understand the pleasure of them, while to the poor exile they meant something more—the promise of liberty.

I did not care much for the society of Surgut, as the young men's manners left much to be desired, and accordingly I went off for long rambles in the depths of the cedar forest. On one of these excursions I was able to secure the services of an Ostiak named Yablee, who became my servant and constant companion during my fur-trading expeditions. This Ostiak was of superior intelligence, and very different to the half-savage natives who roamed about Surgut in quest of cast-off clothes and food. Owing to a few kindnesses I showed him he became, I believe, greatly attached to me.

It was now midsummer at Surgut, extreme heat following extreme cold. A scorching, glaring, pitiless sun shone for nearly the whole of the twenty-four hours round, dipping beneath the horizon at midnight. Its rays drew unwholesome odours from the deep, slimy mud, while hosts of venomous insects fastened upon me in the forest, and mosquitoes drove one from the fresh air by the river. It was only in the early morning that these torments could be avoided, so the people of Surgut generally went abroad before breakfast. The men usually

"I HAD MANY MEETINGS WITH MY BELOVED FRIEND."

bathed each morning in the Obi, and among the most regular bathers were Alexis and myself, as during these trips we were able to converse uninterrupted without fear of being overheard. Alexis strove to persuade me to return to Europe and leave him to his fate, pointing out the hopelessness of a rescue. Having prepared no scheme except that of precipitate flight, I began to fear that my idea was wilder than any Don Quixote had ever conceived, but still I was reluctant to confess myself beaten. Thus the summer slipped rapidly away, and still no opening had presented itself.

There had been several terrific storms of late and much rain in the hills, so that the Obi was swollen and turbid. This was rather an attraction to Alexis, who, an excellent swimmer despite his diminished strength, enjoyed nothing better than battling with the fierce current. One day he entered the water and was rapidly borne to a bend, where he was seen to sink—probably overcome by cramp. At last he re-appeared. I saw him carried down helplessly and heard him cry for help. Two or three of us dashed into the water and swam to his rescue. Following his course, I had all but caught him up, when a bend in the river hid me from the remainder of the rescuers. After several attempts I succeeded in reaching my friend, and by a great effort drew him to shore Yablee, my trusted Ostiak, chanced to be fishing near the spot, and to him I committed the senseless body and pointed to a place of temporary concealment. I dared not stay near the spot, for, like a flash, I realized that here was our opportunity of escape, so long watched for, so long prayed for. Quickly I determined upon my plan of action.

Exhausted as I was, I dashed into the water and soon rejoined the bathers. Seeing me alone they conjectured that poor Alexis had been lost, and I heard them lamenting his death, expressing the belief that it would be useless to seek for the body, as Father Obi never gave up his dead.

On my way home I stole a look at my friend, and found that Yablee, after pouring some drops of vodka down the senseless man's throat, had wrapped him in a reindeer mantle. Friction applied by myself soon brought back some vital heat, and before I left the *yourt* (hut) where Yablee had carried him Alexis was able to speak.

"I STOLE A LOOK AT MY FRIEND."

When I reached the Semionowski house I found Mrs. Semionowski quite prostrate with grief. When I quietly told her the unexpected tidings she swooned away, but quickly revived. I cautioned her to allow no signs of joy to escape, and we agreed that, as she now had a pretext for privacy, she would be able to find a safe hiding for her husband in her own room. We accordingly arranged that Fheodore, the Cossack spy attached to the house, should be sent to the magistrate's on some pretext in the evening, while I undertook to smuggle Alexis into the house during his absence. Everything went well, and Alexis was duly installed in a dark lumber closet in his wife's own room. A bed of soft, warm furs was arranged for him, and for some weeks he did not rise from it, so greatly had the shock of his immersion weakened his frame. Once or twice a week I was smuggled into his presence and saw that the hope of release already cheered the exile's heart and made life dear in his eyes.

At the end of August the short autumn of Surgut was over and winter set in. September brought keen frosts, and soon a fall of snow covered houses, churches, and streets with a mantle of dazzling white. Stoves were lighted in every house and glazed windows were replaced by fish-skins. The days shortened rapidly, reindeer appeared, and pleasure parties began to cross the plains in sledges and venture along the smaller rivers. At the end of October the first Tobolsk mail was received with joy, for it brought the Imperial permit to *vdava* (widow) Semionowski to return to Europe. The chief official of Surgut, the mayor himself, brought this important paper to the supposed widow and read its contents to the silent veiled woman, asking her if she intended to profit by the "Czar's gracious permission." She replied that she had no wish to return direct to Russia, but would like to journey south to Irkutsk, where she had friends who would be travelling to Russia after a time, when her daughter and herself would return to Russia with them. The mayor pondered this for a moment, and then suggested that as the young fur-trader who had been brought under her notice by such painful circumstances intended to start shortly for Irkutsk he should be retained as an escort. The Cossack, Fheodore, he added, should also attend her to her destination.

This last announcement proved as annoying as the first had been welcome, for Fheodore was a low, prying fellow, with little honesty or feeling in his composition, and his presence was both disagreeable and dangerous. However, our attempts to shake him off were useless, so we submitted to fate. The business of packing up began immediately; it was soon finished, as most of the books and furniture were given to fellow-exiles who had shown kindness to the family.

At last the eventful day came, and the *narta*, or sledge, was at the door. As is usual when women or invalids travel, boards had been built up around it, giving it the appearance of a huge box. Over this framework was stretched a strong cloth, with openings on either side, across which curtains were hung. The inside of the apartment thus formed was stuffed with feather beds and soft fur wraps, so it excited no remark when Yablee and myself came from the house bearing carefully what looked like an enormous collection of fur cloaks, which we placed in the bottom of the *narta*. The supposed widow and her daughter then got into the sledge, while Fheodore, at my orders, rather sulkily mounted the box of one of the baggage sledges. I myself drove that containing the ladies. In this way we left Surgut, followed for a long time by my faithful Yablee, who ran by our sledge till he was exhausted, when he returned slowly to his *yourt*, which, as some return for his invaluable assistance, we had enabled him to stock with every article of furniture and dress dearest to the Ostiak heart.

Thanks to our precautions, we rolled safely over the frozen bosom of the Obi, and successfully eluded the police at Yeniseisk. We managed, without exciting suspicion, to supply our precious charge with food and a reasonable amount of fresh air daily. Though weak and emaciated he was not ill, and, although fully alive to the deadly peril he ran, he suppressed his feelings admirably.

Hope began to thrill in our hearts as we left Surgut far behind and flew over the broad plains of the Yenisei. At the various towns between Yeniseisk and Krasnoiarsk my own baggage was most carefully overhauled, but the pale widow and her child were allowed to recline almost undisturbed in their sledge. We reached Irkutsk early in February, 1894. Here the Semionowskis had trusty friends, but on making inquiries we found that these friends were absent at a shooting lodge in the Yabloni Mountains. However, we spent an evening at a fur-trader's. Only one struggle more lay before us and then we were free! There was the Russian Custom-house at Troitskaskavsk on the frontier. Its officials, I knew, were very strict, and how to escape them I knew not. Plans which seemed feasible a week before looked terribly impossible now, and a fear rushed through my mind that I might plunge my poor friend and his dear ones in even deeper trouble than I had striven to rescue them from.

The furs I had collected were sold in Irkutsk. One of my new friends I had made in the town begged leave to accompany us to the frontier, and it was arranged that he should drive one sledge, keeping Fheodore near him. Somehow or other these arrangements made the Cossack very suspicious, and, noting that he was very restless and excited, I was only just in time to prevent a private conversation between him and the people at the last post-house before the frontier. I ordered him peremptorily to mount the box, and this the fellow did, swearing horribly under his breath. The mystery was soon explained, the poor widow presently telling me that all was lost, for hearing Alexis gasp she had raised the furs to give him air. As she did so she heard a muttered exclamation behind her, and looked up to see Fheodore gazing at her with a terrible look on his face.

"I SEIZED HIM AND BOUND HIS ARMS."

Pretending that I had had enough of the rough pulling of the horses, I asked my new friend, Mr. Ralf Riesenkampff, to take charge of the lady's sledge while I rested my hands by driving the spare sledge carrying the Cossack. Mounting the box, where the spy sat in sulky silence, I drove the sledge clumsily down the incline we had now reached. The Altai Mountains stretched far away on the west, and the frontier — our goal — lay close ahead along a rough road leading through broken country. Suddenly I pulled the left rein, the sledge upset, and both of us floundered out into the snow. Before the Cossack could rise I seized him and bound his arms with a rope I had in readiness. A loaded pistol held to his head gave additional weight to my threats and demands, and he had no choice but to obey my next order. Loosening his arms for the purpose, I made him take off his clothes and put on others, and then I tied him to a tree, where I left him, promising him an early release if he behaved properly. I left the sledge where it had upset, and harnessed one of the horses to the *narta*. In the meantime Alexis came forth from his hiding-place and, with my assistance — for his limbs were so cramped that he could hardly stand — hastily assumed the Cossack's dress and fur cap. His face had already been stained with walnut-juice so as to hide the paleness of his visage. His emaciated figure was muffled in a long fur cloak as much for disguise as for warmth. Having completed his toilet the supposed Cossack mounted the box beside me.

It was thought prudent that Riesenkampff should accompany us no farther, and so, with great reluctance, he said good-bye, and lingered behind to take possession of the abandoned sledge and its one remaining horse.

We presently drove up to the Custom-house at Troitskaskavsk, a low, wooden building by the roadside, about two hundred yards from Chinese territory, and divided from it by the River Selenga, which was spanned by a stone bridge. Two or three officials came out, and the weary business began. One of them examined my pass, which was accepted without remark. Meanwhile the supposed Cossack tendered to a second officer the papers connected with Madame Semionowski. He acted his part coolly, answering questions in a hoarse, gruff voice.

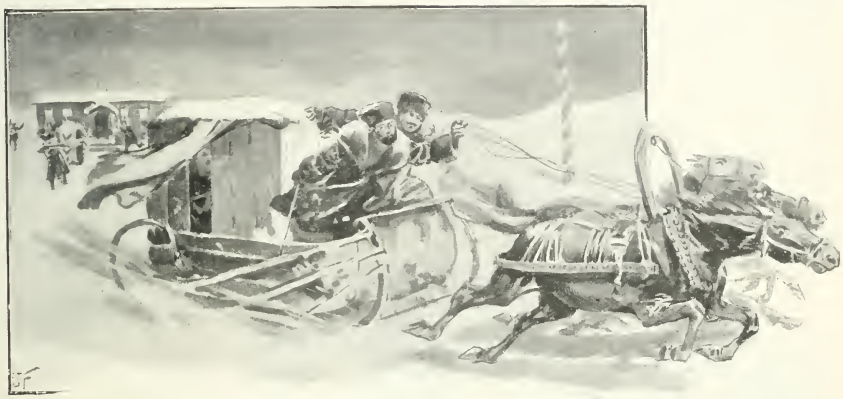
While the baggage was being searched, the supposed Fheodore advanced and asked permission to travel with the party as far as Urga, where he said family affairs required his presence. For this purpose a written pass had to be made out. Noticing that poor Alexis was becoming

chilled and faint with such prolonged standing, I called to him to mount and control the horses, who were getting fidgety at the delay. Meanwhile the official leisurely endorsed the remaining papers, and calmly addressed himself to the task of filling out a pass for the supposed Cossack. In order to hide my impatience I looked out through a small window which commanded the road along which we had just come. Heavens! what did I see? Far away down the road, running towards us, I saw the figure of a man, shouting and brandishing his arms as he ran! It was Fheodore! Some peasant must have set him free! Everything was lost, for in a few moments the truth must transpire. Alexis, what would be his fate?

Quickly I turned, snatched the still wet passport from the hands of the astonished officer, and then darted out of the office. I sprang to my friend's side on the box, seized the reins, and with whip and voice urged the horses forward. Shouts and calls to stop came from behind us, and presently a bullet sped past us and touched our middle horse, which, maddened with pain, dashed on like wildfire. A moment later the land of exile and bitter bondage was left behind. The bridge had been gained and crossed; we were in Chinese territory, where the Russians dared not follow us. For a time our perils were at an end!

Somehow or other—either influenced by fears of punishment for letting us pass, or else highly bribed by our friend Riesenkampff—the Custom-house officers saw fit to let the matter drop then and there, allowing the Russian authorities to remain under the belief that Alexis Semionowski was drowned in the Obi at Surgut.

Little more now remains to be told, except that we reached a Tartar encampment in safety, staying with these hospitable people till Alexis was strong enough to journey farther on. Having accompanied the happy husband and wife to a place of safety, I finally reached England, where I found that the moment a foreigner treads on British soil the bitter memories of past oppression and espionage pass from him like a fearful dream, and he stands redeemed and regenerated by his new-found liberty.



"A MOMENT LATER THE LAND OF EXILE AND BITTER BONDAGE WAS LEFT BEHIND."

The Land of Women.

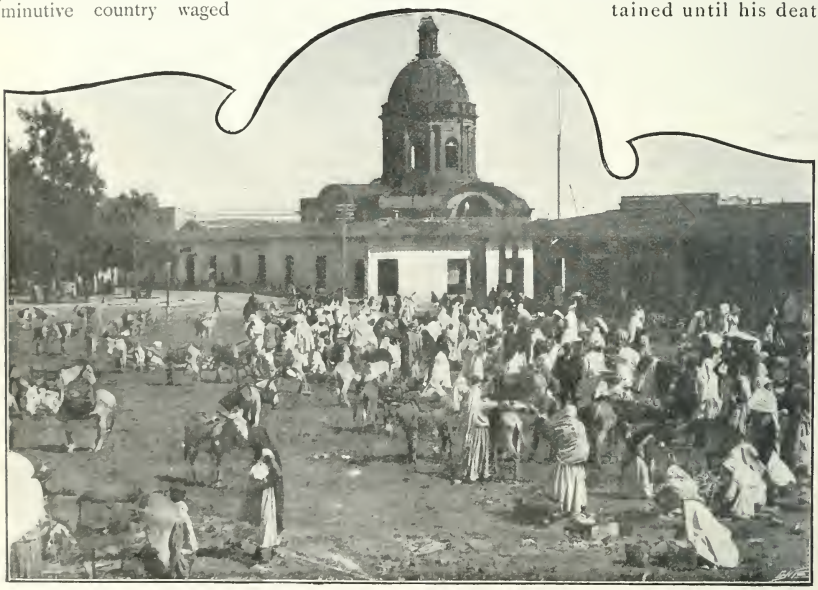
By J. D. Leckie, of Villa Rica, Paraguay.

Owing to a protracted war, in which the flower of the male inhabitants perished, the greater part of the population of the Republic of Paraguay, South America, consists of women. The women till the fields, attend the markets, act as butchers and bakers, and generally do most of the work usually left to men. At one time men were so scarce in the country that it was accounted a privilege merely to look at one!

IT is easy to imagine what appalling results would follow if, by some unforeseen cataclysm, all the able-bodied men in England were suddenly annihilated and none but women, children, and very old men left in the country. On these all the work would devolve—agricultural labour, manufactures, the preservation of order, and, in fact, every kind of occupation usually followed by able-bodied males.

Such a supposition is no mere chimera or impossibility, for it has happened ere now in at least one foreign country, viz., Paraguay, a small republic situated in the interior of South America. This disastrous result was caused by the war which that diminutive country waged for five years against the overwhelming forces of Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay combined. This war has been compared to the protracted struggle in South Africa, and certainly bears some striking points of resemblance to it.

In order to understand the state of affairs which led to the utter prostration of the country and the destruction of the flower of its manhood, a brief outline of its history must be given. It is nearly a century ago since this former Spanish colony declared its independence of the mother country, and shortly afterwards the reins of power were seized by the celebrated Dr. Francia, a man of great force of character, who ruled the country with a rod of iron, allowing no foreigners to enter it. This policy of isolation was maintained until his death,



A CORNER OF THE MARKET-PLACE AT ASUNCION, THE CAPITAL OF PARAGUAY—WOMEN DO MOST OF THE BUYING AND SELLING.
From a Photo.

when he was succeeded by one of his nephews, who pursued a more enlightened policy and did much to develop the resources of the country. This ruler was succeeded in his turn by his son, Francisco Lopez, a man of most ambitious ideas, who had already formed the plan of making himself the Napoleon of South America and cutting a way for himself to the sea, from which he was separated by unfriendly neighbours. In the year 1865, owing to his high-handed measures, he became involved in a war with Brazil, which country was soon afterwards joined by the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. The Paraguayan armies, which at the commencement of the war amounted to about 60,000 men, well drilled, armed, and equipped, at first obtained some successes and overran the neighbouring provinces of Brazil and Argentina. But as the allies, who at first had been quite unprepared for the war (though Lopez had been preparing for it secretly for years), collected more troops, the tide soon turned in their favour and the Paraguayans were forced to retreat. They still had command, however, of the River Paraguay, the only available means of access to their country. At Humaitá, the most advanced post on the river, they had constructed a fortress of great strength, with 200 guns and a large force under the command of one Thompson, a Scotch colonel of Engineers in Lopez's service. The position had been further strengthened by torpedoes placed in the river-bed and strong chains stretched from one bank to the other to prevent the passage of hostile ships. By these means Thompson was able to keep the fleet of the allies at bay for some six months, until one day, a sudden flood having caused the river to rise, the enemies' gunboats were able to pass over the chains and force their way past the fortress.

After forcing the passage of Humaitá the allies soon captured Asuncion, the Paraguayan capital; but this did not put an end to the war, which lasted for some time longer, until Lopez, with the last remnant of his followers, was surrounded and killed, while retreating northwards.

The sufferings of the Paraguayan troops during the last stage of the war were terrible. A famine set in, owing to the absence of men to till the fields, and the soldiers were reduced to such straits as to live for months together on such food as they could collect in the woods and swamps.

Far more died of hunger, hardships, and disease than on the battle-field, as will be seen from the following figures. In 1857, eight years before the commencement of the war, the population of Paraguay was 1,337,439; in 1873, three years after its close, it had diminished to 221,079, or a loss of more than 80 per cent., and nearly all those who remained were women, children, or very old men. Although more than thirty years have elapsed since the end of the war, the country has not yet recovered from the terrible effects of the struggle, and is now poorer than it was a century ago.

At the close of the war, after the withdrawal of the Brazilian troops, the country was in a state of the most extreme prostration. For years no supplies had been allowed to reach the people from the outer world; they were destitute even of clothing, and were being decimated by famine.

The Government was reorganized, and, owing to the absence of males, especially in the country districts, nearly all the work had to be undertaken by women. Female policemen were appointed, who kept order among a female population. All the agricultural work devolved on the women. They planted cotton, which they spun with their own hands on rough, home-made looms. They cleared the forest for the plough, and then cultivated the land which had been so cleared, with the help of a team of oxen and a rude wooden plough, such as that described as having been in use in the Holy Land thousands of years ago. They built houses of wattle and daub, such as are common in the rural districts of Paraguay to-day. They slaughtered the cattle and cut them up for food; in fact, they performed every labour which, under ordinary circumstances, would fall to the lot of able-bodied men.

To this day the butchers in Paraguay are nearly all women. In the public slaughter-houses the animals are slaughtered by men, but the carcasses are cut up by women on the spot and then taken to the butchers' stalls, also kept by women, where the meat is served out to customers by women attendants. The best meat can be bought in Paraguay for a penny a pound, though it is not the general custom to sell it by weight, but by the piece, according to the part of the animal from which the joint is taken.

Of course, the disproportion of the sexes mentioned above does not exist at the present day to the extent it did immediately after the war, for a new generation has sprung up since then, and there has been a considerable immigration of foreigners, principally males; but even now, while one notices a great number of wrinkled old women, one sees very few old men —they belong to the generation which was swept away by the war.

It is astonishing the number of sturdy old women one meets, all of whom are perfectly

independent and able to pick up their own living, for in this country there are no poor-houses, and the paupers occasionally seen are invariably cripples or persons suffering from some incurable malady. These old people generally take up a piece of land, which can be had in Paraguay practically for nothing, and by cultivating it with their own hands and selling their surplus produce in the market they are able to eke out a scanty living. The cash expenditure of many of these women will not amount to £5 a year. In a warm climate, where there is practically no winter, little clothing is required, and a few yards of unbleached calico suffices them, with a light blanket—which also does duty as a shawl—for colder weather. In the matter of food their wants are as easily supplied. They all possess a cow or two, for which there is ample grazing to be had absolutely free, and with this source of revenue, and what they obtain from their plot of land, they live contentedly. Meat, as has been said, is extremely cheap, and almost the only other articles of consumption which they require are salt and *yerba* (Paraguay tea), which latter may be bought for about 3d. per lb.

Paraguayan women are models of industry. In the country districts it is no uncommon thing to see the man lounging in his hammock while the woman, hoe in hand, is cultivating the fields. They are experts in all kinds of weaving and textile work, from heavy cotton hammocks to the finest gauze handkerchiefs, which are a speciality of the country, and are made of a lace so fine as to resemble the gossamer of a spider's web.

When living in a remote country district of Paraguay the writer often had occasion to avail himself of their services for all kinds of work, and found them more valuable in many cases than men. Whenever I lost my horse, as not unfrequently happened, I would entrust a wrinkled old woman, a near neighbour, with the task of seeking it, and she invariably brought it back in a few hours, though in many cases it had strayed miles away. She was a typical peasant woman, who could put up a fence or build a shanty of wattle and daub with all the skill of a man.

These houses cost nothing to build except the labour, and are often roomy and comfortable. The corner-posts are formed of logs of a hard wood called *lapacho*, which is almost imperishable. The walls are formed of smaller posts, cut in the neighbouring forest, and across these saplings are lashed with natural fibres; the interstices are then filled with tenacious mud, which soon hardens and forms a good wall, impervious to wind and rain. The framework of the roof is also formed of saplings or stouter posts, and is covered with straw, which grows wild in the swamps in great abundance. Not a single nail is used in the construction of these houses, and the only articles which require to be purchased are the doors and windows, though even these are often made of planks roughly hewn by hand by the peasantry. The floor is formed of hard mud. These dwellings, primitive though they be, are very comfortable, being cool in summer and sufficiently warm in the mild winter which prevails in these latitudes.

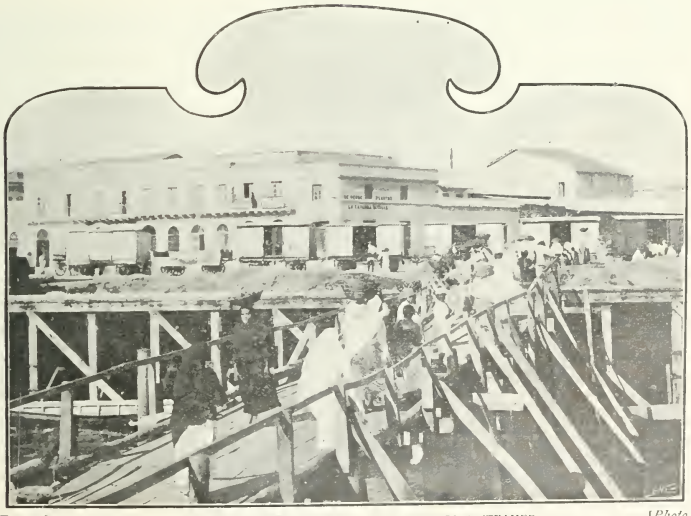
With regard to the cheapness of living,

THE WOMEN DO MOST OF THE AGRICULTURAL WORK, INCLUDING THE PLOUGHING OF THE FIELDS.
From a Photo.

already mentioned, it may be sufficient to quote the following prices. Fowls cost 6d. to 8d. each, and eggs average about 3d. to 4d. per dozen. Tobacco can be bought for 3d. per pound, but is not of good quality. Potatoes such as thrive in temperate latitudes are comparatively dear, but sweet potatoes can be bought for a trifle. Bread is, if anything, rather dearer than in Europe or the United States, but mandioca, which is an excellent substitute for it, costs from 8d. to 1s. per *arroba* of 25lb. This is the plant from which tapioca is manufactured, but, although mandioca forms the mainstay of the poorer classes, tapioca, curiously enough, is never seen in the country, nor do the natives know how to prepare it. Milk costs 1d. to 2d. per quart. Fruit is even cheaper; oranges during the season can be had at the rate of forty for a penny, and there are no finer oranges in the world than those of Paraguay. Bananas are about twelve a penny, water-melons two a penny, pine-apples from a halfpenny to twopence each, according to size. Apples and pears do not thrive, but peaches are abundant. Good milch cows can be bought at from £1 to £1 10s. each, and a good saddle horse for £2. Altogether I should say that an English family could live very well in Paraguay on an income of £60 a year, always provided that they were able to conform to the customs and style of life of the country, otherwise they might find living expensive.

It should be mentioned that two English settlements (so-called "colonies") exist in Paraguay; indeed, they are the only two successful English colonies (except Chubut, which is strictly speaking, a Welsh settlement) to be found in South America. These settlements, which were founded by Australians, are New Australia and Cosme, the latter of which is of a socialistic character. They are both situated at no great distance from Villa Rica, in the centre of Paraguay, and are now fairly prosperous, especially the New Australia colony, which is situated at some distance from the railway, consequently growing produce for the market is unremunerative, and the settlers confine themselves to cattle farming, which is the most profitable undertaking in the country.

Though many of these things seem strange to a foreigner, they must have seemed still stranger to anyone who happened to enter the country shortly after the war. At that time men were so scarce that it was reckoned a privilege merely to *look* at one, and an Englishman who arrived soon after the conclusion of the war, and who is still resident in the country, assured the writer that he used to be absolutely frightened to walk abroad!



From a] WOMEN AS STEVEDORES—CARRYING ORANGES TO A STEAMER. [*Photo.*

At the Ruanwella Rest-House.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A COBRA.

By Eardley Liesching, of Sirigalla, Moneragalla, Ceylon.

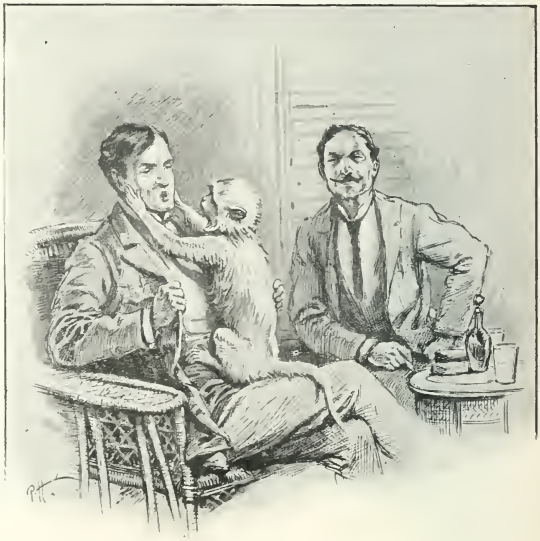
An account of a night of horror at a rest-house in Ceylon. The author's friend awoke to find that he had a terrible bed-fellow, and only indomitable nerve and presence of mind saved him from death. While his life was trembling in the balance his deadly foe was got rid of by the plucky act of a pet monkey.

I HAD been in Ceylon some years when the incident I am about to relate took place. At the time I had a billet on a tea estate "up-country," but having a fortnight's leave due I had decided to spend it with my friend Price, at Mahadenia estate, in the Kelani Valley, or the "K. V.," as it is familiarly called. I had never been in this part of the island before, though it had often been mentioned to me as being an extremely hot place. My trip involved a journey to Colombo by rail and a coach journey of about twenty-eight miles from Colombo to Avisawella; for the Kelani Valley Railway, now in course of construction, had not even been thought of in those days. This was the first time I had left my district since coming out, and everything I saw seemed comparatively new and strange. The paddy-fields on either side of the road; the Royal Mail coach, a broken down, second-rate concern, with horses to match—all seemed curious and remarkable.

After leaving Avisawella I had a walk of some eight miles before me. The Kelani Ganger had to be negotiated in a dug-out canoe; then came a trudge through leech-infested paddy-fields; and then, as darkness drew on, a climb of 800ft. At last, however, I reached the bungalow, receiving a hearty welcome from my friend. Price was musical; he could play a variety of instruments — flute, mandolin, violin, and guitar– and was fond of whistling to his own accompaniment. It was a pleasure to listen to him, and the evenings used to pass all too quickly.

At the end of a week we decided to visit some friends in Avisawella. It was a Saturday, and as it had been raining hard for two days, and we could see the paddy-fields were flooded, we went round the long way, which was more likely to be passable. In some places we were compelled to wade through the flood, at one time having to go in right up to our necks. At other places we got canoes or rafts, their native owners being glad to earn a few cents by taking us across deep stretches. The day was fine and very hot, and as we had on thin khaki clothes we soon got dry again after each ducking.

After spending a pleasant Sunday with our friends we started back for the estate on Monday morning. The waters had somewhat abated by this time, and Price said he would take me home by a short cut. But, as is often the case, the "short cut" proved the longest way round, for Price missed his way, and at 11 a.m. we found ourselves not much nearer home, but, fortunately, very near Ruanwella Rest-House, for which we decided to make. Here we met an officer of the Public Works Department named Carey, who was in charge of some works in the neighbourhood and made the rest-house his head-quarters. He



"SHE SEEMED TO APPRECIATE PRICE'S WHISTLING POWERS."

was glad of some company, and we stopped to breakfast. While we were enjoying the meal it came on to rain, and poured in bucketsful all the afternoon. Under the circumstances we could not cross the river, and so had to make up our minds to spend the night at the rest-house.

Carey had a pet monkey, a pretty little white thing called Ranee, which took a great fancy to Price, who played with her and gave her plantains and biscuits. She seemed to appreciate Price's whistling powers, and would sit on his knee while he whistled, placing one paw on each side of his face and looking into his eyes with a most comical expression. I suppose it was partly this whistling that attracted her. At any rate, it led to a most fortunate result, as will be seen hereafter.

Bed-time arrived in due course, and Price and I shared a room. We left the window open and the light burning. It was one of those primitive contrivances consisting of a floating wick in cocoa-nut oil, and made an excellent night-light, albeit rather smelly. This stood on a small table near Price's bed, which faced the window. My bed was in the opposite corner. These are trivial details, you may think, but they have an important bearing on my story.

We turned into bed and soon dropped off to sleep. After some time, however, I was aroused by the sound of whistling coming from Price's corner. "Surely he doesn't whistle in his sleep?" I muttered, irritably, and, as I could not get off to sleep again while the whistling went on, I turned over to reach for a shoe to throw at him. Suddenly an object caught my eye which made me pause and hold my breath. There, near the bed, stood the light, burning dimly as we had left it. On Price's chest, its head raised and swaying from side to side and its hood inflated, lay a large cobra! It had evidently crawled into his bed for warmth and awakened him, and he, knowing that snakes are influenced by certain kinds of music, had, with extraordinary presence of mind, thought of this expedient to keep it from attacking him. There he lay, unable to stir, whistling a low, plaintive tune—a weird air in the minor key—while the snake kept time to it. A more remarkable spectacle it is impossible to conceive, and I lay there fascinated.

I tried to devise some means of helping my friend out of his terrible position, and presently I sat up in bed. Hearing me move, the snake got restless and the whistling almost ceased for a moment, as Price realized that I saw his situation and could perhaps render assistance. He may, too, have wished to warn me against startling the reptile into striking. The cobra, annoyed at the cessation of the music, hissed and darted out its tongue, and Price, with admirable nerve, started again. The whistling resumed its even measure, and that deadly head began to sway again in time to the air.

I dared not move again. My friend's face I could not see. My own, I knew, was moist with great beads of perspiration. The agony of suspense was intense, so that I knew what my poor chum must be suffering. When would his nerve break down? When would the snake tire of the whistling and strike? These were but a few of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I sat and watched this awful spectacle of life and death. How long I sat like this, not daring to move for fear of disturbing the reptile, I cannot say, but at last it came to an end.

"THERE HE LAY, UNABLE TO STIR."

A small figure hopped on to the window-sill. Ranee, attracted, I suppose, by the whistling, had come to listen. She paused a moment, peering into the corner from which the sound came. She was behind the snake, so that the latter could not see her. The little creature seemed to take in the situation instinctively, and with two cat-like bounds and a guttural snarl she

"SHE GRASPED THE COBRA FROM BEHIND CLOSE TO THE HEAD, AND BURIED HER SHARP TEETH IN ITS BACK."

was on the bed, had grasped the cobra from behind close to the head, and buried her sharp teeth in its back. With a yell I sprang from my bed and seized a stick, as monkey and snake rolled over on to the floor in a confused and struggling heap. So mixed up were they that it was impossible for me to get in a blow without hurting the plucky little monkey. By this time the whistling had ceased, and aroused by my cries Carey came running in with a lamp.

The struggle did not last long. The cobra, weakened by the repeated bites of its determined little antagonist, and unable to get at her to bite, relaxed its coils and soon lay on the floor a bleeding mass, while the victor skipped on to the bed where Price lay and perched itself on his pillow, gibbering excitedly. She was, luckily, quite unhurt.

Having disposed of the snake, Carey and I devoted our attention to Price. The poor fellow was in a swoon, and on being restored to consciousness went off again. He presently developed a high fever, and as the case was beyond our powers he was removed to the local hospital at Carawanella. When he finally became convalescent we took him down to Mount Lavinia, a pleasant seaside hotel near Colombo, where he stayed until he sailed for England, complete change and rest being declared necessary by the doctors after the fearful experience of that night at the Ruanwella Rest-House. Price told me, when at "The Mount," that he had been awakened by feeling something moving on his chest, and on opening his eyes had been terrified to see a large cobra. The snake raised its head to strike, whereupon a sudden inspiration prompted him to begin whistling. This action undoubtedly saved his life, for the music arrested the attention of the cobra and at the same time attracted the plucky little Ranee, who was the means of relieving him of his terrible bedfellow.

You may be sure the pretty little monkey was not forgotten. Carey gave her to Price, and I kept her for him until he came back from his trip to England.

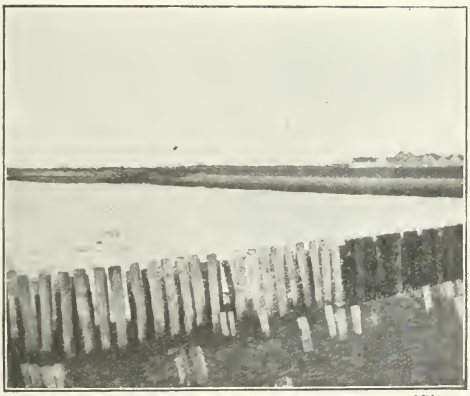
She lived for some years after that, and her greatest pleasure was to hear Price whistling. She always slept curled up on his pillow, evidently determined that never again should her master's slumbers be disturbed by unwelcome intruders.

A City on Stilts.

By Oliver James.

This article will come as a revelation to a great many people. The City of Amsterdam is built entirely upon piles, sunk through a mass of sand, mud, and water into firm clay. Sometimes these timber "stilts" give way, and then down comes a building. The town, moreover, has a ruthless foe in the shape of a small insect known as the "timber-eater," which has been responsible for the downfall of many a fine edifice in this strange "city on stilts."

SOMEBODY has said that there are times when the most observant traveller "cannot see the forest for the trees." There is one famous city in Europe, however, where the visitor cannot see the forest for the houses. Not the least curious circumstance about this "forest" is that it is situated in the heart of Holland, which is not a wooded country, but the most surprising fact is that it is entirely underground, or, rather, under mud and water, with occasional exceptions here and there. In brief, this mighty "forest" supports the City of Amsterdam—in the form of piles.



From a] AN "ELIGIBLE BUILDING SITE" IN AMSTERDAM. *[Photo.*

The site of the city was originally a peat bog; and all its buildings, to this day, rest upon piles driven from 20ft. to 50ft. through a mass of loose sand and mud, until they reach a firm stratum of clay. If anything, therefore, happened to detach this semi-liquid material—a flood, for instance—and cause it to seek the true level of *terra firma*, this city of half a million inhabitants would stand revealed perched on stilts some 40ft. in the air, without streets whereon to walk, and with houses only accessible by means of ropes and ladders.

The humour of such a situation would be more apparent to the world at large than to the Amsterdammers; but it must not be thought that such a dramatic *contretemps* is either a physical impossibility or even a remote contingency. The Dutch Government, through the Department of the Waterstaat, provides that in the event of war the cities and the whole country shall be flooded in order to baulk the invader. Should this inundation endure for any length of time, the immense weight of water would certainly affect the consistency of the loose stratum surrounding the piles. These, the engineering authorities say, would totter on their foundations and promptly precipitate the whole city into the watery element. Even a great gale of wind would be sufficient to precipitate a catastrophe. With the aid of the descriptions of such separate and individual instances of this kind which have occurred one can picture the whole town swaying to and fro in the fierce wind, the terrified inhabitants in momentary expectation of being precipitated into the yawning gulf below.

Occasionally the "stilts" do give way, and there are numerous calamities of this kind chronicled in the municipal history which may easily occasion the well-grounded astonishment of the stranger. In 1752 the inhabitants of the Geiser-straat awoke one morning to find a pronounced alteration of the respective levels of the north and south sides of the street. The good burghers and their neighbours across the street had long been wont to exchange matutinal

OCCASIONALLY THE "STILTS" SUPPORTING A HOUSE GIVE WAY, AND THEN THE BUILDING SUBSIDES INTO THE MUD—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A PALATIAL RESIDENCE WHICH COLLAPSED SOME YEARS AGO.

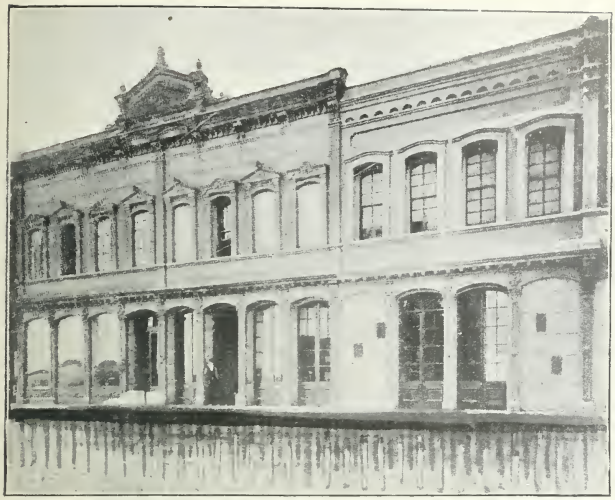
salutations, but now, when they threw open the shutters, it was to behold that their neighbours on the north side of the street were 30ft. below them. Only the upper story and the roofs of the houses were visible, the body of the structure being two-thirds buried in mud and water. On the south side of the street the people were, perhaps, in a less forlorn plight, but hardly more accessible, for their houses were stuck up in mid-air, much in the fashion of one of the lofty dwellings described in "The Swiss Family Robinson." If such a calamity had happened in London it would have doubtless created a panic in the neighbourhood; but, of course, happening in this "city on stilts," where the people are used to precarious domiciliary supports, it did not greatly disconcert the worthy burghers.

The mere fact of living perpetually on stilts imparts a philosophy of its own, and the Amsterdam native has been noted for ages for the phlegmatic calm with which he takes his troubles — especially when they concern his stilt-supported city.

In 1822 the enormous new grain warehouses erected for the Dutch East Indian Company collapsed bodily into the mud. These buildings had just been stored with 70,000cwt. of corn, and this burden was more than the piles could bear. The contractor had spared both quantity and quality in the timber used, and this is a fatal mistake to make when building in Amsterdam. Yet it is one frequently made by the local "jerry-builders." A model is shown in the public museum of three houses erected in 1840 upon piles of at least double the ordinary dimensions, the idea of the builder being to save both piles and labour. The result was most curious. In less than ten years the houses began to show signs of distress—one evinced a tendency to move in this direction, another to travel in the opposite; and while the trio were in this state of vacillation the ground itself gave way and exposed to the eye of the world the wayward movements of the piles. There was too much thick wood and too little support for it, and after swaying for a while — a warning spectacle to the city—the houses were taken down, not piece by piece, as is the fashion of our English housebreaker, but in the lump. The occupants had long before vanished to other premises, although a little deviation from the exact horizontal in his flooring, or from the precise vertical in his wainscoting, does not get on the nerves of the Amsterdammer as it would on those of an inhabitant of a town built on bed-rock or even London clay.

Minor incidents in the house-toppling line are hardly worth recording; it is only when they are on a magnificent scale that they evoke

THE HOUSES IN THE GEISER-STRAAT, WHICH WERE LEFT PERCHED HIGH IN THE AIR—FROM A MODEL IN THE WATERSTAAT MUSEUM.
From a] [*Photo.*



From a] A WAREHOUSE IN AMSTERDAM, SHOWING THE FOUNDATION OF PILES. *[Photo.*

the mild interest of the citizen of Holland's commercial capital. So recently as 1886 the thousands of props underneath the great new Central Railway Station, the pride and glory of the city, gave way, and the building began to sink into the mud at such a rate that many natives went to bed expecting never again to behold the edifice which had lately delighted their eyes. After sinking many feet, however, the station obligingly paused in its descent and allowed the architects and builders to devise further and more effective props for its support. This huge building already had thousands of piles 50ft. long, as well as millions of tons of sand beneath it packed into the interstices of the piles, yet this was not sufficient to avert a partial and very damaging collapse.

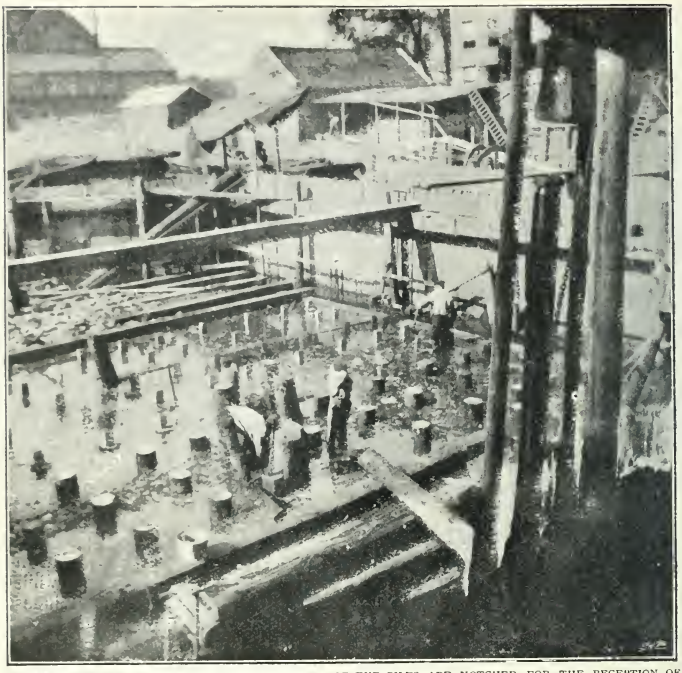
The splendid palace, or Stadthouse, is supported by 13,659 props. There is a curious story concerning how this number came to be used. The architect and the builder had a dispute over the matter, it is said, the former allowing for 12,000 piles, while the latter declared that no more than 10,000 would be required. The upshot was an agreement that for each additional pile used, the cost of which was borne by the public, the builder should pay the architect a guilder. He did not dare stint the timber for fear of jeopardizing the safety of the structure, but he got the largest fir trees procurable. The subterfuge was useless, for the allotted 10,000 were duly driven in, and still the foundations were far from completed. The workmen got wind of the transaction, and as each pile was laid a laugh would go round and the cry was: "Here goes another of Mynheer B——'s guilders!" The foundations of this palace alone cost no less a sum than £100,000 sterling.

Beneath the old Bourse, however, are said to be a much larger number of trees — over twice as many, in fact. An authority gives it as 30,000 — a good-sized forest in itself.

"Amsterdam," says an old writer, "hath wooden legs." As to the number of these "wooden legs," chiefly of Norway fir, opinions differ, but it cannot be much under twenty millions, while some have placed it as high as fifty millions. In some quarters the stilts are placed so close together that there is practically no space between; in others, fewer are required.

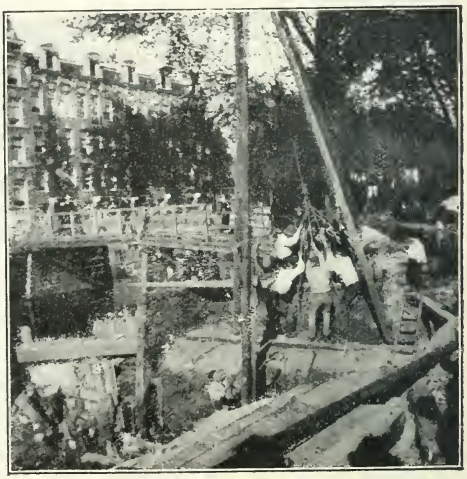
In London the builder usually starts his work

PUMPING OUT THE WATER PRIOR TO PILE-DRIVING.
From a Photo.



LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF A HOUSE—THE TOPS OF THE PILES ARE NOTCHED FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE CROSS-BEAMS
From a] [*Photo.*

by laying the first brick a foot or so below the ground, and then proceeds without any further preparation. In Amsterdam, however, the expense and labour before the first foundation can be laid are tremendous. One may see the workmen employed at all times in one part of the city or another, constructing underground piers or scaffoldings for buildings. To begin with, it is necessary to enclose the building space so that no water or mud can enter, and then dig and pump one's way to the required depth—that is to say, to *terra firma*. When this is achieved the logs, which have been fetched to the spot, are, one by one, raised vertically and driven in by the "beetle," or battering-ram, which is seen in the accompanying illustration. When a sufficient number—from two hundred to six thousand, according to the size of the building—have been driven down to an equal depth, the summits are notched for the reception of oaken cross-beams, and it is on the second



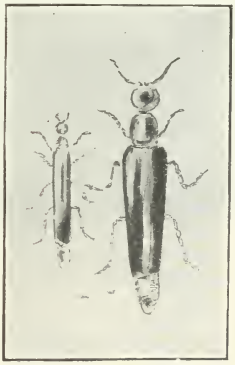
From a] DRIVING IN PILES WITH THE "BEETLE." [*Photo.*

layer of these beams that the house is reared. Cargoes of logs to be used as "stilts" are constantly arriving at Amsterdam; and the rivers and canals adjacent to the city are often blocked with these floating forests.

When the house has attained the street level the enclosure is taken down and the water and mud flow in and surround the piles and the beams they support. It is wonderful how long these underground "stilts" endure. Some have lately been resurrected which have been buried for a matter of eight centuries and still retain their freshness; others are discovered in a state of petrifaction, and consequently equal to granite.

THE RIVERS AND CANALS ADJACENT TO THE CITY ARE OFTEN BLOCKED WITH IMMENSE FORESTS OF LOGS FOR USE AS "STILTS."
From a Photo.

But there are also thousands of other piles supporting many hundreds of houses which are fated to early destruction, thereby threatening a large portion of the city. It is not that they are too old, or inherently weak, or improperly placed. Amsterdam has a sworn enemy, a ruthless foe, whom her burghers dread as greatly as their ancestors dreaded the Spaniards. This foe is an insect—a "timber-eater"—hardly larger than a grain of rice, that comes from foreign parts in foreign ships in countless millions. These insects—*Teredo navalis* is one species, *Lymexylon navale* is another—burrow their way into the stilts which uphold the city, and if their depredations were not promptly discovered and checked by the substitution of new timber, down would come the house. The writer has seen a dozen piles which have been so riddled and honey-combed by these terrible insects as to leave scarce one-fourth of the original timber remaining. How many houses to-day tremble on the brink of a catastrophe by reason of the deadly labours of the pest it is impossible to compute. Everything is done to eradicate the dangerous foreigner, who, in spite of his size, plies his masticatory organs so assiduously as to devour the best part of a tree in three years!



AMSTERDAM'S RUTHLESS FOE—THE DREADED "TIMBER-EATER," WHICH FATS AWAY THE "STILTS" BELOW THE HOUSES.
From a [*Photo.*

It is easy to speculate upon what would happen if the mud and water which hide this vast forest of piles were suddenly to leave Amsterdam, and exhibit the whole of her churches, offices, and dwellings thrust high for a few moments into the air. Owing to the ravages of the "timber-eater" the unsound portion of the stilts would soon topple to earth with a crash, spreading ruin and desolation around!

Attacked by Dacoits.

By Mrs. Alice Dracott, of Raipur, Central India.

This little story, related by the wife of an Indian official, shows the dangers which have to be faced by Europeans living in the remoter districts of our great Indian Empire. The lonely bungalow in the hills was attacked by dacoits, and but for the opportune passing of the mail-train the whole household might have been killed.

ONE still, dark night in 1895 I lay awake thinking in our lonely bungalow among the Indian hills. My face was turned towards the open window, which framed a deep blue sky thickly studded with stars. "Barkis," our bull-terrier puppy, lay asleep on the floor, dreaming aloud after an undigested supper, but no other sound broke the stillness. The heat made me restless, and I tumbled and tossed uneasily, but still sleep did not come to my eyes.

Presently there was a slight movement beside the window, and, looking up hastily, I saw the head and shoulders of a man in bold relief against the sky. Only for a moment did I see him, and then, like a flash, he had gone. Had it not been for the behaviour of the dog I should have thought I was mistaken.

"Barkis," however, jumped upon the window-sill and barked madly. I lost no time in waking my husband, who, after some sleepy protestations, got up and closed the window upon the "imaginary intruder," as he called the figure I had seen. He was sound asleep again within a few minutes, but the vision at the window had effectually wakened me, and I lay still, listening intently.

Half an hour passed by in silence, and I was beginning to doze again, when there came a distinct tap at the door, followed by two or three loud crashes. At the same moment I heard a cry of alarm from my sister, who occupied the next room. The noise awoke my husband at once, and dashing out of bed he threw open the door between the two rooms. As we entered we found her trembling with fear, her eyes fixed on the outer door of the room, which led on to the veranda. It was a large glass door, and through nearly every pane peered a dark, turbaned face, muffled up to the eyes in cloths! A bright glare from a lighted torch held by someone outside illumined the scene, which in all its strangeness will always remain impressed upon my memory.

The glare seemed to offer an explanation. Fire! Perhaps the bungalow was on fire and our servants were here in a body to alarm us.

THE BUNGALOW WHICH WAS ATTACKED BY DACOITS.—THE CROSS INDICATES THE DOOR AT WHICH THEY ENTERED.
From a [*Photo.*

If so there was no time to be lost, and I turned to save any small valuables we possessed. At the same moment, however, a series of heavy blows smashed the glass door to pieces. My husband rushed forward as the hinges gave way, and as he did so the torch outside was put out, plunging everything into profound darkness. Curiously enough, although Tantea Bheel and some of the most daring dacoit leaders had been captured by the Government in this very neighbourhood, no thought of these terrible people entered my mind, and, darkness having disproved the fire theory, I concluded it was some fight amongst the servants, and accordingly my sister and I prepared to follow my husband, who had run outside.

The grass lawn before the bungalow was now dimly lighted by the approaching dawn, and upon reaching it a strange scene met our astonished eyes. Several men armed with thick sticks appeared to be in deadly combat with my husband, who was shouting aloud for his gun. At this first signal that something was seriously amiss I ran towards him, but not very far, for a shower of large stones greeted my appearance. These, as we afterwards found, had been flung from a catapult. Whatever could be amiss? Why were the servants fighting my husband

"A SERIES OF HEAVY BLOWS SMASHED THE GLASS DOOR TO PIECES."

and why did they stone me? At that bewildering moment I heard my husband call out: "For Heaven's sake go inside!" and knew we were powerless to assist him. Our search for the gun, too, proved futile; it was not on its accustomed stand, and not one of the servants answered our repeated calls. What could be the explanation of the mystery?

At last, in desperation, I went to the back of the bungalow and shouted again and again for the servants. This time, to my intense relief, a man replied. He was one of our "trolley wallahs," and summed up everything in the one fatal word "*Dakho!*" (dacoits). Then the grim significance of the whole situation fully dawned upon me, and I nearly fainted. What was going to happen to us?

I rushed back to the front of the house, dreading to find that my husband had been killed by these fierce outlaws of the hills, but was overjoyed to see that he had found his gun and was now attacking the dacoits with it. They were fourteen in number and had all but overpowered poor G—— before he managed to reach his weapon. Then the tables began to be turned. My husband is a man of unusual height and powerful physique, and he struck about him like a Hercules. Several of the robbers received terrible blows, and presently their onslaughts began to slacken somewhat. At this critical moment we heard, with inexpressible thankfulness, the whistle of the up mail-train, which passed within fifty yards of our bungalow. A general stampede immediately took place, the discomfited dacoits fleeing in all directions.

By this time the hero of the fight, with his clothes in rags, and bruised and bleeding all over, presented a sorry spectacle, and, as it was impossible to tell the full extent or nature of his injuries, we waved a red light, stopped the train, and sent an urgent message for a doctor. I should here explain that our nearest European neighbours were fourteen miles distant.

The doctor came along the line by special trolley very shortly afterwards, and so did the Inspector-General of Police and other officials. An inquiry was held and a pursuit immediately organized, which resulted in the capture of several of the dacoits, with their leader.

It transpired during their trial that these men were hired ruffians, paid by a gang of discontented coolies to kill my husband. They had, apparently, no other object in attacking the bungalow; and that their hearts were not in their work was apparent from the cowardly way in which, although fourteen to one, they broke and fled before one man. All the dacoits were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment; but never again did we experience any sense of security in our lonely bungalow. We had had too forcible an illustration of its dangers.

"HE STRUCK ABOUT HIM LIKE A HERCULES."

By River and Rail Across Two Continents.

A LADY'S JOURNEY FROM VLADIVOSTOCK TO ST. PETERSBURG

By Madame O'Gorman.

Madame O'Gorman and her husband, having overcome the many obstacles placed in their path by Russian officialdom, travelled via the Trans-Siberian Railway and river steamers right across East and West Siberia, a distance of 6,070 miles. Madame O'Gorman illustrates her account of the trip with some interesting photographs taken by herself.

IT was the spring of 1900, and we were on the point of completing our arrangements to leave Hong-Kong and start on a long-anticipated journey to Europe *viâ* Mongolia and the Trans-Siberian Railway, when rumours of unrest in the interior and risings of blood-thirsty Boxers reached us. Following this there came suddenly the news of the siege of Tientsin and Pekin, and so our contemplated trip had to be abandoned for the nonce. In 1901, however, all seemed quiet again, and we decided to attempt the journey. We had to alter our programme in so far as to cross Mongolia was utterly out of the question, and the journey must therefore be done entirely through Russian territory.

On our arrival at Shanghai, on the 8th of July, 1901, we had a long interview with the Russian Consul-General, who gave us much useful information, but also told us that we must give up all idea of attempting to go by rail across Manchuria. Our idea had been to start from Port Arthur and use as much of the railway as possible as far as Harbine, travelling *viâ* Mukden, the capital of Korea, and Kirin, but the Russians, it appeared, had forbidden any foreigners to travel along this route, so there was nothing for it but to take a steamer and coast round Korea to Vladivostock, a port of Eastern Siberia, far to the north.

"THE KOREAN GENTLEMAN IS A RATHER COMICAL-LOOKING PERSON."
From a Photo.

Korea is a curious country—a kind of mixture of Japan and China. The Korean gentleman, as my photograph shows, is a rather conical-looking person. He is always dressed in white, and his feet are enveloped in white linen and quaint shoes, or sandals. He wears a weird black hat made of a thick but transparent kind of grenadine, and this is perched on the very top of his head. His pig-tail is twisted up into a knot under the hat, and the whole tied on by two pieces of black tape. He also carries a black umbrella. In spite of his attire he is rather a solemn gentleman, and in the towns he appears to be very busy. Korea is a fine sporting country, and is also rich in mineral wealth. I suppose it must eventually fall into the hands of either Japan or Russia — I trust the former.

On the 25th of July we left the last Korean port we were to touch at — Gensan — and on the 26th sighted the lighthouse showing the entrance to Vladivostock Harbour. A dense fog, however, enveloped everything, as is usually the case in July and August. The Englishman is fond of railing at the eccentricities of his climate, but what would he say to that which prevails at Vladivostock? For seven months the port is ice-bound, for another two months dense fog prevails, and during the other three months it rains!

We managed to go ashore on the evening of

our arrival, as it was necessary to find out how and when we could make a start on our long overland journey. It was our idea to stick to the rivers until we reached a railway on which we might travel.

Our first interview was not hopeful. There was very little water in the rivers, explained the agent, and, furthermore, all officials and persons connected with the Government had a prior claim to passages on the steamers. As everyone in Siberia is an official it seemed we might have to wait indefinitely. A visit next morning to the Governor, however, by my husband in uniform had the desired effect. He knew we had arrived, he said, and that we wished to travel across Siberia. A pleasure trip? Indeed, that seemed incredible! His Excellency the Governor smiled, and evidently concluded that the English were the same as Russians in respect of never by any chance speaking the truth. The smile, of course, meant that he knew better than to be deceived by such a tale. Anyhow, there we were, with passports all correct and a sheaf of letters of introduction to Governors, including two Governor-Generals. As he could not stop us the astute official decided that the sooner we were got rid of the better. It was therefore arranged that we were to start on the 29th, taking the train to Chabarovosk, a thirty-six hours' journey, and from there continuing our journey by water.

From a] THE LUGGAGE CART WAITING OUTSIDE THE STATION. *[Photo.*

We spent three very dull and weary days in Vladivostock, where there was nothing to see and less to do. Vladivostock has been a Russian town now for forty years, and has become thoroughly Russified. The main roads of the town are very wide, and contain ruts and holes of tremendous depth. These cuttings—for really I cannot call them roads—went for miles and miles, leading nowhere in particular. The footpaths are made of planks of wood on the American plan, but the planks do not quite meet. The first day we were at Vladivostock we went for a tour of inspection and came back covered with mud up to our waists; to drive was quite impossible. The little droskies—low-seated, springless, victoria-shaped conveyances, driven at a hand-gallop—shot one out so frequently that we came to the conclusion that it was less dangerous and certainly more agreeable to walk.

We had been told we must be at the railway station two hours at least before the departure of the train, so we made an early start on the morning of the 29th July. We had joined hands with two Belgians who wished to travel over the same route as ourselves, so we decided that while two of us procured tickets and arranged about places the other two should look after the baggage, which was piled up on a cart as shown in my snap-shot. The professor and I were the baggage guard, and the professor had to wait patiently while the Custom officials went through our things before allowing us to proceed to the station. On arrival there such a terrible noise of shouting greeted us that we thought something dreadful must have happened. "Oh, no," said a French-speaking Russian, to whom we appealed for information; "it's only the train arriving! The people who have just arrived are trying to fight their way through the crowd of passengers who wish to leave." This battle-royal, it seems, happens three times a week when the train comes in and departs. It sounds almost incredible, but we spent two solid hours in fighting and struggling, first for tickets, then to get our baggage registered and see it put in the train, and finally—most desperate struggle of all—to get seats for ourselves. The Belgians were quite exhausted and streaming with perspiration. Even a *blasé* American journalist confessed that "he felt as though he'd played in a base-ball match—and been beaten."

But we were off at last, and had a most enjoyable journey to Chabarovosk, passing through miles and miles of steppe, which at this time of year is carpeted with glorious flowers. Here and there were majestic clumps of forests. On arrival at Chabarovosk we had a long and

painful drive, packed in the drosky with our baggage, to the town which lies in a hollow on the banks of the Amur River. The only compensation about our sardine-like condition was that it prevented us from being jerked out—an important consideration when one rides in a drosky. Chabarovosk boasts of a Governor-General and a verylargegarrison—all Cossacks; the roads were of the same delectable kind as at Vladivostock, but the town had a more cheerful appearance. We had heard a great deal of the museum there, so decided to go and see it, wandering through under the guidance of our professor, who groaned at the deplorable arrangement. "But what can you expect," he said at last, when we came upon a really fine specimen of Manchu sable skin next to the "First Tomato grown in Chabarovosk," modelled very roughly in wood, "where an infantry major is the curator?" In Siberia, as we soon learnt, the soldier element does everything. The Cossack learns first of all to be a soldier, then he must learn to build and work railways, becoming in turn a signaller, a porter, or an engine-driver. Then, perhaps, he gets a change of post to quartermaster on a river steamer, with a period as cook or table servant to an officer. The above photograph shows the watering-carts at Chabarovosk coming down to the river in the early morning for water. These water-carts are distinctly ingenious, if a trifle crude. The arrangement consists of a barrel which tips up, fitted in a cart. When filled, the driver of the cart has to go into the water up to his waist and tip it back into its place, when half the water in the barrel promptly flows out over the horse's tail. This *contretemps*, however, the soldier-watercart-driver does not mind a bit; time and water are no object to him, and this idea of supplying the town with water is, he thinks—if he ever thinks at all—a most unnecessary one.

CARTS AT CHABAROVOSK OBTAINING THE TOWN'S WATER SUPPLY.
From a Photo.

We found that a very pleasant and airy cabin aboard the steamer had been allotted to us, and on the 31st of July started on the first part of our river journey. The steamer was crowded. She was a paddle vessel, drawing about 4½ft. of water, with accommodation for thirty first-class, sixty second-class, and, I should say, hundreds of steerage passengers. All the lower deck was given over to the latter and to the stacks of wood used as fuel for the steamers. The steerage passengers consisted chiefly of Cossacks and their families migrating from one place to another, and there were a lot of prisoners, all huddled together. Twice a day we stopped to take in wood, carried on board by the crew or any stray passenger who cared to earn a few kopecks. The photograph below shows a couple of peasants carrying wood to the steamer. This operation generally took about two hours, and enabled us to have a walk and very often a swim, for the toilet arrangements

From a] PEASANTS BRINGING WOOD TO THE STEAMER. [*Photo.*

on board the steamer were absolutely nil, and so long as the weather kept warm a swim was delightful.

On the 2nd of August we reached Blagovyeshchinsk, a large and important military post, where last year, during the Boxer rising, the Governor, who shall be nameless, considered that for the safety of the town (which was entirely a garrison one, with the exception of a few European stores) the Chinese shopkeepers and coolies, 7,000 in number, must be destroyed. So in the early morning a cordon was drawn round the Chinese settlement, and the unarmed and defenceless inhabitants were driven into the river. Those who could not stem the current were drowned, while those who tried to reach the shore were shot down; the number that escaped the massacre was infinitesimal. The Governor, a fine, kindly, dignified-looking old gentleman, invited us to dinner. We went just out of curiosity to see what this monster was like, and were astonished at his alluding to the slaughter as a piece of fine governorship! Since our arrival in England we have heard that he has been degraded, but it took the Russian Government a year to make up their minds as to whether the massacre was an act of barbarity or an act of necessary precaution. I am afraid that the "clearing-out" of Chinese at Blagovyeshchinsk was not an isolated case.

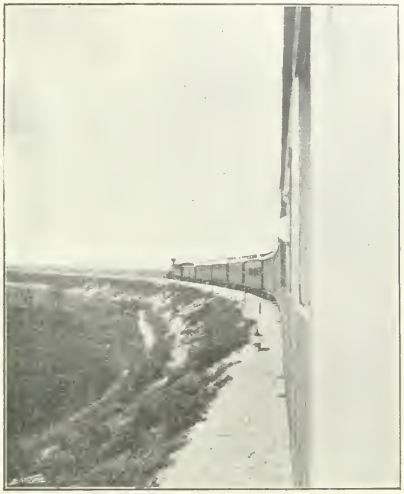
EMIGRANTS WAITING FOR THE STEAMER—OBSERVE THE SAMOVAR, OR TEA-URN, WITHOUT WHICH NO RUSSIAN FAMILY WOULD THINK OF TRAVELLING.

From a Photo

After three days' delay at this town we were glad enough to continue our journey, but unfortunately we had to change into a miserable little steamer, where our accommodation and food were abominable. After spending a week cramped up in this wretched little craft — the only thing that compensated us being the glorious climate and frequent lovely bits of scenery—we pulled up at Albasin, a military post station, at the point where the Shilka River flows into the Amur. There, alas! we were transhipped into a barge and ignominiously towed for the remainder of the journey. There seemed to be no official on this occasion to give any orders, so we proceeded to take the law into our own hands and gain possession of such places as there were aboard the hulk. The lower part of the barge had been turned into small cabins or holes, where our sleeping accommodation was limited to a wooden bench. There were absolutely no toilet arrangements and the food got worse and worse. Fortunately for us the river began to rise, and we were only

From a] A TYPICAL TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY STATION. *[Photo.*

doomed to endure this discomfort for nine days. On the 17th of August we reached Strjetensk, the present terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. There again we had the same terrible and trying struggle for tickets and places as occurred at Vladivostock. The Trans-Siberian is hardly an ideal system for a nervous old lady with a lot of luggage to travel by. On this occasion we had to content ourselves with second-class tickets, as all the first-class were sold out.



THIS SNAP-SHOT WAS TAKEN FROM THE REAR OF THE TRAIN, AT A SPOT WHERE OUTLAWS HAD WRECKED A TRAIN THE WEEK BEFORE.

The railway from Strjetensk to Missowa is so badly laid that the train literally crept along for three days, but fortunately the scenery was very beautiful. Just before reaching Chita, a large town on the borders of Mongolia, we went over a pass 2,558ft. high. On arrival at Missowa we were delayed for ten hours, although the steamer was waiting to take us across Lake Baikal, a distance of sixty miles. This delay spoilt our only chance of seeing the beautiful scenery of Baikal, surrounded with its snow-clad mountains, as the storm clouds, which had been gathering all the morning, burst before we started, and we crossed Lake Baikal in a deluge of rain and thick driving clouds.

The sea, too, was very rough. We reached Irkutsk at midnight, tired out, and longing for a bed to sleep in, and, if possible, some good food. Irkutsk is very like any ordinary Siberian town, but with larger streets, more ugly wooden houses, and churches without end. One little incident I must mention as quite a characteristic occurrence. It occurred on the night of our arrival. It seemed to me I had been asleep only a few moments when we were awakened by a terrible noise at our door and the rapid firing of pistols. We barricaded the door as best we could and awaited results, as we had no wish to join in a brawl. When peace was restored we went cautiously out and interviewed a waiter who spoke a few words of German. We gathered from him that some thieves had got into the hotel—"they often did it," he said—and had tried to steal the boots. On this occasion, however, one of the lodgers hearing a noise at his door had dashed out, pistol in hand, and caught the thieves red-handed. He shouted lustily for help, and then the fun began: everyone opened his door and fired at random. No one, for a wonder, was hit, but the corridor was literally riddled with bullets — the bag was two captured thieves. "It often happens," concluded the sleepy waiter, who was rather bored at having been disturbed. This is life in a Siberian hotel!

From a] AN EMIGRANT "FEEDING-SHED" AT A RAILWAY STATION. [*Photo.*

On the 23rd of August we left Irkutsk by the *train de luxe*, which goes direct to Moscow, 3,800 miles in eight days. The above photograph — taken from our

THE BREAD-SELLERS DO A BRISK TRADE WITH THE PASSENGERS.
From a Photo.

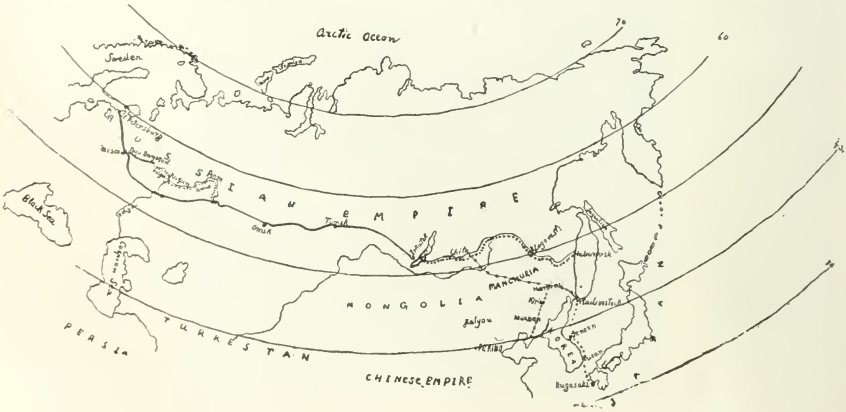
carriage window—shows a bend in the line where a post-train was wrecked the previous week by outlaws. The wrecking of trains by time-expired convicts is not at all uncommon. While the passengers and railway employés lie dead or stunned these miscreants loot the train.

All along the line, at the different railway stations, one sees arrangements for the accommodation of the emigrants. Another snap-shot shows an emigrant feeding-shed. Here and there are the little stalls of the bread-sellers, who do a brisk trade with the passengers on the train. Occasionally one comes across groups waiting with their baggage, which always includes a samovar, or tea-urn, without which no Russian would think of moving.

My last photograph shows an old Cossack woman feeding her doves, an interesting sight, which is frequently seen in the market-places of Siberian towns.

We reached Moscow on the 7th of September, having accomplished our long journey across East and West Siberia—6,070 miles—in thirty-eight days. From Moscow we went on to St. Petersburg, where we left Russian territory behind us.

AN OLD PEASANT WOMAN FEEDING PIGEONS IN THE MARKET-PLACE.
From a [*Photo.*



MAP SHOWING THE EXTENT OF MADAME O'GORMAN'S JOURNEY BY RIVER AND RAIL—6,070 MILES IN THIRTY-EIGHT DAYS.

Three Red Renegades.

By J. Allan Hornsby, M.D., late Surgeon to the White Pass and Yukon Railway and U.S. Quarantine Inspector at Nome.

The narrative describes how the vigilance and fidelity of an Indian guide saved the author from being murdered by a band of Indian outlaws, who subsequently attacked and killed one of his companions and wounded another. The renegades were ultimately captured by the North-West Mounted Police.

I HAD been prospecting for some weeks along the watershed between the Yukon and Hootalingua rivers in the Yukon Territory. I had with me a Tlinckit Indian—one of the hereditary chiefs of the tribe whose home and hunting grounds are in that neighbourhood, and who considered himself under an obligation to me for having sewed his wounds up some time previously, after an altercation which had taken place between himself and a grizzly bear. If there is one good trait characteristic of the red man, wherever one finds him, it is gratitude; and that trait in my Indian friend undoubtedly saved my life, though I did not know it until some time afterwards.

We were joined at our camp fire one evening by two white men, also prospectors, and as I had not seen a white man for more than a month I was extremely glad to have their company. So Tom, my Indian, warmed up the big pot of cariboo "mulligan" we had left over from our evening meal, and after they had made away with a good part of it we lighted our pipes and settled down for a smoke and a talk. Their names, they told me, were Fox and Maher. They had poled up the McClintock River from its Yukon confluence for the purpose of prospecting the creeks at its head waters. They were now on their way back, having found nothing to justify a prolonged search for the yellow metal.

I noticed, as we sat about the fire on some logs, that there was something amiss with my Indian. For some time he had maintained an attitude of intense listening, occasionally turning his head quickly, first in one direction and then in another, as though in minute attention to something he could hear but not see. I found myself listening, too, but could hear nothing.

Presently Tom took up his rifle and silently slipped off into the dense forest, only to return in a few moments, accompanied by three other Indians—as rascally-looking a lot as I have ever seen. They were almost naked, and evidently badly in want of something to eat; so again Tom made requisition on the "mulligan," which, with a few loaves of baking-powder bread we had on hand, made them all a comfortable meal. After they had feasted they prepared to quit us, but Tom insisted, with what I thought for him unusual effusiveness, that they should remain all night and sleep about the fire. This they finally agreed to do, although they did not exactly receive the idea with enthusiasm.

We all turned in presently and were soon fast asleep. For some unusual and unaccountable reason, however, I woke up several times during the night, and each time I saw Tom still sitting

THE THREE RENEGADES, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE TAGISH POLICE-POST AFTER THEIR CAPTURE.

by the fire staring into the flame like a graven image. "Why on earth doesn't he lie down and go to sleep?" I thought; but I asked no questions, for experience had taught me that when Tom had anything to say he would say it, and not before.

In the morning we separated, the three Indians remaining about the smouldering fire, the two white men heading along the old Indian trail toward the McClintock, and Tom and I cutting across country in the direction of the district where not long afterwards the Atlin Mines were discovered.

By dint of adroit questioning I finally broke through the stolid silence of my companion. He told me that the Indians we had harboured were renegades from the coast, who had been driven away from their own tribes for various offences, and who had more recently been driven out of the Tlinckit camp, where they had taken refuge.

"He very bad Indian," said Tom. "He kill good Indian before; he kill white man, maybe so."

"Then why did you make them stay last night, Tom? Why didn't you send them away after they had eaten supper?"

"Me watch him," replied the Indian, stolidly. "He no can shoot white man while I watch."

I gathered from his remarks that he suspected the renegades, if allowed to leave us, would have shot us from the forest as we sat, while by keeping them near us and watching all night he had defeated any schemes they might have arranged.

The incident, however, passed completely out of my mind, for I attached little credence to Tom's remarks, which I regarded as a species of romance conjured up for my edification.

"TWO SHOTS RANG OUT."

When we returned to Lake Bennett a few days later there was great excitement in the little camp over the reported murder of some white men by a band of renegade Indians somewhere back of the Tagish post of the North-West Mounted Police. And as the rest of my story is now a part of the criminal records of the Yukon district, I will continue it from that point.

At midnight, one night previously, a white man had dragged himself to the door of the police barracks at Tagish post, at the head of Marsh Lake, and fell inside in a dead faint. For three hours Dr. Pare, the post-surgeon, worked to restore consciousness, and was finally successful, thanks to a liberal use of neat stimulants.

In between his intervals of unconsciousness the stranger told the following story: His name was Fox. He and his partner, Dave Maher, had been prospecting up the McClintock. They had met three Indians a few days before, and had fed them several times. The Indians had remained with them until their arrival at their boat at the head of the river, and then, after giving them another feed, they had "pulled out." In the afternoon, as the two prospectors were quietly drifting along — Maher at the stern with the steering-oar and he, Fox, at the oars amidships — two shots rang out from a patch of willow underbrush, and both he and Maher fell into the bottom of the boat. Almost instantly Fox recovered and pulled himself to his feet to see what had happened. Another shot was immediately fired, and he fell again.

Fortunately, just at this critical moment, a current caught the boat, carried it across the

stream, and landed it among a bunch of willows on the opposite side to that from which the shots had come. Again Fox recovered himself, got up, turned his partner over, and found that he was stone-dead. Fox felt quite sure by this time it was the three Indians who had done the shooting, and that, as soon as they could cross the river, they would come and rifle the boat. He knew, too, that he would be killed unless he could get away. With infinite difficulty he dragged himself ashore, and stopped the bleeding from an ugly wound in his chest and another in his thigh by means of pieces torn from his shirt. Then he staggered into the timber, got his bearings as best he could, and knew hardly anything more until he saw the lights of the police-post, for which he had been heading. It was afterwards discovered that the unfortunate prospector had a broken thigh-bone, a broken shoulder-blade, two broken ribs, and a bullet-hole through his chest, both balls having gone clean through. In that condition he had travelled fifteen miles in thirty-six hours, across hills and swamps, without a morsel of food, and with great loss of blood.

"HE STAGGERED INTO THE TIMBER."

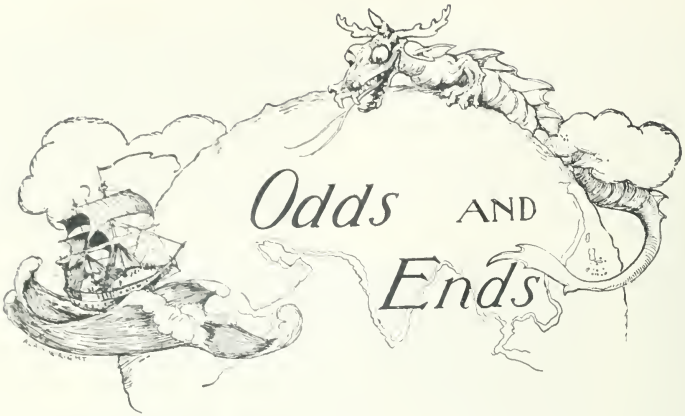
Within an hour after Fox had told his story Captain Strickland, of the police, had a dozen of his best men on the trail, and in twenty-four hours they were back again with the three Indians in irons. They were none other than the three renegades whom Tom and I had entertained at our lonely camp on the Hootalingua! They had found them where Fox had left the river, enjoying a big feed. The police had also found the "cache" the Indians had made of the provisions from the boat.

In the course of a few days one of the prisoners turned informer and told the whole terrible story. He and his companions had deliberately laid in ambuscade and killed the miners, in order to rob them. The only reason they had not followed Fox was that they thought he had been killed and had fallen overboard.

The police also found the body of poor Maher at the bottom of the river, where the informer said they had thrown it, weighted down with the picks, shovels, and drilling tools which had been part of the prospectors' outfit.

Captain Strickland had heavy leg-irons riveted on the renegades, and had them tied up to three trees within the barrack enclosure, where they remained until they could be taken to Dawson for trial. On arrival there they were promptly tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung.

I now realized for the first time the fate from which the vigilance of my faithful Tom had saved me. Had the three scoundrels been allowed to leave our camp that night we should all have been shot down as we sat around the fire; and had Tom not maintained his vigil they would have knifed us as we slept!



The "Feast of the Trees" at Rome—The Desert Beacon—An Intentional Bush-Fire—The "Y" Bridge at Zanesville—The Shortest Street in Paris—A Burning Barque, etc.

A UNIQUE and useful custom recently instituted in Rome is the "Festa degli Alberi," or "Feast of the Trees." Its object is the gradual re-afforestation of the country, and, in view of the diminishing area of woodland in most European countries, the example of Italy is well worth following. At the first celebration of the festival no fewer than 1,300 young pine trees were planted, and each year it is intended to plant 1,300 more, so that in course of time a forest of health-giving trees will spread over the Campagna, which is now nearly treeless. The Queen of Italy is patroness of the movement, and at the first gathering, in the presence of 30,000 people, she fired, by means of an electric wire, the guns which gave the signal for the commencement of the planting. The entire scene was most picturesque; all the school boys and girls were assembled, and when the signal was given they quickly got to work and planted the many hundreds of trees. A prettier or more useful annual custom it would be difficult to conceive.

THE "FEAST OF THE TREES" AT ROME—ITS OBJECT IS THE GRADUAL RE-AFFORESTATION OF THE COUNTRY, AND 1,300 YOUNG TREES ARE PLANTED ANNUALLY.

[From a Photo.]

STUFFED CROCODILES OUTSIDE A CURIOSITY SHOP IN CAIRO.
From a Photo.

At first sight the photograph shown above looks somewhat alarming—nothing less than two very lively crocodiles about to make an attack on a huddled-up group of terror-stricken Orientals. As a matter of fact, however, it is nothing of the kind, but merely two stuffed saurians exhibited for sale at a quaint little curiosity stall in Cairo. The stock of this establishment is set out on the ground, and ranges from alleged antique crockery to scarabs and stuffed monsters.

It is not often that snap-shots of moving fish, etc., taken at sea turn out successful, but this photograph is a striking exception, and will fill with envy the hearts of many amateurs who have essayed the same subject without success. Writing from the West India Docks, Captain Hutchison, of the ss. *Zamba*, says: "I enclose a photograph of two porpoises that I succeeded in snapping from the poop of my steamer in the neighbourhood of the Equator, when on a voyage from Buenos Ayres to London." As will be seen, these queer-looking creatures are in the very act of leaping from the water.

THESE PORPOISES WERE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A STEAMER IN THE VERY ACT OF LEAPING FROM THE WATER.

A BURNING YUCCA PALM IN THE MOJAVE DESERT, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ITS OWN LIGHT—THESE TREES ARE SET ON FIRE TO ACT AS LANDMARKS TO MEN WHO HAVE STRAYED FROM CAMP.

The curious-looking snap-shot here shown depicts a burning yucca palm, and comes all the way from a camp in the desolate Mojave Desert in California. The tree was set on fire for the purpose of guiding safely home some men who had strayed from camp. These trees are often used for this purpose in this terrible desert, and make magnificent beacons. Photographers will be interested to know that the tree was photographed by its own light with an ordinary Kodak.

Everybody has heard of forest and prairie

AN INTENTIONAL BUSH-FIRE IN NEW ZEALAND—FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION THE LAND IS FIT FOR SHEEP-GRAZING.
From a] [*Photo.*

fires, those fearful and all-devouring conflagrations which sweep across whole stretches of country, leaving behind them a smoking and blackened wilderness, the very "abomination of desolation." Bearing in mind the fearful destructiveness of these irresistible whirlwinds of flame, it comes as a shock to hear of people deliberately setting fire to tracts of bush in order to assist farming operations. And yet, as our photograph shows, this is done almost every day in New Zealand. The photograph represents an intentional bush-fire, the customary method in practically the whole of New Zealand of dealing with the thick, verdant bush, which is first felled and then, after a lapse of a few months to allow it to dry, set fire to. Immediately after the fire English grass-seed is sown—practically in the ashes of the conflagration—and, incredible as it may seem, in from four to five months the land is fit for sheep-grazing. Our photograph was taken at a distance of about two miles by Mr. W. Wilbore, of Pohangina, Wellington, N.Z., and gives a good idea of the vast billows of smoke sent up by the fire. The space in the foreground has already been cleared of bush in this novel manner.

Rightly or wrongly, the Belgians have the unenviable reputation on the Continent of misusing their animals. The next snap-shot, however—taken by an English tourist at Bruges last summer—will show that some of the people, at least, have consideration for their animals. As our readers are doubtless aware, dogs are largely used in Belgium for drawing light barrows and carts, and the mastiff seen in the picture was so employed. It was a blazing-hot afternoon and the poor dog was panting with the heat; so before going into a shop the old lady to whom the cart belonged opened her big umbrella and placed it over the animal, so as to protect him from the merciless rays of the sun, a kindly little act which the dog probably appreciated.

DOGS ARE EXTENSIVELY USED IN BELGIUM FOR PULLING LIGHT CARTS—THIS DOG'S MISTRESS PUT HER SUNSHADE OVER HIM TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE HEAT.
From a] [*Photo.*

THE FAMOUS "Y" BRIDGE AT ZANESVILLE, OHIO—IT CROSSES TWO RIVERS AND PROVIDES COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THREE TOWNS.
From a Photo. by Lauck Bros.

One of the most striking of American characteristics is the capacity for effecting economies in ways which would not occur to the ordinary individual. Look, for instance, at the above photograph, which represents the famous "Y" bridge over the Muskingum River at Zanesville, Ohio, U.S.A. Zanesville is on the east bank of the Muskingum, opposite the point where the Licking River flows into the Muskingum. On the west bank of the last-named river are two towns, West Zanesville, north of the Licking, and Putnam, south of it. The bridge, starting from Zanesville, forks in mid-stream, one branch leading to the north side of the Licking and the other to the south side. Thus, by this one bridge across the Muskingum it is possible to pass from one side of the Licking to the other, and communication is provided between all the three towns without the expense of building separate bridges. It is safe to say that no one but an American would have thought of this novel and eminently practical way of solving a difficulty with the least possible expense.

From a] THE SHORTEST STREET IN PARIS. *[Photo.*

Our next photograph represents a street which has the distinction of being the shortest in Paris, if not in the world. It consists only of fourteen stairs, has no shops, no doors, and no dwelling-houses opening on to it. No carriages or carts can drive up or down it, and the greater part of one side of it is devoted to an array of posters. Yet the authorities have taken the trouble to give this tiny thoroughfare a name, and have affixed a board of the usual type to inform everybody

A RELIC OF WATERLOO DAYS—ONE OF NAPOLEON'S WATCH-TOWERS ON THE FRENCH COAST.
From a] [*Photo.*

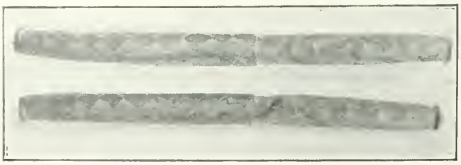
that it is the Rue des Degrés, and as such it is solemnly inscribed in all the directories. In case any of our readers should have the curiosity to visit this little street when in Paris, we may mention that it is in the Second Arrondissement, and connects the Rue de Cléry with the Rue Beauregard.

Reminiscent of the storm and stress of Napoleonic days is the little snap-shot reproduced above. It shows one of the look-out stations built by Napoleon at the time when he was contemplating the invasion of England. This particular look-out—which is in a very good state of preservation—stands on the cliffs between Wimereux and Ambleteuse, and on clear days England can be distinctly seen with the naked eye. One can imagine the watchers in these little towers gazing out across the sea towards the hated land whose vigilant fleets and hard-fighting armies were the main obstacles to the universal success of the arms of the Emperor.

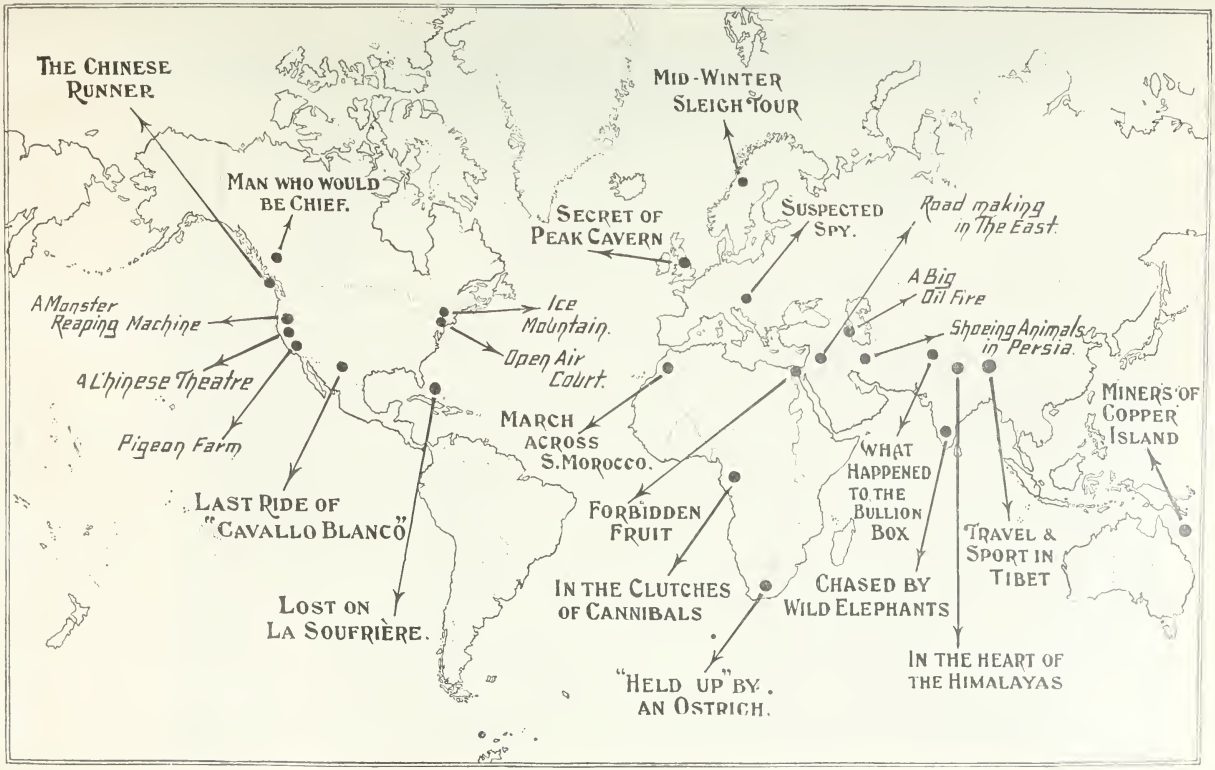
One of the most impressive and at the same time melancholy sights it is possible to witness is that of a ship on fire at sea. The ship seems for all the world like a living thing struggling in the grip of a relentless foe. The striking photograph we reproduce below shows the burning of the large four-masted barque *Reliance*, at Iquique, South America. This ship was laden with saltpetre—a most dangerous cargo—and, as will be seen from the picture, is on fire from stem to stern. The foremast, with all its beautiful tracery of yards and rigging, has been "snapped" in the very act of falling, and the paint will be seen peeling off the doomed ship's red-hot sides. The crew had long before abandoned her.

A SALTPETRE SHIP ON FIRE AT IQUIQUE—THE FOREMAST IS JUST FALLING.
From a] [*Photo.*

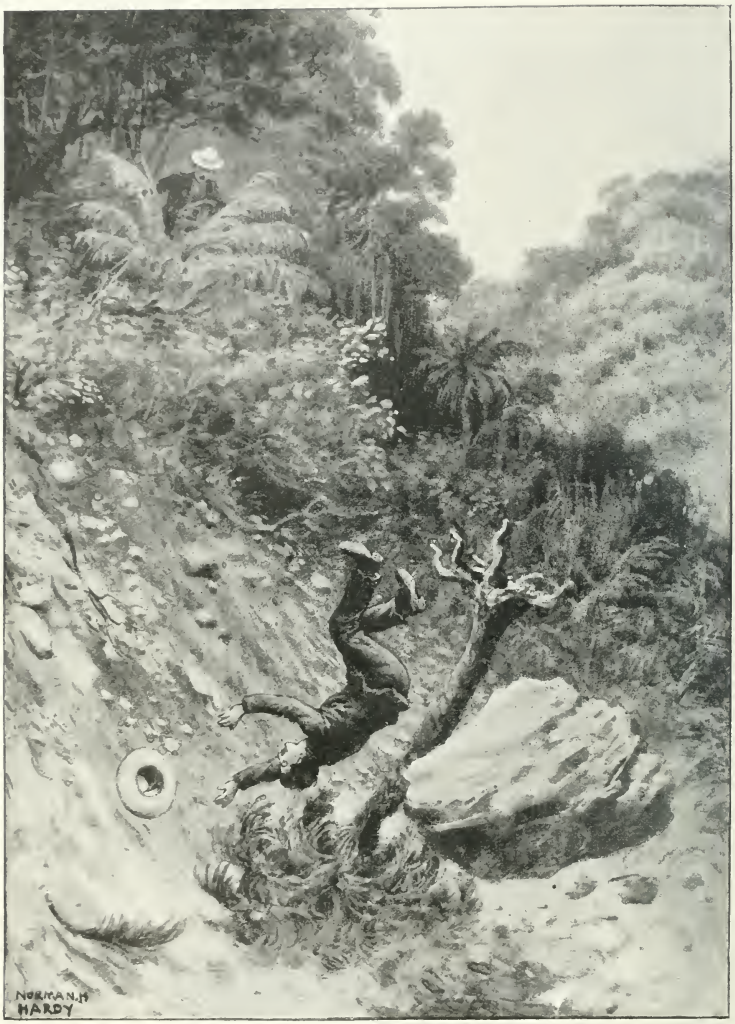
The "message stick" shown in the last photograph hails from Perth, Western Australia. It is a sort of passport used by the natives, and ensures their safety when travelling beyond the boundaries of their own tribe, the rod being respected as a sort of flag of truce. The stick is 7¼in. long and about 2in. in circumference at its thickest part. The smaller portion appears to fit into the larger one, but really the stick is in one piece. The patterns are pricked into the surface of the wood and are dark, while the wood itself is light. On the longer part the patterns, though of different sizes, are all more or less regularly diamond-shaped, and one such line of patterns is seen on the smaller portion. The marks on the thinner end are much more irregular and seem to be intended for leaves.



THE STRANGE "MESSAGE STICK" OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES—IT ENSURES THE SAFETY OF A NATIVE WHEN TRAVELLING BEYOND THE DISTRICT OF HIS OWN TRIBE.
From a] [*Photo.*



THE NOVEL MAP-CONTENTS OF "THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE," WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE LOCALITY OF EACH ARTICLE AND NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THIS NUMBER.



"I SAW HIM, IN COMPANY WITH A YOUNG PALM AND A LARGE BOULDER, GO ROLLING DOWN A STEEP SLOPE OF SOME FORTY FEET."

(SEE PAGE 525.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

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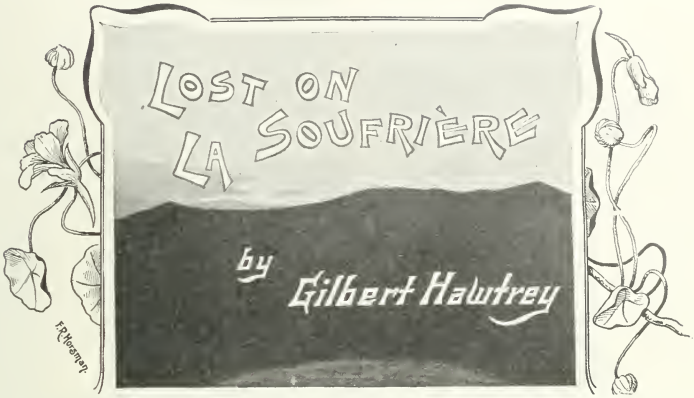


An adventure which befell the author and a friend on the densely-wooded slopes of La Soufrière, one of the West Indian volcanoes. It will be remembered that it was this mountain — at the time of Mr. Hawtrey's ascent popularly supposed to be quite quiescent — that recently spread death and devastation over the beautiful Island of St. Vincent, W.I.

IN 1897 I was staying with a party of friends at the most northern point of the Island of St. Vincent. From the veranda of the estate-house we could see the twin cone-shaped peaks of the neighbouring Island of St. Lucia.

Benind us, at a distance of 200 or 300 yards, the ground rose rapidly to the lower spurs of the Soufrière range. Dense vegetation covered the deep, narrow gullies and steep ridges which ran up towards the volcano. On our Admiralty survey map the shading seemed to indicate that all the ridges at this northern end of the island rose uninterruptedly towards the central heights around the two craters. The only other information which we could gather from the map was that these ridges were "thickly wooded." As we found out later on, these words stated the plain, unvarnished truth.

One day three of us determined to try and make our way up to the summit of La Soufrière from our end of the island, and thereby add to our knowledge of the mountain. We were curious to see the strange black lake which occupied the old crater, its waters tasting of sulphur and alum, and popularly supposed to be bottomless.

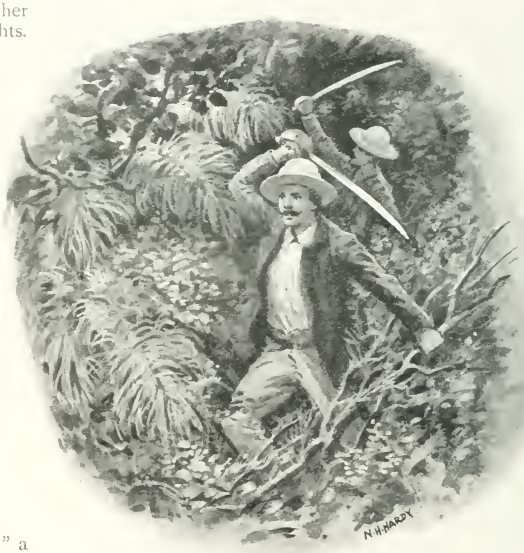
We had to wait for a fine day before making the ascent, for rain fell so frequently and the mists hung so thick about the tops of the mountains that, had we gone up on a foggy day, our chances of seeing anything would have been poor.

At last, however, our fine day came, and armed with cutlasses for slashing a way through the vegetation, and food for a meal in the middle of the day, we started off, passing here and there a patch of cultivated ground on the slopes of the lower ridges. "Provision grounds" the natives call them, and some of them, not more than ten yards square, produce four or five banana-plants and a few yams. If heavy rains fall, however, the proprietor may one morning find that his little patch has slid down to the bottom of the gully. Then he has to clear ground elsewhere — but still on the slope—for this end of the island is nothing but ridge and gully, ridge and gully, in never-ending succession.

By about midday we had got beyond the highest of these "provision grounds" and had to begin cutting our own way through the dense vegetation. When I see small, stunted palms and sickly-looking tree-ferns carefully nursed and tended in private greenhouses or florists' windows, it makes me almost

shudder to think of the destruction we wrought that day. Young palms were as common as grass, and fell to our cutlasses as easily, and tree-ferns were to be seen by the valley-full. Occasionally we came across good-sized trees, but these were few, for we made it an invariable rule to keep to the top of the ridge. In fact, we could do nothing else, for if we had gone down into the gullies we should have been simply smothered in the tangled vegetation, and have probably ended by finding an impassable cliff of rock in front of us and masses of ferns and palms high above our heads. From the ridges we could at least get glimpses here and there of other neighbouring heights. On the ridge, too, there was almost always a breeze, a point well worth considering when you are climbing in the tropics.

We clambered on steadily till about two o'clock, when one of the party dropped behind exhausted; the other man and I continued slashing our way through the dense growth, "blazing" a young tree-stem here and lopping a branch there, in order to leave ourselves an easy track by which to get down again. In this way we went on for the next two hours, slowly working upwards. Then we held a consultation. The ridge we were following trended considerably to the left, while we calculated that the twin craters of the mountain must be somewhere to the right. Now and then we had been able to catch sight of other green-clad ridges rising on either side of us, but as we got higher clouds of mist came sweeping down from the summit and rendered everything indistinct. It looked very much as though we should not reach the top that day. It was already late in the afternoon, and so we decided to leave the cutlasses at a large tree, under which we had halted, and push on as fast as we could for twenty minutes, so as to get some idea of the position of the land above us. We were then to return to the cutlass-tree and start back for home. We reckoned we should thus have about an hour and a half in which to get back to camp before sunset.



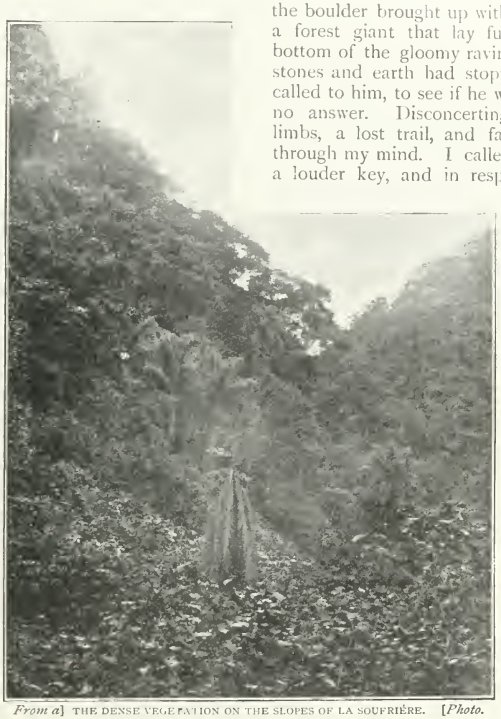
"THE OTHER MAN AND I CONTINUED SLASHING OUR WAY THROUGH THE DENSE GROWTH."

Having left our trusty blades behind we pushed our way by main force through the thick scrub without attempting to "blaze" a path. Now and then we snapped a branch or bent a twig, but that was all. Meanwhile, we hurried on upwards as fast as we could, making the most of our precious twenty minutes. The spur still trended to the left, and from the point at which we eventually stopped we could make out, far below, a point on the shore near the estate-house. As to the two craters, however—the objectives of our climb—we could see no more of them than we had before. Ridge after ridge, thinly veiled in mist, stretched away inexorably above. Evidently our task was more difficult than we had imagined.

To mark the farthest point that we had reached we tied a strip of handkerchief round a tree-branch, and then, after several more vain attempts to catch a glimpse of the longed-for summit, we turned and began to make our way downwards. This was relatively easy work and we plunged along gaily, pushing aside the wild plantain leaves and ferns with our hands, stumbling and tripping over creepers and roots, sliding at times down steep places on our heels, pulling ourselves up short when our progress became too rapid by swinging round a tree-

stem. Thus we went on for about a quarter of an hour, but still there were no signs of the cutlass-tree or any of our previous tracks, and presently it began to dawn on us that we must have got a little off the road. We halted and tried to get our bearings. Now we came to look at it, the ridge we were on was certainly steeper than the one we had come up, and looked suspiciously like one of those "false ridges" which end off short in a precipitous gully and never reach the shore—a peculiar feature of the Soufrière slopes.

Knowing the general tendency one has to bear to the left when making one's own track, we agreed to cross the deep gully on our right and see if the next ridge was the one we ought to be on. Accordingly we cautiously slid down into the deep smother of rank vegetation and up the other side. No! There was not a sign of either cutlass-tree or fresh "blazes"! Puzzled and a little alarmed, we tried down the ridge for fifty yards. Time was slipping away and barely an hour's daylight remained, and the prospect of a night on the volcano was not alluring. Suddenly we saw a mark on a tree and rushed to examine it. Yes, it was a "blaze," but a very old one—moss-grown, in fact. Some human being had evidently been along there, probably years before—a hunter after pigeons or agouti. We were now quite at a loss, and finally decided to follow this ridge, trusting to luck that we might strike the shore and get back to camp that way. So we started off downwards again at considerable speed, for time was precious and the daylight was fast waning.



From a] THE DENSE VEGETATION ON THE SLOPES OF LA SOUFRIÈRE. [*Photo.*

My companion was leading by about ten yards when I heard him give a sudden exclamation of alarm. As I pushed hurriedly through some ferns I saw him, in company with a young palm and a large boulder, go rolling down a steep slope of some 40ft. The sapling stopped before it reached the bottom, but the man and the boulder brought up with great force against a forest giant that lay full length across the bottom of the gloomy ravine. When the loose stones and earth had stopped rattling down I called to him, to see if he was hurt. There was no answer. Disconcerting visions of broken limbs, a lost trail, and fading daylight flitted through my mind. I called again, this time in a louder key, and in response he rolled over. Thank goodness! he was alive, at any rate. I scrambled round the edge of the slope, and with some difficulty got down to him. One leg had been jammed between the boulder and the tree-trunk and was badly bruised, but, fortunately, no bones were broken. He was a good deal shaken, however, and sat down to recover himself.

We were now in the dry bed of a water-course, and I tried along it to see if we could get any farther, but some twenty yards below there was a sheer drop of 60ft., over which, when in flood, the stream probably dashed in a foaming waterfall. Above us and on either side were equally inaccessible slopes of rock and loose earth. The whole place had evidently been washed out during some recent rains, when the little trickle of a stream which now found its way among the boulders was a raging torrent. We were fairly boxed in!

We shouted once or twice on the chance that some native might hear us, but our voices were lost in the dense foliage all around, and sounded so melancholy that we soon desisted. It was very evident that we should have to spend the night in our pit, for to try to make our way through unknown ravines and over trackless ridges in the dark would only have landed us in greater difficulties.

The prospect of being shut up in that narrow

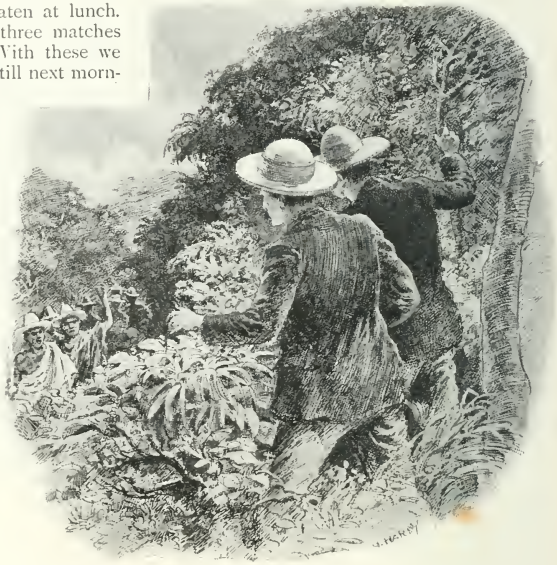
gully for twelve solid hours was not pleasing, nor was the situation entirely devoid of danger. We knew what these torrents could do when swollen by sudden heavy rains. Trees, rocks, banks, everything went down before them and swept in headlong confusion to the sea. Should there be a storm we should, in all probability, be washed bodily away in a mad whirl of water, rocks, earth, and uprooted trees.

However, it was no good worrying over possibilities. The sky—that is to say, the narrow strip of it which we could see between the tree-tops—was clear. During the day there had been several showers and our clothes were drenched—a fact we now became uncomfortably conscious of as the air got cooler. Food? We turned out our pockets. There was not a crumb; all our provender was eaten at lunch. Seven very moist cigarettes and three matches represented our commissariat. With these we should have to eke out existence till next morning. I shall never forget the tender solicitude with which we cared for those three matches.

We scooped out a hollow in the loose earth to serve as a bed, and groped about in the dark — for night had now descended—for a couple of flat stones to serve as pillows. Then we stretched ourselves out, lying close together, side by side, for warmth. Our wet clothes made us shiver, and we slept but little, listening to the myriad noises of the vegetation and the faint murmur of the water trickling round the boulders. We got up periodically for a sparring bout to keep ourselves warm. Those were twelve of the most unpleasant hours I ever remember spending. How we lengthened out the fleeting joys of our three and a half cigarettes apiece! We consulted our watches by the red glow of the burning tobacco, and waited and longed for morning.

It came at last, a pale grey light over the tree-tops, and we turned out of our sandy bed and shook ourselves stiffly. As soon as we could see our way clearly we began to climb up the slope down which we had come the evening before. Our object was to get back to the pocket-handkerchief, and from there try to work down again to the tree where we had left our cutlasses. We saw, now that it was too late, the folly of that twenty minutes' dart into the scrub.

We must have been climbing up that eternal slope for about an hour when we heard shouts far away below us on the left. We answered excitedly, and after an anxious interval were joined by six or seven white-teethed, shiny-skinned, black Caribs. They had been sent out in search of us by the rest of the party in camp, who had become alarmed at our prolonged absence. They brought us biscuits and some rum—in an eau-de-Cologne bottle. It was a strange mixture of flavours, but we were too thirsty and chilled to be critical. The natives also handed us our cutlasses, which they had found on the way up. They showed us, furthermore, where we had branched off down the "false" ridge. They evidently thought us fools for spending our time in climbing mountains which we could see just as well from the sea-shore. And at the time we were in no mood to dispute with them.



"WE ANSWERED EXCITEDLY."

Our March across Southern Morocco.

by Miss Isabel Savory.

How two English ladies, without permit or escort, travelled off the beaten track through the most fanatical country in the world. Many of the natives they met in the remote corner of the Sultan's dominions visited had never seen a white woman before, but nobody molested them, and they saw many strange and curious things.

CONTAINING thousands of square miles where no European has ever set foot, and a people the most fanatical upon earth, it is small wonder if wandering vagrants of an adventurous turn of mind are drawn, as we were drawn, to Morocco and. crossing the narrow straits from Gibraltar, find themselves at Tangier. But to remain in that "Christian-ridden" city—as the Moors call it—is to learn nothing of the country itself, and we left shortly by a Hungarian cargo-boat bound for the most southerly port in the Sultan's dominions.

Landing at Mogador on Good Friday, 1902—Miss Rose A. Bainbridge and myself — preparations were at once set on foot for our march, somewhat off the beaten track, to Marrakesh, the southern capital of Morocco. On account of the difficulties presented by hostile tribes, few travellers penetrate nearer the Equator than Mogador, a terrible city of sea and sand, one of whose best "streets" is shown in the accompanying photograph. Telegrams from England cannot reach Mogador under a fortnight, and few steamers call there. However, mules for ourselves to ride and a camel and a donkey for the baggage were to be had, and we set forth, hiring tents, and fortunate in picking up an Algerian cook, one Mulai Omar, who spoke French. Our four other men only understood Arabic.

From a] A "STREET" IN MOGADOR. [*Photo*

Two distinct races inhabit Morocco: the Berbers, aborigines of the country, hill-folk, and the Arabs, who

A TYPICAL "HIGHWAY" IN MOROCCO — THE COUNTRY POSSESSES NEITHER ROADS, RAILWAYS, NOR BRIDGES.
From a Photo.

occupy the plains. The Sultan himself is an Arab, descended from Mohammed, with an admixture of Circassian blood; Arabic is the language of the country, though the Berbers have a dialect of their own.

With no Sultan's "permit" and no escort of soldiers, though our servants were armed and the Arab villages near which we camped supplied guards, we jogged along one of Morocco's "highways," the uneven nature of which is well illustrated in the photograph. It is hardly conceivable that a country as large as France should possess neither roads, railways, nor bridges; that a vast Mohammedan population, only three days' journey from Plymouth, can neither write nor read. Yet so it is.

Along this stony, boulder-strewn trail we jogged on high-peaked, scarlet-cloth Moorish saddles until late in the day, when, after a precipitous descent, we reached our camping-ground, shown on this page. This was situated among olive, orange, and fig trees,

THE AUTHORESS AS SHE APPEARED WHEN ON THE MARCH. [*Photo.*
From a]

THE FIRST CAMP—A PRETTY LITTLE OASIS SURROUNDED BY OLIVE, ORANGE, AND FIG TREES.

a pretty little oasis, such as is seldom seen in decadent Morocco, where no man spends money unless there is a prospect of immediate profit, and where all trees are ruthlessly wiped off the face of the earth for firewood and so that they may not form lurking-places for robbers.

That Morocco abounds in brigands is true to a certain extent: no one travels at night and unarmed. At the same time, however, Europeans are seldom molested on account of the fines exacted by the Government from the tribes on whose

land violence towards "the Christian" is committed. Moors are robbed often enough, and the body of a man who had been knifed during the night was picked up on the road not four miles off us one morning.

Beyond his immediate wants a Moor grows little corn, although with systematic irrigation the soil would yield a hundredfold, and with light railways to carry export to the coast Morocco would soon become wealthy. At present, however, the export trade is largely confined to eggs, of which forty-eight millions left the country for England and Spain last year. The accompanying photo. shows a case of eggs being carried by porters to the harbour.

As might be expected in this conservative country, the agricultural implements used by the peasantry are most primitive. With a prehistoric plough fastened to the oxen's foreheads by "bonnets" of grass, the Moorish farmer scratches shallow furrows in the ground; he uses no harrow, and he stores his grain in holes in the ground so as to elude his paternal Government, the officials of which rob and oppress the populace to an incredible extent. A very good specimen of a Moorish plough will be seen in the above snap-shot.

A Moor who grows more corn than is necessary to supply his own needs, and succeeds in disposing of it, is at once pounced upon by the nearest kaid the Governor and tax-collector — and if he refuses to disclose the hiding-place of his money is thrown into prison and tortured. He probably reveals the secret in time, when half of his little capital goes to the Government and the rest into the kaid's pocket, by which means the unpaid Government official earns his living. This is how the Moorish Government encourages industry. As for the miserable farmer, he remains in prison until his family can raise sufficient money to satisfy the kaid's avarice and induce him to release his hapless victim.

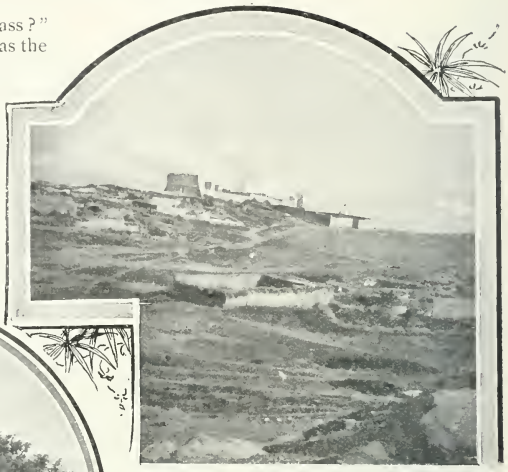
F.R.H CARRYING A BOX OF EGGS TO MARKET — MOROCCO EXPORTS 48,000,000 EGGS ANNUALLY.
From a Photo.

PLOUGHING IS DONE BY MEANS OF A WOODEN PLOUGH DRAWN BY OXEN.
From a Photo.

Morocco is a hotbed of bribery. A Moor was anxious to win a case which was to be brought before a kaid whom we knew. In order to propitiate this just judge, the Moor sent him the largest looking-glass which he could afford to buy; but when the case came on the verdict was given against him. "Did

you not receive the beautiful looking-glass?" he cried in dismay to the kaid. "Yes," was the calm answer. "But after the looking-glass there was brought along a mule richly caparisoned, and the mule *kicked the glass to pieces.*" It was a saying among the natives afterwards when a man failed to get his due, "Ah! the mule has kicked the glass."

The following day we reached the "argan" forest, where is found the unique tree of that name. This curious tree—a specimen of which is here



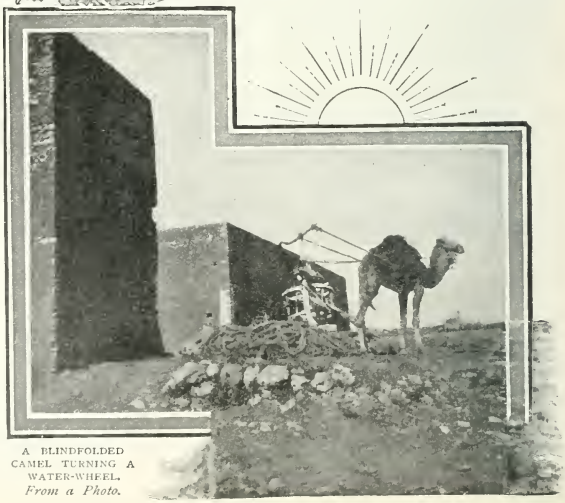
THE KASBAH OF SHEDMA, WHERE THE LADIES STAYED A NIGHT.
From a [*Photo.*

AN "ARGAN" TREE—THIS TREE GROWS ONLY IN ONE DISTRICT IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo.

was an immense reddish-yellow pile of bat, tered tapia walls. Tapia is mud and gravel-poured into bottomless cases on foundations and left to set. This material is the bricks and mortar of Morocco, and in the bad old days thousands of Christian slaves were employed to build castles and city walls of this stuff. Slavery is a dark blot on the history of Morocco, and, though Christian slavery is now abolished, a brisk trade is

shown—grows only in one district in the world—a strip of country near Mogador, 170 miles long and thirty-five miles wide. Running to about 40ft. in height, the tree was covered with light green fruit containing a nut and yielding argan oil, which the Moors use in cooking instead of butter. In autumn the trees are thrashed, the cattle and camels eat the fruit, while the women crush the stones for oil.

Another two days' marching brought us to the kasbah of Shedma, shown in the top picture, a huge feudal castle belonging to the kaid, or Governor, of the district. It



A BLINDFOLDED CAMEL TURNING A WATER-WHEEL.
From a Photo.

still carried on in natives, about 3,500 being yearly imported from Central Africa into the country and disposed of in the various slave markets. Later on, in Marrakesh, we saw a woman sold for £7 10s. and a child for £4. They are often caught by the traders by means of raisins or sugar sprinkled at the edges of woods near their villages—much as pheasants are decoyed by sportsmen.

From a] THE KAID GOES TO PRAYERS. [*Photo*

Inside the kasbah of Shedma a blindfolded camel was turning a water-wheel, walking steadily round and round through the hot hours. Towards night we saw some miserable-looking prisoners with irons on their feet shuffle out to draw water. The confinement of these wretches in "matamors"—stuffy underground holes generally used for storing fodder—at the absolute discretion of the kaids, is one of the iniquities of Morocco. Oppression and crime very often lead a whole district to rebel, and then worse cruelty and devastation follow the rising. And so things go on.

There was a small mosque attached to Shedma, and on Fridays the kaid went in state to pray. I was fortunate enough to get a snapshot of the great man on his way to his devotions.

Farther on we had our first view of the Atlas Mountains, that mighty chain on which the ancients believed the world to rest, and whose eternal snow-caps protect Morocco from the furnace blasts of the Sahara, which make summer in Algeria impossible for Europeans. Between 13,000ft. and 14,000ft. high, the Atlas Mountains, once seen, are unforgetable. The two days we spent skirting the great plain out of which they rise were hotter than any we had ever experienced before. It was quite impossible to ride during midday, and we longed for cooler airs. Occasionally we met flocks and herds, but for the most part our rocky path meandered, void of life, to the hard horizon line; the sun glared pitilessly down on the baked earth, and hot, rarefied air vibrated before our eyes.

Untidy Arab women wandered out of their squalid huts to gaze in utter astonishment at the first Englishwomen they had ever seen. Their lives are uneventful—spent in an incessant round of tending herds, carrying eggs and chickens into market, and looking after their lords' and masters' many wants. The pointed huts of the Arab villages are enclosed in the same thorn fence as the Soudanese zareba, and the hamlet thus formed is called a "duar."

"UNTIDY ARAB WOMEN WANDERED OUT OF THEIR SQUALID HUTS TO GAZE IN UTTER ASTONISHMENT AT THE FIRST ENGLISHWOMEN THEY HAD EVER SEEN."
From a Photo.

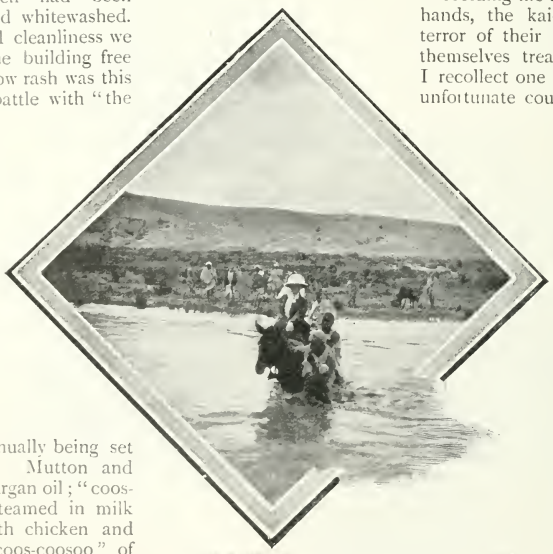
We were obliged to camp near these "duars" for the sake of protection. Early in the morning the inhabitants would cluster round us, even pulling back the tent flap to see what was happening inside. Sometimes we bought the curious leathern charm which, together with one filthy whity-yellow garment, was all they wore. They were mostly shepherds, and their goats and cattle were their principal means of subsistence.

"THE SERVANTS FELL UPON THE 'MONA' WITH JOYFUL ANTICIPATION."
From a Photo.

Three days' march from Marrakesh we had rain, and gladly accepted a neighbouring kaid's invitation to put up in his guest-house, which had been newly painted and whitewashed. From this unusual cleanliness we hoped to find the building free from vermin. How rash was this hope a night of battle with "the insect world" abundantly proved.

But, hospitable to a fault according to his lights, the kaid sent at intervals all day "mona," or presents of food, for the strange white women. Immense dishes under beehive-like straw covers were continually being set down before us. Mutton and chickens fried in argan oil; "coos-coosoo," wheat steamed in milk and crowned with chicken and raisins; sweet "coos-coosoo" of millet with grated almonds, sugar, cream, and nutmeg; brews of steaming green tea—all we tasted, and then passed on to the servants, who fell upon the "mona" with joyful anticipation, as seen in my next photograph. The kaid begged in return for his hospitality some medicine for "a pain." It was a vague request, but the pill we offered was gratefully received, and on the strength of its effects I was asked next day to see one of his wives who had a swelled neck. I recommended bathing with warm water, which seemed to me very necessary. The lady possessed no soap.

Holding life and death in their hands, the kaids, by the mere terror of their names, amass to themselves treasure of all sorts. I recollect one kaid to whom an unfortunate countryman sent his one mule as an offering. The Governor had imprisoned the man's brother, and a bribe alone could effect his release. The kaid sent for the donor of the mule. "Do you dare offer me a bribe?" he cried to the man. Then to his servants: 'Throw this ellow into prison with his brother, and put the mule into my stable."



CROSSING A FORD UNDERNEATH THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.
From a Photo.

One of the men died in prison, the other was bought out after years of confinement by his struggling family, but he had gone blind. This is a typical instance of Moorish oppression.

A ford we crossed underneath the Atlas Mountains gave us some exciting moments. The rain-swelled river reached the men's necks in the deepest parts, and the swirling current and stony bottom made the crossing decidedly precarious. However, we reached the opposite bank safely, baggage and all. The camel came over valiantly, and even the donkey, with the help of half-a-dozen men, struggled across somehow. Our camel was a fairly tractable beast, though he came of a vindictive race which never forgets an injury. As transport animals they are invaluable; in a good year a thousand of them will come into Mogador in one day laden with almonds.

The fording of rivers needs some care, for on this very road a lady missionary lost her life two years ago, simply because she had no one at her mule's head when it lost its footing in the river, and both were carried down stream and drowned.

With ordinary forethought there is comparatively little danger in travelling across Morocco. The trifling discomforts of camp-life necessarily attend it; the sun is hot at midday even in April, but by getting under way at sunrise a good many hours' marching may be put in before the sun is high, and again in the evening. Our heavy baggage went on ahead; we ourselves, with Mulai Omar—all of us riding mules—were independent of it.

The lack of trees robs Morocco of much charm. Its arid plains are uninteresting; even its irrigated, and therefore cultivated, districts are monotonous. But its cities and its fanatical people have a fascination all their own. Grossly superstitious, with the watchful and crafty disposition of the Mussulman, their lives to the passing European are a closed book.

The social problems that vex civilized communities are solved, somewhat abruptly, by means of poison. Jealous wives are constantly poisoning their husbands, brothers poison brothers. A missionary told me of a slave who came to him, and in course of conversation said, "My master has not been well, has he?" "No," said the missionary. "He would be happier if he died and went to Heaven, wouldn't he?" queried the slave. "Yes," replied the missionary. "Then sell me some poison to send him there," rejoined the slave.

Letters from British Consuls belonging to the coast towns of Morocco opened many hospitable doors to us. At our last halt before Marrakesh, one Hadj Cadour entertained us in his garden among a party of stately Arabs, and reclining on cushions to the weird sound of the tahr, gimbri, and tareega, thrummed by singing and dancing girls, we sipped green tea and ate almond-sugar cakes. In the cities a house might be placed at our disposal, but a garden in which we could camp was always preferable.

Report has it that none visit Morocco except those who return again, and when our wanderings under the crimson flag came to an end it was to feel that a mere fragment only of those "pastures new" had become known to us, while much remained to offer for years to come a happy hunting-ground.

Another of Mr. Bart Kennedy's out-of-the-way experiences. Whilst acting as a stevedore in Vancouver, B.C., he took a turn at more remunerative but highly dangerous work — nothing more or less than the smuggling of Chinese coolies into the United States, against which traffic most stringent Acts had been passed.

IT was Davis who first proposed to me that we should go in for smuggling Chinese across the frontier into the United States. It was a risky game, he said, but paying and interesting. And he went on to draw enticing pictures of the wealth we should acquire, for at that time the contractors in the States were paying 100dols. a head for every Chinaman that was safely delivered over the frontier.

I must confess that at first the proposition hardly appealed to me. Smuggling Chinese was a business that was neither safe nor ethical. It was not only troublesome to a sensitive conscience, but it was very much against the law. Men who were caught at it were quite often shot out of hand by Vigilantes, or hung as an awful example to their fellows.

I put these drawbacks before the eloquent and logical Davis, but he only looked at me with reproach and went on with his argument.

At the time we were in Vancouver working at the unloading of a tea-ship that had come over the Pacific from Japan. It was in the early days of Vancouver—just before the time of the great fire there. The coast of British Columbia was being overrun by tough specimens of white humanity, and Davis was as tough as the toughest of them. But, for all that, he was one of the finest and best fellows I ever met.

All we were paid for the unloading of the tea was 30 cents an hour. Work such as this was neither a quick nor an alluring way of acquiring wealth, and this thought came upon me as I drank in the convincing eloquence of Davis. It was safe, to be sure; but safety and small gains go hand in hand. Risk is the key to wealth.

"I'll tell you what," said Davis, who saw that I was beginning to take more kindly to his proposition. "We'll throw this job up now—and to-night we'll go and see Tom Brannon. He's got the Chinks at his place"

The stevedore boss paid us what was due to us, at our request, and soon we were in a saloon taking a comfortable drink and talking the matter over.

As we were chatting, who should come up but Tom Brannon himself. He looked hard at Davis. There was no one else but the three of us in the bar, and he invited us to have another drink. Brannon was a weather-beaten, grizzled man of something over fifty. He had the rough, hearty, intimate manner that men usually have who have lived for a long time in unsettled, out-of-the-way places. Report had it that he

was the cleverest runner of "Chinks" on the coast, but nothing had ever been proved against him. His appearance was certainly in his favour. There was nothing in it that was suggestive of one who engaged in nefarious, underhanded enterprises. He had the straight, open demeanour of the man of the frontier.

We conversed about indifferent subjects as we drank together. To hear us talk one would never suppose we were thinking of Chinamen. Brannon had to be careful — and so had we.

"Nine o'clock," he said to Davis, as he shook hands with us and left us.

It was dark that night and we had some slight difficulty in finding our way to Brannon's place, a big, wooden hut, which lay down near the edge of the water. We went to the door cautiously and Davis knocked. There was no answer. Again he knocked, but still all was silent inside.

"Can anything be wrong?" I asked. "There's no light about the place."

"I don't know," answered Davis. "But I don't think so. Brannon's as deep as a well. Let's go away and come back again."

It seemed strange to me that Brannon had not kept his word. I could see no special reason for his not answering when we knocked. I felt almost sure that he was there all the time, even though there was no light showing in the hut, and as I walked back with Davis I determined in my own mind to have nothing to do with the venture. Its ugly aspects were beginning to prick my conscience. The chances of getting into trouble over it were too many and too serious. Money, I decided, could be bought too dearly.

Suddenly Davis stopped.

"Someone's following us," he said. "Let's wait and see who it is."

"No," said I. "Let's go on and call the deal off. I've had enough of this."

"Let's wait, anyhow," said Davis. We waited there in the darkness, and presently a man came up to us. He was a Siwash Indian. He spoke a few words in Chinook to Davis, who answered him in the same tongue.

"It's all right," said Davis to me. "I told you that Brannon was deep. He's got to keep his weather eye peeled on a risky lay like this. Not being in was a 'plant' of his to see if the police were following us. He's got the Chinks safe aboard down in the inlet. We're to go along with Jim here."

Half unwillingly I turned and followed him. After about an hour's tramp we got down to where Brannon's sloop was lying. We pushed off to her in a skiff, the Indian paddling. Brannon himself gave us a hand up on deck, and the Indian took the skiff back to the shore.

"'SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING US,' HE SAID."

No word passed between us as we got the anchor up and put the sloop under sail. We worked silently and quickly, for there was no time to be lost. If the police came and overhauled us it would have been decidedly awkward. They would have shown in a rude and practical manner their lack of sympathy with our venture. Whilst we were not absolutely infringing the law of British Columbia, we were about to do that of a neighbouring and friendly

State a deadly injury. So the quicker we got out from Vancouver the better.

By this time we were well out, cutting along before a sharp, stiff breeze. Brannon was at the tiller.

"Where are the Chinks?" asked Davis, presently.

"Down in the hold," answered Brannon. "Twenty-five of 'em. I had a terrible job gett'n' 'em aboard, but I guess I'm all right now. I should think we'll be through the Neck in an hour."

"We called at your place," ventured Davis.

"Yes. I put Jim on the look-out for you," said Brannon.

"Then you didn't have the Chinks there?" asked my mate.

Brannon laughed, evasively, and for a while nothing more was said.

At last we reached the entrance of the Neck, or narrows, which lead out of Vancouver Bay into the Gulf of Georgia. Here Brannon had to be careful, for not only was there very little room to pass, but there was a current also to be contended with. The moon was up now, and I could see the big, frowning cliffs that guarded the narrows on either side. They seemed almost to touch—two straight, black walls of rock. If our sloop struck either of them we should be sunk before we knew it. Just at the entrance to the narrowest part of this rocky strait the water looked curiously smooth, but it was the dangerous smoothness caused by swift currents.

Now we were racing through. Brannon was still at the tiller. Davis and I had run down the jib and pulled the mainsheet flat aft, and let the peak of the mainsail down. The breeze was blowing through the Neck in the same direction as the current was running. But we were not in want of wind. It was a case of steering to a hair, and the filling out of the mainsail by the wind would have been dangerous, for the wavering of a second in our course would mean instant destruction. But Brannon never hesitated: he calmly and quietly steered his vessel through.

At last the danger was past, and the sloop lay heaving in the swell of the Gulf of Georgia. We got up the jib and the peak of the mainsail and let out the sheet. Our course lay now right on down through the Straits of Juan de Fuca to Cape Flattery, which we should have to round to get into the Pacific. I had not the slightest idea where we were to land with our cargo of Chinamen, and no more had Davis. In this respect Brannon was like Napoleon: he was no believer in detailing all his plans to his subordinates. The only thing that we really did know was that we were to get 250dols. apiece if we helped him to get the Chinamen safely to some place in Oregon. He didn't think it necessary even to tell us the name of the place. Brannon was a most wily and cautious man. His straightforward, open demeanour was, so to speak, but a cloak. I was beginning to doubt, as a matter of fact, whether he had Chinamen aboard at all. I had seen none as yet, and, for all Davis and I knew to the contrary, we might be helping him to run through a cargo of opium.

"Davis," Brannon called out presently, "you and your partner go below and get something to eat. I'll hold her by myself now for a while."

I was standing forward on the port side, looking out over the water into the darkness, and wondering what the upshot of the whole curious business would be. My mate was standing near me.

"'KEEP DOWN, SHOUTED DAVIS."

"But before you go below," continued Brannon, "lift up the hatch so that the Chinks can breathe."

So we had them aboard after all!

Davis and I prised up the hatch, and then there arose out of the hold a volume of Chinese talk and exclamations. It was at once odd-sounding and musical. I suppose they were sending forth a pæan of joy at being allowed to breathe the fresh air.

"Keep down," shouted Davis to a Chinaman, who was raising himself up on the coaming of the hatchway.

The Chinaman slid down again into the huddled mass of his fellows, and we went aft and down into the cabin, where Sam, Brannon's cook, gave us something to eat and drink. I was glad of the food, for I had found it a bit chilly on deck. After we had eaten Brannon told us that we might turn in for a couple of hours. He said he could manage the sloop by himself till he got to Cape Flattery, as the wind was likely to hold steady.

No sooner was I stretched in the bunk than I fell asleep; I was tired. But I hardly seemed to have closed my eyes when I was awakened by Brannon's voice shouting down the companion-way. I was up and on deck in a moment, having turned in without taking off my clothes.

It was broad daylight now, and we had rounded Cape Flattery and were in the Pacific. Back in the distance I could see the cape. We were now heading due south down the coast. The sun was shining brightly on the waters.

Davis was at the tiller when I got on deck, and Brannon had just gone amidships and was looking down the open hatch at his cargo. It turned out that I had not heard Brannon's first hail when he had got the sloop to Cape Flattery, but Davis had answered it, and, as there was little to be done, I was allowed to sleep on.

"Come forrard, here," called Brannon, beckoning to me.

I went forward and looked down at the Chinamen. Whilst the hold was deep for the size of the sloop it was small, and it hardly seemed possible that twenty-five men could fit into it. But there they were, crushed and huddled up together in an extraordinary manner. They carried their "dunnage" in long canvas bags such as sailors use, and every one of them seemed to have the tightest kind of a hold on his bag. The whole of their worldly wealth and property was in those precious bags. The tiny hold was a squeezed-up jumble of bags and Chinese coolies. They said never a word, but they craned up their heads to gaze at Brannon and myself.

"Why don't you let 'em up on deck," I suggested, "and let the breeze get through them?"

There was a slave-trade touch about the whole business, and I regretted having had anything to do with it. But regrets were vain now, and I silenced once and for all the still, small voice of conscience. And my thoughts presently began to take a philosophical turn. After all, the Chinese were men and had a right to make a living just as other men had. The Exclusion Act of the United States was both wrong and absurd. If white men arrogated to themselves the right to force their way into China, the Chinese, on the other hand, had the right to come to the white man's country. And I was forced to the conclusion that Brannon and I and Davis were engaged in a venture that smacked largely of philanthropy.

Brannon had not thought it incumbent on him to make any comment upon my suggestion. He only bade me keep my eye on the coolies and see that they did not get up out of the hold and on to the deck.

"I guess a man can never be sure of Chinks," he said, as he was going aft. "I shouldn't wonder but what we've got some 'High Binders'* and pirates in this lot. A tough Chink is a nut that wants cracking. Watch 'em!"

So I was left to gaze down the hold upon the tightly-packed Chinamen. The only thing else I had to do was to go forward now and then and tighten up the sheet of the jib when it worked out slack.

They were the stillest and most solemn-looking mob I have ever seen. How they stood it down in that hold, I don't know but they did. A Chinaman is above all things a calm and phlegmatic person. Even when he is going through a quick, hurried movement there is still an atmosphere of comfort and ease about him. These stolid wanderers were going to seek their fortunes amongst the restless Americans, whose main ambition was to do as much as possible in as little time as possible. These calm-eyed sons of the East—the masters of Time—going in amongst the slaves of Time! The whole thing struck me as a joke, and I laughed loudly.

The three of us took spells at steering and watching the Chinamen, going below after our turns for a rest. Late in the afternoon Brannon changed his mind and allowed his living cargo to come up out of the hold in small batches at a time. They spread themselves quietly about the deck, and went back down into the hold when he gave the word. But he kept a very sharp eye on them. I must say that, when I

* A fanatical Chinese secret society.

think of Brannon now, I am filled with admiration for his character. He was a man who would take a chance of being shot or hung to make his point, and yet he was most cautious.

"THEY WERE THE STILLEST AND MOST SOLEMN-LOOKING MEN I HAVE EVER SEEN."

At once daring and cautious! That was his strong point, just as it is the strong point of all successful robbers and statesmen whose talents and initiative keep the world alive. My old smuggler captain! I sincerely trust that he was neither shot nor hung; that he attained to affluence and rest and ease.

Early the next morning we had rather a close call. A United States cruiser appeared on the scene. But Brannon was far too clever to attempt any running away business, for the swift cruiser would have overhauled us in no time.

What we did was to batten down the hatch over the Chinamen and head direct for the cruiser. When we got within hailing distance Brannon passed the time of day and asked a number of questions. And so the danger passed.

I am extremely thankful to have to state that no other incident occurred that was in any way dangerous. Exciting hair-breadth escapes make good reading, but I am compelled to state that the Chinamen gave us hardly any trouble. We got themselves and their precious bags ashore that night. We ran into a bay and anchored, and then Brannon went ashore in the skiff with Sam. In a couple of hours they came back along with two more men and a yawl. The yawl made four trips, and the job was over—the

Chinamen were safe in American territory. Exactly where they were taken, or how they were taken after they left our hands, I had no knowledge. I did think of asking Brannon all about it, but my courage quailed at the thought of committing such a gross breach of etiquette.

"HE GRAVELY COUNTED US OUT 300DOLS. APIECE."

To this day I don't even know the name of the bay where we put the Chinamen ashore.

We got the anchor up, and instantly headed back for Vancouver. Brannon took the tiller till we got well out into the open. We were now persons of the respectable, law-abiding order, and we had nothing to fear from either cruisers or police. We could look the whole world in the face, so to speak.

It was a clear night, and Brannon gave the tiller over to Sam, and then he and I and Davis went down in the cabin together. Here he gravely counted us out 300dols. apiece—50dols. each more than he had agreed to give us. He made no comment as he did this, and so we made none; Brannon was a man who disliked comment.

During the whole time of the voyage back to Vancouver he never said a word to us as to whether or not he would want us again for another trip. We talked about all kinds of things, but that subject was not broached.

Two weeks after that I saw him in a barroom in Vancouver. There was a crowd in the bar and I stood right alongside him as I ordered my drink. But he either didn't see me or didn't want to see me. He was a man who was not to be spoken to or questioned if he did not wish it, and so I emptied my glass and departed. I never saw him again.

An awkward adventure which befell the author and a friend on an ostrich farm in Cape Colony. They managed to offend a big male bird who was standing guard over a nest, with the result that he attacked them savagely. The author's companion was knocked down by a blow from the bird's formidable claw, and Mr. Willis only managed to beat the ostrich off after an exhausting struggle.

IT was while on a visit to a farm in Barroe, Cape Colony, that I had the unpleasant experience of being "held up" by an ostrich. I had gone up from Port Elizabeth, on the invitation of the owner, for a stay to regain my health after an attack of fever, and the lovely, crisp air did much to restore me.

I was fortunate enough to arrive there during the season for plucking, and had many opportunities of seeing this interesting operation. It was at this time also that the birds were breeding, and it is then that the male birds are in a combative mood, and I was warned to keep clear of them. I noticed that the legs of the males at this period assume a purple hue, which struck me as being Nature's danger-signal.

There were about a thousand birds on this particular farm, which ranged over an area of some twenty miles. For plucking purposes all the birds had been collected together by the farm hands—mounted on horseback—and then they had been turned into a laager, where they were in due course deprived of their plumes and turned loose again. Many of the females had little groups of young ostriches—queer-looking little creatures, resembling featherless chickens with overgrown legs and necks.

One day I suggested to the son of my host that we should go for a stroll, as I was very anxious to get a snap-shot of a nest, a mere hollow scooped out in the sand in which the eggs are deposited. I said I thought we might chance to find it unprotected, but, if not, he could attract the attention of the male bird and keep it off "sentry-go" while I photographed the female bird sitting on the eggs.

"A nice programme you've mapped out for me!" he jokingly remarked.

"Oh, well! if you're afraid we won't go," I said, laughingly.

"I'm game," he replied, "but we'd far better take the horses."

"No, come on," I said, decidedly, "we'll foot it."

So off we started, I, on his advice, arming myself with a long stick, something like a pitch-fork. He did likewise, but he cut his fork out of a long arm of *wacht een beitje*, or "wait-a-bit," thorn bush, in case of emergencies. We set off along the waggon road—a mere track made by the lumbering waggons with their

span of sixteen oxen—and, despite the glaring heat, we soon settled down for a steady six-mile walk. We saw groups of ostriches feeding at some distance, and I asked my friend if there were any danger to be anticipated in this quarter, but he reassuringly informed me they did not attack unless you first molested them. I got a photo. of a small group being herded together and headed off to the farm by a couple of Dutch boys on horseback, and then we struck off the veldt and made for a dam, or reservoir, which we considered a likely spot to find the nests I was in search of.

At last we espied a nest in the distance, with the drab-coloured female bird sitting on it, but at half a mile from it, and between us and the nest, stood a fine specimen of a male ostrich, who was acting as sentinel. We therefore proceeded to make a cautious *détour* with the object of getting round on the opposite side of him. The bird detected us, however, and, contrary to my expectations, started after us, striding over the ground with his neck stretched low, and coming along at lightning speed. I took in the surrounding country at a glance, with a view to instant flight. It was as barren as the desert, and not a single rock or bush was there to which we could fly for shelter. The brute came flying towards us, covering the ground at a tremendous rate, and I felt like turning on my heel and running for all I was worth, despite my friend's peremptory admonition to stand by him.

On came the ostrich, rushing at full speed, until within about thirty yards of us, when he checked himself and advanced with a sort of zig-zag motion, his neck bent low and his wings slowly beating the air, obviously intent on mischief. Closer he came, until within about 6ft. of us, when I thought I must drop with fear and excitement. Suddenly changing his tactics, he commenced slowly circling round us, we wheeling round as though on a pivot so as to face him. He was only kept at bay by our thorn-

"HE COMMENCED SLOWLY CIRCLING ROUND US."

sticks, which we held at arm's length, while he waited and watched for an opportunity to let drive with his formidable claws.

Round and round he circled, beating his wings in fury, and my heart thumped with apprehension lest he might make a sudden fierce onslaught and beat down our guard. Here was a nice situation, I thought—"held up" in an open and desolate place by a gigantic and infuriated bird, a blow from whose claw would rip us up as easily as I might a drum!

"What on earth are we going to do?" I at last managed to gasp to my friend.

"Keep quiet," came the hurried answer. "Perhaps he'll cool down and draw off."

Five minutes went by, then ten, which seemed more like hours, the bird still moving in circles round us, his head poised like a snake's, his beak open, and a slight hissing sound issuing therefrom. At these close quarters he looked strikingly repulsive.

"By Jove!" my friend exclaimed, at the end of a quarter of an hour or so, during which the bird never once slackened his efforts to get at us; "he means business, and he's not going to leave us!"

"Well," I said, "we can't stay here all day, with the prospect of being killed as soon as we tire! I've got it! Here goes for a shot at him!"

Dropping my camera, which I had kept in one hand, I clapped my hand to my hip-pocket, but was dismayed to find I had omitted to bring my little Colt revolver, which I usually carried in my riding suit, but which I had forgotten to change into the clothes I had on. Had I had it with me I could have tried the effects of a shot on the bird, regardless of the row which would have been caused over his loss.

THE AUTHOR, MR. A. E. WILLIS.
From a Photo.

"We're done," I groaned, as I made this disconcerting discovery.

"No, we're not," said my friend, confidently. "Keep close to me, and when I say 'Charge!' rush out with me and attack him, and shout like mad. Now, then, get ready! One—two—three! Ch-a-r-r-ge!" he yelled.

We charged; but it was a dismal failure, for the bird, maddened by the goading of our sticks in its neck, instead of being frightened at our shouting, was only the more enraged. He struck out like a flash of lightning at my friend; there was a sound of ripping and tearing, and the poor fellow fell to the ground, rolled over and over like a shot rabbit, and then lay like a log, with his face downwards in the sandy veldt and his arms curled above his head!

"Good heavens! he's done for," I thought.

I had no time to give more than this passing thought before I realized my own helpless position. Here was I, brought to bay, alone with the infuriated creature which had struck down my friend!

The bird now directed his attack towards me. My only hope lay in my long "pitchfork" stick, for if I could manage to get the V-shaped crook under his head, and keep his neck back, he would be powerless to strike me. I had given small thanks for this information on first receiving it, but it was now recalled very vividly to my mind, and I owed my life to remembering it.

THE PHOTOGRAPH THE AUTHOR TOOK ON HIS WAY TO THE NESTS.

I now took the offensive, and aimed my stick at his neck. To my unspeakable joy, it caught him the very first time, wedging his neck almost as firmly as if in a vice, while I pushed the bird backwards with all my strength. Startled at this unexpected onslaught, and being nearly choked, the ostrich gave way. I pushed harder—he wavered, retreated—and then, breaking free from my stick, he turned tail and fled. The danger was over!

Breathless with apprehension, I turned to examine the body of my friend. I was overjoyed to see him turn slowly over and sit up. At the same moment I espied a horseman coming in our direction, and recognised the Dutch overseer of the farm.

"I PUSHED THE BIRD BACKWARDS WITH ALL MY STRENGTH."

"Well, old man, are you hurt much?" I anxiously asked my prostrate friend.

"No, thank goodness," he replied, faintly, "only a bit knocked out."

He had indeed had a most miraculous escape, for his clothes were ripped open all the way down. He himself, however, had not so much as a scratch, but the blow had knocked all the wind out of him and made him feel decidedly shaky. I helped him to his feet, and at this moment the overseer came up and dismounted. He inquired what had happened, and we briefly explained. Then he and I lifted my friend into the saddle and set off slowly homewards.

On our arrival at the farm we were congratulated on escaping without more serious injury, as a male ostrich in a fighting mood is a most dangerous adversary. I am glad to say my friend was all right again in a few days, and none the worse for his exciting experience. I had learnt a lesson, however, and whenever I went out to take photos. of ostriches after that I took very good care to go on horseback!

From a Photo. by] [*Bamforth, Holmfirth.*

Being an account of the adventures of a party of explorers who set out to penetrate into the inmost recesses of the great Peak Cavern. The primary object of the trip was to discover, if possible, the secret passage which is said to exist between Peveril Castle and the Peak Cavern, and which has remained hidden for centuries. The party had many exciting adventures, and nearly met with utter disaster through being caught in a subterranean chamber by a rapidly-rising stream.

FOLLOWING up the Speedwell and Elden Hole expeditions, described in the issues of THE WIDE WORLD for July and October, 1901, the members of the Kyndwr Club decided to explore the great Derbyshire Peak Cavern.

As in previous expeditions of a like nature, the honour of leadership was entrusted to me, but on this occasion my task was made comparatively easy, as much preparatory exploring work had been accomplished beforehand in and around the famous cavern.

The local legends, implicitly believed by the country-folk, stoutly asserted that the cavern had a secret connection with the outer world—if not with Peveril Castle itself—a passage which had remained undiscovered through the centuries. It was supposed that by means of a subterranean gallery leading from the castle to the cavern the garrison could escape from the

From a Photo. by] PEVERIL CASTLE AND CAVE DALE. [*Bamforth, Holmfirth.*

MR. PUTTRELL, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, PREPARES TO DESCEND THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED OPENING.

From a Photo. by Bamforth, Holmfirth.

building if hard pressed, and thus into the open air. Of the once impregnable Norman fortress nothing now remains but the ruined castle keep; and Time has well kept the secret of the underground passage. In the opinion of many people, however, this secret stairway still exists, and will some day be brought to light by daring explorers.

It was while endeavouring to elucidate the mystery of this long-hidden passage that the writer was lucky enough to discover an opening in Cave Dale, beyond the castle, which gave promise of a through connection with the cavern far beneath.

This was a most important find, and it was decided to investigate it immediately. March 1st was the date fixed for the venture, and at four o'clock that afternoon our party assembled at head-quarters, the Peak Hotel, Castleton, equipped with crowbars, rockets, balloons, electric and limelight apparatus, and other accessories of the up-to date cave-explorer. Leaving the village, we wended our way to the aforementioned Cave Dale, a rocky defile to the east of the historic Peveril Castle immortalized by Sir Walter Scott. I conducted the party, by request, to the narrow opening in the rocks through which it was my intention to effect a passage, if possible, into the large central chamber. My previous observation of the locality, and experimental sounding with rope and plumb-bob, had proved beyond doubt that actual communication existed with the cavern, though we did not know, of course, whether it was possible to climb down. It was now my fate to make

From a Photo. by] THE MEMBERS OF THE PARTY. *[Bamforth, Holmfirth.*

the trial trip down this forbidding looking hole.

I had a very hearty send off, and then my friends—with the exception of those detailed to look after my ropes—retraced their steps into the Peak Cavern through the ordinary entrance, there to await my arrival, which at the time was extremely problematical.

I now made a careful inspection of both rope and electric lamp attachment, and then I plunged in. The passage was so narrow and tortuous that for about six yards I had of necessity to wriggle down the incline legs first. At the end of this tunnel the mouth of the chasm proper, barely 18in. wide, opened before me, and with a word of caution to Mr. Freeman, of the Swiss Alpine Club, and the others, who stayed behind to pay out the rope, I passed into the unknown. The fissure was exceedingly narrow, and for the first 10ft. the direct descent was laboriously slow and difficult, there being scarcely room to force myself through. I lower down, when the space allowed me to get my knees up, I took a rest and endeavoured to light my magnesium ribbon, but this was quite out of the question owing to the excessive dampness of the rocks. I had, therefore, to be content with the feeble illumination of my electric lamp. Continuing on my way with great caution, I reached a part where the shaft suddenly widened and lengthened, necessitating a change in my mode of progress to "back and foot" work—my feet only just touching one wall while my back was against the other. After 35ft. of this risky sort of work the shaft again widened, and I promptly called out to Freeman, "Watch the rope! Expect to come on it with my full weight!" "Aye, aye, my hearty," rang out a reassuring voice from above, and I went gently down.

MR. PUTTRELL ARRIVING IN THE PEAK CAVERN BY WAY OF THE NEW OPENING.
From a Photo. by Bamforth, Holmfirth.

I afterwards found that this was the most hazardous portion of the descent. During the ensuing half-minute—it seemed like half an hour—I was completely at the mercy of my unseen friends above and of the rope. I had, however, full confidence in my colleagues, so I allowed myself to dangle clear of the greasy rock-walls until, reaching a rocky protuberance, I was happily enabled to again resort to my former climbing tactics.

Stretched athwart the shaft, and peering down from my lofty eyrie, I could discern faint glimmers of light, and in a few minutes recognised several of the party moving about in the cave below. My surmise was correct—this was the hitherto undiscovered entrance to the cavern! The sight of the flickering lights upon the upturned faces, together with the weird Dantesque environment, made up a scene of almost supernatural impressiveness. The lights, however, were a welcome sign, and I responded by igniting my magnesium wire.

Working by "back and knee" work across to the left, I now reached a side chimney full of chock-stones. Keeping in this chimney, and after a further descent of 12ft. over the slimy boulders, I was greeted by a member of the club who, at no small personal risk, had climbed thus far from below to meet me. As I scrambled down within full view of the spectators, a sur-

prising chorus of cheers rang through the vast chamber, telling me the descent was safely accomplished.

We next made a general move towards the entrance, where, with the aid of several ladders fixed at varying angles, we entered the spiral-shaped stalactite chamber, the only one within the Peak Cavern. I led the way, and one by one—for it was a ticklish climb—the party reached the sloping floor of the chamber. The indispensable limelight was again requisitioned, and revealed a cavern of some 30ft. by 20ft., the walls and dome of which were beautifully draped with massive "drip-stone" formations. Several recesses overhead were next negotiated, with the object of discovering, if possible, the supposed secret passage connecting the cavern with Peveril Castle overhead, but nothing came of the venture.

A SNAP-SHOT OF THE "DRIP-STONE" FORMATION IN THE STALACTITE CHAMBER.
From a Photo. by Bamforth, Holmfirth.

ON THE WAY TO THE BEAUTIFUL STALACTITE CHAMBER.

We now descended the way we had come, and returned to the Victoria Cavern, the farthermost point reached by visitors. Out of curiosity I here climbed up the rocky wall to a height of 80ft. The ascent was extremely hazardous, owing to the looseness of the rock. I carefully discarded the oaken "stemples," the old method of ascent, owing to their dangerously rotten condition. A fire balloon was sent up, which speedily disappeared out of sight; but to our amazement a quarter of an hour later it slowly fluttered down, all forlorn, with its light extinguished and a hole in its side! Where it had been or to what heights it had climbed I do not know. A rocket was also fired, exhibiting the topmost reaches to perfection. Another was set off, but unfortunately burst and savagely fizzled out its life among the party, who scattered hurriedly.

AN AWKWARD POSITION—EXPLORING THE ROOF OF THE CAVERN IN SEARCH OF THE SUPPOSED SECRET PASSAGE LEADING TO PEVERIL CASTLE.

The "fireworks" over, serious work was again resumed, and about a dozen of the party pluckily volunteered to explore the mysterious waterway beyond the Victoria Cavern, about which very little was known. The party had now entered upon serious exploratory work, which would undoubtedly test the nerve and endurance of all concerned, so that a little thinning of our ranks became necessary. We were now gathered at the entrance of a small cave or recess, whose pebbly floor was covered with water several inches deep, above which the grim-looking walls rose at least 25ft. sheer. Previous inspection by myself and others had only revealed a single opening in the rock-walls, and that an insignificant one on the left, the arched roof of which almost touched the water level. "Is *that* the way?" asked one of the members, pointing in dismay to the hole and the dark waters beyond. Thus early he expressed what doubtless others of the party also felt—fears as to the possibility of a safe return after once venturing past this uninviting aperture. It was a sort of "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" sort of portal, and some hesitation in passing it was only natural.

Thanks, however, to the foresight of my chief assistant, Mr. McCrum, a folding boat had been procured for our special use, and this was speedily placed in position.

Stepping gingerly into our frail barque, with one companion we started off on our strange voyage. We soon found it impossible to sit even in a stooping posture, and we had therefore of necessity to lie flat in the boat. At the best it was a most uneasy, not to say undignified, position to assume, yet the situation demanded it.

Having bedecked the boat fore and aft with candles and other illuminants, and giving a trusty member our safety-line to manipulate, we bade adieu to the interested

HIGH UP IN THE VICTORIA CAVERN—"THE ASCENT WAS EXTREMELY HAZARDOUS, OWING TO THE LOOSENESS OF THE ROCK."
From a Photo.

THE MYSTERIOUS WATERWAY BEYOND THE VICTORIA CAVERN.
From a Photo. by Bamforth, Holmfirth.

knot of spectators. Pressing against the sides and roof of the tunnel as opportunity offered, we slowly worked our way through the low arch, then across a miniature lake, and next under another arch, so low that, even stretched out as we were, we could not avoid unpleasant facial contact with the roof. As we advanced, we lit the gloomy passages with candles fixed on the side walls, the dimly-reflected lights effectively marking the route for the remainder of the party. Finally, after drifting occasionally out of our course, we entered a large cavern, the beach of which was covered with transparent calcite pebbles in a wonderful variety of shape and size. Having scrambled ashore on this beach I signalled for the boat to be landed back, my comrade resuming his position in order to act as steersman for the next party. Meanwhile I illuminated the cave, and later, as opportunity offered, helped my friends as they arrived one by one at the landing stage. Everybody greatly enjoyed the novelty of the situation and the weird voyage along the subterranean river.

Suddenly an alarming cry of "Man overboard!" was heard, and all eyes were turned toward the boat, which was just coming in sight. We beheld one of the unfortunate occupants struggling desperately half in and half out of the water. Thanks, however, to the agility of his fellow-voyager, he was caught by the heels and promptly pulled into the boat, being thereby saved from complete immersion, if not from a more serious fate. What startled us more than anything, however, was the sudden apparition of one of our stalwarts, who, it appeared, had coolly *waded* his way through the waters, disdaining the aid of the boat! He was greeted with hearty cheers and laughter. Not to be outdone, another of the party, who should have known better, inadvertently stepped into a fathom of water, from which he hastily extricated himself.

The party having safely landed, the boat was

THE WEIRD VOYAGE ALONG THE SUBTERRANEAN RIVER—"WE COULD NOT AVOID UNPLEASANT FACIAL CONTACT WITH THE ROOF."

reached and dragged across to the left, where a further sheet of water confronted us. As on the previous journey, only two persons could occupy the boat with ease; so I embarked with a companion, and away we went under an arch into a small cave. Steering away at right angles we next entered an elongated tunnel. Here everything promised well. Alas, however, for our eager anticipation! We had not proceeded many yards before the boat jammed in the narrowing rock-tunnel. Thus far and no farther could our frail craft go. Luckily, we had not forgotten our rude set of mason's implements, and with hammer, chisel, and crowbar we endeavoured to force a passage for our craft. Little or no impression, however, could be made on the adamantine walls. What were we to do? It was imperative that we should go forward.

"THE FIVE ARCHES," A NOTED FEATURE OF THE PEAK CAVERN.
From a Photo. by Bamforth, Holmfirth.

Suddenly an idea struck me. I ordered my mate to steady the boat, and then, crawling legs first towards the bow, I crept over into the icy water, feeling cautiously for the channel floor before relaxing my grip. Having thus safely settled down in 4ft. of water, with only a solitary candle to give me light, my friend returned with the boat for others of the party. What a weird position to be left in! The dark waters stretched away into utter blackness to the rear as well as in front, and forbidding rocks were over and around me. Thankful, indeed, was I to again hear the cheery cries of my followers and to see the oncoming boat in the dim distance with its welcome lights.

It was now a question of wading through waters of unknown depths and under arches of varying height, at times creeping and crawling as best we could. Undeterred by these minor inconveniences, the party pushed forward through the waterway, which continued as a kind of irregular vault about 10ft. or 12ft. high. We had already penetrated some considerable distance inland, and it was apparent to the party generally that we were reaching the limit of our explorations in this direction. In fact, one of the front-rank men deliberately ordered a retreat, thinking we had arrived at a *cul-de-sac*. Scarce, however, had the sepulchral echoes of his voice died away when he was attracted to a small hole at the foot of the rock-wall. Hastily scooping away the accumulated deposit of sand and mud, he managed to enlarge the orifice, through which, with skilful movements, he burrowed his way into a cavelet beyond, the remainder of the party following with comparative ease, thanks to his efforts.

It was now imperative to crawl and creep on all fours for a distance of 50ft. through narrow, low-roofed openings and over ground thickly covered with aqueous mud. Here we inspected with great interest an embankment of stones artificially erected on the south or left-hand side of this subsidiary passage, which indisputably proved that at some remote period lead-miners had pursued their dangerous avocation in these parts, although reference to old history books as well as to the "oldest inhabitant" failed to afford us even the slenderest legendary clue to a former mining industry in the Peak Cavern.

At last we had gained our Ultima Thule, and there was nothing for it but to retrace our steps. In returning, we observed an opening low down on the left, and, hearing the mysterious sound of gurgling waters, we proceeded to inspect the place. We had already spent several hours of continuous toil in this spacious cavern, but our innate curiosity triumphed over our fatigue. Making our way across the threshold, we saw that we had entered a natural passage, the walls and roof of which effectively demonstrated the erosive power of water. As we approached the end, a distance of about one hundred yards,

several large shelving slabs of rock with formidable razor-like edges especially attracted our attention. Here the water action was also exemplified in a striking manner by a large rock-basin, some 10ft. or 12ft. deep, down which the streamlet dashed, only to overflow into an adjoining hole. Despite the thick curtain of water through which he would have to pass, and the prospect thereby of a thorough drenching, my brave lieutenant, Freeman, volunteered a descent into the unknown. He had barely reached the water-level when his solitary light vanished, leaving him in total darkness! With great pluck, however, our comrade stuck to his guns, but eventually came to the top after finding no outlet at a depth of 20ft., his bedraggled appearance occasioning much mirthful comment.

A startling incident, and one fraught with terrible danger, occurred whilst we were down in this, the lowest part of the cavern. Originally the streamlet was a mere trickle along the rocky bed; but now a sudden cry was raised by an observant member of the party that the water was perceptibly increasing in volume and becoming muddy withal. A moment's investigation proved this to be correct. Then ensued an anxious time, for the possibility of being drowned helplessly in the very bowels of the earth was apparent to everyone. We made a rush for the entrance. Through the rising waters we went, helter-skelter, now on all fours, now bent double, but ever and anon keeping a watchful eye on the rushing flood and on the many rocky projections. At last we got out safely, and then looked around for a satisfactory explanation of the sudden rise of the streamlet, but without result. Doubtless some subterranean stream had broken its banks or changed its course, but the exact cause of the flood remained a mystery.

The night being far advanced, we cautiously retraced our steps to the main entrance, and reached the outer world shortly after midnight, having spent something like seven hours of laborious investigation and exciting adventure within the rocky labyrinths and inmost recesses of the cave. We had made a few not unimportant discoveries, but the main secret of the great Peak Cavern still remained hidden.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAIN PEAK CAVERN, SHOWING THE LOFTY "ORCHESTRA."
From a Photo.

The Miners of Copper Island.

By S. J. Rea.

How a party of miners, landed on a remote island in the Pacific to work some copper deposits, nearly perished of hunger and thirst owing to the non-arrival of the relief vessel bringing supplies. When the ship finally appeared, it transpired that their employer's neglect was due to the fact that he had been incarcerated in a lunatic asylum!

JIM O'CONNELL and I were mates off and on for years. Thus it was that we were gold-miners together at Bendigo, tried silver-mining at Broken Hill, and at a later date worked side by side in the tin mines at Mount Zeehan, in Tasmania, besides conducting several prospecting trips on our own account.

O'Connell was a man for whom I had a wholesome respect. He was a quiet, reserved, good natured fellow, who never drank too much, and who hated nothing in this world more than a row He was a man of immense physical strength, an expert boxer, and a magnificent swimmer. His placid demeanour hid an indomitable spirit, and I would as soon have fought a steam-roller as Jim O'Connell; the one would have been as uncompromising as the other.

It was on one of our prospecting trips that Jim told me the particulars of his strange experiences on Copper Island, a brief hint of which I had already obtained from a police-court paragraph some time before in the *Brisbane Courier*.

It seems that Jim was in Sydney, out of work, when he saw one day an advertisement in the *Sydney Morning Herald* asking for half-a-dozen miners to proceed to Copper Island—an uninhabited island lying between Brisbane and Thursday Island—and there prospect for copper. O'Connell immediately made application to the advertiser, one Captain D——, a mining expert. D—— had control of the business on behalf of a well-known Sydney firm of shipowners, who held a concession for mining on the island. O'Connell, being a practical miner of wide experience, was made the "boss" of the gang, and five other men having been engaged and contracts signed for six months, the little party were taken by Captain D—— to the scene of their operations in a schooner chartered for the purpose.

Having duly landed the men on the island, whose sole inhabitants they were to be, D—— left them, promising to return at the beginning of each month with rations, etc. For a time all went well. The men were amply provisioned, and, besides, there was some feathered game to be shot, fish to be caught, and a fair supply of eggs of various kinds. The men soon settled

"HE LEFT THEM, PROMISING TO RETURN AT THE BEGINNING OF EACH MONTH."

down to work in earnest, meeting with considerable success in their search for copper. But the month expired, and, contrary to expectations, Captain D——'s schooner came not. There was still plenty of food on the island, however, and the men kept at their work and were not at first uneasy. But when a second month elapsed and still there was no sign of the schooner they began to get seriously alarmed.

The stores became exhausted, and soon after a far greater evil befell. Hitherto a plentiful supply of water had been obtainable at a spot where the islanders fondly imagined a spring existed, but no rain had fallen since their landing, and, the basin becoming empty, it was seen that there had been merely a surface supply, and now not a single drop was to be found on the whole island!

In this awkward difficulty O'Connell's resourcefulness soon showed itself. Everybody naturally looked to him; even had he not been their "boss" it would have been just the same. Digging for water proved barren of result, and, as there was evidently no water on the island, O'Connell determined to look elsewhere for it. About a mile to the westward lay another small island, and thither O'Connell determined to make his way. He suggested that one of his mates should accompany him, and that they should take an empty cask in tow and bring back a supply of water if any were found. Four of the men acknowledged themselves to be swimmers, but not one volunteered for the mile swim through that shark-infested sea.

As it was more than one man's work, however, to tow a laden water-cask, in the event of success, lots were ultimately cast, and a man called Gange set forth with O'Connell. The two reached the island without any misadventure, were fortunate enough to find an ample supply of water, and brought back their well-filled cask in safety. They had but one cask, and, as it held only a scanty supply for one week, it became necessary to make periodical visits to the other island. It was, of course, impossible for them to take up their residence there. Not only was one of their number a non-swimmer, but they had no means of transferring their firearms and ammunition—upon which they now largely depended for subsistence—their tent, cooking utensils, tools, etc. Every Saturday, therefore, a visit was paid to "Water Island," as it came to be known, and each time the voyage was made lots were cast for who should accompany O'Connell—for the brave "boss" always insisted upon personally conducting the expedition. There are probably as many sharks in these waters as anywhere on the face of the globe, and the first few trips were made in fear and trembling. But as time went on and no mishap occurred the men gained confidence, although the sight of a triangular fin occasionally set their hearts beating uneasily. It is probable that the presence of the cask disconcerted the sharks, but certain it is that they did not venture to molest the swimmers.

The miners soon settled down to a dull routine of starvation rations, the monotony of their life only broken by the weekly trip to Water Island. Would the schooner never come? A flagpole was rigged up in the hope of communicating with some passing ship, but, although a sail was sometimes seen on the horizon, no vessel ever came near enough to see their signals. In the meantime a little work was done—more with a view to passing the time than out of regard for the interests of the employers who had apparently so cruelly abandoned them on this uninhabited and seldom visited isle.

Four months thus dragged wearily away, the men maintaining themselves as best they could by shooting birds and collecting eggs and shellfish.

One Saturday evening O'Connell and a man named Peters, having been "fossicking" about the shores of "Water Island" in quest of shellfish, delayed their departure for the larger island till a much later hour than usual. When about half-way between the two islands they encountered the full force of the outgoing tide, and found their progress with the full water-cask, to which they were harnessed by ropes, rendered extremely difficult. After half an hour's struggle, during which very little way was gained, Peters announced his intention of cutting himself adrift. O'Connell besought his mate to hold on until the tide turned; but Peters, drawing his knife, severed the rope which attached him to the cask. Shortly afterwards he disappeared in the direction of Copper Island.

O'Connell, left to himself, struggled wildly for a time to hold his own, but the buoyant cask was towing him out to sea at an ever-increasing rate of speed, and at last he was reluctantly obliged to release himself. By this time, however, he was an alarming distance from the shore, and he saw that his only chance was in remaining afloat until the tide turned, when he might hope, by its aid, to reach the land. The night was clear and a brilliant moon was shining. Suddenly, to his horror, an ominous triangular fin broke the surface of the water not three fathoms' length from where he swam. Another and yet another appeared, and the unhappy man presently discovered that he was in the midst of a school of sharks! Utterly exhausted as he was, his position was a

terrible one. In describing his feelings to me, he said that he should not have believed it possible that any combination of circumstances could have reduced him to such a state of abject fear as that in which he now found himself. Already he seemed to feel the cruel teeth rending his naked flesh, and he shuddered with utter terror. The scene was as light as day, and the sharks were plainly visible as they circled round him. He saw one monster suddenly change its direction and make straight for him. But O'Connell was like a fish in the water, and drawing the sheath-knife from the belt round his naked waist he threw his arms above his head and sank like a stone. As he rose again some seconds later he found himself directly beneath the shark, and thrust his knife up to the hilt in the monster's stomach. The wounded shark at once made off, and, some other prey possibly presenting itself, the others followed its example, to O'Connell's great relief.

"HE FOUND HIMSELF DIRECTLY BENEATH THE SHARK."

By this time the tide was on the turn, and after a long and exhausting swim O'Connell, shaken and weary, landed on Copper Island shortly after daylight, having been eight hours in the water. His companions had, of course, given him up for lost, as according to the account of Peters, who had gained the shore in safety, he was, when last seen, drifting rapidly out to sea. O'Connell proceeded to the tent and, pulling aside the flap, looked in at the sleeping men. Peters was slumbering as sweetly as though he had not a few hours before abandoned his mate. O'Connell picked up a piece of turf and threw it lightly on the sleeper's face. Peters sat up, and seeing his "boss" standing there, dripping wet, thought he looked upon a ghost, and with a cry of terror fell back in a dead faint, his previous night's adventure having left him in a weak state.

The little colony was now in a very bad way, being without water save for a little which had been reserved in a kerosene tin. This lasted till the evening of the next day, and then, when O'Connell was seriously contemplating a return to "Water Island" with the kerosene tin, rain happily fell, and all hands were at once engaged in the important work of collecting it. The tent was pulled down and converted into a canvas cistern, and every available vessel was filled.

Two days later great excitement was occasioned in the little community, so strangely marooned on this inhospitable islet, by the appearance of a sail to the southward, evidently bearing in the direction of the island. The anxious miners gathered upon the beach and breathlessly watched the nearing craft. They soon discovered that it was none other than D——'s overdue schooner. Presently a boat was lowered, and D—— himself, with a crew of three men, was seen approaching the island. The miners met him with a storm of inquiries as to the delay, but D—— apparently had no explanation to make—at any rate, he offered none.

He listened to the story of their privations and the dangers they had passed through with the most insulting indifference. "You look all right, anyhow," was all the comment he offered, and immediately went on to make inquiries as to the success of their mining operations. The boat was laden with provisions, and presently he gave orders to have these landed.

"Stop a minute," said O'Connell, who had hitherto scarcely spoken. "Do you think for a

moment that after the way we have been treated we are going to remain here at your mercy again?"

"You will stay here," was the brutal reply, "until your contract has expired."

"That I certainly shall not," said O'Connell, and, going back to the camp, he brought his "swag." "I am going back to Sydney, or at any rate to Brisbane, in that schooner," said he; "the other men can do as they like."

Upon this D——, who had evidently been drinking, called a huge negro, who was one of the boat's crew, and ordered him to prevent O'Connell from entering her. The black sprang ashore and, as O'Connell threw his bundle on board, laid hold of him. But the blood of the mining "boss" was now fairly up, and big as the negro was he never had a look in during the scrimmage which ensued. O'Connell gave him the worst five minutes he had ever had in his life, and ultimately left him lying unconscious on the sand. Then the victorious O'Connell rushed for the boat, to which D—— had already returned. The latter, drawing a revolver, fired point-blank at O'Connell's face. But his hand shook with rage and excitement, and the bullet fortunately passed through the flap of the miner's slouch hat. Before he could fire again O'Connell grasped him by the throat and battered his head against the afterthwart, while the boat's crew vainly endeavoured to drag him off.

When D—— recovered consciousness he was surly, but subdued. Finding that O'Connell was absolutely determined to board the schooner, he sulkily gave way, but he talked the other men into remaining on the island.

Upon the arrival of the schooner at Brisbane O'Connell was given into custody on a charge of assaulting Captain D—— and threatening to take his life. Legal proceedings for breach of contract were also mentioned, but the production of the bullet-perforated hat and the evidence of a friendly witness who had been one of the boat's crew put a very different complexion on the matter, and O'Connell was discharged. He got no further satisfaction.

It transpired, however, that D——'s long-continued absence from the island—of which his employers were entirely ignorant, and which came so very near having disastrous results—was due to his detention in the receiving-house of a lunatic asylum during the continuance of a prolonged attack of *delirium tremens*.

"O'CONNELL GRASPED HIM BY THE THROAT."

Travel and Sport in Ladak and Tibet.

By Captain H. I. Nicholl, of the Bedfordshire Regiment.

Captain Nicholl has just returned from a three months' leave, which he spent in travelling in the remote wilds of Ladak and Tibet in pursuit of the large game of those regions. He illustrates his narrative with some interesting photographs.

THE PONY "TONGA" WHICH TOOK CAPTAIN NICHOLL FROM RAWAL PINDI TO SRINAGAR.
From a] [*Photo.*

I COVERED the 446 miles from Rawal Pindi to Leh in ten days—200 miles by pony *tonga* to Srinagar, in Kashmir, and 246 miles on pony-back with one man and two pack ponies. *En route* I crossed three passes, the Zogi-La, 11,300ft., the Khangraal, 13,000ft., and the Fottu-La Pass, 13,400ft. All my old shikarees and servants were very pleased to see me. They said they had heard that I was wounded,* and had been afraid they would never see me again. I took a photograph of old Tsering Durzee, who is the oldest shikaree in Ladak. He is said to be eighty-five years old, but is still wonderfully active.

The people in this region are interesting, but filthy in the extreme. The women, for instance, never by any chance wash themselves, and the men but rarely. They wear on their heads a *perak*—a sort of flap of red stuff on to which are sewn turquoises of all sorts and shapes, mostly as big as walnuts, but full of flaws and marks. They also wear curious "blinkers" of black astrachan about as big as breakfast saucers and fastened into their hair. The girls have bright, flat, open faces, with little slits for eyes, like Chinese. As a matter of fact they are Mongols, half Indian and half Chinese. The unmarried girls do all the work in the fields, carrying loads on their backs in little wicker baskets; you scarcely ever see a woman without one of these baskets. Talking about loads, I give a snap-shot showing some Baltal coolies carrying a heavy log of timber. A more uncomfortable and inconvenient method it would be hard to imagine. Everybody in Ladak seems to be continually singing or laughing.

THE OLDEST SHIKAREE IN LADAK—"HE IS SAID TO BE EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OLD, BUT IS STILL WONDERFULLY ACTIVE."
From a] [*Photo.*

*Captain Nicholl was severely wounded by a Boer shell in South Africa.

Flowers grow in great profusion in Ladak. I counted no fewer than twenty-five different kinds of wild flowers as I sat eating my lunch at one place. Magpies, too, are to be seen everywhere and are as common and impudent as sparrows at home. There were many other small birds, and lizards of all shapes and sizes, but I noticed very few mammals. There were, however, some particularly large and voracious breeds of vermin, and I was often simply smothered with bites.

From a] BALTAL COOLIES CARRYING A LOG. [*Photo.*

The country itself is a perfect sea of mountains, but there is very little grass, except on the banks of the rivers, where the villages are surrounded by apricot and poplar trees, which supply the people with timber to build their houses and rickety bridges.

The head lama asked me to come and inspect the Leh Lamaseri (monastery), which—as will be seen from the photograph—is a huge range of buildings perched high up on a rock. It seemed to me chiefly remarkable for its dirt and the weird smells that hung about it. All the praying here is done by means of mechanism, which the people doubtless find very convenient. Little hollow cylinders, fitted with wings, are placed upon the tops of the houses, and revolve when the wind blows. Each revolution means one prayer for the owner of the house. Hand wheels on circular revolving cylinders, filled with written prayers and having a weight attached by a chain to them, are held in the hand and made to revolve for the same purpose.

THE LEH LAMASERI OR MONASTERY—"CHIEFLY REMARKABLE FOR ITS DIRT AND THE WEIRD SMELLS THAT HUNG ABOUT IT." [*Photo.*
From a]

My caravan consisted of ten ponies, carrying altogether about 1,500lb. of luggage and food for the men, including the tents for the latter. At Phobrang, on the Changchenmo Plateau, the ponies were discharged, and from this point onwards all the carrying was done by yaks. The photograph on the next page depicts the loading of the yaks at Tankse, the last village in Ladak at which we obtained supplies. Just as I was ready to start from Leh, however, I was unfortunately taken very ill, and was obliged to call in aid from the Kashmir Dispensary and Mission Hospital, which is managed by the Leh branch of the Moravian Missionary Society. They told me I had probably been poisoned by bad milk, and I was ordered to bed. However, in a few days I was myself again, and started for the Changchenmo Plateau, where I hoped to get some shooting.

The day after leaving Leh I shot a marmot

for the first time. They are funny little animals, about the size of a rabbit, and exactly the colour of a dormouse, which they closely resemble in their habits. They live in burrows at an altitude of 10,000ft.—never lower. When they see you they sit up and utter a sort of shrill squeak. They are exceedingly difficult to shoot, as they run for their burrows directly you approach.

Next day, while riding well ahead of my baggage, I suddenly saw a flock of about twenty burhel up on the slate shale slopes on my left, grazing on the tufts of grass. They were about 800ft. above me. I turned my pony round and rode quietly back until I was out of sight of the flock, when I cantered up to my baggage animals to stop their further progress and fetch my rifle. I then led my shikaree along to a rock and pointed out the burhel to him. He said there was one good ram amongst the lot, so going back a little way we climbed up among some rocks until we found ourselves on a level with the shale slope. I peered over a rock and beheld the flock gazing down upon the road; some, however, were cropping the grass. They were some 200 yards from me and had moved up a bit from where I had first seen them. Cautiously I crawled up amongst the rocks, going slowly, too—for, owing to the elevation of these parts (some 15,000ft.), breathing is very difficult. At length I reached a convenient ledge of rock from which to shoot. I looked over. The burhel had suspected something and were going slowly uphill, now and then stopping to look in our direction.

From a] LOADING UP THE YAKS AT THE LAST SUPPLY-POINT. [*Photo.*

Taking a steady aim at the ram with the 100 yards sight up, I pressed the trigger, the bullet knocking up the slate shale just beyond him. He ran about ten yards and stood on a rock, but before I could aim again he had jumped down into the middle of the ewes and youngsters, who were running about confusedly, unable to make up their minds from whence the sound came. My second bullet went behind him; but at 150 yards he very kindly stood again, and, taking a full aim at the top of his back, I heard the bullet give the well-known "thud" which means a hit. The ram spun round and fell dead, rolling down the steep shale slope until stopped by a rock. Sumdoo seized my hunting-knife and ran away up the slope, whilst I slowly wended my way down to the road. In a few minutes he came down with the head on his shoulders, having left the carcass, as he said the beast was dead, and no true Mohammedan would eat the meat. The baggage-men, however, who were Buddhists, at once wanted to go up for the meat, and I mildly suggested that perhaps I might be allowed to have some. So away went an old Tibetan, and back came the carcass of the sheep. On examining the head I found that my first bullet had grazed the lower part of his chest, just drawing blood. The head was a beauty, one horn measuring 25in. and the other 24¼in.

The burhel is a very handsome beast of a bluish slate colour, and is extremely difficult to find on the hillsides. The following day I came along the road by the Pangong Lake. It was one of the most splendid sights I have ever seen. The sky was a little cloudy, but the surface of the lake—I could see for thirty miles of its length—was a beautiful turquoise blue. The background of snow-covered mountains, 20,000ft. to 25,000ft. high, made a wonderful picture, and its beauty impressed me greatly. All the lower hills near the lake were of the most wonderful coloured sandstones—deep purple, bright brick red, blue, and brown. These colours every now and then, when the breeze left the surface of the lake still for a moment, were reflected in the water. This lake is a hundred miles long, and its water is salt. No living thing goes near it, and nothing in the

shape of a boat has ever been upon its waters. It is a veritable Dead Sea.

A day or two after I saw my first *Ovis ammon*, or wild sheep. The stalk, however, was spoilt by a herd of kiang, or Tibetan wild asses. These are rather inclined to be inquisitive, and when they see you stalking they come galloping over the hillside to have a look at you. When they see it is a man the beasts stick up their tails, prick their ears, and snort at you. As a rule, this is quite enough to tell the game you are stalking that men are about, and your labour is in vain.

At last I got my first *Ovis ammon*. I saw three of these huge sheep just above the road. We had begun to stalk them, when something frightened them and they came galloping round the hill just below the place we had reached. I was terribly out of breath from the climb, but the shikaree put the rifle into my hands and excitedly pointed out three huge beasts galloping by. Standing up, I snapped at them as they passed. The biggest was leading, but I missed him and bowled over the second one dead, the other two disappearing almost immediately. I had no idea of the enormous size of these sheep until I saw the dead one before me; they stand twelve hands high and are bigger than most donkeys. The meat was excellent, but the horns as a trophy were poor.

I was now encamped in the Changchenmo Valley. Here I met Major Murray, of the 3rd Hussars, who told me he had bagged six Tibetan antelope in the Lanah Nullah.

Next morning I went up the valley accompanied by my second shikaree, my head hunter being ill with fever. We had not gone a mile above the camp when we saw three buck and one doe Tibetan antelope feeding in a river-bed. As a rule, these animals are extremely difficult to approach, but to-day I was in luck, as they were feeding close under the bank of the river, and I crawled unobserved up to within about 100 yards of them. Raising my head, I could just see their backs as they fed below the bank, so I boldly sat up and opened my magazine. With the first shot I grazed the biggest buck. He got upon his legs again, however, and ran for some thirty yards, when he again stood, and my second bullet killed him. The other three did not appear to see me, but stood looking doubtfully in my direction. With the next shot I missed, the buck running about a hundred yards before standing again. I hit the second best buck, however, and he immediately afterwards disappeared from view. My shikaree implored me to shoot the third buck, as he said he had a very fair head, and such a chance might not occur again. I put up the 200 yards sight and fired, dropping him at once. I then ran up to where the second had disappeared. He got up and ran, and I had to fire two more shots at him before he dropped. My shikaree was about to seize him when the buck again jumped up and nearly gave him a nasty cut with his horn. It was his last effort, however, and we laid him out at last. All the antelopes had good average heads, measuring 21in., 20½in.,

From a] MR. SHAW STEWART AND HIS COLLECTION OF TROPHIES. [*Photo.*

and 20in. respectively. Three men carried home the meat, and it was quite dark when I got back to camp.

The sport after this was poor. I saw a lynx and a black wolf, but failed to get a shot at either. I also saw four *Ovis ammon* away upon the hillside, but they all proved to be ewes. At last, however, I got another Tibetan antelope with a very nice pair of horns, 22½in. long.

I was by this time some 152 miles east of Leh and ten miles from the Tibetan frontier, in a country wild in the extreme.

Soon after crossing the Tibetan frontier I met another sportsman, Mr. Shaw Stewart, of the Artillery. He had been nearly two months in Tibet, and had got some splendid yak and antelope heads. This gentleman and his trophies are shown in one of my photos.

Next day, taking a couple of pack ponies laden with food, bedding, and a tent, I went right up to the foot of some glaciers at the end of a big valley. Here I found a large herd of yak (wild cattle) feeding on some young grass. Stalking them was a very arduous business, as I had to crawl on all fours for nearly half a mile. My shikaree said there were three or four bulls amongst the herd, which numbered some thirty-five animals. At length we got about 200 yards from them, when an eddy of wind suddenly swept our scent to them, and they immediately began to run together and make off. Aiming for a big one which was bringing up the rear, I fired, the distance being about 200 yards, and he fell dead, shot through the shoulder. I fired one more shot at the retreating herd, apparently with no result. After skinning the yak I got up to look for some water to quench my thirst, when I suddenly came on the body of a second yak lying stone-dead behind a little mound. Evidently my second shot had been more effective than I imagined. It was a long business skinning the two huge beasts, which were bigger than English cows. Their hair is long and shaggy and drags on the ground, and they carry enormous bushy tails. They reminded me somewhat of huge, unshaved poodles.

The ground about this part of the country was alive with marmots and a small kind of guinea-pig, or rat. I caught one of these latter and kept him on a string. In a very short time he was running about the floor of my tent and nibbling the grass, quite happy and contented with his strange surroundings. I put his nose into some milk, but he spat it all out again, and, sitting up, carefully wiped his mouth in a most comical fashion with his fore-paws. The above photograph shows my caravan on the march in the desolate Changchenmo Valley. The cutting wind here blistered my face and hands terribly, and the slightest movement made them bleed profusely, so I was glad to get down to the Hanle Monastery, which stands at a more reasonable altitude, allowing one to breathe without difficulty. At this monastery I saw the monks amusing themselves at archery, and took a photograph of them, at which they were highly delighted. I went over the monastery by permission of the head lama. The chief things noticeable about it—as in all monasteries in this region—were the smells and the dirt. I was shown into the place where the holy images are kept. Here lights are kept burning in rancid fat, and the smell was sickening. In the courtyard were a couple of savage-

THE AUTHOR'S CARAVAN ON THE MARCH IN THE CHANGCHENMO VALLEY.
From a Photo.

From a] BUDDHIST MONKS AMUSING THEMSELVES AT ARCHERY PRACTICE. [*Photo.*

looking watch-dogs; I was glad they were securely chained. At another place I visited — Moulbeg — I saw a colossal figure of Buddha carved on the face of an immense sugar-loaf rock.

I crossed the Indus on an inflated skin raft. The skins were all half-rotten and smelt abominably, and it was a mystery to me how the men could put their mouths to them to blow them out.

Near Hanle I shot a Tibetan gazelle, or goa, with good horns (12½in.). My licence allowed me to shoot only one. One day, whilst vainly trying to come up with some burhel among some rocky precipices, I suddenly caught a glimpse of a full-grown snow-leopard, which jumped out from among the rocks about twenty yards below me. It was too quick for me to get in a shot, but my Tibetan shikaree and I rushed on after it, leaving a Kashmiri to watch the opposite slope. I never saw it again, however, and eventually we came back to the Kashmiri, who said he had seen an animal, which he thought was a leopard, creep into a hole in some rocks not far off. I at once went to the hole and looked in, but could see nothing. However, on poking a stick in, we heard snarls and growls. We thought it must be the big one, so I got my rifle and fired into the cave. When the dust cleared we could see something lying quite still, and dragged out the corpse of a baby snow-leopard about 2½ft. long. As we dragged it out we could see another one alive inside, which kept up a continual growling. We enlarged the mouth of the cave, and then, muffling her up in the shikaree's ample turban, got her out alive and unhurt. She was rather cross and spiteful at first, but in a couple of days she had quieted down wonderfully. She lived in one of my *kiltas* (hampers covered with leather, and used in Kashmir for carrying

From a] "A COLOSSAL FIGURE OF BUDDHA CARVED ON THE FACE OF AN IMMENSE SUGAR-LOAF ROCK." [*Photo.*

all kinds of stores) in my tent. I made her a feeding-bottle by tying some flannel over the mouth of an empty Worcester sauce bottle. One of my Kashmiri shikarees took greatly to her, nursing her all day when in camp and carrying her when on the march. He and the cub are shown in the accompanying photograph. The cub can be handled now without any fear, and likes having her head scratched just like the cat she is, but she cannot bear anyone to look her full in the face. When you do so she gets furious, and snarls and claws angrily at you. When caught she was about a month old, and I fed her on goat's milk and about an ounce of mutton a day.* I waited at the cave at night, but the mother never returned to look for her cubs.

THE SNOW-LEOPARD CUB WHICH CAPTAIN NICHOLL HAS PRESENTED TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
From a [*Photo.*

As I write this I am now back again safe and sound at Mooltan. My total bag for the trip was as follows:—

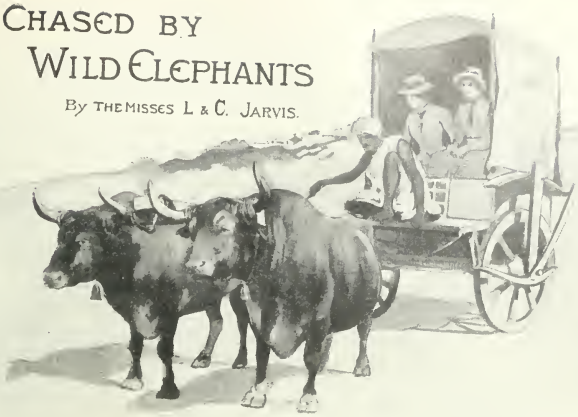
Four Tibetan antelope, four burhel, one Tibetan gazelle, one *Ovis ammon*, two yak, one kiang, or wild ass, and two snow-leopard cubs — one alive.

* Captain Nicholl has presented this extremely rare animal to the Zoological Society of London and it may now be seen in their gardens at Regent's Park.

CAPTAIN NICHOLL WITH HIS TWO HEAD SHIKAREES AND COLLECTION OF TROPHIES.
From a Photo.

Chased by Wild Elephants

By the Misses L. & C. Jarvis.



The exciting adventure which befell the two sisters of an Indian tea-planter. The ladies rode into the midst of a herd of wild elephants and, becoming separated, were pursued in different directions by the enraged animals. In this narrative each lady relates her own part of the incident.

PART I.—TOLD BY MISS L. JARVIS.

WHEN my brother Bertie arrived at man's estate he decided to be a planter, like his father had been before him. He left for India when he was about twenty, and while we girls were still at school. Two years ago, soon after my father's death, we received a letter from Bertie, asking us both to come out and spend a year with him on his estate in Southern India.

"You know," he wrote, "that I live quite out in the wilds, with only one or two other young planters as neighbours, and any amount of wild animals; but the climate is splendid and the scenery grand, and I don't think you would have a bad time if you could do without dances and shops."

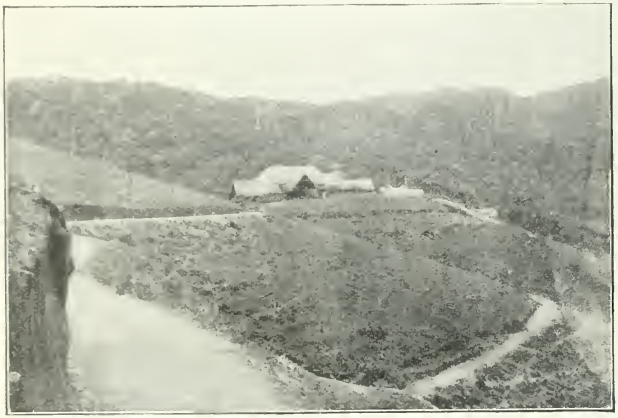
He went on to promise to get us two ponies, and to let us do whatever we liked. So we took our berths in a P. and O. steamer to Ceylon, where we were met by Bertie and taken across to Madras. From there we had a long journey by train, by bullock-cart, and by dooly; and, finally, a twenty-mile ride brought us to our brother's estate, Wadyar. Here we soon settled down to our new life.

Wadyar is situated 6,000ft. above sea-level, in the heart of a valley, surrounded on all sides by high and precipitous mountains. In the dense forests adjacent, sambur and bison and wild elephants abounded; and when work was done my brother's recreation was naturally sport. The walls of his bungalow were lined with innumerable heads of bison, sambur, and ibex, while the chimney-piece was ornamented with a formidable array of grinning tiger and panther skulls.

There were only four other planters near, and their estates were situated at a distance of from six to twenty miles. Except for the very few bridle-paths which connected the estates, we depended chiefly on elephant tracks to get about through the dense forest and high grass. Our ponies were well chosen, being sturdy and sure-footed and not very high, which made mounting and dismounting an easy matter. One of them, Curry, a very quiet chestnut, was at once appropriated by my sister, who was apt to be a little timid on horseback, while the other, which was called Rice owing to his snowy colour, fell to me. We enjoyed many a scramble on these two ponies along the rough mountain-paths, sometimes accompanying my brother, and at other times riding by ourselves to some point from which we could enjoy glorious views of the surrounding mountains.

We had spent three months in this manner when my brother suggested taking us into camp for a few days, before the fine weather broke up and rains set in. So one morning towards the beginning of February a procession might have been seen moving away from the bungalow. First of all went three hillmen, or Mudavas, as they are called, two of them carrying my brother's guns, and the third leading a couple of dogs; these were followed by two others armed with billhooks to clear the path of undergrowth

where necessary. Then came twenty coolies carrying tents, bedding, cooking utensils, three tin boxes with our clothes, a zinc bath, and some sacks of rice for themselves. Then followed the kitchen boy, leading a long-legged sheep, and, finally, after him stalked the dignified cook. They were all to travel twenty-three miles to a place where a few grass huts had been erected, where they were to get things ready for our arrival just before dark. Meanwhile my brother proposed taking us to lunch at our nearest neighbour's, six miles off. This only took us two miles out of the direct way, and we arranged to leave in the early afternoon and to reach our camp by five o'clock.



From a] WADYAR ESTATE, WHERE THE MISSES JARVIS WERE STAYING. [*Photo.*

At ten o'clock we mounted our ponies and trotted off to Mr. Wilson's bungalow. Con and I were delighted at the prospect of a few days in camp, and were planning all sorts of impossible adventures with wild animals as we rode along.

My brother laughed when he heard us.

"The only animals that might prove disagreeable," he said, "are elephants. As long as these keep out of our immediate way we shall be all right, and all your exciting adventures will remain a dream." We little knew then what adventures were awaiting us.

Mr. Wilson was standing in his veranda ready to receive us, and gave us an early and pleasant lunch. But Con and I were too excited to eat much. At last, at half-past one, Bertie said we must be off. The ponies were accordingly brought round and we mounted and left.

My brother rode first, then came Con on Curry, and lastly myself on Rice. For some time we kept along a bridle-path until we reached a rough elephant track which swept up over high shoulders of grass land or dipped into the dark forest, always leading over the easiest ground or making for the best crossings of the two rivers and streams.

We proceeded thus some eight or nine miles, following in the track of our caravan. Sometimes my sister's clear voice rang out in a snatch of melody, or my brother unceremoniously whistled; but except for this we had grown silent, hushed by the wild beauty of our surroundings.

Suddenly I saw my brother stoop from his saddle and examine the ground. Then, as we moved on, I noticed that we were passing a lot of large, flat marks, as if a big plate had been pressed on the ground. My brother stopped his horse a moment, and, turning round, said in a very quiet voice:—

"I see that a tusker and one or two cow elephants have been here after our camp passed this way, and they may be somewhere just in front of us now—probably in the next bit of forest we are coming to. I shall ride about twenty yards ahead of you, and you must follow very quietly. Leave sufficient space between you so that you can each turn quickly and canter back if you see me put up my hand. There isn't much to fear," he added, reassuringly, "for even if the elephants wind us they are more likely to bolt than anything else."

Thus we proceeded for some time, even the ponies seeming to step softly. I noticed that Rice held his head very erect and kept one ear cocked forward, while all his muscles seemed to become firm and tense under me. We had just got through the forest and come out into some fairly short grass land, sloping up a steep incline with only a few rhododendron bushes and some rocks scattered about, when suddenly I heard, as I thought, the shrill blast of a trumpet close to my ear! The next moment Rice had bounded away—past Con, past Bertie—and we were flying up the slope of the hill for dear life, with the snorting of some dreadful monster just behind us! Every moment I expected to be torn from my saddle, but, half-dazed though I

"THE LARGE WHITE SUN-HAT AND FLUTTERING BLUE VEIL CAUGHT THE TUSKER'S ATTENTION."

was, I remembered having heard my brother say that an elephant was very clumsy and comparatively slow when going downhill. Just then we reached a ridge, and I dragged the pony's head round to the right down a steep bank.

At this moment a sudden gust of wind caught my hat and veil and tore them off. Although I was hardly conscious of this at the time, it was probably the saving of my life, for the large white sun-hat and fluttering blue veil caught the tusker's attention for a few minutes and he stopped to toy with them.

Meanwhile, Rice had galloped madly down the bank, landing on his knees and nose in the soft mud of a stream and nearly throwing me out of my saddle. The next moment he was up, however, bounding away through high grass and scrub, while I leaned forward clutching his neck with my arms and burying my face in his mane in terror. After a while I grew calmer and lifted my head. I could hear no signs of my pursuer, and then I began to realize for the first time that I was far from our track and flying over very rough ground. I looked around me in consternation; I had not the faintest idea where to find the others, or, indeed, whether they were still alive.

"Oh! Rice," I moaned, "what shall we do?" and I felt a foolish desire to throw myself on the ground and cry.

Rice had by now quieted down, and for some time had been walking along aimlessly, but just then we struck a small path, and as he seemed to want to turn down it I let him do so. We wandered on, as it seemed to me, for ages, and I noticed the red flush of sunset in the sky. Tears kept welling up in my eyes, for every moment the utter helplessness of my position seemed to increase. Had we escaped from the furious elephant only to spend the night in the forest and perhaps get eaten up by a tiger or by leeches?

At last we rounded a corner and a welcome sight met my eyes, and even Rice turned his head and quickened his pace into a jog-trot, for not more than a quarter of a mile away we saw a small settlement of grass huts.

"The camp!" flashed through my mind. But this was not possible, for I counted about fifteen huts of all sizes, and saw women and children moving about. It was evidently a Mudava village. Until the dogs began to bark at our approach I could distinctly hear the villagers talking and arguing in the usual nasal drawl which is peculiar to them. As soon as they perceived me, however, there was a sudden scurry of flying feet, and they all ran up a little path and disappeared in the thicket.

I halted and got off, wondering what on earth to do next, when suddenly an old man with a gun strode down the path leading out of the forest to the village, followed by two youths carrying what looked like a roe-deer slung on a

pole. I recognised the old man to be Chiringen, the chief of the Mudavas. He had been to see my brother a few weeks ago and had received some cartridges, matches, and an old coat as presents.

As he now caught sight of me standing at the entrance of the village, holding my pony, and I suppose looking very disconsolate, he started and came hurrying up in great alarm. But I could not give him any answer to his many queries, for I could not understand a word he said. I tried to think of some way of expressing myself.

I looked wildly at the darkening sky, and suddenly two words of Tamil flashed through my mind. "*Ahnie, ahnie,*" I cried: "*periah ahnie*" (big elephant). And I pointed to the direction from which I had come and tried to imitate running away. Then I pointed to my hat and said, "Topee gone," and again tried to imitate the elephant catching it and tearing it to pieces.

"I MADE ONE MORE DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO MAKE MYSELF UNDERSTOOD."

"Haw, haw," he said, soothingly, and seemed to understand. He then turned and gave rapid instructions to the two young men, who laid down their burden and went off to call the womenfolk. Chiringen now pointed to a sort of veranda before the largest hut and then to my pony, which, however, he would not touch. So I tied him to a post and took off his saddle. Meanwhile the women came creeping back timidly and stared at me from a distance. They were all quite different from the coolies we were accustomed to see on the estate. Their light brown, vulture-like faces were seamed with great wrinkles, and their enormous mouths and thin lips made them look hideously ugly, I thought. They wore their hair parted in the middle and drawn tightly back into something like a small Grecian knot. Over this was stuck a light yellow wooden comb. Their thin necks were loaded with bright red chains of beads and berries; the rest of their attire consisted of a waistcloth.

The chief called out one of them—his wife, no doubt—and spoke to her for a few moments. Then he turned to me and pointed first to the dark sky and then to his hut, closing his eyes and laying his head on his hand. I nodded vigorously and sat down on a log of wood that jutted into the veranda. Of course, there were many things that I wanted to say, but what was the use of attempting to do so? Yet I was very anxious about my brother and sister, and going up to Chiringen I made one more desperate attempt to make myself understood. "*Dorai* (master), missie," I repeated, at the same time gesticulating wildly. But it was quite hopeless, for he at once plied me with questions, which, of course, I did not understand. So I resigned myself to silence and let them do what they thought best.

Presently the chief's wife came and jabbered a lot to me. Then she brought me a large gourd covered with basket plaiting, and held it up to me. I looked in and saw it was full of milk, so I took a long drink, but to my disappointment found it had a strong flavour of smoke and pepper. With a sigh I set down the gourd and fell to watching the villagers. Some of the women had now lighted fires outside their huts, and were boiling *chatties* (earthenware pots) full of rice and millet. Three men were crouching over the roe-deer, or, rather, jungle-sheep, as I afterwards heard it should be called, skinning it and cutting it up, while some boys chopped logs of firewood, and others herded buffaloes into a rough shed lying slightly apart from the other huts.

Two boys with smiling faces and fuzzy heads

of curly black hair brought my pony a large bundle of grass, at which he whinnied with delight, and straightway began his evening meal. I watched him for some time, and then an idea struck me and I loosened his rein, and pointing down the path said "*Tunni*" (water), and led him towards a stream I had seen close by. It was now quite dark, and a boy snatched up a burning log and held it up as a torch before me, while half-a-dozen children eagerly watched the pony drinking. When he had quite quenched his thirst, I tied him up again as before.

Mrs. Chiringen now came and spread a finely-plaited mat at my feet. Then she brought some large leaves and put them before me. On one she heaped boiled rice and on the other some half-charred venison, and then she placed the gourd on one side and a large bamboo stump full of honey at the other. This was to be my meal. After this she grinned at me encouragingly and went away. I then saw various pots being taken off the fire, and all the people disappeared with them into their huts.

It was all rather romantic, and, tired and anxious as I was, I could not help smiling as I squatted on the mat and tried to eat with my fingers. The honey and rice made quite a palatable dish, though a very sticky one. Soon after I had finished, Mrs. Chiringen, as I mentally dubbed her, and a plump smiling girl brought me a lot of dry grass and ferns and even a ragged blanket. This, however, had such a smell of smoke that I declined it, and decided to pass the night without a covering. I was evidently to be allowed to have the whole hut to myself, and as it was a frosty night I decided to bring Rice in and tether him in a corner, partly for the sake of company and partly to prevent him getting a chill. Then I huddled up on the dry ferns and covered myself with them and passed the long night dozing in short snatches. Once or twice I woke up thinking I had been shaken violently, but each time I saw only Rice stamping the ground, so I dozed off again. Later on I found there had been a slight shock of earthquake that night, but in the lightly built grass hut I had not realized this at the time.

The next morning the whole village was up at dawn, and I stood at my door watching their simple preparations for the day. "Mrs. Chiringen" brought me some warm buffalo milk and rice, and seemed to have a lot to say for herself. As I could not answer in return, I pointed to the curious light comb she wore in her hair. She pulled it out and showed it to me, and as I said "*Nalla, nalla*," which I believe means "good," she disappeared, and soon after returned, holding two new combs in her hand, which she pressed me to take. These combs are made out of a piece of bamboo, so that they have a slight curve, and fit on to the head quite comfortably. As all the hairpins had been torn out of my hair when my hat flew off, I now tried to gather it together and pin it up somehow with these two combs. The Mudavas brought an almost new white cloth, which I wound round and round my head, turban fashion, as a protection against the sun.

My toilet completed, I mounted my pony and prepared to follow Chiringen. All the women and children turned out to see me leave, and I nodded and said "*Salaam*" many times over, promising (in English, of course) to send them bright beads and new clothes when I got home.

Then we started, and for three hours I plodded patiently along the narrow tracks with my silent guide ever before me. I had ample opportunity for noticing his curious gait, which seems habitual to all these hillmen. They never straighten their knees, especially when walking downhill; this gives them a curious creeping motion, but enables them to walk down the steepest and longest of mountains without feeling tired at the knee.

After a time we came to the spot where the elephant had chased me, and the pony snorted and looked about nervously. I pointed out the marks to Chiringen, and said, "*Ahnie*," and evidently he quite understood all that I left unsaid. Then I pointed to where I had last seen my brother and sister, and again he nodded, and we resumed our way.

About three miles from Mr. Wilson's bungalow we came on Bertie and two coolies. He was looking pale and dishevelled as he came towards me with both hands outstretched. "Thank God that you are safe," he said; "I have been searching for you everywhere all night, and was just returning to find out if there was any news of you."

"Poor boy," I said, consolingly, as we neared the house; "so far our trip into camp has not been a success. But we must continue to-morrow, for I have set my heart on it."

Just then I heard a scream of laughter, and Con came running out of the bungalow.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," she cried, "bring a looking-glass, quick! I want my sister to see what a dreadful turbaned barbarian she has become in less than twenty-four hours."

PART II.—TOLD BY MISS C. JARVIS.

BEING no equestrian, you will therefore perhaps be able to imagine my discomfort when suddenly my pony, with a wild plunge and a startled snort, dashed off along the rocky path at a headlong pace.

Clutching wildly at his mane, in a proper John Gilpin attitude, I turned round to my brother, whose terrified mare was plunging behind me. "Bertie," I gasped, "what is it?"

"We have ridden straight into a herd of wild elephants," he shouted, "and goodness only knows what is going to become of poor L——."

Following the direction of his eyes I saw a sight which filled me with horror. Away to the right of us stretched a steep slope of grass land, and down this slope my sister's horse was tearing wildly. My sister's hair had come undone and was streaming behind her in a mass of golden-brown curls and waves. I remember even at that moment envying her mane, my own hair being straight as a poker and a real and constant grief to me.

"She even looks nice when she is being chased by an elephant!" I thought, for that indeed was her situation at the moment. A huge tusker, trumpeting and grunting, was steadily pursuing her, and in a moment they had all disappeared down the slope.

"Rice can't keep it up; he will be over," I shouted.

"JUST THEN THE ELEPHANTS PASSED OUR HIDING-PLACE."

"Thank goodness L—— can ride," answered Bertie; "she will get through if anybody can."

As pursuer and pursued were now lost to sight over the brow of the hill, our attention was turned to our own plight. Several cow elephants, together with a small wrinkled calf, were evidently chasing us, bent on mischief, and as we galloped away I discovered that Curry was going lame. My brother had noticed this, and he now seized my bridle and turned us sharply into the jungle on our left. I remember a crash of branches, and a confused sort of scramble down a drop of several feet, and then I found myself—minus a hat and with my habit in rags—sitting in a kind of pit with my head on a level with the road. Bertie was there, too, and his mare, but Curry was nowhere to be seen. Just then the elephants passed our hiding-place with a rush, snorting angrily. Having lost sight of us, they stopped about fifty yards beyond us, and for some time we dared not move, fearing lest the cracking of a twig might betray us.

After what seemed an eternity they slowly passed on, moving their great heads from side to side, and searching the undergrowth on the right and left of the road as they went with their trunks.

When we ventured to speak I asked my brother what he thought had become of my poor sister.

"Goodness only knows," he replied; "we must get back to Wilson's as quickly as possible, and I will take out a search-party with lanterns."

We then scrambled out of our hiding-places,

cautiously peering round us when we emerged. Bertie ran to the brow of the grass slope over which my sister had disappeared and searched the country round with his glasses, but there was no sign whatever of her, Rice, or the elephant, and Bertie's face looked terribly grave as he hurried back to me. "Come along," he said, "you must cling on to me as best you can, as Curry has evidently gone off. Do you think you can manage?"

By this time I had nearly dissolved into tears. The fright and my sister's unknown fate had been enough to drive me to despair, and now here was the prospect of arriving at a bachelor's bungalow in a ludicrous state. My habit was literally in rags, with huge yawning rents where no rents should have been. My face was covered with scratches, and not one solitary hairpin was left to me, while Bertie's handkerchief, knotted at the four corners, adorned my dishevelled head. Added to all this, as I remarked before, I am no rider, and the prospect of some ten miles at racing speed on Bertie's spirited mare was not a comforting one. However, there was nothing else to be done, and I somehow scrambled and lurched on to the mare's quarters behind my brother, clutching him wildly round the waist. In this manner the ten miles were somehow got over, and I am thankful to say it was almost quite dark by the time we reached Mr. Wilson's bungalow. When we got inside, however, the lamplight showed my rags and tatters to great advantage, and it was very creditable that neither Mr. Wilson nor his servants let me feel there was anything unusual in my appearance.

Our host was greatly disturbed when he heard of my sister's disappearance, and at once called up coolies and provided lamps and lanterns for a search-party. The awkward question arose as to whether he should be one of the search-party or stay at home to keep me company. I had had such a fright that the idea of spending a night in the bungalow alone made my courage fail. I had been told that the servants' lines—or quarters—were some way off, and all round were masses of jungle, haunted by panthers and tigers and other ferocious beasts. I think Bertie understood my feelings, and he therefore asked Mr. Wilson to stay until he returned, when they would change places, and he, Bertie, would remain with me. Accordingly my brother started off and was soon lost to sight. It was a bright moonlight night and the stars were twinkling in quite an extraordinary manner. There was an oppression in the air, and not a sound could be heard excepting an occasional shout from the search-party in the distance.

"I expect you'd like something to eat when you've changed and had a bath," suggested my host, at last, nervously, breaking an awkward silence.

"Yes, I should," I answered: "but how can I change when I have nothing to change into?"

Neither of us could help laughing as I stood there frantically clutching my shreds of riding habit and with Bertie's handkerchief cocked rakishly over one eye.

"I'll see what I can do," said Mr. Wilson, as he disappeared into the bungalow again.

Presently a "boy" appeared.

"Bath ready, marm," he ejaculated, and I followed him meekly into what I knew to be the only bedroom. In the tiny dressing-room adjoining stood a steaming bath, while on the bed lay a variety of garments. "Master sleeping in a-piece (office)," volunteered my guide as he withdrew. I examined the garments with interest, and soon became convulsed with laughter. A pair of enormous knickerbocker stockings, with tennis-shoes to match, half-a-dozen shirts and vests, and a large Japanese dressing-gown completed the list, and I thought to myself, as I donned this latter article of attire, that really things might have been much worse. I plaited my hair up somehow, and felt quite smart as I entered the dining-room in response to a call of "Dinner ready, on the table, your honour, sir," which was wafted through the keyhole.

"It's very kind of you," I stammered; "this dressing-gown is a fine thing."

Mr. Wilson, who, to my horror, had arrayed himself in full evening dress in honour of me, sprang to his feet from the depths of a long chair, and explained that he had bought the dressing gown for a fancy-dress ball on his way out from home. Then, with some embarrassment, we sat down to our evening meal. I was allowed a soup plate, and, as there was but one, my host drank his soup from a cup as if he had been born to it. This was presently followed by a strange dish called a "hump," and I at last summoned up enough courage to ask if it came from a camel.

"All the cows out here have humps," said Mr. Wilson, grinning, and after that the conversation became less spasmodic, and we were soon laughing over the menu, which is really worthy of reproduction:—

Worms Jelly Soup (Vermicelli).
Puplawn Quick (Bubble and Squeak).
Hump.
Callflour grandam (Cauliflower au gratin).
Fancakes (Pancakes).

Directly the repast was finished I said good-night and retired to bed, wondering sorrowfully where my poor sister was, and regretting that

only that morning, and in that very room, I had quarrelled with her as to who should have the looking-glass first. It was with a sigh that I laid my scratched face on the pillow and was soon asleep.

My adventures were not over, however, for at about two o'clock I was awakened by the most awful noise. The tin roof rumbled and shook, things rattled, my bed rocked, and the whole bungalow seemed to sway. My first thought was "Elephants again! They have come here and are taking away the bungalow." Shivering with cold and terror I leapt out of bed, hastily slipped on the Japanese dressing-gown, and snatching up a large white umbrella — the first weapon of defence I could lay hands on—rushed from the room.

All was darkness in the dining-room, and to my horror I bumped up against a moving creature. Instantly I opened my umbrella and prodded vigorously, shouting meanwhile for Mr. Wilson. To my surprise his voice came from somewhere quite near.

"Here I am, Miss Jarvis; it's me you're poking! I was just coming to tell you that you had better come out."

"Oh!" I said, "I beg your pardon, but I really thought it was an elephant. It *is* elephants, is it not?"

"Let me get a light and we will see," he answered, and departed, returning in a moment with a lamp. What a picture he presented!

I stood under my white umbrella, which now refused to shut up, trying to stifle my unseemly laughter. He had evidently slipped over his pyjamas the nearest coat he could find—which happened to be his evening one—and for some reason best known to himself he had added to this curious costume a sun topee!

"I can't think what's up," he said, as, holding the lamp on high, he went out on to the veranda. The floor was shaking under me, and I felt as if I were on a ship. Then he suddenly cried out:—

"It's a shock of earthquake! Come out into the garden!"

"'I CAN'T THINK WHAT'S UP,' HE SAID."

Hardly had he spoken when, with a crash, a sambur head fell from the wall above me, and with a bound I was out of the house. We stayed in the garden waiting and expecting to see the whole bungalow fall down, but it didn't. The earthquake was evidently over, for the rumbling noise grew fainter, and only occasionally did we feel the ground shake underneath us. Then lights appeared in the distance, and I heard my brother's voice. I flew down the garden and cast myself upon him: "Where is L——; have you found her?" I cried.

"It's no use looking now, we must wait until the morning," he said, despondently.

The rest of the story the reader already knows—how my sister, dressed in almost as outrageous a fashion as myself, was brought back next morning by the old Mudava chief, Chiringen. It was a very merry party—albeit a somewhat strange-looking one—that gathered in Mr. Wilson's bungalow that day; but it will be a long time before any of us forget our brush with wild elephants.

The Man Who Would Be Chief.

By J. Gordon Smith, of Victoria, B.C.

A description by an eye-witness of a remarkable contest which took place recently for the chieftainship of a tribe of Indians in British Columbia. According to the custom of these people, the man who can destroy the greatest amount of property is hailed as chief, and to this end the rival candidates and their supporters burnt blankets, canoes, and ornaments until, in a short time, rich men became paupers. This extraordinary performance went on until one candidate assaulted the other, whereupon a free fight ensued, which ended in the defeated man and his party retreating to their own village.

THE Kwaukiutl Indians, whose huts are clustered on the shingly beach at Alert Bay, B.C., are sandwiched between cannery and mission, but civilization has not stayed their strange rites and customs, which prevail to-day as in the days before Captain Vancouver called with his ship *Discovery*, and left the cannon which fronts the centre of the village as a memento of the coming of the white men. At this picturesque village a struggle for the chieftaincy of the Kwaukiutls has just concluded, and at a monster "potlatch" given by Tsakwettie, one of the claimants for the honoured post, the contest seemed as though it would result in bloodshed, but fortunately the trouble was averted.

The village at Alert Bay stands on the shingle, flanked by ramshackle platforms on which the blanketed Indians recline hour after hour, watching the "fire canoes" hurrying on their way to Alaska. The rough-hewn cedar-planked lodges stand in a picturesque cluster between an up-to-date cannery and a mission, like a picture of the past in a frame of to-day.

The village was thronged when I arrived to watch the struggle of the man who would be chief; the beaches were littered with the canoes of many tribes, some of whom had paddled and sailed through storm-tossed seas for hundreds of miles in order to be present at this great "potlatch," at which Tsakwettie and his Denakdawk tribesmen were to pay back the Kwaukiutls with interest for the grease feasts given by them some time previously.

Stretching along the shingle fronting the village were the tin pans, dippers, pots, cans, boxes—all kinds of receptacles, in fact—each placed according to the owner's rank, ready to receive the allotments of grease. Cedar posts were decked with hundreds of silver bracelets, carved in strange fashion, and intended for gifts to the assembled people. Blankets were piled in heaps along the village front, and hats, masks, boxes of pilot bread, and many other things stood stacked before the huts. Great were the preparations made for the feast and the accom-

From a] THE VILLAGE OF THE KWAUKIUTL INDIANS, ALERT BAY, B.C. *[Photo.*

THE POTS AND PANS READY FOR THE ALLOTMENTS OF OOLICHAN GREASE.
From a [*Photo.*

panying ceremonies, at which Tsakwettie, the feast-giver, was to make his big fight for the chieftaincy of the Kwaukiutls, at present held by Lasotiwalis (Black Bear).

Hundreds had already gathered in the huts, and still the flotillas of canoes tied along the beach increased in number. Medicine men of many tribes rattled their necklaces of claws, and more proficient *hamatsus*—the tribal mystery workers—swam in circles in the seas at night in order to make the strange "medicine" necessary for the ceremonies and dances of the feast.

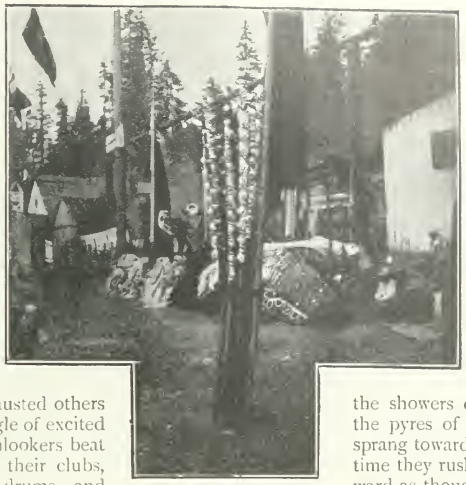
The village was bedecked from post to post, from totem to totem. Strings of coloured cottons were suspended along the totem-lined pathway and gaudy blankets hung from ridge trees. Well-beaten "coppers," or shields—heirlooms for many generations—stood fronting the lodges of the richer people, and even flags had been used to heighten the general effect and add to the grandeur. From the cluster of rude shacks and neater-planked lodges came the sounds of hand-clappings, weird shouts, and the rhythmic rattle caused by the beating of cedar planks with clubs. Inside these lodges, each with its crackling fire of driftwood—the dancers hopped and jumped, chanting and rattling their strings of bear-claws or pebble-filled rattles as they circled about the great fires of sea-given logs. Their bare feet pattered on the hard floor of well-trodden mud, while the audience of excited Siwashes gesticulated, chanted, clapped their hands, and beat their cedar planking, the *klootchmen*, or squaws, in the background grunting their guttural approval of the festivities. It was a gathering which any one of the thousands of Indians present would have gone many miles to see, and a fitting occasion for the struggle that was so soon to follow.

All day the assembled tribes had danced, scrambled for the far-flung blankets, or participated in the *hamatsu* work of the medicine men of the several tribes. Some had thrown mock spears at the totem of the killer-whale as they sang of the glories of past whale hunts; others had enacted the *rôles* of long dead ancestors as they sang of the deeds of war and chase made memorable by the carvers whose skill had given them the totems engraved with their tribal story.

Night had fallen, and as the wind echoed through the pine glades in the groves beyond

"BLANKETS, HATS, MASKS, AND MANY OTHER THINGS STOOD STACKED BEFORE THE HUTS.
From a Photo.

the people gathered in the larger lodges, where toiling women had built great fires. Again the chants arose and, when the speakers of the feast-giver had sung his praises, the dancers sprang from their places and, rattling their necklaces and snapping the movable beaks of their great masks, ran, hopped, or jumped over the hard-trodden earth. Hour after hour they danced, and as some fell exhausted others sprang from the rectangle of excited Indians, and, as the onlookers beat the cedar boards with their clubs, thumped their skin drums, and shouted their approving cries, the dancers carried on their work. It was a weird display of frenzied barbarism, whose strangeness was exaggerated by the glare of the fires on the strange colourings and costumes of the assemblage.



CEDAR POSTS COVERED WITH SILVER BRACELETS INTENDED AS GIFTS FOR THE VISITORS.
From a Photo.

Suddenly, after hours of wild dancing and just as the morning twilight drew near, there was a weird shriek like an animal crying in terror, and as a fearful silence fell upon the frenzied people the *hamatsu* of the Kwaukiutls dropped into the lodge from the roof, where the sparks were showering upwards to seek an outlet. Lying prostrate for a moment with the firelight making his barbarical-looking face like that of a demon, he sprang high in the air and then began the wild *tamanamass*, or devil dance.

"Haugh-hu-ugh-oh-oh-oh," shouted the tribesmen. "Great is the *hamatsu*, maker of strange medicine. Let the dance go on." From the rectangle of Siwashes, now wildly excited, waving their arms and shouting in guttural tones, came dancers whose features were hidden in great masks. From one side some sprang into the open square, stooping like wolves; from another came erectly poised dancers acting as hunters; and while the wolves snarled as they hopped around the showers of sparks arising from the pyres of driftwood, the hunters sprang towards them, and then for a time they rushed backward and forward as though afraid to strike. The strange noises and guttural chants, mingled with the ceaseless clatter of boards and drums, and the dancing firelight shining on the oiled faces of the hundreds of excited Indians, gave the scene a striking barbaric splendour.

More and more excited grew the shouting spectators as the dance proceeded, until suddenly, as though at a given signal, the dancers fell back.

As they stopped, a picturesquely-garbed Siwash sprang out from the tiers of palpitating shouters, whose tumult had ceased for a moment. In a loud voice he said: "Listen, men of the tribes! I am the speaker of Tsakwettie (the Seaweed), rightful chief of the Kwaukiutl. Listen, and I will tell of the greatness of my chief, who will break a 'copper' (shield) for this Lasotiwalis, the false chief who seeks strange medicine from

A CONTINGENT OF VISITORS—MANY OF THESE HAD PADDLED FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES TO BE PRESENT AT THE CEREMONY.
From a [*Photo.*

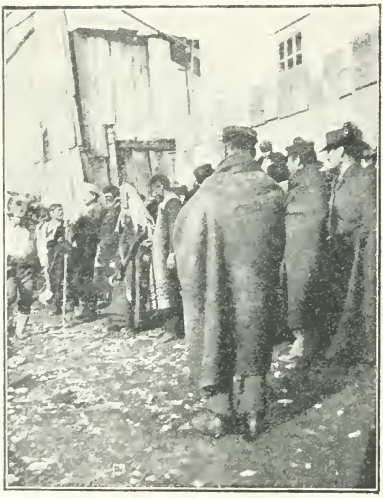
the 'King Georges' (white men), and sits without right in the place of the rightful chief."

Instantly there was an uproar. The gesticulating, shouting Siwashes, who but a moment before had chanted their hunting songs together amicably, were quickly divided. Some cried for Tsakwettie, others for Lasotiwalis. The hundreds of tribesmen were in an uproar, and while the *klootchmen* (squaws) and the children were running from the lodges a fight seemed imminent.

From a] THE CANOES OF THE DENAKDAWKS ARRIVE. [*Photo.*

To break a "copper" for an Indian is to offer him the greatest possible insult, but to break a "copper" for a chief is to insult the whole tribe. Therefore, when the speaker of the rival chief said that a "copper" was to be broken for Lasotiwalis, the chief's kinsmen and friends were in a passion of anger. It seemed as though the lodge would be the scene of a terrible struggle within the next few seconds. Quickly the excitement increased, and the Indians surged from their places about the great square to the crowds gathering on either side of the fire—the friends of each chief on either side. The factions were divided.

Then from the centre of his followers came Tsakwettie, his prized "copper," beaten from the native metal hundreds of years ago, in his arms. Its value was 6,000 Hudson's Bay blankets, and its name was "All-other-coppers-are-ashamed-to-look-at-me." Stepping directly in front of Lasotiwalis, chief of the Kwaukiutls, Tsakwettie splintered the corner of his "copper" amidst grunts of approbation from those behind him and shouts of anger from those in front. Then, as he handed the remainder of his broken shield to his friends, Tsakwettie gathered up the broken pieces and threw them on the fire—a concentrated insult which in the old days could have been wiped out only with blood.



A "HAMATSU," OR MEDICINE MAN, DANCING ALONG THE BEACH.
From a] [*Photo.*

With cries of derision, waving of arms, and uproarious shouting, the two parties bandied insults, and while some hurried to the house of Lasotiwalis in order that a "copper" might be brought and insult given for insult, others ran to bring in boxes piled high with blankets and to procure goods for the battle of the property. It was to be a fight for the dignity of the chieftaincy—a fight to the bitter end, a fight in which the victory would not go to the strongest, but the richest! It was a fight, fought not by force of arms, but by wealth of possession. He who could destroy the greatest amount of property would be the winner—for such is the strange custom of these curious people.

Quickly Lasotiwalis broke the "copper" they brought him. He splintered the skilfully worked metal and hurled its pieces across the now dying embers of the fire, as he shouted to his rival: "Hear me, Tsakwettie, whom the gull would not soil its bill upon! Do not stand as a man among the people of the Bear, of which I am the rightful chief, but go and stay with the women of your people and cease to call yourself a chief. Have thy ancestors fought many fights, killed whales, or slain bears as mine have? Ho-ho, my friends, give me blankets, and I will fight this false

From a] "THE VILLAGE WAS BEDECKED FROM POST TO POST." [*Photo.*

chief with property, and the tribes shall judge between us and say which is the rightful chief."

A dozen or more braves stepped forward at his bidding, their arms laden with blankets. As they stepped forward the rival chief snatched a can filled with oolichan grease from an Indian and dashed it on the dying fire. Quickly the flames burst forth again, lighting up the wrinkled and copper-hued faces, and a fierce heat threatened the nearest group. They refused to budge, however, for to step back from a rival is accounted an acknowledgment of defeat, and they preferred to burn rather than retire before their foes.

The blankets which had been brought were cast on the rejuvenated flames in a heap and partially extinguished the fire, but the blaze was fed with more oolichan, and again the Indians were singed by the leaping flames, but they stood their ground nobly, and amid the shouts of derision, party cries, and clamour this extraordinary fight went on. A number of the non-contestant tribes had by this time left the lodge, but there were still many clamouring partisans left, and while those in front waved their arms and shouted, those farther back started warlike chants and improvised songs of insult. The excitement everywhere was intense.

Canoes were dragged in by the Kwaukiutls, and there, before the flames, which liberal use of the inflammable grease made violent, they were splintered and broken to matchwood. Large war canoes, seating forty men or more, hunting canoes for two men, sailing and other canoes of various models, were one after another broken and destroyed—and as each party destroyed a canoe, the other retorted with another. Blankets were torn up and burnt, masks of the eagle-dancers, masks with long beaks, precious *hamatsu* rattles, and all kinds of property were destroyed, and still the fight of wealth against wealth went on. As the last fragments of the worldly wealth of one man fed the flames another supporter of the fighting chieftains added his store to that which had passed until, when a sudden diversion stopped the fight, the rich men of a few hours before were practically paupers.

The fire was burning fiercely when Lasotiwalis, the reigning chief, stepped near it to throw on some more pieces of broken canoe. Suddenly his rival, who stood near the fire, snatched a can of oolichan fish-grease from one of his party and threw the contents across the fire, covering the head and shoulders of his rival with the oily filth.

With a yell of rage the grease-covered chief hurled a splintered piece of the broken canoe at his rival as he would have thrown a javelin. Taking their cue from this, others at once began to throw things about, and presently, when the rival parties adjourned to the beach outside,

From a] A STRIKING TOTEM IN THE VILLAGE. [*Photo.*

where the stones lay thick, the *mêlée* became general. The light of early morning had now replaced the darkness and the sun shone from over the hills across the strait. The combatants fought on the shingle, hurling sticks and stones, the distance between them gradually increasing as they ran up and down, now one party running from the other and then the attackers becoming the defenders and flying to the cover of the shacks. Some took shelter behind the lodges, from whence they hurled showers of stones. In spite of its ferocity, however, it was a tame fight in comparison with the sanguinary encounters which used to take place when the stone-hammers, knives, and adzes of bone and copper were used, and the dead were piled along the beaches. Nowadays the fear of the Government steamer is strong among the tribes, and it is but seldom that anybody is killed.

From a] THE GRAVE AND TOTEMS OF A DECEASED CHIEF. *[Photo.*

It seemed, however, that a fatal termination must come to this struggle at Alert Bay, for some of the men were running to the huts for their shot-guns. Divining their intention, Tsakwettie and his supporters took to flight. Launching the canoes, into which their women-folk had piled all the goods they could save, the fugitives paddled away, hearing as they rowed the exultant cries of the triumphant Kwaukiutls, who paraded along the shingle chanting songs of victory.

Then, while the man who would be chief paddled silently and sorrowfully away with his people, the Kwaukiutls trooped back to the big lodge, where, amidst the charred fragments of the property destroyed in the contest, Lasotiwalis was hailed as the rightful chief of the Kwaukiutls.

From a] LASOTIWALIS, ONE OF THE CLAIMANTS FOR THE CHIEFTAINSHIP, WELCOMES HIS SUPPORTERS. *[Photo.*

The Experiences of a Suspected Spy.

By Reginald Wyon.

Few people in this country have any idea of the nervous vigilance with which the great Continental Powers guard their forts and frontiers. Because he wished to take a few photographs in an Austrian town the author was at once suspected of being a spy and had to leave the place. Arrived in Herzegovina a photograph of a mountain battery taken at the request of an officer friend got him into serious trouble again, from which he was only rescued by the vigorous interference of his military friend.

LAST summer, during a tour in Dalmatia, I had made a few friends, and as a consequence I had received two warm invitations from different acquaintances to stay a few days with them should my steps ever lead me that way again. It happened that during the spring of this year I was called to Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, and as I sat basking in the warm sun of Corfu I shivered as I thought of that bleak and rocky fastness in the Montenegrin mountains. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck me. I had two or three weeks to spare before my visit to Cettinje. There was a friend of mine in Cattaro, through which little seaport I must pass. I would stay with him a week, and thus combine pleasure and climatic considerations. Cattaro would be a half-way house, so to speak, between heat and cold, and chuckling gleefully I packed my traps and took ship to that wonderful region, half Norwegian fjord and half Swiss lake.

THE AUTHOR, MR. REGINALD WYON.
From a Photo.

For the sake of those readers with whom geography is a rather weak point, I will explain that Cattaro lies at the southern end of Dalmatia, on the Montenegrin border, in the midst of some of the finest scenery in Europe. For over an hour the boat steams through three great bays, locally termed *bocche*, each entered by a narrower strait than the last, so that the final bay, where lies Cattaro, is to all intents and purposes absolutely landlocked. Lofty and precipitous mountains descend to the ever-glassy surface of the bays, so that the traveller can well imagine himself on some huge inland lake.

The Bocche di Cattaro constitute one of the finest harbours in the world; and Austria guards her most southerly possession on the Adriatic jealously, so jealously that I wonder now that the passengers on the steamers are not blindfolded at the entrance of the harbour. Forts crown every eminence, and on the quay at Cattaro military uniforms quite eclipse the unassuming civilian garb.

Now, I had passed through Cattaro many times going to and from Montenegro, and had occasionally spent a night there, so I knew my way about. Proceeding to an inn (accommodation is very bad in Cattaro, by the way) I demanded a room, and likewise its price.

"One gulden," said mine host, laconically.

"And if I stay a week?" I asked, tentatively—for I am of a bargaining disposition.

"If the Herr stays a week?" repeated the man, dully, as though not comprehending my meaning.

"Yes," I went on, briskly. "I intend staying at least a week. I have a friend living here. I want a nice, pleasant room where I can work and be undisturbed."

"The Herr is not a tourist, then! A commercial traveller, perhaps?" inquired mine host, looking at me strangely. I put it down to his surprise at anyone desiring to stay longer than one night under his humble roof.

"Not exactly," I explained. "I am a poor man. I write."

He led me up to a room and we agreed on the price, and then he brought me the inevitable visitors' book. As I boldly inscribed my name I felt his eyes following every stroke of my pen. I paused at the space inscribed "Profession." It is my custom to leave that an open question and write nothing. "London, England," always appeases the lynx-eyed police. For one thing, I never know exactly what to put down. In

this case I felt something more was expected of me, so I wrote "Correspondent." With that the landlord was quite contented, and I was left alone and in peace.

I found my friend—an official of the Austrian Civil Service—and he was very pleased to see me. All went well for two or three days, when my old photographic mood seized me. Luckily, I announced my intention beforehand. My friend paled.

"Don't do it," he said, earnestly. "This is a fortress, and it is not allowed. In fact, you would be arrested."

"Nonsense," I replied. "There are soldiers here, I admit, and a moss-grown wall surrounds the place, but you can't make me believe that it has any strategic value nowadays."

"Well, ask some officer first," was the rejoinder, and I accordingly accosted a naval officer whom I knew, stating my intention to take photographs.

He, who had hitherto seemed friendly, became cold and official at once.

"You must get permission from the *Kriegshauten Commando*," he said, in a stiff and formal voice, while he eyed me suspiciously. "I can tell you nothing."

"Of course," I said, "I don't want to photograph your forts on the hills. In fact, I am not the least interested in those ugly-looking earth-heaps. All I require is a picture or two of the town and the quay."

"It is a fortress," was the inexorable answer. And the officer presently excused himself hastily on the plea of a friend waiting for him round the corner, which I knew to be an invention.

I felt somewhat depressed. That evening my friend rallied me on my low spirits.

"They think I am a spy," I said, in a hollow voice. He started and looked hastily round.

"For goodness' sake, don't speak so loud," he said, clutching my arm. Then he added, almost in a whisper, "Why not leave by to-morrow's boat?"

"You, too, think I am a spy?" I said, sadly.

"Of course, *I* know you are all right," he said, hastily. "But the fact is, people are talking about your long stay, and the authorities are getting uneasy."

"I have only been here three days," I interrupted.

"Yes, yes," said my friend. "But no one ever stays more than a night in this forsaken hole, and anybody who stops longer, if he is not a commercial traveller——"

"Must be in the pay of a foreign Power!" I concluded, for he had paused. "Well, I suppose I had better go and see those in authority, eh?"

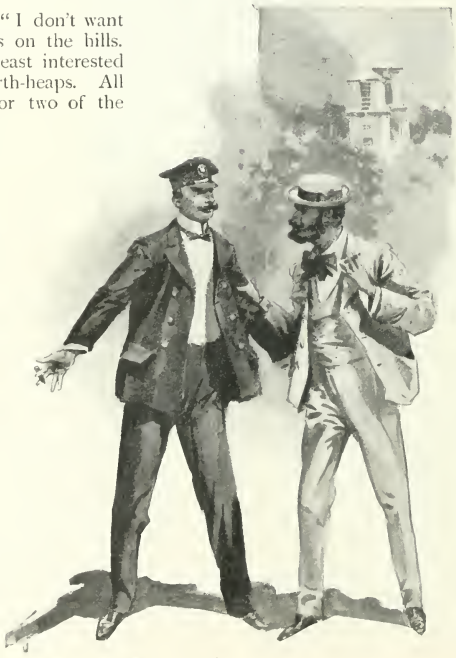
"That would be the best thing to do," acquiesced my friend, joyfully. "You see, it is rather awkward for me, too. I am always with you. It wouldn't matter in the least if I were a civilian, so to speak." He spoke disjointedly, poor fellow, and I felt for him. Here was I thoughtlessly imperilling his career—exposing him to the grave suspicions of his superiors.

"I will see you through this, old friend," I said, clasping his hand. "It is true I have openly stated a desire to photograph, and that I leave my room and papers always unlocked, but I am beginning to understand now why no pleasure-loving wanderer stays longer than one night in Cattaro. To-morrow I will hand myself over. I have been too careless."

"I know we Austrians are great idiots," began the official, but I checked him.

"Hush!" I said, laughingly. "You will be beheaded for such utterances. Good-night. I go to prepare my defence, and then my will."

On my way home I bethought me of another friend, a certain captain of artillery in garrison in Herzegovina, not far from



"FOR GOODNESS SAKE, DON'T SPEAK SO LOUD, HE SAID."

Cattaro. I had promised to look him up should I ever be in this part of the world again.

"I will wire to the captain," I said to myself, "and if he is willing I will go to him to-morrow—that is, if I am still master of my own actions."

It is an uncomfortable feeling to be a suspected spy. I had never felt sympathy with hunted criminals before, but I do now. They must rejoice when they are caught and the prison-door clangs behind them; the worst part of their troubles is over.

Next morning, with an answering telegram in my pocket from my military friend to "come at once," I walked to the *Landesbezirks Hauptmann*—I must apologize for these foreign titles, but in this case ignorance of any equivalent in English, coupled with the awe-inspiring character of the undiluted German, must be my excuse.

A notice on a door proclaimed that this was the lair of the chief of political affairs, and I knocked softly. A "Come in" snarl proclaimed to me that it was now too late to withdraw my head from the lion's jaws, so to speak, and with head erect I entered the room.

Quite an affable-looking gentleman rose from a writing-table and approached me.

"I wish to see the *Herr Landesbezirks Hauptmann*," I said, calmly.

"I am he," he said, modestly. "With whom have I the honour?"

That took me rather aback. He looked too amiable for a high official. I produced a card, saying: "Sir, I am the suspected spy."

He took the card, bowing, and did me the honour to shake hands.

"Come to my private room," he said, "and explain."

My confidence had now returned, and I accepted the proffered cigarette and told him my troubles. He listened attentively.

"I will call the chief of police. Excuse me one moment." And he left me.

"Now it is coming," I thought. "Will he bring a file of soldiers with him, or will they be waiting outside?" I looked longingly through the window at the blue sky, and was lost in contemplation of the so lightly prized joys of freedom when I found a second gentleman bowing politely. He was the chief of police.

"I assure you we know nothing against you," he said, after a repetition of my case. "We are very pleased when visitors come here, particularly any connected with the Press."

"But I want to photograph," I complained. "We English like illustrated articles."

"Ah," he said, and his brows knitted, "*that* is another thing. That we cannot allow. Anything else in reason. Have you been inside the cathedral, for instance? I will take you there myself."

"You see," chimed in the other gentleman, he with the long title, "it is a fortress. No one may photograph, not even the inhabitants."

For answer I took from my pocket several picture post-cards of Cattaro.

"These post-cards, you see, are reproduced from photographs, and can be bought at any street corner. I wish to take the same views with my camera."

Both gentlemen shrugged their shoulders regretfully.

"Besides," I continued, "every steamer that comes here brings a mob of tourists, every one with a Kodak, and it sounds like a regular fusillade to hear them snap-shotting photos. of this—er—impregnable fortress."

"We are very sorry. It is not allowed." Then they added, to appease my wounded feelings, "But you may come and go as you please."

"Thank you very much, gentlemen," I said, rising, "particularly for the latter part of your permission. I think the former clause will be unnecessary."

I don't think my scathing remark was understood. Perhaps I didn't put it quite clearly.

An hour later saw me on board a steamer and Cattaro fading away behind us. I was entering on phase No. 2 of my experiences as a suspected spy.

It is a roundabout trip to Trebinje in Herzegovina, though the distance from Cattaro as the crow flies is not great. Roughly it is a two-days' journey. On the afternoon of the second the ridiculous little train of the Bosnian-Herzegovinian Railway pulled up with painful suddenness, and I almost fell off into the arms of my welcoming friend.

He was a great character, this artillery captain. He commands a battery of mountain artillery, and has a wonderful flow of language when irritated, being a typical, bluff, outspoken soldier of the old school. Clapping me violently on the back to express his joy at seeing me again, he informed me that he was giving a little dinner in his quarters that evening in my honour.

The evening came, and I was duly introduced to three officers—an engineer, an Hungarian infantryman, and a third officer belonging to the "General Stab," which corresponds to our Intelligence Department.

I remarked, innocently enough, that I was glad to have been able to keep my appointment to-day, and detailed my experiences in Cattaro. All laughed except he of the "Stab."

"Why, do you know that we knew you

had left Gravosa with a camera. *en route* for Trebinje, ten minutes after the train had left?" said the captain, and, noticing my mystified look, he added, with a hearty roar of laughter: "Our friend here of the Intelligence Department hears all about suspicious characters per wire. That's why I have brought you two together."

He of the Intelligence Department looked pained at the other's candour, but the somewhat strained feeling soon passed off under the influence of the generous wine. The following day I lunched at the infantry mess, after which, as time pressed, I declared my intention of leaving next day.

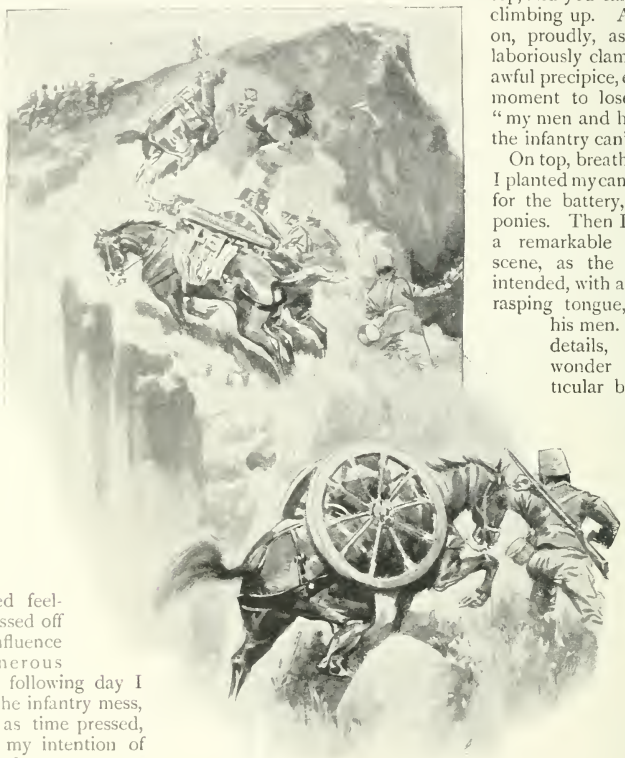
"You must photograph my battery in the morning before you go," declared the artilleryman, after several pressing invitations to "stay a week and liven the place up a bit," all of which I firmly declined on the plea of business, but to the captain's request I joyfully assented.

After a short night's rest, far too short for my somewhat lazy disposition, I was awakened by an orderly, who demanded my camera to carry, adding that a horse was awaiting me below, and that the *Herr Hauptmann* wanted to know if I was never coming.

We climbed a break-neck hill on horseback (I should have infinitely preferred to walk up), and then the captain proudly pointed to a precipitous rock at the summit.

"That's the place," he said. "You can take as many photos. as you like there, and a more difficult bit to negotiate is not to be found in the whole neighbourhood. It's quite flat on top, and you can snap-shot 'em climbing up. Ah!" he went on, proudly, as I slowly and laboriously clambered up that awful precipice, expecting every moment to lose my balance, "my men and horses go where the infantry can't."

On top, breathless and giddy, I planted my camera and waited for the battery, with its sturdy ponies. Then I was treated to a remarkable ten minutes' scene, as the captain superintended, with a thick stick and rasping tongue, the ascent of his men. I won't go into details, but I don't wonder that that particular battery has a reputation for smartness. I had never fully realized my friend's command of language till then. I congratulated him afterwards as we walked down again to the town after I had photographed the battery.



"I WAS TREATED TO A REMARKABLE TEN MINUTES' SCENE."

The captain was a thirsty soul, and we greatly relished a glass of Pilsener when we got to the town. As we were imbibing the cooling fluid a mutual acquaintance dropped in.

THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE.

"They're looking for you," was his first remark to me.

"Who are?" I asked.

"The police. They were hunting all over the place yesterday, but you were invisible," he continued.

"I wasn't," I exclaimed, indignantly. "I was at the Hungarians' mess. What do they want me for?"

"Photography," explained the new-comer, laughing.

"Why, he couldn't have photographed anything yesterday if he tried," broke in the artillery officer, indignantly. "When the 12th get hold of a visitor they don't let him bother about photography."

"Let them come and arrest me," I said, resignedly. "I don't mind being locked up a bit."

"Nonsense," said the captain, hotly. "They daren't touch you while you are staying with me as my guest. The police make idiots of themselves habitually; they can't help it. A short while ago they ran a man down and arrested him because they thought he was carrying a camera. When they got him to the station they found he was a traveller for sewing-machines, one of which he was carrying around! In the meanwhile two men from Montenegro came down and photographed the whole place. Such idiotic nonsense! As if the Powers that are interested hadn't got plans years ago of every fort and strategic point along the whole frontier! If our people had any sense they might know that a fellow like *you* would be no good at espionage!"

The other officer laughed, but I felt hurt. It was not said in a complimentary fashion.

"Anyway," I said, somewhat indignantly, "if I were a spy I certainly shouldn't come and stay a week in the place and talk about it openly. Besides, if they are so confoundedly suspicious, why don't they go and overhaul my things and seize my plates?"

At this juncture a policeman entered the room and saluted.

"Would the *Herr Hauptmann* step round to the chief of police for a moment?"

The captain rose immediately, saying many weird things, and left us.

"Pretty good, that," said the officer, admiringly. He referred to the captain's parting remarks, which were addressed to no one in particular. "The commissary is going to have a bad time."

"What I can't understand," I said, "is why they never come to me direct. If I go and see them they are civility itself."

We talked on for some minutes, and then I was left alone. I was beginning to wonder whether I should be allowed to leave Trebinje after all. This was, indeed, another case of Scylla and Charybdis. I had perhaps escaped an Austrian dungeon only to be incarcerated in a military prison in Herzegovina! About a quarter of an hour elapsed, and then my friend the captain strode noisily into the room. He finished my beer and called for two more glasses. I noticed his voice was husky and his face flushed.

"What is it to be?" I asked, at length. "Shot to-morrow at dawn?"

"It is because you were out with me photographing this morning! That idiot"—he was alluding to the chief of police—"wanted at first to confiscate your camera and detain you till further orders! I told 'em to do it if they dared."

"Thanks," I said. "That was very kind of you."

The captain took no notice of my remark, and continued in a loud voice: "He said, when I informed him that you had only photographed my battery, that a photographer is very artful and can pretend to be taking one picture, and in a second turn the camera round and take a fort and no one notice it. I told him we were not all such fools as we looked, but in some cases people were even bigger fools than their appearance warranted. Then I spoke at some length, and gave him my views on many subjects. When I took my leave, no one seemed capable of further conversation."

"Shall I send him round my card," I asked, "and offer to go and see them?"

"Yes," said the captain, slapping his thigh. "That is what *I* said. Why the dickens couldn't they send for *you?* But they seem frightened of you personally, though why I can't understand. For a pack of imbecile incapables commend me to our police in matters of this kind."

"They fear international complications, I suppose, if they put their foot in it with the wrong man," I remarked, as I gave my card to a boy to take to the police office.

Ten minutes later a pale-faced man in plain clothes came into the room and stood hesitating by the door.

"Come in, *Herr Commissar*," called the captain. "Here is the gentleman you want. He has made his will."

The man approached us awkwardly.

"I am very sorry," he began to me. "Pray accept my apologies for any annoyance we may have put you to."

"Don't mention it," I answered, airily; "I like it; it is interesting. Why don't you arrest me and settle the matter?"

He coughed and laughed.

"We have to be very careful on the frontier," he explained; "our position demands it. In this case we frankly own we have made a mistake."

"You have not annoyed me in the least," I said, graciously. "I assure you I am only sorry it is over. Good-bye! I am pleased to have met you." Bowing profusely, he left us.

"WHY DON'T YOU ARREST ME AND SETTLE THE MATTER?"

"And for all that idiot knows you might have plans of the whole place in your pocket," added the captain, contemptuously.

"It is something to have an honest face after all," I said, mildly.

The captain merely sniffed.

An hour later I was in the train again. My experiences as a suspected spy were over, and I had successfully run the gauntlet of two frontier towns; but my opinion of the Austrian political authorities had not improved.

I.

Mrs. von Thiele conceived the idea of undertaking a sleigh drive in the depth of winter through the wild and picturesque Telemarken district of Norway. She knew nothing of the language, and travelled quite alone. Everybody prophesied before the start that she would either be devoured by the wolves and bears that lurk in the vast forests, or else frozen to death or lost in a snow-drift. The trip, however, was a triumphant success, and Mrs. von Thiele saw and photographed many strange and curious things.

WHEN I announced my intention of sleighing through the Telemarken in the depth of winter, completely alone and without any knowledge of the language, everybody held up their hands in horror. No lady had ever dared such a journey by herself before, and I was told it was quite impossible, and that only a few days before three German gentlemen had tried to penetrate into the ice-bound district and been obliged to turn back. Terrible tales were told me of the bears that venture even into the towns of the Telemarken, and of the wolves that lurk in the recesses of its vast forests; and I was assured that, even if I escaped the wild beasts, I should assuredly be either frozen to death or lost in a snow-drift. At any rate, my advisers wound up, whatever happened, the end of the journey would certainly result in a funeral. They pointed out that as all the hotels were closed I should be obliged to put up with all sorts of hardships, with coarse fare and scanty accommodation.

Nothing deterred by all these dismal prophecies, however, one fine day in the beginning of February of this year I made my way down from Voxenkollen to the railway station at Christiania. Christiania was covered with a spotless sheet of fallen snow, and everywhere whiteness and silence reigned. There was none of the bustle and ceaseless hum of a big city; nothing could be heard but an occasional tinkle of sleigh bells. Even the pedestrians made no sound, for they were all shod in indiarubber or fur boots. This city of silence has a most uncanny effect on one's nerves, and one hails with delight the occasional passage of the electric tram, with its snow-plough in front and its clanging bells. The traffic in the roadway has a curious dwarfed appearance, for all the ordinary carriages, broughams, victorias, etc., and even drays and trolleys, are taken off their wheels and placed

SHEAVES OF CORN PUT OUT FOR THE BIRDS AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.
From a Photo.

on runners, so that the body of the vehicle almost touches the ground.

The Norwegians have a very kindly custom of caring for the birds in hard winter, and a sheaf of corn is placed on some part of every house at Christmas, so that the little feathered creatures should participate, in their own way, in the universal joy of Christendom. Some of the houses were decorated in a most artistic manner, small sheaves of corn having been festooned from window to window, caught up here and there with tassels of wheat and fringes of oats. Others had only a bundle of corn stuck on a pole and thrust out of a window or placed high up over the housetop, and others again had sheaves in the trees in the gardens, so that they looked as if they were bearing some strange kind of yellow fruit. Even the humblest cottage had its few ears of corn, and crowds of birds—notably sparrows and yellow-hammers—were busy finishing up the remnants of the feast. Everywhere the kindliness of the Norwegian nature is to be seen. In order that the poor shall not be forgotten, the most celebrated sculptors of Norway erect groups of snow statuary in the principal streets and tram stations, representing the sorrows and needs of the poor, to which is attached a small box bearing the eloquent inscription, "*Til Fattice*" (for the poor), and this mute appeal results in large sums of money being collected during the winter months. There was a particularly beautiful one in the Carl Johans Gade, the chief thoroughfare of Christiania, the expressions on the faces of the figures being wonderfully realistic.

The first part of the journey to Telemarken is by train to Kongsberg, and the short winter day was already beginning to close in as the train left the Vestbanen Station. In Norway they have only two classes—second and third—and travelling is wonderfully cheap. Why they do not christen the two classes first and second instead of second and third is inexplicable, for surely one might just as well have the extra kudos by paying the same money. The carriage I was in was heated to suffocation, and the windows were closely shut; and yet, while I was obliged to take off all my outer wraps to try and keep even moderately cool, all the other passengers remained swathed in their furs and would not even allow the windows to be opened to admit a little fresh air.

Our way lay beside the frozen shores of the tjord, where men were busy sawing out great blocks of ice weighing 500lb. or 600lb., ready for exportation or for use in the capital during the hot summer months.

"FOR THE POOR"—THE LEADING SCULPTORS BUILD SNOW STATUES TO REMIND THE PUBLIC OF THEIR DUTY TO THE POOR, AND LARGE SUMS OF MONEY ARE COLLECTED. [*From a Photo.*

About half-way from Christiania a terrific snow-storm came on, and our little engine, with its attached snow-plough, seemed quite unable to proceed. The train would go a few yards, then stop, and the engine would gather up all its energy for another attempt, and with furious snorts would again force its way onwards. Things presently began to look very serious. Hour after hour passed; the time had long gone by for our arrival at Kongsberg, and still we seemed to be making little or no progress. I remembered apprehensively that only six weeks before this very train had been snowed up for three days, and that the passengers had been reduced to attacking some provisions they found in the luggage van. After these were exhausted, the most expert ski-lobners among the passengers procured skis and scoured the country-side for food, bringing it back on their shoulders. By these means the unfortunate people were able to keep alive until assistance arrived. I began to count up furtively what provisions I could contribute to the common store should this same misfortune occur to us, but a few packets of chocolate and a box of beef-tea tablets were all I could find, and they would not go far when shared with a horde of hungry fellow-passengers. Fortunately, however, we were not reduced to such extremities, for at last, groaning and puffing, the train crawled its way into Kongsberg in the small hours of the next morning. Oh! the delight of arriving at one's destination, and yet the misery of having to move out of the warm carriage into the deep, loose snow that came up to one's knees, with a shrieking wind dashing the flakes into one's face, and the bitter cold almost freezing the marrow in one's bones. Fortunately, I soon espied a porter with "Grand Hotel" on his cap, and in vigorous English I explained that I was the lady that was expected. He replied in Norwegian, and looked very much surprised at being seized upon. I put this down to shyness, but afterwards discovered that my telephone message had not got through owing to the storm, and that I was *not* expected! Luckily, the man had sense enough to take me to the hotel, where my host spoke good English. A big fire was lit in the stove, a comfortable bed was made up, and I was soon in bed and fast asleep. The next morning the weather seemed to have made up its mind to make amends for its behaviour of the day before. The sun blazed down, turning the frost leaves on the window-pane into jewels of inexpressible beauty, and making it quite uncomfortably warm, although the tumbler of water by my bedside was frozen into a solid block of ice.

The hotel was completely empty except for a couple of commercial travellers, who preserved a discreet silence all through the meals. All down the centre of the dining-room were small flagstaffs bearing flags of different nationalities, and in my honour the Union Jack was planted opposite my place.

The Norwegian breakfast always reminds me irresistibly of a sample stall at a bazaar. There is a great variety of all sorts and conditions, but, alas! everything is so minute and so unsatisfying. Arranged in a series of little dishes are anchovies, sardines, thin slices of smoked meat, fish, ham, sausage, and other unconsidered trifles, bread—brown, black, grey, white, and drab — some plain, other kinds containing currants or caraway seeds. Dominating all is a variety of cheese called "Mysost," made of goats' milk. It looks for all the world like a gigantic brown brick done up in silver paper and tastes exactly like sweet slate-pencil. This made its appearance at every meal, but although I honestly tried to like it I never succeeded. The one objection to Norwegian meals is that the dinner at four o'clock is such a gigantic repast as to absolutely incapacitate one for hours afterwards, and the breakfast and supper are so much alike, being composed of microscopic fragments, that one is never sure whether one has just got up or whether it is time to go to bed!

The Norwegians are a most polite race, and on taking their places at table, or on rising, they bow to either side, something like "setting to partners" in the lancers. It is also the custom to call down blessings on each other's digestion. For instance, one person says, "May your food agree with you," while the other responds with a devout wish that a good appetite may follow.

My host very kindly suggested getting a driver who could speak English to go with me through the Telemarken, and while he was finding this person I took a walk through the town to see the Labrofoss, a very fine waterfall. The town of Kongsberg looked very beautiful—a pearl set in a silver frame—with its background of snow-clad mountains, its quaint houses, and streets of unsullied white. Everywhere one is reminded that the town owes its existence to silver. Silver is the one thing that cries for acknowledgment; all the shops and hotels bear signs showing some implement of silver mining.

Some little distance from the town—which, with a population of 5,000, covers an area greater than that of London—is the "Jonsknuten," a hill about 3,000ft. high, where there is a curious rock called "Kronerne" (the Crowns). This is a precipitous mountain wall, rising high above the road, on which are carved the names of the different Kings of Norway who

have visited the mines. The list commences with Christian IV., who, in 1624, founded the town and commenced the working of the silver. The various initials are not only carved, but are picked out in different colours, yellow and red predominating, the whole forming a most curious "Royal visitors' list."

On my return to the hotel I found my Jehu for the time being waiting for me. He had been in America, and spoke English with a strong American accent; he "guessed" everything and invariably addressed me as "Ma'am," which he drawled out to an unconscionable length. One invariable sign of a Norwegian having been in America is that he returns with a gold tooth stuck conspicuously somewhere in the front of his mouth. I have never quite been able to determine whether it is for ornament or use, or whether it is merely another form of carrying portable property. My man was no exception, and his gold tooth could always be seen glittering in all weathers.

THE "KRONERNE" ROCK AT KONGSBERG—IT BEARS THE MONOGRAMS OF THE VARIOUS KINGS WHO HAVE VISITED THE PLACE, THE EARLIEST BEING DATED 1624.
From a Photo.

When at last my luggage was secured, and the sack of hay for the pony tied on behind, what a tucking-in there was to keep me warm and comfortable for my long journey! This is the one difficulty one has to contend with in Norway. One puts on fur after fur, envelops oneself in rugs until one becomes a mere shapeless bundle, jammed so solidly into the sleigh that nothing less than an earthquake can move one, and yet, even after all these precautions, the frost catches hold of one! In addition to all my wraps my host insisted on putting me into a big bear-skin bag, which he buckled round my waist, wrapping another bear-skin round me. I had brought an indiarubber hot-water bag with me, and this, with its red-flannel cover, was an object of perpetual interest and wonder to all the people at the stations where I stopped to have it refilled. They had never seen anything like it before, and fancied it was meant for an ornament, for they invariably wanted to hang it from my arm like a reticule, instead of placing it at my feet.

It is impossible for anybody who has not seen a Norwegian winter to imagine its beauties on a perfect day. As we sleighed merrily over the dry, crisp snow, the sun shone brilliantly, there was not a cloud in the vivid blue sky, and the whole country was clothed in virgin white, while glistening drops of hoar-frost hung trembling from the dark green branches of the firs. All Nature seemed to rejoice and one felt the joy of being alive; but, alas! even as the exhilaration of the air filled one's being, there came towards us something that marred the brightness of the day. Approaching us was a hearse in the form of a sleigh, painted black. On it lay a black coffin of a curious square shape, something like a sarcophagus, carved with figures of angels and surrounded with branches of spruce. Behind, in twos, came a long procession of men, all dressed in shiny black suits, and headed by two women with heads muffled up in black cowls so that their features could not be seen. In the Telemarken spruce plays a great part in funeral

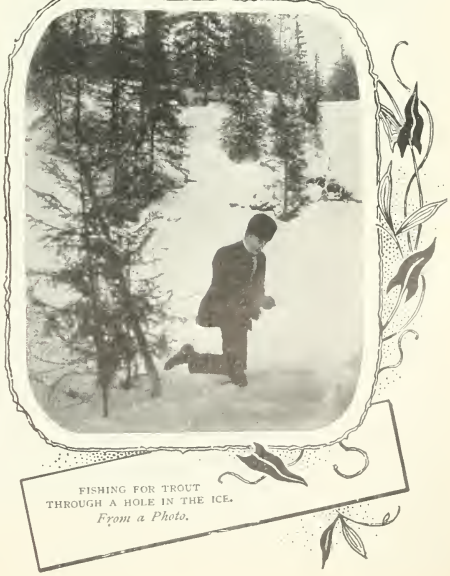
ceremonies. Directly a death takes place a friend of the family goes into the forest and returns with a sleigh-load of spruce. On either side of the doorway of the house and churchyard small spruce trees are planted, and the pathway is covered with a thick carpet of spruce branches. This particular funeral happened to be that of one of the silver miners, and all over the town and even as far as the mines the flags were at half-mast.

A NORWEGIAN SIGN OF MOURNING—SPRUCE TREES ARE PLANTED ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOOR AND A THICK CARPET OF SPRUCE BRANCHES THROWN ON THE GROUND. [*Photo.*
From a]

After going up hill and down dale we came to what I took to be a long, flat meadow planted with avenues of small trees. I chanced to ask my driver why so many trees were lying about or if this had been a forest at any time. To my surprise I learnt that this was a lake we were crossing, and that, instead of these being avenues of growing trees, they were only double rows of firs planted in the ice to indicate the way to the different farms. At the commencement of winter a track is planted with trees and kept in good condition by water being occasionally poured over it, and even late on in the spring, when most of the ice has thawed, these tracks form bridges of ice which can be used safely, even when the rest of the lake is under water.

Farther on we saw fishing going on in many of the frozen rivers and lakes. A hole is bored in the ice, which also serves the peasants for drawing water, and a line, baited with a piece of meat or fish, is jerked about in the water. I often had excellent trout and other fish caught for me in this novel manner.

Now began the most beautiful part of our road. Through dense forests of firs standing sentinel in tall, serried rows, forming pyramids of snowy whiteness, past silver birches frosted with rime, we made our way, while here and there in the heart of the woods the trunks of Scotch fir caught the sunshine and reflected splashes of blood-red colour. Except for the tap, tap of the woodman's axe, or the rustling of some wild animal stealthily creeping away, there was no sound of living creature. The



FISHING FOR TROUT THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE.
From a Photo.

A SNAP-SHOT IN THE TELEMARKEN FOREST.

From a] THE FROZEN NOTODDON WATERFALL. *[Photo.*

woods lay under 8ft. of snow, but a narrow path had been made by a plough, dragged by sixteen horses, the day before, so we managed to sleigh along very comfortably. High banks were piled on either side, and huge mounds indicated where stacks of timber lay hidden. Tracks of foxes, hares, and rabbits were to be seen in all directions, with the marks of ptarmigan crossing and recrossing each other, but as most of these creatures turn white in the winter they have only to crouch close to the ground to be passed quite undetected. Although these forests abound in elk, they keep far away from the paths, and we saw neither slot of them nor of bears. My driver told me that during the whole of his life he had only once seen an elk. They are very strictly preserved, sportsmen being only allowed to hunt them from September 10th to the 30th, and even then only one may be shot to every registered parcel of land. Bears are gradually becoming exterminated, for every substantial farmer possesses one or two skins. In the autumn it is customary for the peasants to search the woods for signs of bear. When they have been tracked to their hibernating quarters for the winter, the secret of their whereabouts is sold to the highest bidder, as much as £10 being sometimes given.

The next morning I was up betimes, as I was anxious to attend service at Hitterdal Church, some six miles off, and I was to do the distance on skis. The last tints of sunrise still lingered on the surrounding hills and turned Notoddon Waterfall into one glory of brilliant colouring as my companion and I made our way through the village. Very few people were about, but so severe was the frost that as they walked the snow crunched and squeaked as if they were all wearing new boots. Through the uncurtained windows we could see the housewives busily preparing coffee at the glowing stoves and warming the garments ready for those who were to drive to church. The glorious beauty of that Sunday morning will ever remain in my memory. The sun gradually crept into the valley, transposing everything with its enchanter's wand into a miracle of beauty. The silver birches had every branch clothed with the finest spun glass, every slender twig hung with delicate glittering jewels. The larches were still laden with masses of snow, bowing the branches almost to the ground in long, graceful curves like giant ostrich feathers. Beside the silent lake wound the road, the huge rocks covered with thousands of icicles, 10ft. and 20ft. long, changing in dazzling radiance every moment, while in other places a cascade clothed the rock with a mantle of virgin ice.

Ski-lobning makes one very hot, and I was only too glad to turn down my storm-collar

after we had gone a short distance, open my coat, and take off everything I conveniently could. Unfortunately, I had forgotten the consequences of such rashness, for as I was gaily ski-ing along my companion happened to look at me and, with a horrified face, gathered up a handful of snow and commenced rubbing my right ear most vigorously.

"What in the world is the matter?" I asked.

"Your ear is frozen," was the reply.

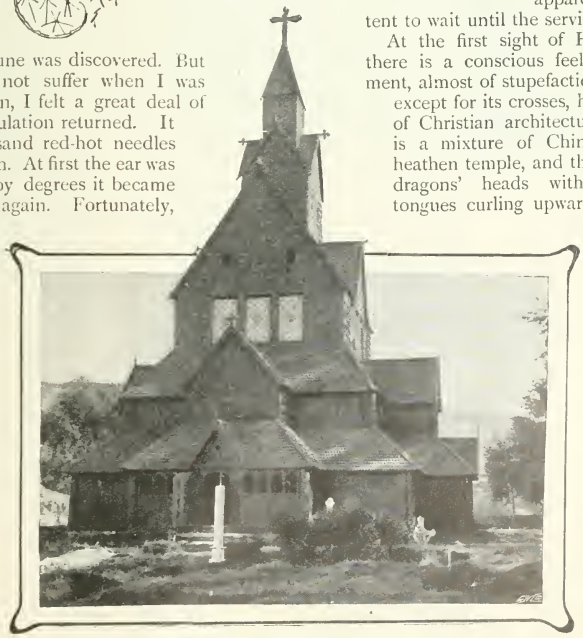
And so it was. Without the slightest pain it had frozen, and it was only by its waxy-white appearance that the misfortune was discovered. But though I did not suffer when I was being frost-bitten, I felt a great deal of pain as the circulation returned. It was like a thousand red-hot needles piercing the flesh. At first the ear was quite stiff, but by degrees it became pliant and soft again. Fortunately, it must have been taken in time, for although I felt pain in it for some days afterwards, and the skin first turned black and then came off, nothing more serious occurred.

Many of the country people passed us in sleighs, but all so wrapped up that nothing could be seen of their costumes. Others followed on skis, but although they could easily have outdistanced me, the sight of an English lady on skis was so novel that they were afraid to lose the treat, so they formed up behind, and by the time the church was reached I headed quite a long procession.

THE AUTHORESS ARRIVES AT HITTERDAL CHURCH ON SKIS. [*Photo.*
From a]

Everywhere about the church were skis, and it is a perfect marvel how their owners are ever able to distinguish their own particular pair out of a whole stack. Outside were sleighs, the horses tied up to the fences, and apparently quite content to wait until the service was over.

At the first sight of Hitterdal Church there is a conscious feeling of astonishment, almost of stupefaction. The church, except for its crosses, has not a particle of Christian architecture about it. It is a mixture of Chinese pagoda and heathen temple, and the open-mouthed dragons' heads with their slender tongues curling upwards carry out the idea. The church, which dates from the twelfth century, is built of vertical staves of timber, mellowed with age to a wondrous harmony of brown, with a succession of tiers rising one above the other, each tier narrower than the one on which it stands and ornamented with V-shaped



HITTERDAL CHURCH, THE OLDEST OF ITS KIND IN NORWAY—"IT IS A MIXTURE OF CHINESE PAGODA AND HEATHEN TEMPLE." [*Photo.*
From a]

scales of wood. All round is a covered way or cloister, separated from the church by the walls of the interior. The carvings are very wonderful and, in some cases, even grotesque, scroll patterns ending with mythological animals predominating. On the opposite side of the road is the belfry. This is a very common arrangement in Norway, the bells being completely separated from the church, and this again seems to point to Eastern influence, for in the East this is invariably the case.

A few of the congregation, the older members, wore the peasant costume of the district, but this is being rapidly superseded by ordinary European dress. The only part which is retained by the women is the snood, a curious plait of different-coloured wools tied round the head and intertwined with the hair at the back.

THE BELFRY AT HITTERDAL WAS COMPLETELY SEPARATED FROM THE CHURCH.

After the service one of the congregation, whom I had noticed in the church especially from the brass buttons on his coat and his general look of officialdom, took up his stand outside the lych-gate and, after carefully adjusting his spectacles, pulled a paper out of his pocket and commenced reading. This was the parish beadle announcing the auctions that were to take place in the neighbourhood, the names of those who had bought a "ring" or bear's lair, and other items of local interest.

The next day, before sunrise, we were again on our way to Bolkesjo. The cold was intense until the sun gained strength, and even then the thermometer registered 10deg. below zero. This stage of our journey was not so lonely as the day before. Quaint wooden farmhouses, painted a bright red, peeped out from the shelter of the hills; from the byres came the lowing of cows as they were being milked; and snow-ploughs, like gigantic triangles, lay covered with snow on the road-side. Occasionally we would pass men muffled up in great-coats of wolf-skins riding in *smalsloede*, the Norwegian national sleigh. This is composed of a framework resting on runners and with a seat like a bicycle, on which the driver perches himself, placing his feet on the runners. The boots worn for driving are not the least curious part of the turn-out. They are of thick leather, lined throughout with fur and reaching to the thighs, and the soles are of iron instead of leather.

The valley we passed through is one of the most fertile in Norway, oats and barley being grown in great abundance. Children on their way to school raced along on their skis, sometimes with only a piece of pine wood strapped on to their feet. With their books in their hands, they appeared quite oblivious of the piercing cold.

Telemarken is essentially the land of *staburs* and carving. Near every farm stand one or two isolated *staburs*, or store-houses, raised upon logs, and often beautifully carved and painted in colours. These act as the general store for the farms. In them are kept all the salted and frozen meat for the winter, meal, and potatoes, while in the loft above are the marriage kists of the farmer and

From] THE BEADLE READS THE LIST OF LOCAL AUCTIONS AFTER THE SERVICE. [*Photos.*

his wife and their ancestors, painted in bright colours, with their names and date of marriage; bales of wool and yarn ready to be spun into cloth; tools, sheep-skins, and, in fact, everything necessary for the everyday needs of a large household. The peasants seem to have a perfect passion for carving, some of their work, especially in the way of bedsteads, being particularly fine.

We were anxious to reach Bolkesjo before sunset, and our little pony, though it had been going so many miles, plucked up spirit and did the last series of hills in fine style. Although the driver was supposed to drive, and certainly did hold the reins, still it was the pony who from first to last really took the management of affairs and decided when it was time to stop and when it was time to go on. The little creature was particularly fond of snow, and after carefully drawing the sleigh across the road so as to prevent it sliding backwards, it would plant its feet, armed with huge iron prongs, into the ground to get a firm grip, take a good feed of snow, and, after glancing into the sleigh to see we were safe and comfortable, would draw a long breath and sturdily climb on.

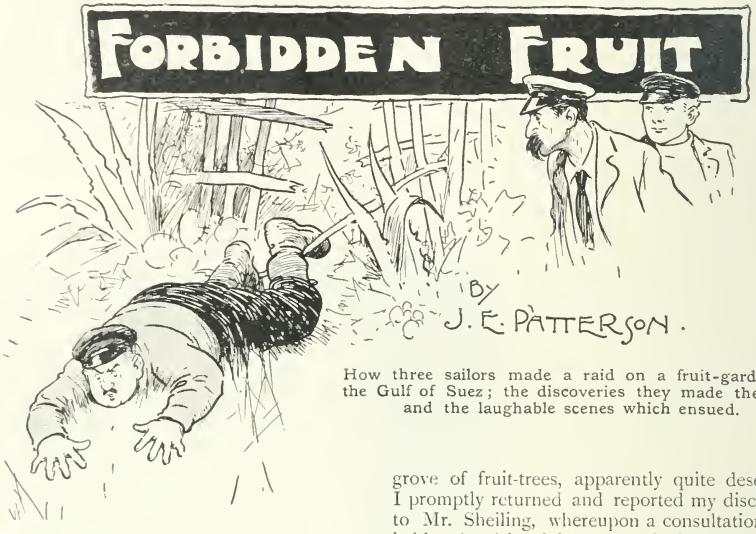
As we reached the top of the hill we saw Bolkesjo Hotel before us. It was a welcome sight, for we were both numbed with the cold. We must have presented a curious appearance. The pony was white from head to foot, each hair on his shaggy coat glistening with frost, and giving him the appearance of an equine Father Christmas; the driver had icicles a couple of inches long hanging from his moustache; while as for me, my breath had frozen into a solid cake on the shawl tied over my head, so that I felt I was enclosed in an iron helmet, and I could not stir until my hostess had broken the mask and so released me. The telephone, that most useful institution in Norway, had already apprised her I was *en route*, and everything was prepared for my comfort. It was an enormous summer hotel, built in the quaint, old Norwegian style with overhanging eaves and wonderful mythological animals at every corner. Just now it was quite empty except for myself, and its 200 bedrooms looked very gaunt as I passed them, but my own rooms were cheery and comfortable enough. The landlady had never seen an English lady in winter before, and, I am afraid, looked upon me as a harmless lunatic, but nevertheless she was most kind to me. Bolkesjo is certainly one of the loveliest spots in Norway. It looks down on two lakes, one being really 400ft. lower than the other, but from a height they appear as only one lake. It commands a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains, which when I saw them were blazing in the scarlet flames of sunset. From the fjelds the snow reflected tender lights and shades of carmine and orange which gradually died off into exquisite tints of duck's-egg green. As the last colours disappeared, lingering lovingly over the lakes and woods as if reluctant to leave them, there came the afterglow of intense brilliant whiteness illuminating the tiny wooden cottages, squatting like brown toadstools in the snow-clad valley, and the farmers hurrying home in their sleighs across the frozen lake.

A WONDERFUL CARVED BEDSTEAD IN A PEASANT'S HOUSE.
From a Photo.

I had hoped to spend some time at this peaceful retreat, but the weather became so bad that it was necessary for me to leave sooner than I wished, or I might have been snowed up.

(*To be continued.*)

FORBIDDEN FRUIT



How three sailors made a raid on a fruit-garden in the Gulf of Suez; the discoveries they made therein; and the laughable scenes which ensued.

IN the Gulf of Suez, stern on to Mount Sinai, swung the *Algitha*, a 1,500-ton vagrant of the great waters, homeward bound from Bombay. Our load was made up of cotton, seeds, buffalo-horns, and a few cases of Hindu knick-knacks, to be landed where the fates and our charter-parties alone knew. That was why we were anchored there, awaiting orders as to our port of discharge.

Soon after dinner the "old man" ordered his gig out. Mr. Sheiling (the second mate), Gibson (who was a fat A.B.), a Swede, a Durham man, and myself composed the crew who took our captain to smoke and gossip with the ship's agent and consul, by way of varying the monotony of life aboard. The moment the skipper was out of sight Mr. Sheiling lit his pipe, gave us leave to do the same, and then said to me:—

"Now, 'Skyrocket,' slip off and spy out the land. See if it has any good things to spare; but don't go far, nor get yourself into any mischief. If the skipper comes in sight I'll whistle 'The Anchor's Weighed,' like a donkey-engine; then you bolt back. Now skip!"

Among the date-palms and cactus plants I went, and presently came across a beautiful grove of fruit-trees, apparently quite deserted. I promptly returned and reported my discovery to Mr. Sheiling, whereupon a consultation was held. A spirit of humorous devilry seemed to have taken possession of our officer, and it soon infected me.

The captain would probably not return before sundown, so Mr. Sheiling, Gibson, and I set off with the laudable object of stripping the orchard of as much fruit as we could carry—at least that was my intention and apparently our chief's. Gibson's mind was evidently not in order on the subject. I felt all the easier in mind for being under official protection, in the person of Mr. Sheiling.

In a few minutes our way was barred by a fence of stakes, bushes, and climbing plants, enclosing the grove of fruit-trees I had discovered.

"Now, 'Skyrocket,'" said our officer, softly, "get to work." Between him and myself there existed a kind of mental telepathy, especially when engaged in a piece of mischief, so I at once commenced scouting both for observers and an easy way into the grove.

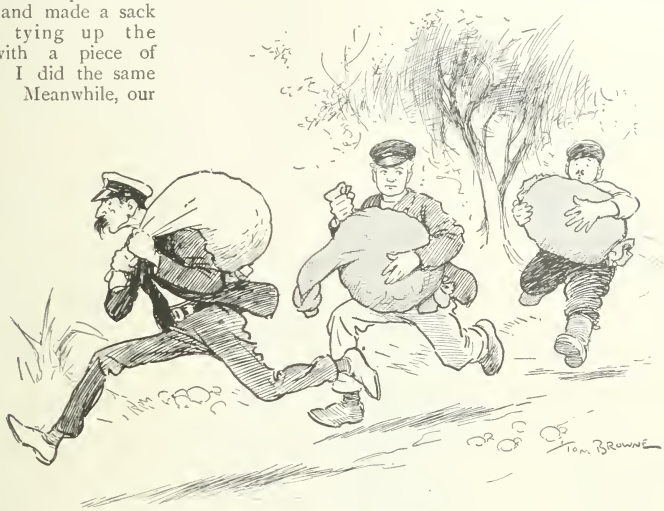
After a time I found a low part of the fence opposite an incline. Mr. Sheiling took the run, made a successful leap, and landed in the grove. I followed, but when it came to our ungainly shipmate Gibson's turn he made several ludicrous attempts to jump the hedge, amid a rich flow of ejaculations from the lips of

the officer. At last he came over, landing in a jumbled heap on the ground. He had crashed through the upper part of the fence, getting his foot entangled in it.

Once in the fruit-garden we quickly selected trees bearing ripe fruit. At the order of Mr. Sheiling, Gibson pulled off his jersey and made a sack of it by tying up the bottom with a piece of rope-yarn; I did the same with mine. Meanwhile, our leader stripped himself of a clean white shirt, and served it in a like unceremonious manner. In a few minutes we were all busy, Gibson, by Mr. Sheiling's instructions, climbing up a banana tree between us and the house attached to the grove, while Mr. Sheiling and I got to work unloading orange trees.

Whilst we two were thus busy Gibson came running along, his full jersey cuddled in his arms. "Mr. Sheiling!" he said, in a startled undertone, "Mr. Sheiling, there's two Turks coming down the orchard from the house! Look!" He turned and pointed to a couple of forms, indistinctly seen, approaching on the opposite side of some tall, thin bushes.

"The dickens!" cried our leader. "You're right for once in your life. Come on, both of you!" Snatching up his almost bursting shirt, the second officer darted off down the grove, with us two following at his heels, until brought to an abrupt halt by a transverse hedge similar to the one we had jumped. There was no time here to make leaps, and breaking through the barrier would have made a noise, so Mr. Sheiling turned sharply to the right and resumed the run. We followed, expecting at every moment to hear cries of alarm. Luck, however, led us aright, and we came upon an opening which led us into a small separate enclosure containing a cluster of high, thick shrubs, with a wooden structure in their midst.



"THE SECOND OFFICER DARTED OFF DOWN THE GROVE."

"Here we are," muttered the officer, making direct for the place of refuge. "Into this while the interlopers clear out. I'm not going from here for anybody until I've got a full load!" He had evidently forgotten the captain as entirely as we had.

A small door, secured on the outside by a wooden latch, let us into a tiny courtyard. "Tumble in, you lump of hesitation," said Mr. Sheiling to Gibson, as the latter paused on the threshold to look back, and almost knocked my hurrying self over. "Now," he added, after refastening the door, "in here, and mum's the word." With that he gripped his load in both arms against his chest, stooped low, and entered the doorway of the hut, followed by me and then Gibson—to find ourselves in the presence of a fine piebald pig.

"Well, who in thunder would have thought of this?" was Mr. Sheiling's incautious remark, as he dropped on some dry leaves in a corner and fixed a look on the animal, which sat up on its haunches at the opposite side of the place and began to watch us through the semi-darkness with a pair of twinkling, interrogatory

eyes. "If this orchard belongs to a Turk, here's the old renegade secretly feeding his Mohammedan stomach on pork! If he gives us any trouble now, may I be shot if we don't run him and the pig down to the nearest mosque and get him excommunicated before he sleeps again!"

Silence followed this emphatic threat. Some minutes were spent in scarcely audible conversation, during which came a few anxious speculations concerning the captain. Down our parched throats went some of the fruit, the skins of which were generously thrown to the pig as bribes to keep him quiet. Finally Mr. Sheiling's impatience grew too heavy for him. Inaction was giving him time to think, and fears that the captain would return to the waiting boat before us were growing on him. Accordingly he stole quietly out to see if the coast was clear, with me at his heels, for I did not like the thought of being caught like a rat in a trap. With the utmost caution we peered over the tops of the boards forming the pig's promenade. There was nothing in sight to prevent a further venture.

"Come along, 'Sky-rocket,' let's have a look round," said the officer, and out we went, first securing the door to keep the pig from betraying us by wandering forth. Bent almost double, so that we should not be seen over the hedge, we crept across to that part of it which stood between us and the grove proper. There the same careful uprising took place. But we had barely straightened our backs when we heard voices. Down we doubled again, as, although ripe for well-nigh any mischief, we had no desire to be hauled before an *effendi*. The better to hide ourselves, we stole noiselessly along to a thicker bush and there lay down and listened.

THE AUTHOR, MR. J. E. PATTERSON, AS HE APPEARED AT THE TIME OF THE STORY.
From a Photo.

The tones were certainly those of females, and drawing nearer; but, for all we knew to the contrary, the language might have been Volapuk. Presently Mr. Sheiling motioned that the speakers were pacing to and fro on the other side of the fence. I listened, then nodded an assent. Soft voices were to both of us what the magnetic north was to the needle of the *Algitha's* compass, and the charm was beginning to work, especially on Sheiling. Up he rose, his body horizontal, and silently followed the almost invisible strangers, with us still close behind him. They halted. We did the same, trying our hardest to distinguish what was being said. We failed, however, gave up the task in despair, and then began to hunger for a sight of the speakers, acting almost all the time as if we were moved by one set of muscles.

Once more we cautiously straightened ourselves until we saw, through a thin part of the hedge, two Mohammedan women with their veils on. "Confound those face-screens," whispered the second officer. Scarcely had he uttered the words when the one who stood farther away took off her *yashmak*, did something to it, and then replaced it, but not before we had been granted several minutes' rapt study of her young and really beautiful face. Again they moved on. Mr. Sheiling merely turned round and followed, with we two behind his stooping figure. We had forgotten the fruit, the existence of our companions, and the *Algitha* and her master. On two or three occasions we even caught ourselves walking almost erect. If the women had only looked back they must have seen us at one or other of the thin places in the hedge.

Again they stopped, this time within 3ft. of the opening by which we had entered the separate enclosure. At the moment of their halting the owner of the older voice was talking so earnestly that they did not see or hear us steal past them. By the bushy end of the hedge we paused. Mr. Sheiling seemed to have quite forgotten us, and I remembered him only because of his being in front. Just as we halted something again went wrong with the younger woman's veil, causing another removal and readjustment. To us that action was as the clenching of a nail. As one man we stepped forward, Mr. Sheiling giving a slight apologetic cough by way of introduction.

But the ladies did not understand the language of an English cough, nor did my straight gaze

at the tantalizing veils reassure them. They turned towards us and then moved quickly backwards, giving vent to two half-smothered cries of fear. I stood still, awaiting my leader's initiative. He did not keep me waiting long. He thrust out his hands in an attitude of supplication, whilst on his face there appeared an expression that was highly ludicrous to one who knew him — so imploring, so humorous, yet so natural was it. The two women before us were undoubtedly interested by his general appearance, a fact that was obvious from their bearing.

"Oh, lamps of Mohammed!" cried Mr. Sheiling, with a gesture worthy of an Adelphi hero, "the great mighty Mohammed, the Mogul of the Mohammeds! Lights of the stars of the harem! Houri of Para—Paradi——!" Then to me in a fierce whisper, but still looking at them, "'Skyrocket,' what the dickens *is* Turkish for 'Paradise'?"

I shook my head, for I could not trust myself to speak. The younger woman laid a restraining hand on the other's arm, and by the twinkling of her bright dark eyes we could see that she was anything but insensible to the humours of the situation.

"Oh, houri!" said I, carried away by Mr. Sheiling's manner, "please show us your face again!"

"Here, 'Skyrocket,' I'm officer of *this* watch!" my chief interrupted, in a tone of humorous reproof; then he continued his extraordinary harangue.

"Oh, Zuleika, Fatima, or—what *is* your name?" he said. But neither of them made reply, either by word or gesture. "Your cheeks are redder than the roses in Bombay market," Mr. Sheiling continued, in nowise embarrassed. "Your teeth are whiter than your skin, and that beats the front of a new white go-ashore shirt! And——The dickens!" he muttered to me, "but my phrase-locker is pretty nearly empty. I'd pawn my certificate to be able to talk twenty minutes of Turkish just now. Can't you help me, 'Skyrocket'? Where's all your book-learning now?"

"'OH, ZULFIKA, FATIMA, OR—WHAT IS YOUR NAME?' HE SAID."

My only answer was to continue gazing abstractedly at that annoying *yashmak*.

It now became apparent that the younger woman was quietly laughing under the cover of her face-cloth. My private opinion was that she had at least enough English to understand what we said.

At that moment the older woman gave a little shriek. Intuitively we turned our faces in the direction she was looking—towards the house—and saw a Turk issuing from an adjacent clump of orange trees, hastening our way as fast as his fat legs would carry him.

Like sheep at the onrush of a wolf, the women turned and fled along what was probably

a circuitous path leading to the house, each holding the other's hand, until they disappeared round a corner, a fluttering mass of baggy breeches and streaming veils. The Turk, now shouting and gesticulating wildly, came on at us.

To collide with the enemy might prove being kept till help arrived, and we had no desire to be dragged before the local *effendi*. And then there was the captain! Round spun Mr. Sheiling, us after him, and we made unceremoniously for the pig-sty. Barely were we inside when our pursuer was heard venting some exclamations in a language unknown to us. Mr. Sheiling whispered: "What if the old idiot comes in here? Thunder, but that won't do! Hi, there, Gibson!"

"Yes, sir," replied the latter, who had preceded us into the sty proper, our leader having paused and stooped low, imitated by me, inside the outer door.

"Turn out that porker; smart now! Out with him, and give him a kick as he comes."

Scarcely was the order given when out came the pig, pushed by Gibson, and grunting vigorously. The officer held the door open, and, as the pig passed me, I gave him a tiny dig with my sheath-knife. A squeal and a bound were the immediate results. Gibson made to give the pig another prod, but he had gone. The animal, squealing viciously, dashed off in the first direction he thought of. We peeped over the edge of the sty to see how the plot worked, for on its proper evolution lay the successful issue of our risky enterprise.

"WITH A WILD YELL HE WENT BACKWARDS."

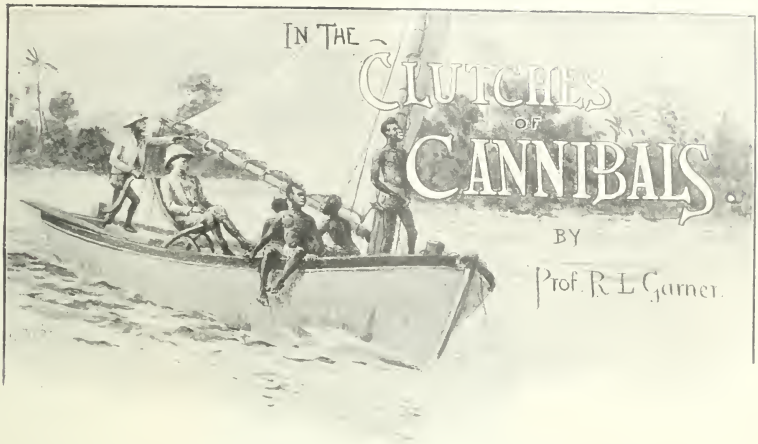
Round the end of the fence, blustering, came the Turk, just as the pig approached it. Before the Turk could move aside, or even think of doing so, the pig dashed fairly between his legs, and with a wild yell he went backwards on to the animal, which shrieked and struggled to get up from under its heavy load. The Turk gasped and evidently swore, rolling over on one side, while the pig made off at a tangent. Its owner, fearing the awful consequence of any wandering Mussulman seeing it — which might very well happen, although the place was certainly isolated from any road or other dwelling — scrambled hastily to his feet, and ran puffing along in its wake.

This was exactly what we wanted. Mr. Sheiling, sharing in our choked merriment, said, sharply, "Now, up with your sacks, boys, and make tracks after me as fast as you can. We can't stop to see any more of this Oriental pantomime, though I should very much like to."

Without another word, with our "sacks" in our arms, we started at a run for the nearest part of the outer fence. Mr. Sheiling made for a weak place in the barrier, reached it, and tore through regardless of torn clothes and scratches, and we darted after him. The moment we were outside fresh cries from the Turk attracted our attention to the extent of making us turn to ascertain the cause. The scene we beheld was screamingly ludicrous. The poor Turk was lying flat on his stomach, his turban in his right hand, his left gripping one of the pig's hind legs, and his bald head the stopping-block of much sandy earth sent backwards by the three remaining feet in their wild struggle for freedom. Meanwhile, the pig was squealing in a most disconcerting fashion.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Sheiling, aloud; "the old rogue will relish his pork if he thinks of this when he eats it!"

So saying, we turned round and made the best of our way back to the boat, to find that Captain Briggs had been waiting ten minutes for us, and that we were all in for a severe reprimand. The skipper, however, did not mind confiscating two bundles of fruit for "cabin use." And that was the end of our raid.



Professor Garner is an authority on monkeys, and in his eagerness to obtain a good specimen of gorilla he ventured into the country of the terrible Pfan-we cannibals. They surrounded his boat at night, and would undoubtedly have killed and eaten both the author and his crew but for the opportune arrival of relief from an unexpected source.

IN the valley of the Gaboon River, and extending north-eastward far into the interior of Africa, lives the largest tribe of cannibals known in any part of the world. In English they are called Fans or Pang-wès; in French, Pahouins; in German, Pfäng; but in their own tongue they call themselves Pfan and their tribe Pfan-wè.

They are a distinct type of people. They are rather small in stature, but strong in frame. They are negroid in feature, having low, receding foreheads, broad, flat noses, thick, pendulous lips, and massive jaws. They are not black, but light brown or tawny in colour. They are warlike and aggressive, but not brave. They have no morbid fear of death, but they shrink from the least pain. They are daring and skilful hunters and crafty woodsmen.

Many of their civil and domestic institutions are unlike those of any other race of mankind. They have no kings, in the proper sense of that term, but each village is ruled by a kind of patriarch of either sex. They tolerate no form of slavery, although they regard the rest of humankind as mere animals. They have no indigenous belief in a deity of any kind, have no form of worship, sacrifice, or devotion, yet they have many strange superstitions.

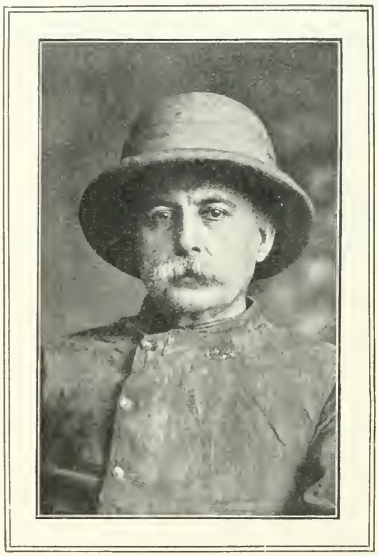
I had seen many members of this tribe trading along the rivers and the coast, and had heard a great number of queer stories concerning their singular customs and manners when in their own country. I very much desired to get a closer view of their home life as it existed beyond the trade belt and the influence of European guns. Many traders and a few missionaries had gone a little way over their frontiers, and most of them came safely back. Some of the latter, however, after years of absence, had not returned. The trader is much safer with them than the missionary, because he carries to them certain articles of merchandise, which are exchanged for native products, thereby giving the Fans a market for things which are otherwise of no value to them. They regard the trader, therefore, as "the goose that lays the golden eggs," but the missionary has no such inducements to hold out, and the result is that he is sometimes put to other uses, and returns no more to civilization.

On one occasion a party of the stalwarts of this tribe came down to the coast and reported that a native of their town, about a hundred miles up the river, had a fine young gorilla for sale. As I was anxious to get one or two of those great apes, I arranged to go up and see this specimen, and, if I could buy it, to do so. There was a white trader living within some twenty miles of the place where the gorilla was

said to be, and my purpose was to go there and try to induce the man who owned the ape to bring it down to that point. By so doing I should have the aid of the white man in making the deal, and, at the same time, have the protection of his station.

I accordingly secured the use of a small lugger and a native crew, consisting of one headman as guide and interpreter and four boys to manage the sail and oars. After being duly coached by a friend who was familiar with the cunning and treachery of these burly man-eaters of the interior, and cautioned about certain localities known to be specially dangerous, I embarked on my voyage to the interior.

The tide runs up the river for some fifty miles from the coast, and with the flowing current and a fair wind one can make good progress with but little effort. When the tide ebbs the boat can be anchored for a few hours until it turns again, and the voyage then renewed. The usual time occupied in making the journey to the point I aimed to reach is about two and a half days by sail, while it requires a little more than three days to accomplish it by oars alone.



THE AUTHOR, PROFESSOR R. L. GARNER.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

About four o'clock one Friday afternoon, when the tide had just set in, I weighed anchor and laid my course for Nengè Nengè, the chief trading point on the Como. This place is about eighty miles from the coast. The wind was fair and the current strong, and for nearly six hours we skimmed swiftly along over the dusky waters that flow down from the Crystal Mountains and empty into the sea some miles below Gaboon. The air was cool and bracing, and the rich and varied scenery along the route had for me a charm which lulled to rest all thoughts of toil and danger.

About ten o'clock, however, the tide slackened and the breeze died away. Being in the midst of a broad stretch of water, we dropped anchor to await the next tide. In the distance could be seen the pale yellow lights of a native village, but all was quiet and peaceful, and leaving one man on watch we retired to rest until five o'clock the next morning.

At the first peep of dawn we weighed anchor and resumed our voyage, but we had now only a light breeze to aid us, and our progress was rather slow. Now and then we passed some small village where the people, gathered on the bank of the river, hailed us as we passed, sometimes sending off a canoe to beg or buy tobacco, salt, or anything that we might have to sell. But we did not stop to trade with them, and only once exchanged a little tobacco for a few eggs. No one molested us, and I began to suspect that some of the wild stories I had heard were untrue.

Just before noon we again came to anchor to await another tide, and from time to time during the afternoon we were visited by canoes, whose occupants were cordial in their manner and gave every evidence of friendly feeling and respect for us, but we did not go ashore to return their visit.

About six o'clock in the evening we were again under way. The sun was just on the horizon, the tops of the forest were tinted with its last rays, and the whole scene was dreamy and beautiful. Presently the sun disappeared, and as the twilight deepened the dense forest along the shores of the river began to look like massive walls overhung with draperies of black. Thus in silence we drifted on until midnight, when we again cast anchor.

A mile or so beyond us were the dim lights of a village, and at intervals the sound of drums and voices came from that quarter, from which we inferred that there was revelry in the town; but we had no desire to go thither, as we suspected that a feast of human flesh was in progress.

One by one all the crew, with the exception of the look-out, fell asleep. For some time

I sat on the little deck, reflecting upon the past and speculating upon the future. The dark-blue arch overhead, the sombre walls of forest around us, and the dusky water below formed a strange and weird scene. From the dismal jungle there came, at intervals, the sound of some nocturnal beast prowling among the black shadows. Through the vault above, from time to time, flew some startled bird; now and then, in some gloomy nook, the splash of water betrayed the presence of a crocodile. All these sounds, combined with the plaintive, never-ceasing swish of the ebbing water, emphasized the utter dreariness of the place.

A little after one o'clock the sound of paddles warned us of the approach of a canoe. The boy on watch quickly turned to me and whispered, "Pfan." In an instant more the guide was aroused from his sleep, and as he rose to his feet he gave that peculiar grunt of surprise or discontent which every traveller in that region has heard and understands.

"Umph! Pang-wè too much," he exclaimed, in an undertone. After a moment's pause he added, "Look plenty live!" The plash of paddles now indicated the approach of a whole fleet of canoes, deployed across the entire width of the river. Not a word was spoken by anyone aboard; this shadowy flotilla and the silent manner of their advance foreboded evil.

With light but steady strokes of their paddles they drew nearer and nearer until, in the dim starlight, we could see a number of dark objects on the surface of the water, closing rapidly in upon us. They were disposed somewhat in the form of a crescent. The men could not as yet be distinguished, and each canoe looked like a strange, black monster floating towards us.

At this juncture my headman called out to them and demanded to know what they wanted. Their stroke slackened, but did not stop, and someone responded that they wanted the white man who was on board. The pilot in reply forbade them to come nearer, and demanded to know the nature of their business with the white man. They still came slowly towards us, however, and the voice assured the headman that their mission was a friendly one and that they only desired to discuss a certain grievance which they knew the white man would redress. But the pilot protested that they could not see the white man until morning.

During the time of this brief dialogue one of the boys had placed my gun by my side, in order that I might defend myself and the crew in case these midnight visitors should attempt to come on board, but I felt that one man with a gun would make but a poor show against a whole army of these savages. I feared that a threat of violence might precipitate matters, and the result would be worse than if we temporized with them. My guide agreed with me.

For a time they talked among themselves and with the guide, but still insisted on coming aboard to discuss the matter with me. In the meantime they had quite surrounded our little craft and were clinging on to the sides of it. It could then be seen that they were in their war-

"UMPH! PANG-WÈ TOO MUCH, HE EXCLAIMED."

dress and were armed with guns and spears. It was only too evident that their mission was hostile.

They demanded tobacco, but were assured that I had no tobacco save a pouchful for myself. They then proposed to come on board and search the boat, but this was met with a strong protest, and the guide insisted that they should go back to their town and wait until daylight, but they refused to do so, lest we should lift the anchor and get away before that time. And thus the palaver continued, until at length the chief of the cannibals attempted to climb on board.

At this act of aggression I instinctively laid my hand on my gun, but did not lift it from the deck. The keen vision of the cat-eyed savages saw the movement, and in an instant such a turmoil broke out as only these wild men can raise, and guns, spears, knives, and bludgeons were raised on all sides. The chief, however, dropped back into his canoe, and for a moment I stood face to face with Death, and felt my last hopes of life sink like lead.

It is useless to ask me to tell you how I felt. It was not simply the fear of death that oppressed me; there was something more gruesome about the affair. The time and place, the gloom, the din of demon voices, and the circle of fiendish faces around me, all conspired to make one feel the awe of something tenfold more terrible than death.

For more than an hour that howling mob hung around our boat, refusing to tell the nature of their grievance or to allow us to remain in peace until daylight. Finally, however, they agreed to wait until sunrise on the condition that we should make no attempt to escape. To this we consented, and the savage host sullenly withdrew. This was a relief for the time, and having gained a slight point we were inspired with new hope.

We knew that we were being watched from out the darkness and that it was useless to try to escape, but the temporary respite would allow us to consult together and form a plan of action. We made the best use of our time in this way, but frequently during the remainder of that interminable night we heard the sound of paddles, assuring us that the enemy was on the alert.

Somehow I felt that daylight would bring us relief, but in what form or from what source I had no idea. We should at least, I reflected, be able to see the faces of our foes, and in them possibly read what our fate was to be.

My guide recounted to me the thrilling story of a missionary and three native servants who had been captured and eaten by the people of this very village. He felt sure, he said, that some of the fiends now hovering about us had been actors in that grim tragedy. He also told how these people had seized a black trader passing up the river, and killed and eaten him. All this and much more had occurred on a hill where the glimmer of bush-lights was now visible. The guide then related his own experience with these savages only a few weeks before. They had caught him and his crew in broad daylight, lashed them fast, then robbed the boat and set it and its helpless crew adrift on the river.

These stories were intensely interesting but not comforting, except that in the last case the victims had escaped with their lives. Taking fresh courage from this fact, I tried to look at the matter more cheerfully, but I was well aware that there were two chances against us to one the other way.

At length the cold, grey light of morning began to sharpen the outline of the eastern horizon, and I was not quite sure whether it was a thing to welcome or to regret. It was certain that the crisis was drawing nearer, but at any rate it would relieve the suspense. It seemed to me, too, that it would be less horrible to be killed in daylight, when one could see the world around him and thus, to some extent, divert his thoughts from his impending fate.

As the dawn advanced it revealed to us a dozen or more canoes filled with cannibals, awaiting the rising of the sun. They looked more fierce and formidable now than they had done before, and I shuddered as I looked at them.

They no longer tried to conceal themselves under the bushes along the shores, but darted about over the water, chattering in their horrible jargon. They jeered and laughed as though it was a funny situation, and I mentally resolved that, if I ever resorted to cannibalism as a means of livelihood, I would never shock the feelings of my victims by laughing at them. But while their conduct was humiliating to me, it really revived my hopes and stimulated my courage.

We had now been prisoners for more than four hours, but it seemed much longer.

As the sun first put his red eye above the horizon a number of canoes, laden with savages, came off from the village and joined those that were loitering among the bushes, and presently the whole fleet bore down upon us. I shall never forget the warlike aspect of that savage horde, with faces and bodies, arms and legs striped and spotted with red and white clay. Some were crowned with the feathers of fish-hawks; others were decked with the skins, teeth, and claws of divers kinds of animals. They

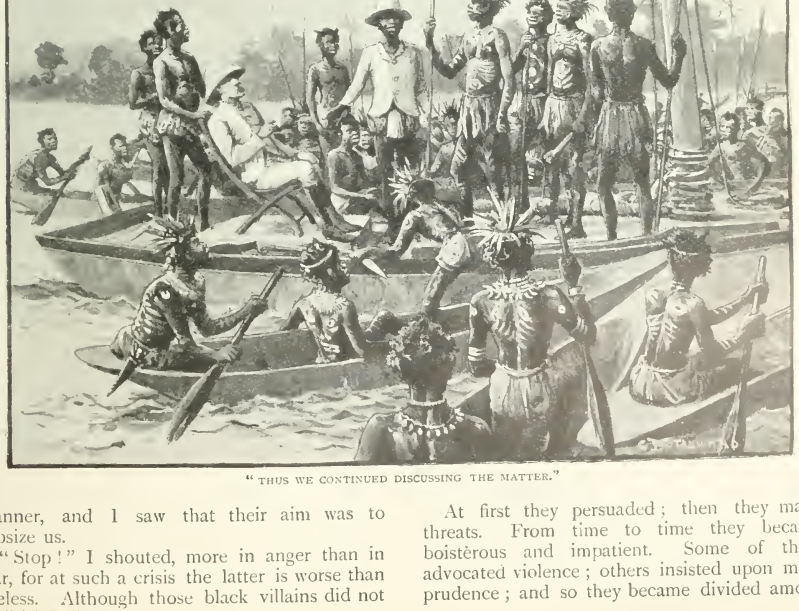
were armed with trade-guns, spears, knives, bows and arrows, clubs, and such other instruments of death as are known and used by savages. The scene recalled the grim days of frontier life in the Far West, when the red warriors of the great plains were wont to adorn their belts with the scalps of immigrants. How I wished that some wizard would transform my helpless little lugger into a squadron of battleships, in order that we might sweep from the earth the whole race of those bloodthirsty barbarians!

As they advanced in a solid phalanx, at least a hundred strong, we realized how helpless we were in their cruel hands, for we knew that they had no respect for any law but force—and we had not even that argument to offer them. On they came, shouting and yelling like so many thirsty bloodhounds, dashing against our frail boat as though they meant to batter in her bows. In the midst of this howling uproar the guide again demanded to know the object of their visit. Meanwhile the chief, followed by a dozen burly men, climbed boldly on our deck. The boat rocked and swayed in a threatening manner, and I saw that their aim was to capsize us.

"Stop!" I shouted, more in anger than in fear, for at such a crisis the latter is worse than useless. Although those black villains did not understand a word of my language they caught the spirit of it and obeyed. I had recovered that if I were destined to be the chief feature of a cannibal feast the wretches should buy their meat in a dear market, for I intended to give them a chance to elect a new chief. Such an event might, at least, be a benefit to the first white man who came along that route. But I felt that the time for shooting had not yet come, and by keeping cool and firm we might yet win our way to liberty.

After a brief altercation between the guide and the chief the latter deigned to explain that a native trader had come into their village to live, but after being there for a week the man collected his goods and left the town. If I did not restore this man or another in his place they intended to keep me instead!

I declined to make any promise, and they then demanded that I should go ashore and remain with them until their terms were complied with. This, I saw, was only a ruse to get me off my lugger. Once in their village it is not difficult to foresee what the sequel would be.



"THUS WE CONTINUED DISCUSSING THE MATTER."

At first they persuaded; then they made threats. From time to time they became boistèrous and impatient. Some of them advocated violence; others insisted upon more prudence; and so they became divided among

themselves. This fact was greatly in our favour and gave us time, which was an all-important thing. We were, however, losing the tide, which so far inland is weak at best, and missing that would detain us another six hours among this terrible people.

Thus we continued discussing the matter, they refusing to let us go, and we refusing to go on shore or to allow them to search the boat. The little hatch was closed and my chair was placed over it so that it was impossible to open it without first disposing of me. While their will was good to do so, they had not the courage to kill a white man until they had got him fairly into their power. Knowing this, I was perhaps more stubborn than I should otherwise have been.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and the tide was fast failing. By dallying so long they had betrayed their weakness, and this increased our strength. We, therefore, resolved to make an attempt to lift anchor and take the chances. Seeing that we meant it they began to clamour, brandishing their weapons and threatening to destroy us in an instant. It was a moment of painful anxiety, and one in which we must win or lose all by a single stroke. But with the courage born of despair we proceeded to haul in the chain, while the men in the canoes gathered about it and held it fast.

Suddenly, at this crucial moment, there came a strange cry from somewhere, and in an instant those savages on deck jumped into their canoes, and the whole fleet dashed away at all possible speed. I could scarcely realize the fact until they were half-way to the shore, yelling and screaming at the people in the village, who seemed frantic with terror. Women and children were running hither and thither, some with bundles, pots, and other impedimenta, for all the world like a colony of ants when disturbed. What could be the matter?

Suddenly, around the long bend of the river swung the small gunboat from Gaboon, on its way to Nengè Nengè to fill its tanks with fresh water. When our erstwhile captors sighted it they knew what to expect, and they had good cause to depart so hastily. We were saved!

"WE WERE SAVED!"

Under the protection of the gunboat we got safely to our destination, afterwards returning with it to the coast. Arrived there, I laid a complaint before the French authorities. It was not by any means the first outrage the cannibals had to their credit. A little later a gunboat was sent up, and the miserable town wiped from the map of the Congo Français.

Through the Heart of the Himalayas.

By Mrs. J. W. A. McNair, of Lahore, India.

A chatty description of an adventurous trip made by a party of five ladies into the inaccessible Garhwal district of the Himalayas—a remote region practically unknown to Europeans. The ladies paid a visit during their trip to the famous Temple of Kedernath, one of the most sacred shrines in India, which is a place of pilgrimage for Hindus from all over the country. At many of the hill villages the party passed through the natives had never seen a white woman before!

JUST after the monsoon two parties of Europeans started off for a tour into the remote Garhwal district of the Himalayas, a region practically unknown to any Englishmen save the few officials resident there. The two parties met at a camp 9,400ft. high, an absolutely wild spot, far removed from human habitation, but forming a small settlement in itself, with its tents and leafy bowers, or *chuppars*, for the servants, coolies, and ponies. Our party of three required no fewer than one hundred coolies to move us and our belongings, and when the Commissioner's party of four joined us there were no fewer than 300 servants and coolies in the camp, for this was no light journey we were bound upon.

It was chilly at this great height at the end of September, and we ladies found the tent stove more inviting than the camp fire outside. We were all up betimes next morning, however, in readiness for the very severe march which lay before us. We had first to go down some 3,000ft., and then up and up, over the Kuari Pass, 12,400ft. above sea-level. I shall never forget that march. It was at times like zig-zagging up the side of a house.

Extra men had to be put on to help with the "dandies," and those who rode had to give their ponies a rest to breathe every few minutes.

Most unfortunately, as we ascended the clouds descended, and by the time the top was reached it was raining heavily, and we saw nothing of the glorious view we had been promised of a wonderful region of eternal snows. We found some "edelweiss," but it was a yellower and smaller kind than that found in Switzerland. After reaching the summit of the pass we dropped to our encampment, at an altitude of 11,100ft. A most uncomfortable time we had there. Everything was wet through, and we had to paddle miserably from tent to

THE ORDINARY "DANDY" USED IN THE HILLS—EXTRA MEN HAD TO BE PUT ON TO HELP WITH THESE OWING TO THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROAD.

From a] [*Photo.*

THE HILL VILLAGE OF JOSHEMATH, WHERE THE PARTY MADE THEIR FIRST HALT.
From a [*Photo.*

tent. Instead of stopping a couple of days at this spot, as we had intended, we struck camp next morning, much to the delight of our followers.

What a business it was to get along! We slipped and slid and sat down in the mud continually, for our path down was almost as steep as the ascent had been the previous day. It was impossible either to ride or be carried in the dandies; the only way to keep one's feet was for two persons to take hands, so I and my head dandy-man minuetted down hand-in-hand over five miles of rock and slippery mud. The coolies, with their loads, raced along behind us, and shouts of laughter greeted the frequent falls. First we passed through pine woods, and then down into the region of cultivation and villages. There was a greater variety of wild flowers in this district. The monkeys, too, were so intent on eating nuts on the walnut and chestnut trees that they let us pass quite close to them without moving.

We were very glad to get to the hill village of Joshemath and to find a "pucca" roof over our heads. We were quartered in a substantial stone building with two rooms. We all crowded round the fire to dry ourselves, and had tea brewed as quickly as possible while we dried the bedding as well as we could—for even the best of waterproofing is not proof against wet hillsides. Meanwhile the coolies relieved their backs by resting their loads on any convenient ledge.

Joshemath is a very picturesquely situated village in the rocky valley of the Alaknanda, the main stream of the Ganges, which thunders along its narrow, boulder-strewn bed some 1,000ft. below. A mile and a half of rough steps takes one to the light suspension-bridge that now hangs over the torrent. Last year the pilgrims to Badrinath—one of the sacred temples of India—had to cross this brawling stream on an appallingly narrow plank-bridge placed very much on the slant. The local natives gained a lucrative employment by guiding timid people across this awe-inspiring gulf.

From Joshemath, 6,300ft., we followed the valley of the Alaknanda, shut in by high, rugged peaks. Our next three camps were each at a lower level than the last, but our path was by no means always a downhill

THE PILGRIM BRIDGE ACROSS THE ALAKNANDA—"AN APPALLINGLY NARROW PLANK-BRIDGE PLACED VERY MUCH ON THE SLANT."
From a Photo.

THESE SHEEP AND GOATS CARRY SADDLE-BAGS OF GRAIN ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS INTO TIBET AND BRING BACK SALT. [*Photo.*
From a]

one, for a stiff climb always seemed to follow a descent. Our footpath was often impeded by large herds of sheep and goats with *panchas*, or saddle-bags, bulging out on each side of them, for hereabouts they are used as beasts of burden, taking grain into Tibet across the mountains and bringing back salt.

One day we had a fourteen-mile march. That does not sound very formidable, but in this mountainous country it is quite a record. Starting soon after sunrise, we did not arrive at our camping-ground till near sunset, with only one hour's halt for breakfast under a *chuppar* of boughs. We were sometimes on a level with the Alaknanda, roaring along in its rocky bed, and sometimes high above it, the cliffs so overhanging that it was lost to sight and sound. The waterfalls hereabouts were glorious, some spray ones falling 200ft. or more in one sheer leap. Others, again, slid silently down a shoot worn in the rock, while some zig-zagged in a curious fashion from right to left.

At our third camp, Chamoli, we halted for two days. Here the river widened, and though it swirled and rushed along at a great pace it was no longer a torrent. The rocks here are of a dazzling whiteness, having been washed clean of all earth by the great flood of 1893, when a gigantic landslip formed the only lake in the district, for the Himalayas lack the many lakes that add so much beauty to the mountain scenery of Switzerland and Scotland. This landslip blocked up the Birehi Gunga—one of the seven snow-streams that go to form the Ganges—and as the snows melted and monsoon rains fell a lake was gradually formed until it was no less than 6,000ft. deep! One dark night it overtopped the dam raised by the landslip, and enormous masses of trees and others came tearing down with the mighty flood. Of three native towns and several villages in the valley below not a vestige remained. Bridges were swept away bodily and miles of roads obliterated. The passage of this tremendous body of water through 150 miles of valley at the dead of night was only attended with the loss of one fakir and his family, so well had the calculations and arrangements of the officials in charge of the rising lake been made. The lake is now 3,000ft. deep, about two miles long, and one mile broad. It has the intense blue green colour of snow-water. The Birehi Gunga River now flows in at one end and harmlessly out at the other.

From Chamoli began our ascent to the other

THE BIREHI GUNGA LAKE, FORMED BY A TREMENDOUS LANDSLIP—IT WAS AT ONE TIME OVER 6,000FT. DEEP. [*Photo.*
From a]

famous pilgrimage temple of Kedernath. We had to go over a pass 9,050ft. high, and had our last sight of the Trisul Range, the highest peak of which is 23,406ft. high. Our climb was a stiff one, but the sun was mercifully tempered by the magnificent forest trees under which the pathway lay. We camped at 9,000ft., and it was very pleasant to find the tents cool all day after the insufferable heat of the valleys.

THE CURIOUS MAT UMBRELLAS OF THE UKIMATH VILLAGERS.
From a Photo.

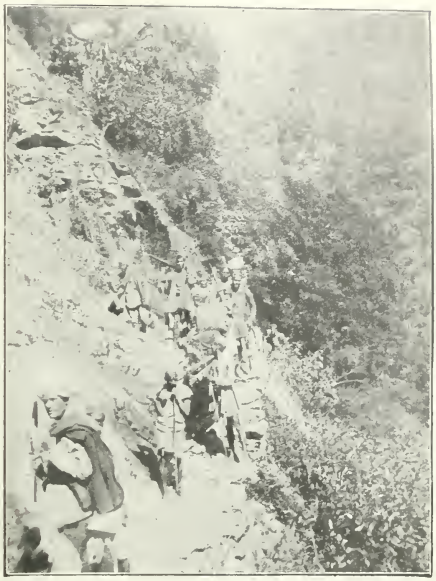
A two-days' march took us to Ukimath, 4,500ft.—quite a town for these parts, with a large temple and surrounding monastery. Here lives the Rawal, or head priest, of Kedernath, as Kedernath itself is quite unapproachable for four months of the year. It is curious that this temple, situated in the far north of India, should always have a head priest who hails from Madras; but this is the rule.

It was rather hot at Ukimath, but we made a two-days' halt there to rest ourselves and the servants, many of whom were plainsmen, and unaccustomed to climbing up and down hills. Fresh coolies were recruited at every stage, being provided by the different villages. We saw at Ukimath a number of curious square mat umbrellas, used by the villagers to protect themselves from the rays of the sun. We were also honoured with a performance by the village band, a body of men and boys armed with tom-toms and other weird "musical" instruments.

Three days' marching brought us to Rambara, 8,900ft. The last day's march was an extremely tiring one, for much of it had to be walked, as the rock-hewn path was so narrow and winding that the "dandies" were not safe to sit in, and only a seasoned hill-pony is able to scramble up and down the rough, irregular steps which formed so much of the

From a] THE VILLAGE BAND TURNS OUT IN HONOUR OF THE PARTY. [*Photo.*

way. From Rambara four miles of steep road took us the next day to the temple we had come so far to see. We had to start before the sun had topped the surrounding hills, and very shivery it was, for the eternal snows were very near, and, contrary to our usual attitude, we gave him a welcome greeting when his rays first reached us.



From a] ON THE ROAD TO KEDERNATH. *[Photo.*

The famous temple of Kedernath lies at the foot of Sumera Parwat, a magnificent mountain 22,844ft. high, on the farther side of which lies the mysterious forbidden land of Tibet. The temple is built of solid stone, and is a very fine specimen of the Hindu architecture of these hills. The date of its foundation is unknown, but the upper parts have been renewed at various times by the Rajahs of Gwalior and Nepal. We were very cordially received by the Rawal, or priest, who presented us with some dried specimens of a flower which grows only at the snow-line. Of course, we were not allowed to go inside the temple—which is extremely sacred — but saw the lights burning at the altar. Our march had made us very hungry, and we gladly adjourned to a shelter of twigs and boughs, gaily decorated with native cloths, and breakfasted. Then began the climb up to the glacier and lake, the source of the Mendakani, another of the snow-streams that go to form the mighty Ganges. We scrambled up 1,000ft. over huge stones and boulders to the lake, 12,400ft., passing some very dirty-looking ice,

From a] THE SACRED TEMPLE OF KEDERNATH, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SHRINES IN INDIA. *[Photo.*

out of which gushed the river. The morning had been gloriously fine, but by the time we had climbed the moraine the clouds had gathered, and a slight fall of snow threatened us on the way down. It turned to rain before we reached the camp, but cleared up at sunset, and the after-glow on the snowy peak of majestic Sumera Parwat was indescribably lovely. All the surrounding hills were in darkness; the light just lingered on the eternal snows. We came across one small patch of edelweiss and, by the lake, a curious blue flower shaped like a perfect ball.

Again we had been at an altitude of over 12,000ft., but none of us felt the height trying; the only noticeable effect was one of exhilaration. Our party only brought the number who had visited this remote glacier up to fifteen, so it will be seen that it is hardly a tourist resort as yet. Indeed, we ladies were objects of great curiosity at several places *en route*, for many of the villagers had never before seen a white woman.

Eleven marches taken in a leisurely way brought us again to the dusty plains, where the air was thick with dust, and smelt of it as only the plains of India can. Here our party broke up after a most enjoyable tour. Things had been made far easier for us than for most travellers in these inaccessible regions, as we had travelled with the Commissioner and Deputy-Commissioner of the district, which is half as large as Switzerland and infinitely more mountainous.

We five ladies had something to be proud of, for we had been where but few Europeans—even famous mountaineers—have penetrated, into the very heart of the mighty Himalayas, the "Roof of the World."

THE RAWAL OR HEAD PRIEST OF KEDERNATH WAS VERY CORDIAL, AND HAD HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH THE PARTY ON THE STEPS OF HIS TEMPLE.

From a [*Photo.*

What Happened To The Bullion Box

By H. J. Hervey, late of the Indian Government Telegraph Service, Saharunpore, N.W.P., India.

This story was related to the author by Mr. Hope Kavanagh, the District Superintendent of Police at Saharunpore. It describes how a native banker resorted to deception in order to safeguard a case of bullion which he was sending by rail to a customer, and how by a clever trick the contents of the box were stolen en route, the unhappy banker being precluded from prosecuting the thieves, although they were discovered, through the possibility of being involved in severe penalties himself.

THE firm of Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh, and Co., bankers and merchants, of Kangri, was one of the wealthiest concerns in Upper India. With a far-reaching connection all over the peninsula—and even farther—old Bhugwandass, the principal, was wont to boast that his signature stood equally good in London as in Lahore, and that he could give you a *hoondee* (order) which would be honoured with the same promptitude in Chicago as in Calcutta.

Among the employés of the firm was a certain Thotaram, the son of a former client. Failing at the entrance examination for the subordinate Civil Service, he had been taken on by Bhugwandass as an English writer. At the time referred to in this story Thotaram had been some ten years in the firm's employ, and from a mere copyist he had risen, through undoubted merit and perseverance, to the comparatively responsible post of confidential clerk to the managing partner.

Now, while we must suppose that Thotaram had during his career been subject to temptations, the equal inference is that he had hitherto succeeded in withstanding all assaults on his moral rectitude. Anyhow, up to the period I am writing of the man's record was clean, and he was looked on by all, from Bhugwandass downward, as the exemplification of unimpeachable integrity. He had worked himself into the good graces of his patron; he was ever willing, hardworking, and ready to please. Often, when others had cleared out at the recognised closing time, Thotaram would be found somewhere about, prepared to do anything that might be wanted—from igniting Bhugwandass's hookah and placing it before him to drawing up a promissory note, unlocking the strong-room, and counting out a thousand rupees or so for some belated borrower.

One day the bank had occasion to send a consignment of bar silver to a correspondent named Pusa, a gold and silver smith residing near the small town of Nagina, distant about three hours' journey by rail. The bullion, valued at four thousand rupees, after being duly weighed by Thotaram, was packed and nailed down by him in a stout deal box—all under Bhugwandass's immediate supervision—and the case was then deposited on the floor close to the principal's desk. At noon, when most of the employés left

the building for the usual lunch-hour, Bhugwandass signed to Thotaram to remain. When the office had emptied the old man called the clerk to him and said, in the vernacular: "Did you hear of that case about a box of sovereigns being broken into during transit by rail between Agra and Bombay?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thotaram, in the same tongue, "I read an account of it in the *Amrita*."

"Well," continued the principal, sinking his voice to a whisper, "we must avoid running any such risk! I have got a good idea. Take some black paint and address that case of bar silver to Pusa, Soonar, Soonari Bazaar, Nagina."

The clerk did as he was ordered.

"Now, above the address, write 'Old Nails' in large letters, fill in the consignment note in the same manner, and go yourself to book the box at the railway station. See that the weight tallies with ours, and do not talk to the railway people about the case. Take it carelessly in a bullock-cart with you, and go quite alone, so as to cause no suspicion as to the valuable nature of its contents."

Thotaram carried out these instructions to the letter. On his return to the *kothi* (bank) he sought out Bhugwandass and handed him the consignment note. He ended up by asking for a week's leave, to proceed to his native place near Bareilly. After transacting his errand at the goods shed he had strayed, he said, on to the passenger platform, and among the travellers in a train that happened to arrive he met a fellow-townsman, who had informed him of his uncle's serious illness; it was for the purpose of visiting this relative that he now craved the indulgence.

The request was granted and, after profusely thanking his patron, the confidential clerk withdrew. Instead, however, of proceeding to his village, Thotaram, disguising himself as an infantry havildar or sergeant on the look-out for recruits took the next train to Nagina. He was well aware that the case of "old nails" would not arrive for another four days by goods train, so he had time to mature his plans. He first set to work to ingratiate himself with the handful of native employés at the small station, which was easily done. He knew there were no military in those parts, and, being a well-set-up fellow, he was able not only to pass himself off successfully as a recruiting sergeant, but received permission, as such, to put up on the station premises till the people poured in to the local fair, which he gave out he was going to attend. In a nonchalant manner, and not too hurriedly, he sauntered off to the little *mál godam*, or goods shed, where he found the single clerk, a Bengali named Hiralal Seal, doing nothing in particular. Exerting all his inherent affability, Thotaram speedily established a good understanding with the *babu* (clerk); and by closing time he had pretty well assured himself that the latter would prove only too ready to fall in with his views. Seal, for his sins, had been shunted to this great distance from Lower Bengal; he was an idle, dissolute fellow, but had so far been able to escape the consequences of his bad conduct through the influence of senior relatives holding respectable positions in the head office of the railway.

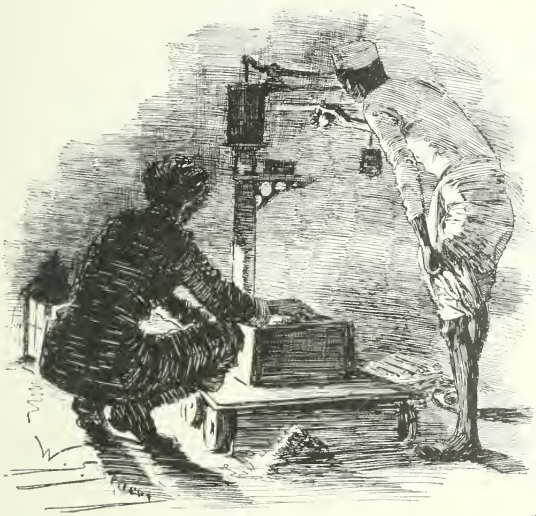
That evening the two met by appointment, and Thotaram, intuitively divining the shortest road to the *babu's* heart, treated him to a regular jaunt, after the native idea. Thotaram paid for everything throughout, much to the Bengali's admiration and envy. He bemoaned his state of chronic impecuniosity and his wretched salary of twenty-five rupees a month.

This was precisely the state of mind Thotaram desired his comrade to be in. Seated with the *babu*, on the station-yard fencing, preparatory to parting for the night, little by little the schemer unfolded his plan. He found Seal not only pliant, but eager to participate; and before they separated the two young scoundrels had agreed to help themselves to the contents of a certain case marked "Old Nails" the moment it should turn up at the Nagina goods shed.

In due course the precious case arrived, and was unloaded at the goods shed. Thotaram, by now a privileged loiterer—especially in that part of the station premises presided over by Seal—took occasion to examine the box. He felt satisfied that it was intact: in exactly the same state as when booked by him at Kangri. That evening Seal casually mentioned to the *choukidars* (watchmen) and porters that as he had some returns to get through he should not leave the shed till late. He ordered the lampman to prepare a lamp and place it in his partitioned office; had all the doors and exits except one secured; and told all the underlings to go home, but to return punctually at nine, and that he would be responsible for things in the meanwhile. Native-like, and nothing loth, the whole posse cleared out, and hardly had the last man disappeared when Thotaram, stealing up to and tapping gently at the unbarred door, was admitted by his confederate. The two had prepared everything beforehand—cold chisels, hammer, pincers, and, what was more important than all, a plentiful supply of old nails, which had been collected and smuggled in during the interval of waiting.

After thoroughly searching every dark corner of the shed, and even walking twice round its

exterior to assure themselves that no one watched them through possible cracks and fissures in the woodwork, they put the case on the platform scales, carefully noted the weight, compared it with that entered in the invoice, and then gingerly opened the box. This done, they took out the silver bars, and then, emptying the case of the cleats used to hold the precious metal immobile, they replaced the box on the weighing-machine and crammed in old nails till the original weight had been arrived at.



"THEY REPLACED THE BOX ON THE WEIGHING-MACHINE AND CRAMMED IN OLD NAILS."

After this they carefully re-nailed the lid, using the same holes, and the first act in the robbery had been accomplished! They then descended to the permanent-way, which ran through the shed. Here they dug a hole, kindled a fire, set an iron pot thereon, and melted two of the four bars at a time. This was a very necessary operation, as the ingots bore the impress of the consigners. This work finished, the two conspirators obliterated all traces of the fire, threw the melting-pot into the well, and each concealing on his person his portion of the "swag" they calmly awaited the return of the *choukidars* and porters.

On the forenoon of the next day Pusa came for his case. Everything was in order: the consignee produced the railway receipt, it was compared with the invoice, the weight of the box was verified, the book signed, delivery taken, and the old silversmith set out on his return journey to his village, carrying the box with him in a bullock cart. In the meanwhile, a few days' leave being due to Bhabl Seal, that youth applied for and obtained it. He had decided on spending it in a holiday at Kangri, the delights of which town Thotaram had already impressed him with. Here, too, Thotaram said they would find no difficulty in converting their plunder into current coin of the realm.

The two therefore returned to Kangri, with a hardihood and effrontery almost inconceivable, and the confidential clerk resumed his duties. But on the very night of their arrival Thotaram was seen in the company of a young Bengali *babu*, a stranger to Kangri, at a native theatre, occupying front-row seats. Further, when Jahoora, a famous dancer and heroine of the piece, at the conclusion of the performance applied to the audience for largess, it was noticed that Thotaram and his Bengali companion each gave her a handful of rupees. These curious facts reached the ears of Bhugwandass the next morning, and that afternoon, while the banker was in the middle of admonishing his protégé on the evils attending extravagance, there ensued a commotion in the outer court, and amid a storm of lamentations Pusa was introduced. He and a servant carried between them nothing less than the case!

"Behold, Maharaj!" cried Pusa, addressing the banker, as he tore open the lid and disclosed the interior—chock-full of rusty nails. "Behold what you sent me in return for my remittance of four thousand rupees!"

For a short while consternation prevailed, but Bhugwandass's suspicions did not take long in assuming shape. He pieced the whole thing together in a few seconds. Thotaram's knowledge of the contents; his own overweening confidence in the fellow, especially with reference to the false declaration and false superscription; Thotaram's departure on leave, fitting in so well with subsequent events; his return in company with a new friend; and last, not least, the happenings of the night before at the native theatre—all tended to confirm the old banker's opinion that one at least of the culprits stood before him. Ordering Thotaram not to stir from his presence, Bhugwandass instructed one

of his clerks to find Thotaram's companion, and, under a pretended message from that youth himself, to inveigle the stranger to the bank. The emissary succeeded in finding his man, and in half an hour's time returned with the Bengali.

Addressing the precious pair, the banker accused them point-blank of concocting and perpetrating the robbery, and asked them if they had aught to say in extenuation of their offence before he called in the police. Thotaram was speechless, but Seal was not so easily disposed of.

"What," asked he, "did the railway consignment note declare the contents to be? The invoice, the receipt handed in by the consignee, and the superscription on the box itself all notified the same thing—'old nails,' weighing so much; and 'old nails' of the specified weight were duly delivered to Pusa, the consignee. Why, then, do you accuse us of stealing your bar silver? Who beyond yourself is there to say that the contents *were* bar silver? Even granted such to be the case, who saw us take it out? Who saw us even as much as tamper with the box? Where are the signs of any such tampering?"

"All the circumstances point towards you and Thotaram being the robbers," rejoined Bhugwandass, somewhat irresolutely.

"Assuming that we are," retorted Seal, insolently, "supposing you have us apprehended, and the affair goes before the magistrate, how will you explain your false declaration of the contents of the case? You have rendered yourself liable to a prosecution under the Railway Act for misrepresenting the contents of your box. Come!" he shouted, seeing the effect that his words had on the unhappy banker, "take us before the magistrate. You shall tell your story, I will tell mine! He will ask for all the documents I have mentioned, and when he peruses them, who will he convict—me of robbery, without a scrap of evidence to support it, or you of false declaration—to prove which these documents will speak, let alone the words on the box?"

"BEHOLD WHAT YOU SENT ME!"

As he finished speaking he gazed at the banker triumphantly, but the latter only knitted his brows in woebegone perplexity.

He realized only too well that Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh, and Co. were powerless to move hand or foot. The scoundrelly Seal had them, as it were, "on toast." All they could do they did, and Thotaram was dismissed from their employ; but Seal got off scot-free. That was all that happened to the perpetrators of as impudent and barefaced a robbery as had ever been known to have been committed on an Indian railway. But Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh, and Co. no longer send bullion under the guise of "old nails."

By Colonel Julius G. Tucker.

"Cavallo Blanco," or "White Horse," was a Mexican outlaw who had terrorized the border districts for years. He masqueraded at his home as a peaceful rancher, assigning his frequent absences to the necessity of visiting property in another State. At last, however, his complicity in countless crimes was discovered, and a body of troops, whom the author accompanied, set out in pursuit of him. The chase ended in a desperate fight and the death of the outlaw and his Amazon wife, who had fought by his side.

By its tortuous and ever-changing course from the mountains to the sea, the Rio Grande del Norte, the dividing line between the United States and Mexico, not infrequently cuts off a neck of land from Mexico, thus throwing it upon the Texan side of the river, or a slice from the United States, leaving it upon the Mexican side. Both countries, however, claim jurisdiction over the land thus temporarily alienated. Tracts of land changed by the river from one country into another are called *bancos*, and are generally the haunt of criminals fleeing from justice, although good and honest people are also to be found living there.

On one of these *bancos*, called Surone, near Santa Maria, Cameron County, Texas, there lived a man named Abram Garcia, commonly known as "Cavallo Blanco" (White Horse), as he had for years past ridden a beautiful white horse. He was a man of athletic build, fully 6ft. high, handsome, and of pleasing manners.

My ranch being situated near the Surone, I had frequently met him and his wife, and had found both of them most hospitable and polite. When I first met him he was about twenty-five years of age, and bore a good character. His frequent absences from home were said to be caused by the necessity of looking after a ranch which he owned in the State of Tamaulipas, Mexico, of which State both he and his wife were natives.

Robberies and murders were at this time of frequent occurrence on both sides of the river, and created but little attention until a coach was held up in the State of Tamaulipas, and all its four occupants, three of whom were women, killed. This crime set the country ablaze with excitement and caused the outlaws infesting that section to lay low for a while.

It was rumoured in the Banco Surone that the handsome "Cavallo Blanco" had had a hand in the affair, but this was indignantly denied by his friends and servants, who proved

that he had been at home, sick in bed, when the outrage was perpetrated, and he was therefore not arrested. He bore such a good character in the neighbourhood, too, that neither I nor my neighbours believed these startling rumours for a moment.

Several months later I had occasion to visit the *banco*, and met Mrs. Garcia on the road. She informed me that her husband had returned home the day before, desperately wounded in the thigh and almost dead with fatigue, he having been attacked by robbers. She was afraid, she said, that he would die.

She invited me into the house to see her husband, who was lying upon a cot, looking haggard and worn. He received me with a pleasant smile. "Señor Coronel," he said, "I think my time is up, for I am badly wounded. I have a bullet in my thigh, and no one near to extract it or attend to the wound properly."

While he was saying this his wife stood by crying bitterly. Seeing this, I said, "Madam, dry your tears! I will go at once to the cavalry camp near here and get the surgeon to come and see your husband."

I called upon Captain Beyer, of the 8th U.S. Cavalry, and stated the desperate state poor "Cavallo Blanco" was in. With his assistance I managed to induce his surgeon, one Dr. McLean—who did not relish overmuch the idea of entering the desperado-infested *banco*—to accompany me there.

Arrived at the Garcia ranch, he quickly extracted the bullet, and afterwards visited the patient daily for about six weeks, when he informed "Cavallo Blanco" that he would not call again, as he considered him cured. Upon hearing this good news Mrs. Garcia handed the doctor a bag containing 300dols., expressing profuse thanks for his assistance.

After accepting the money, the doctor asked her if she would have paid him had her husband died. She looked significantly at a pistol hanging upon the wall. "Yes, señor," she said, quietly, but with a tigerish look in her eyes, "I should certainly have paid you. I would have killed you!" And she meant it, for when her passions were roused she was a veritable fury, as I had reason to know later on.

"I WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU!"

About the time that "Cavallo Blanco" returned home wounded a tragedy was enacted in the State of Tamaulipas, about twenty-five miles from Rio Grande City, Starr County, Texas; but, as news travelled very slowly in those days, we did not hear of it until Garcia was almost cured. Then, for the first time, I learned the true character of the man—that he was nothing more or less than a bloodthirsty highwayman and outlaw, and that his pretended journeys were only a cloak for the commission of deeds of robbery and murder. I learned, too, that he had been the leader in this particular affair, which occurred during his last absence from the Surone, and exactly tallied with the time of his return. The details of the tragedy were as follows.

In Rio Grande City there lived a man named Theodore Sanders, a German, who owned a store. He had married a Mexican woman of good family, and had several sons and daughters. He had acquired but little wealth, owing to the expensive habits of his family, but nevertheless made a good living. He was a fearless man and an excellent shot, which qualification, in a border country, is the best recommendation a man can possess, as character is not taken into account.

Sanders's brother-in-law, a general in the Mexican army, one day paid him a visit, and upon his return to the interior of Mexico proposed to Sanders to accompany him and see if he could not find a better business place than Rio Grande City. In case he could not, the general said he would lend him 5,000dols. in order to enlarge his business in Texas. This generous proposition was accepted by Sanders, who set off in his carriage, taking an old coloured man named Alfred along as driver. They reached the general's home in safety, and after spending two weeks there the storekeeper decided to return home. The general, true to his promise, handed over to him 5,000dols. in silver, telling him he could return the money when he got rich. He cautioned him, however, to take out a permit and pay the export duty upon silver when he arrived in Monterey.

Upon reaching this town Sanders procured the necessary permit and went on his way home. When within twenty-five miles of the Rio Grande he was overtaken by five mounted men, who commanded him to halt. One, producing a shield badge such as is worn by Customs inspectors, asked Sanders if he had any dutiable articles in his carriage, and upon being handed the permit to export the money coolly tore it up, at the same time covering the astonished storekeeper with his pistol. The other horsemen promptly did the same.

They then bound Sanders and the terrified old man and threw them into the bottom of the carriage, from which they took out a Winchester rifle, afterwards turning the vehicle into the woods.

While passing under the trees Alfred said, tremblingly: "Mr. Sanders, they are going to kill us." "Yes," said Sanders, in a low tone, "but I will have my hands free in a minute, and as there is still a pistol under my feet, covered by the halters and ropes, I think we may have a chance yet."

A couple of the robbers—these two actually *did* belong to the Customs service in Monterey—rode at the horses' heads, while one of the others was placed on either side of the carriage and one behind. Sanders, having succeeded by desperate efforts in freeing his hands, suddenly seized the pistol and fired quickly at the men in front, who both dropped from their horses. Then he turned his weapon upon the robbers who rode alongside, and finally upon the man behind. His aim was good, for in a moment two of the robbers lay dead in the road, having been shot through the head, and all the others were wounded and rode on out of range. Quickly Sanders untied Alfred's hands, and both left the carriage in order to turn it round, which they presently succeeded in doing.

Sanders had emptied his pistol, and while leaning over the fore-wheel of the carriage to look for a box of cartridges he received a bullet in his back, fired by one of the robbers. Realizing that he was mortally hurt, he got into the carriage, assisted by Alfred, and told the latter to drive as fast as possible to the next ranch, some three miles distant. He begged him, moreover, to carry the money to his family.

The robbers now began to approach nearer, but Alfred—who did not know how to handle firearms—kept them at bay by pointing the pistol at them. Fortunately the brigands were by no means in proper fighting trim, for each of them was more or less badly wounded.

As soon as Alfred regained the road he put his horses into a dead run and soon outdistanced the robbers, who skulked among the trees. He reached the ranch with Sanders still alive, but unconscious. The people at the house knew him, and after lifting him gently out of the carriage they took him into the house, where, under the influence of restoratives, he became conscious again, and described the attack and the resulting fight.

The assembled *rancheros* proposed at once to organize a party to pursue and arrest the robbers; but before the expedition was ready to start out three wounded men rode into the ranch carrying two dead bodies. Sanders and Alfred immediately recognised the party as their assailants, whereupon the new arrivals, much to their dismay, were seized and bound. They had not, apparently, reckoned on their victims making for this ranch, and had intended to pose as sufferers from a brigand attack themselves.

One of the robbers, who had been shot through the thigh, was recognised as no less a person than "Cavallo Blanco," the supposed *ranchero* of Banco Surone! He said he was desperately wounded and about to die, and requested to be buried decently. In consequence of his wound he was not tied up, but simply placed in a small room by himself. When the next day dawned, "Cavallo Blanco" had escaped from his room, stolen a horse, and decamped, and thus it was that he reached the

Surone in the desperate condition in which I found him at the time I brought the surgeon to him. Poor Sanders only lived a few hours, and was buried upon the ranch, while Alfred drove home to Rio Grande City, and faithfully delivered the 5,000dols. to Mrs. Sanders.

"THUS IT WAS THAT HE REACHED THE SURONE."

As soon as I learned these astonishing facts I crossed over to Matamoras and interviewed the commanding officer of the Mexican troops, who promised to send a force of soldiers on a certain day to the La Palma ranch, opposite to the Surone. I agreed to have American soldiers and deputy-sheriffs on the Texan side to prevent "Cavallo Blanco's" escape, for it was of the utmost importance that this daring scoundrel should be laid by the heels.

Our plan was duly carried out, but in some unaccountable manner the outlaw heard of it, and when the raid was made upon the *banco* both he and his wife had escaped, having left their ranch only the night before.

After a fruitless search in the Surone the soldiers recrossed into Mexico, while I invited the disgusted captain and lieutenant to breakfast at my house. While the meal was preparing the captain informed me that he had peremptory orders to capture "Cavallo Blanco," dead or alive, at all hazards, and that he intended to send out five squads of soldiers, consisting of ten men each, for the purpose. Lieutenant Felipo Cavassos, the other officer then present, would command the troops, as he himself was physically unable to endure so hard a ride as would inevitably be entailed by the pursuit.

The detail of soldiers was at once selected, and it was arranged to start one squad, commanded by Lieutenant Cavassos, along the main road from La Palma to San Fernando, 150 miles distant. Two squads of ten men each were to go up the river, one squad five and the other ten miles, while the remaining two squads were to be sent corresponding distances down stream, thus covering twenty miles of river front.

While eating breakfast the old lieutenant, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked: "Señor Coronel, I think this ride which we are about to take would just suit you. I should like very much to have you for a companion."

"I was only waiting for an invitation," I laughingly replied; "I will accompany you, with pleasure; but what about provision for the road?"

"Never mind about that," said he; "I have plenty of *carne saco* (dried meat) and *tortillas* (ash cakes), and if you will bring some coffee and sugar we have all that is necessary; but we must start within an hour."

Breakfast being finished, the officers went down to the river on horseback to expedite matters, while I promised to be at La Palma within an hour. While getting ready to start

it occurred to me that should we overtake "Cavallo Blanco" there would most certainly be a fight, and a fierce one, as both he and his Amazon of a wife were dead shots. I therefore procured some bandages, lint, and a needle and silk thread, which came into use later on, as the sequel will show.

Reaching La Palma within the hour, I found everything in wild disorder: men and women running to and fro and the soldiers getting ready for the pursuit of the outlaw. The squad commanded by Lieutenant Cavassos consisted of nine privates, one sergeant, the lieutenant, and myself, making twelve in all. The sergeant was an old man, with a face which bore a striking resemblance to tanned leather. He was considered the best scout in his regiment, and always rode in advance of the troops, examining the tracks in the road.

We started about eleven o'clock in the morning, and rode all day and through the whole night, with occasional short stops to feed and water the horses. By ten o'clock the following day we had covered about a hundred miles and were still pushing ahead as fast as our jaded horses could go. Suddenly the old sergeant, who was about a hundred yards in advance, was seen to stop and dismount, examine the road carefully, and then await our approach. Upon reaching him, he remarked, drily: "We have got them now! Here are their tracks where they entered the main road from a side track. 'Cavallo Blanco's' horse has lost a shoe, and they are not far off, for these tracks are quite fresh." So we pushed on, but only at a walk, as our horses were nearly exhausted.

While thus riding along the lieutenant remarked, pointing at the old sergeant, "That man's worth his weight in gold in an expedition of this kind. He's married and has a large family, and one of his sons is riding just behind you."

After riding on for some hours, the sergeant, who was still in front, halted in front of a small ranch, and when we reached him he pointed to fresh tracks near the gate, saying they were the tracks of "Cavallo Blanco's" horse; he also pointed to a pony standing under a tree in the yard, with drooping head and sides covered with dried foam.

The lieutenant and I entered the yard and were met by an old man, who, upon being interrogated, refused to give us any information until the lieutenant placed a pistol to his head and demanded to know, in the name of the President of the Mexican Republic, what had become of the fugitives, threatening furthermore to blow his head off unless he answered promptly. This had the desired effect, and the old man informed us that a man and woman had left the ranch only half an hour before; that the pony then standing in the yard had been ridden by the woman; and that the man had forced him to give up a saddle-horse, paying for it, however, and leaving the pony behind. Upon receiving this information we instantly mounted and renewed the pursuit, riding as fast as our fatigued horses could go. We rode thus for about two hours, when the old sergeant came to a sudden halt. As we approached him he pointed to horse tracks leading into the woods, and said: "The fugitives are near at hand, for they were evidently afraid to cross the open prairie just in front of us. We must be careful now, as we may expect to be shot at any moment."

Scarcely had the words left his mouth when two rifle-shots rang out. A bullet passed dangerously near my head and killed a soldier just behind me, who proved to be the son of the old sergeant. The other bullet did its work equally well, for it killed a soldier a little farther to the rear. We instantly scattered and dismounted, every man taking cover behind a tree. The lieutenant and I took the same tree, and he remarked, quietly, "Thank goodness, they are at bay at last, and we have them now for certain."

We were on an elevated plateau, which sloped gently down towards the open prairie, and about sixty yards from the edge of the plateau. Upon this bank there were a number of large trees, behind some of which the outlaw and his wife were ensconced.

The battle had now begun, the soldiers firing at the nearest trees, and their fire being rapidly returned from the thick cover. The lieutenant, pointing to a curve in the woods towards the prairie, said: "Señor Coronel, if you will try to get to that point you can keep them from escaping along the bank, while I will hold this point near the road."

I accordingly ran back into the woods and up towards the point indicated. Before reaching the place, however, I found that a soldier, sent by the lieutenant, was following me. I halted, made a hasty survey, and found myself about sixty yards to the right of the trees from whence the firing proceeded, but with an open space of about fifty yards in front, which had to be crossed in order to reach the bank of the incline towards the prairie. This must be traversed if I wanted to get in line with the trees behind which "Cavallo Blanco" and his wife were standing, and yet the risk of being hit as I went across was great. I therefore told the soldier who accompanied me to run back about forty yards and begin firing as rapidly as possible, in order to draw the attention of the

outlaw and his wife from their extreme right. The ruse succeeded admirably. I waited until the soldier began firing and then, throwing myself upon the ground, I carefully crawled from bush to bush towards the nearest trees, which I reached safely. The first tree stood some yards from the second, and after crawling to it I rose to my feet, being fully protected from the fire of the bandits by its trunk. I slowly raised my rifle and peered round the other tree, expecting to find "Cavallo Blanco" behind it, but, to my disappointment, I found his wife instead. Not expecting any danger from my quarter, she stood fully exposed. The light of battle was in her eye, and she was firing rapidly in the direction of the soldiers. I had raised my rifle to shoot, but lowered it when I perceived the woman, whom I did not desire to hurt. I saw the form of "Cavallo Blanco" behind the other tree, with only part of his head exposed towards me. As they were in line, I could not shoot at him without shooting the woman, and so waited a few moments for an opening, which came when the woman stooped to reload her Winchester, thus leaving a space of about 10in. between her head and the tree. I instantly fired, and, as I subsequently discovered, just nicked the outlaw's ear.

"DONA CARMEN, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD SURRENDER!"

As the shot rang out the woman wheeled savagely towards me and fired, and so true was her aim that the bark of the tree, torn off by her bullet, passed close to my head and ear. I called to her and said: "Dona Carmen, for the love of God surrender! I assure you, on my honour, that not a hair on your head will be harmed."

At the sound of my voice a look of vexation crossed her face.

"Señor Coronel," she cried, "how comes it that you are running with these dogs? Have you come to kill me?"

"No," I replied, "but I am assisting in the arrest of your husband. Let me beg of you to surrender to me, for this is an unequal fight, and can only end in your destruction."

"Surrender!" she replied, defiantly; "I shall never surrender so long as life remains in my body. They may kill me while defending my husband; but only over my dead body shall they ever get possession of him, dead or alive. Had I known it was you who fired the shot," she continued, "I should not have returned it, for well do I remember that but a short time ago you saved my husband's life by bringing a doctor to his aid when he was wounded."

Suddenly, with a cry of rage, she raised her rifle, pointed it beyond my tree, and fired. Following the direction in which the rifle was pointed I saw a soldier leap about 3ft. in the air and fall prone upon his face, stone-dead! It was the trooper who had been sent to follow me, and who had endeavoured to imitate my example in reaching the trees.

The firing, which had been brisk up to this time, suddenly ceased, and silence reigned supreme. I stood like a statue watching events. Only the sound of a woodpecker was heard or the distant cry of a parrot. The stillness

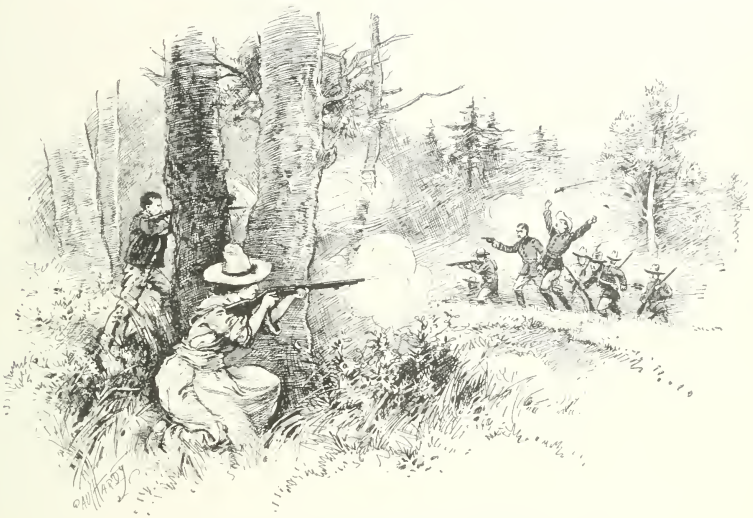
became so oppressive that I could hear the beating of my own heart, but I knew it would not last long, for it occurred to me that Lieutenant Cavassos had marshalled his force in order to break cover suddenly and make a combined attack, thus ending the fight once for all. This proved to be correct, for suddenly a volley rang out, and the soldiers, headed by the lieutenant, came on with a rush. Two men fell as the outlaw and his wife fired, and I saw the lieutenant stagger, evidently wounded, but still they came on. They got in line with the trees behind which "Cavallo Blanco" and his wife were sheltered, and then the outlaw fell, riddled with bullets. As he dropped his wife ran towards him, still firing her rifle furiously, but before she reached his body she fell dead, shot through the head.

Thus ended the most desperate fight I had ever witnessed, and one of the most dangerous outlaws Mexico has ever known was laid low.

We had started out twelve strong, but only nine returned; three of our party had been killed and three wounded, including the lieutenant, so it will be seen that the brigand and his wife died hard.

It only remains to say that the pair were buried together on the spot where they fell. A search through their clothing brought to light about 800dols. in gold, besides a bag containing a number of diamond rings, bracelets, and other jewellery, a portion of which was afterwards identified as having belonged to various people who had been killed by the outlaw. The money thus recovered was equally divided among the men composing our party, but, as I declined any portion of it, I received instead the famous white horse which "Cavallo Blanco" had ridden for several years, and which had earned him his nickname.

Lieutenant Cavassos shortly afterwards was promoted to a captaincy, as a reward for having rid the country of the most dangerous and daring outlaw that ever infested the border.



"THE SOLDIERS, HEADED BY THE LIEUTENANT, CAME ON WITH A RUSH."

Odds and Ends.

An Immense Pigeon Farm—Shoeing an Ox in Persia—An Open-Air Court—What a Chinese Theatre Looks Like—A Fire at Baku—Road-Making in the East, etc., etc.

ONE of the most recent additions to the curiosities of California is an immense pigeon farm, situated in the Los Angeles river-bed a short distance from the city of that name. Here one may see at one time 15,000 or more of these birds, feeding, nesting, or flying about the great lofts, for they are stay-at-home creatures and not given to straying away from their ranch. This pigeon farm, which, it is said, is the only one of its kind or size in the world, was begun three years ago with about 2,000 birds. They increase so rapidly in numbers that nearly every month in the year—except during the moulting season—between 200 and 250 dozen young pigeons or "squabs" are sent to market, the feathers from these finding a ready sale with furniture and other dealers. The pigeon loft is

THIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT AN IMMENSE PIGEON FARM NEAR LOS ANGELES, CAL.—THE FARM IS SAID TO BE THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD. [From a Photo. by] [C. C. Pierce, Los Angeles, Cal.

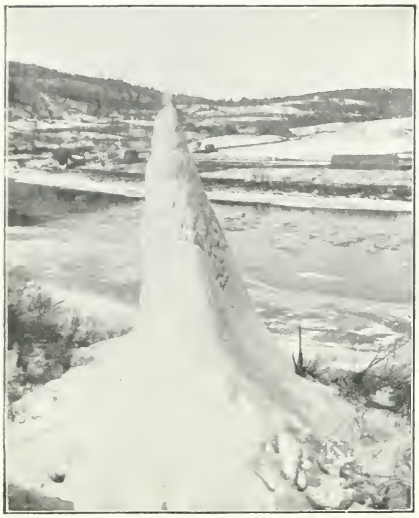
a gigantic "apartment house," 60ft. in length and 18ft. in height. Ten tiers of nests extend on every side of the exterior, the interior of the building being also fitted up for the accommodation of the great feathered community. Even then many of the birds are crowded out and form nests on the ground or wherever they can. Once a week there is a general cleaning time, and the lofts are then sprayed with disinfectant. It may be of interest to know how much food is required by these 15,000 birds. They are supplied daily with eight sacks of wheat, twelve sacks of screenings, and a large quantity of boiled meal; they are also given during the week several barrels of stale bread which has been soaked in water.

HOW THEY SHOE ANIMALS IN PERSIA—THE POOR BEAST IS HELPLESSLY BOUND AND THEN TIPPED ON TO HIS BACK.
From a] [*Photo.*

The photograph shown above will be of especial interest to shoeing-smiths, as it graphically illustrates the way in which animals are shod in Persia. The Persian strongly objects to take any unnecessary risks, and so when he sets out to shoe a horse or an ox—for even the cattle are shod in Persia—he takes very good care that there is no chance of his being kicked. To this end he ties the animal's feet together, rolls him over on his side, and runs a stout pole through the ropes from the hind legs to the front. This is then propped up by means of a V-shaped strut—and there you are! The feet are elevated in the air and handy for working on, and it is quite impossible for the hapless animal to offer any resistance. As will be seen from the snap-shot, the head of the ox has been tied back for further security. Exactly what a high-spirited English thoroughbred would think of this unceremonious treatment it is difficult to say.

The American farmer does things on a big scale, which is one reason why he is successful. The photograph here seen shows a gigantic reaping-machine which is used in the Sacramento Valley, California. This gigantic contrivance is drawn by no fewer than thirty-four mules, and weighs many tons. The amount of work it performs is prodigious, and yet both mules and machine only require three men to look after them. What a difference between the old fashioned methods of hand-reaping still used in some parts of England and this mechanical marvel!

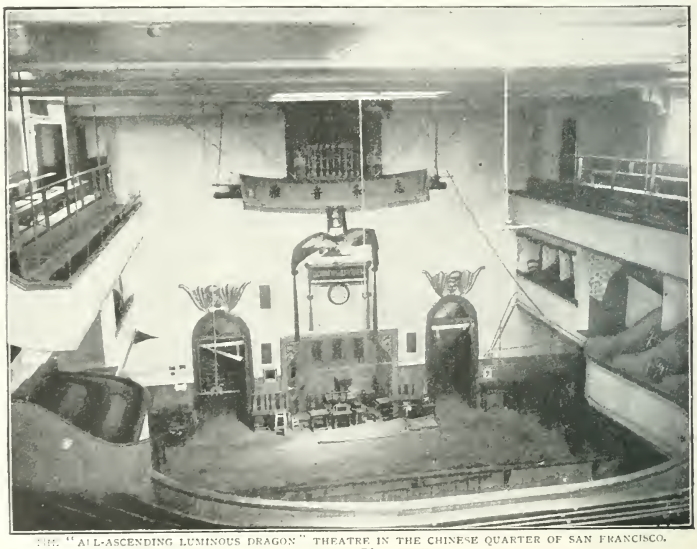
A GIGANTIC REAPING-MACHINE AT WORK IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY—IT IS DRAWN BY THIRTY-FOUR MULES AND ONLY REQUIRES THREE MEN TO LOOK AFTER IT.
From a] [*Photo.*



EVERY WINTER A FOUNTAIN AT PARKER'S GLEN, PA., FREEZES, FORMING A BEAUTIFUL ICE COLUMN 80FT. HIGH.
From a Photo.

At Parker's Glen, Pa., a point on the Delaware River, a very unusual ice formation attracts the attention of travellers each winter. For the past twelve years a fountain, capable of throwing a stream more than 100ft. high, has been in operation there, and has proved an object of great interest. In winter, however, the fountain freezes and forms a beautiful "ice mountain," shaped something like a sugar-loaf. This great column of ice is shown in our illustration. From top to bottom it has a height of 80ft., and closely resembles white marble. It is probable that few artificial fountains in the world can show such a striking transformation in winter time.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco, various photographs of which have been reproduced in this section, can boast of two Chinese theatres. Everyone connected with them, from the manager down to the door-keeper, is Chinese. Our photograph shows the interior of the largest of these interesting buildings, which rejoices in the distinguished, but somewhat incomprehensible, name of "The All-Ascending Luminous Dragon Theatre." In some respects the interior of the building presents a similar appearance to our own music-halls, possessing boxes, stalls, and a gallery. Where it principally differs from our own play-houses in point of design is in the arrangement of its stage. For instance, there is no drop-curtain, and the members of the orchestra occupy little stools on the stage behind the actors. The plays performed at the "All-Ascending Luminous Dragon" are purely Chinese, and to the critical Western mind supremely ludicrous. It is absolutely impossible for a foreigner to follow their plots—if they have any—and the acting is decidedly comic. Should an actor be slain, he lies down on the floor for awhile and then unconcernedly gets up and walks away. There is no scenery, but little placards tell the rapturous audience that "this is a forest," etc. The actors, however, make up



THE "ALL-ASCENDING LUMINOUS DRAGON" THEATRE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO.
From a Photo

From a] A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE HOLDING AN OPEN-AIR COURT IN NEW JERSEY. *[Photo.*

in the gorgeousness of their robes for the shortcomings of the scenery. During the performance the orchestra gives frequent selections, but the music cannot be said to appeal to Western ears.

According to the laws of the United States a justice of the peace can hold a court wherever he chooses. In country districts—where the J.P. may be a farmer, or a store-keeper, or something of the kind—the magistrate often uses some convenient barn as a court-house, and administers justice in the presence of the chickens or any other live-stock which may happen to be quartered in the building. A zealous New Jersey justice recently arrested a cyclist for furious riding, held a court on the high road then and there, and fined the scorcher ten dollars. Our photograph represents Mr. Richard Ehlin, J.P., of Rocky Hills, Liberty Corners, New Jersey, trying a dispute between two neighbours concerning the amount due for the hire of a man and horse for some farm work. The weather being warm, the justice held his court in front of the village inn and heard the case in his shirt-sleeves. The lawyer for the complainant is seen at the table arguing the case, and next to him is his client, while the defendant is standing up in the rear. The other men are witnesses.

Hardly anywhere in the world does the traveller see men, women, and children staggering under loads so unwieldy as in Mexico. The photo. next reproduced — taken in Peotlan, Mexico—shows a native girl with both hands completely filled with baskets, while on her head she carries a towering pile of sombreros. The sombrero is the universal headgear of the Mexican. It is made of straw or felt, and has always a high conical crown and a broad brim. The band is frequently of silver embroidery, and the brim is elaborately adorned in the same way. Sometimes a massive silver cord with heavy tassels,

"HARDLY ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD DOES THE TRAVELLER SEE MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN STAGGERING UNDER LOADS SO UNWIELDY AS IN MEXICO."

From a Photo. by Winfield Scott.

CONFLAGRATION AT BAKU—THE BURNING OIL EVEN RAN OVER THE SURFACE OF THE SEA, DOING MUCH DAMAGE TO SHIPPING. [*Photo.*
From a]

also of silver, is substituted for the band. The bars, especially the high-priced felt ones, are thus exceedingly heavy. Those shown in the picture are of a cheap and less highly ornamented kind, and are consequently comparatively light in weight, but they nevertheless constitute a fairly heavy load for the little Indian girl.

Baku, on the Caspian Sea, is not a pleasant place for prolonged residence. As all the world knows, it is the centre of the petroleum industry in Europe—a fact which does not tend to make it either salubrious or beautiful. The presence of so much oil in a crude form is a constant menace, and visitors usually come away wondering why more conflagrations do not occur. The impressive photo. reproduced above shows a big fire which occurred at Baku at the beginning of this year, when a number of oil-wells and tanks caught fire and a great many people lost their lives. So serious did the conflagration become that, in order to prevent it from spreading farther, huge quantities of oil were run off into the Caspian Sea. Through carelessness this oil, floating on the surface of the water, also caught fire, and caused a great deal of damage to the shipping. The dense clouds of smoke seen in our photograph were visible for many miles.

Orientals are nothing if not conservative, and "the unchanging East" has passed into a proverb. Even when they do adopt some Western notion they do it in an Eastern way, as the curious little snap-shot reproduced below will show. This road is the highway from Emessa to Haniath, in Syria, over which once thundered the chariots of Rameses. This road is now being made up with good macadam, and the idea of a road roller having penetrated into the minds of the authorities, the curious contrivance seen in the photograph was set to work. The roller consists of a huge circular stone pulled along by two patient mules, and kept in a straight track by means of a long pole projecting from the axle and held by a workman. The man whose task it is to steer the roller is securely strapped to his pole, and were the roller to topple over he would promptly be hoisted heavenwards. Needless to say, road-making with the aid of this ingenious apparatus is neither very expeditious nor very satisfactory.

The photographs illustrating the article on the Sultan of Johore, in our July number, were taken by Mr. C. Vandyk, of 125, Gloucester Road, Queen's Gate, S.W.

ROAD-MAKING IN THE EAST—"THE MAN STEERING THE ROLLER IS SECURELY STRAPPED TO HIS POLE, AND WERE THE STONE TO TOPPLE OVER HE WOULD BE HOISTED HEAVENWARDS." [*Photo.*
From a]

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